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THE

CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

CONTAINING

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MINISTERS AND MEMBERS

OF

VARIOUS EVANGELICAL DENOMINATIONS.

JOHN JOHNSTONE,
15, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH; AND 26, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.
GLASGOW: J. R. M'NAIR & CO. BELFAST: W. M'COMB.

MDCCCXLVII.

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PREFACE

THE CHRISTIAN TREASURY was commenced two years ago, under the sanction of a number of the leading ministers of various Evangelical denominations in Scotland. It had for its object these three things:—

First, To provide a weekly and popularly conducted periodical, in which the great salvation might be declared, and Bible principles and duties illustrated and enforced.

Second, To "lift up a standard," and aid in providing a defence, against "the enemy," who, whether in the form of Infidelity, which denies the Gospel, or of Popery, which perverts it, is "coming in like a flood;" and

Third, To exemplify and help forward that which, in our day, is so earnestly desired, and for many reasons so urgently needed, viz., the visible unity of Christians, and their co-operation in those things on which they are agreed.

In all these respects, those connected with THE CHRISTIAN TREASURY have striven to the best of their ability to carry out the original design of the undertaking; and the cordial and unsolicited testimonies which have been borne, publicly and privately, to the character of the periodical, encourage them to hope, notwithstanding much felt short-coming, that, to a large extent, they have succeeded.

The reasons which thus led to the establishment of the publication still exist—the course of events since that time having but served to increase their urgency. The miserable condition of multitudes in our land—who are living careless under the curse, "without God, and without hope in the world"—calls for every available agency that can be employed to rouse them from their fearful slumber, and make them flee from "the wrath to come" to the "refuge" provided. The insidious and silent advance of latitudinarism and infidelity is an alarming fact, known specially to those whose avocations lead them to mingle with the artisans who crowd our workshops and manufactories. And not only the growth of Popery, in the form of actual and avowed conversions to its faith, but the miserably lapsed state of feeling entertained by many regarding it, and the readiness, or even eagerness, displayed by our leading legislators to give more and yet more of the power of our country to the Beast, are things to which it would be madness to shut our eyes, and which call for an earnestness of prayer, a constancy of watchfulness, and an energy and perseverance of action, more loudly than any *crisis* which has occurred in our nation's history since the time of the Revolution. Still farther, since our periodical was commenced, the cause of Christian union has made great advances; and the formation and proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance—whatever imperfections may, in the view of some, attach to these—give promise of a brighter and happier day for the universal Church, than a few years ago might have been expected so soon to dawn.

All these considerations, together with the knowledge of the benefits which hitherto the Lord has been pleased to send to not a few, through our instrumentality, encourage us to proceed, which we will now do, praying, and asking our readers to pray for us, that we may have grace given us to occupy our position wisely, and in such a way as to advance the cause of Him whom in all our efforts we would seek to serve. To the many good and eminent men who have hitherto favoured us and served the Christian public by their contributions to our pages, we would render our respectful acknowledgments, and would hope for a continuance of their kindly interest and aid. To our subscribers also we are, of course, under obligation. It will be our assiduous endeavour to make our periodical even more worthy than hitherto of their attention and perusal.

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THE

CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

CONTAINING CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF VARIOUS
EVANGELICAL DENOMINATIONS.

THE RIGHT WAY TO READ THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, LONDON.

"THE Word of the Lord endureth for ever," and we ought to study it with all the earnestness of those who feel that there is nothing ephemeral or insignificant in it. We sometimes feel a sadness in reading the clever works of worldly men—their witty paragraphs and brilliant essays, and sometimes their eloquent and laborious treatises on themes of transient interest. The talent squandered on them is like an Arabesque painting on the walls of a snow temple—exquisite while the fragile structure lasts, but as soon as the melting weather comes, only destined to give a vermilion tint to its trickling decay. The words of the Bible may not so glare and dazzle, at first glance, as some words lavished on fugacious topics; but their worth is their substratum. They are graven with a diamond on the rock for ever, and express the same truths which we shall hereafter read on the adamant of eternity. Man's thoughts perish, but the truths of God will never pass away; and this permanency of the Bible's contents should impart a solemnity and purpose-like earnestness to its perusal.

But not only are the contents of the Bible permanent—to those whose taste is true, they are attractive and pleasant. The right knowledge of God—the plan of redemption, in its contrivance, in its accomplishment, and its God-manifesting and soul-renovating developments—the true history and future prospects of our human family, with all the Bible's resources for making the individual holy and happy—render it a book as satisfactory to the thoughtful inquirer as it is healthful and heart-bettering to the intelligent believer. "How sweet are thy words unto my taste; yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth! Through thy precepts I get understanding: therefore I hate every false way."

To some the Bible is uninteresting and unprofitable, because they read too fast. Amongst the insects which subsist on the sweet sap of flowers, there are two very different classes. One is remarkable for its imposing plumage, which shows in the sunbeams like the dust of gems; and as you watch its jaunty gyrations over the fields, and its minuet dance from flower to flower, you cannot help admiring its graceful activity, for it is plainly getting over a great deal of ground. But, in the same field there is another worker, whose brown vest and business-like straight-forward flight may not have arrested your eye. His fluttering neighbour darts down here and there, and sips elegantly wherever he can find a drop of ready nectar; but this dingy plodder makes a point of alighting everywhere, and wherever he alights he either finds honey or makes it. If the flower-cup be deep, he goes down to the bottom; if its dragon-mouth be shut, he thrusts its lips asunder; and if the nectary be peculiar or recondite, he explores all about till he discovers it, and then having ascertained the knack of it, joyful as one who has found great spoil, he sings his way down into its luscious recesses. His rival, of the painted velvet wing, has no patience for such dull and long-winded details. But what is the end? Why, the one died last October along with the flowers; the other is warm in his hive to-night, amidst the fragrant stores which he gathered beneath the bright beams of summer.

Reader, to which do you belong?—the butterflies or bees? Do you search the Scriptures, or do you only skim them? Do you dwell on a passage till you bring out some meaning, or till you can carry away some memorable truth or immediate lesson? or do you flit along on heedless wing, only on the outlook for novelty, and too frivolous to explore or ponder the Scriptures? Does the Word of God dwell in you so richly that in the vigils of a restless night, or in the bookless solitude of a sick-room, or in the winter of old age or exclusion from ordinances, its treasured truths would perpetuate summer round you, and give you meat to eat which the world knows not of?

At this moment we have lying before us a thick and ancient tome, "A learned and useful Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, being the Substance of *Thirty Years'* Wednesdays' Lectures at Blackfriars, by that holy and learned divine, William Gouge, late pastor there;" and many of our readers are acquainted with Dr Owen's voluminous exposition of the same epistle. But they are not only the more doctrinal books which have been thus largely illustrated. Some of the obscurest flowers are the most mellifluous, and some of the least frequented portions of Scripture are not the least productive. Some have a tacit prejudice against the Book of Job. They feel as if it were a funereal episode in the Bible, and look drearily at it, as if dust and ashes were sprinkled over all its pages. Amongst these Bible-conning Puritans was one who dwelt all his days on Job, and found its sombre-looking text full of sacred instruction and evangelic comfort. In ten quartos he has left the product of his pleasant toil; and every book in the Bible would bear to have its Caryl, if only the world could bear the books.

Then, again, there are certain plants which require some effort to reach their penetralia, but whose ample stores exceedingly requite the toil. There are such books in Scripture; labiate and personate flowers in the garden of heavenly wisdom, which need dexterity and diligence to master all their meaning. A careless comer might fancy that the trace of sweetness on the outer edge was all the honey there; but the true investigator knows better, and through the unreluctant opening pushes on to the molten ambrosia within. A careless reader alights on the outside of Leviticus, and sees little prepossessing in the smoke of its altars, and its law of the leper, and its catalogue of interdicted meats. Another reader takes the Epistle to the Hebrews for his key, and finds himself at once in an interpreter's room, where everything is vivid, significant, and spiritual. In that law of the leper, as in a glass, he beholds his own natural face, and sees what manner of man he is, and what a hateful evil in God's sight sin is. Through the smoke of altars and sacerdotal vestments he discerns the heavenly High Priest; and the forbidden meats carry him forward to Joppa, and remind him of that middle wall of partition which Peter was the first to overleap. Or, an outside reader takes up the Song of Solomon, and is greatly captivated with the Eastern glow and gorgeous imagery of these sacred idyls; but a spiritually-minded reader sees at once that a greater than Solomon is here. On its aromotic hills he recognises the beautiful steps of his Saviour, and in its language of tender condescension he hears the voice of his own Beloved. In the depths of its rose and its lily, such reader finds "a fountain sealed" of sacred meaning, "a well shut up" of heavenly sweetness.

In proportion as we cultivate a minute and loving acquaintance with the Word of God, our faith will be firm, and our religion will be sound and robust. The bee, which is gathering strength and sweetness from the blossom, needs no argument to persuade it that honey is hidden in the cells of flowers. And the man who is daily gathering comfort and support, sanctification and spiritual vigour, from the Word, needs no reasonings to convince him that heavenly wisdom is contained in the Scriptures of truth; and such a man will not be easily beguiled of his stedfastness, whatever deceivers enter into the world. When near her death, a singularly clear-thinking and pious student of the Bible wrote to a friend the following result of her own experience: "You may remember my telling you that some years ago I declined greatly, almost entirely (inwardly), from the ways of God, and in my breast was an Infidel—a disbeliever in the truths of the Bible. When the Lord brought me out of that dreadful state, and established my faith in his Word, I determined to take that Word *alone* for my guide. I read nothing else for between three and four months, and the Lord helped me to pray over every word that I read. At that time, and from that reading, all my religious opinions were formed, and I have not changed one of them since."*

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* Memoir of Mary Jane Graham.

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

THE PAULICIANS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS M'CRIE, EDINBURGH.

"When examining the history of the eleventh century," says Beausobre, an eminent ecclesiastical historian of the last century, "I met with the bloody execution of thirteen canons of Orleans, who were esteemed 'the noblest, the wisest, and the most virtuous of all the clergy of that city.' These men were burnt under the pretext of being Manicheans. Prosecuting my researches into this new species of Manicheans, I discovered that they came from Italy; that those of Italy had come from Dalmatia; those of Dalmatia from Bulgaria; those of Bulgaria from Thrace; and those of Thrace from Syria and Armenia. Thus it appears," he adds, "that our Manicheans of France, Germany, and Italy, are neither more nor less than a branch of those who were called PAULICIANS. Further inquiries into the tenets of these people have convinced me that the accounts which we have generally received of them are little better than a tissue of fabrications."[*]

It must be curious to examine the history of a Church so very ancient, and which has passed through so many transmigrations. It must be interesting to trace the apostolic connection between the Churches of Italy, the immediate precursors of the Reformed Church, and the Paulicians, who arose in the seventh century. And the task deepens in interest when we find reason to believe that this much maligned people carried with them in all their wanderings from east to west, from the plains of Armenia to the Alps of Europe, the vital stream of evangelical truth. It might be presumed, indeed, that the principles which kept such masses together, which survived whole centuries of bloody persecution, and which flourished in soils so widely different, must have been sounder at heart, and more tenacious of life, than the vagaries of an heretical imagination. And, in point of fact, the lights of history which are only beginning to dawn on the monastic records of the dark ages, have already discovered enough to convince us of the truth of Beausobre's statement, so far as the Paulicians are concerned, that they are "little better than a tissue of fabrications." It is but a slight sketch that can be here attempted of this interesting, but little known and much neglected people.

About the middle of the seventh century, a Christian deacon, who had escaped from captivity in Syria, was returning homewards through Armenia. The exhausted traveller, who had parted with everything for his support in the course of his journey, save a copy of the New Testament in Syriac, which he had carefully carried from the land of his captivity, at length reached an obscure town called Mananalis, in the neighbourhood of Samosata, and begged for lodging at the house of one named Constantine. This person, it would appear, belonged to a colony which was proscribed under the odious name of Manicheans;—a sect which arose very early in the Church, and was chiefly distinguished by holding the existence of two divinities, or supreme principles, a good and a bad—the former of whom was the creator of all that was spiritual and good; the latter, the creator of matter and all evil. The Church of Rome has branded all who opposed her pretensions and superstitions in these early ages with the epithet of Manicheans, much in the same spirit as those who have separated from corrupt Churches with us have been stigmatized by such names as Puritans and Methodists. Be this as it may, the errors of Constantine's creed do not seem to have entirely hardened his heart or blinded his understanding. He received the poor deacon into his house, and hospitably entertained him for several days. On his departure, the grateful captive made his kind host a present of his highly-prized Syriac Testament, which was in two volumes—the one containing the four Gospels, and the other the fourteen Epistles of Paul. To the study of these sacred books, hitherto locked up from him, Constantine diligently applied himself; and the simple reading of the Word of God, without note or comment, led to such a revolution in his sentiments that he publicly burned all his Manichean books, and became a zealous preacher of the Gospel. Numerous proselytes gathered around him; many Catholics were converted by him; he preached with success in the regions of Pontus and Cappadocia; and with the aid of fellow-labourers who came to his assistance, a large Church was speedily instituted, the members of which, in token of their veneration for the writings of Paul, assumed or received the name of Paulicians.[*] Constantine himself, from the same innocent ambition to revive the memory of the first ages of Christianity, took the name of Paul's friend—Sylvanus; while some of the leading pastors with whom he was associated were named after Titus, Timothy, and Tychicus; and six of their principal congregations represented the Churches to which Paul had addressed his Epistles.

The leading tenets of the Paulicians were characterized by the purity and simplicity that might be expected from an association which sprung from the fresh and immaculate seed of the Word. Discarding the Gnosticism of the school in which they had been educated, and deriving their knowledge immediately, though imperfectly, from the Fount of Inspiration, their creed was distinguished rather by its freedom from error, than by its fulness of truth. It is easy for a Protestant to recognise in the list of their errors, given by Phocius and Peter Siculus, at once their historians and their accusers, some of the leading points of the Protest of the Reformation. "Against the gradual innovations of discipline and doctrine," says Gibbon, who has been singularly favourable to the Paulicians, the more, perhaps, because they were hardly acknowledged as Christians, "they were as thoroughly guarded by habit and aversion as by the silence of St Paul and the evangelists. The objects which had been transformed by the magic of superstition, appeared in the eyes of the Paulicians in their genuine and naked colours. An image made without hands was the common workmanship of a mortal artist, to whose skill alone the wood and canvass must be indebted for their merit or value. The miraculous relics were a heap of bones and ashes; the true vivifying cross was a piece of sound or rotten timber; the body and blood of Christ, a loaf of bread and a cup of wine, the gifts of nature and the symbols of grace. The mother of God was degraded from her celestial honours and immaculate virginity; and the saints and angels were no longer solicited to exercise the laborious office of mediation in heaven, and ministry upon earth. In the practice, or at least in the theory of the sacraments, the Paulicians were inclined to abolish all visible objects of worship; and the words of the Gospel were, in their judgment, the baptism and communion of the faithful."[*] It is sufficiently plain that it was the study of Inspired Truth, and not any tendency to Manicheism, which taught them to spurn so much of the fiction and mummery of their time; and we can easily understand what is meant by that "despite of the cross," and "disrespect for the Virgin," of which their enemies bitterly accuse them. At the same time, these accusers are compelled to acknowledge that the Paulicians "held the doctrines of the Trinity, and of Christ's incarnation and Godhead."[†] And when we add, that they appealed to the Scriptures as the only standard of faith and practice, and boldly contended for the unlimited use of the Sacred Oracles, we have surely stated enough to show that they could not be so deeply infected with error as has been generally supposed. The most serious charge against them is, that they rejected the Scriptures of the Old Testament; but this can be easily explained. That it could not be on the same principle which led the Manicheans to reject the ancient Scriptures, namely, on its characteristic hypothesis that they were the revelations of the devil, or the author of matter, is very obvious from the acknowledged fact, that they disowned, with horror, the whole system of Manicheism; and we may simply state it as our conviction, without entering here into the grounds on which it rests, that the Paulicians did no more than insist on their being judged by the writings of the New Testament, to which they owed their first illumination in the truth, in preference to those of the Old, and more especially the Levitical law, to which their opponents were constantly in the habit of appealing, and to an attempted revival of the ceremonies of which many of the abuses of the Church may be traced.[*]

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[*] Letter of Mr Beausobre to Mr de la Motte. (Bibl. de l'Europe, vii., 145.) Beausobre is the author of a learned work on Manicheism, and had prepared a history of the Paulicians, which he did not live to publish, and which, unfortunately for the interests of historical truth, has never yet been given to the public.(Memoires sur la Vie., &c., de Beausobre; Hist. Critique de Manichee, vol. ii.)

[*] "The name of Paulicians is derived by their enemies from some unknown teacher; but I am confident that they gloried in their affinity to the Apostle of the Gentiles." (Gibbon's Decline and Fall, x., 169.)

Twenty-seven years did the faithful and fervent Constantine-Sylvanus labour in his vocation, when the number of his followers having at length roused the jealousy of the emperor, a body of soldiers, under the command of one Simeon, was despatched, with orders to smite the shepherd and scatter the flock. Simeon, in order to execute his commission in the most emphatic way, placed Constantine in the midst of a circle of his disciples, and, as the price of their pardon, commanded them to stone their heretical leader to death. The Paulicians lifted the stones, but instead of aiming them at their devoted pastor, flung them simultaneously behind their backs. One of their number, however, called Justus, emulous, we should say, of the fame of Judas, though, in the estimation of the Popish historians, rivalling the prowess of the youthful David in slaying Goliath, aimed his stone at the head of Constantine, and killed him on the spot. And thus fell the brave and pious Sylvanus, as he loved to call himself, in a way which must have recalled to his own mind the memory of the first martyr of the age which he sought to revive. But, as if to complete the resemblance, the death of the martyr was followed by the conversion of the persecutor. Struck with the constancy displayed by Sylvanus, and the devotedness of his followers, who resolved rather to die than recant, Simeon, who had acted the part of Saul of Tarsus, returned to Constantinople an altered man. Shutting himself up in his own house, he devoted three years to a close study of the Scriptures, and other books; after which, without apprizing any of his friends, he returned to the place of Constantine's martyrdom, made a profession of his faith in the Gospel which he had once sought to destroy, and was accepted by the Paulicians as the successor of the man whom he had put to death, under the assumed name of Titus.

The accession of Simeon to the ranks of the Paulicians was the signal for kindling anew the fires of persecution. Very soon, through the agency, it appears, of the detestable Justus, they were betrayed into the hands of their enemies; and the emperor, collecting them together, devoutly burned them all, pastor and people, upon one enormous funeral-pile. One

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[*] Decline and Fall, x., 173.

[†] Petr. Sic. Hist., p. 31; Faber's Vallenses, p. 37; Weisman, Intr. Hist. Eccl., 701, where the account of Siculus is given entire.

[*] Those who wish to see this subject treated at greater length, may consult Milner's Hist. of the Church, vol. ii. p. 493, &c.; Faber's Vallenses, p. 31, &c.; Vaughan's Life of Wycliffe, vol. i., p. 116, &c.

Paul, however, with his two sons, having been fortunately out of the way, escaped the general doom of his companions, and through his efforts the sect again revived and flourished. We do not hear much of them till the ninth century, when one of those little incidents is recorded, which, like a flash of light suddenly illuminating the prevailing gloom, discovers to us more at a single glance, than we can make out during all our previous investigations guided by the dark lantern of monastic history. An aged female Paulician, whom Peter Siculus describes as the tool of Satan, and a fair specimen of her sect, accosts a young man of the name of Sergius, with some flattering remarks on his attainments, and some expressions of surprise that he did not read the sacred Gospels. His immediate reply was: "It is not lawful for us profane persons, but for priests only." She then suggested whether it were not obvious from the Scriptures themselves, that they were designed by their Author for general perusal; hinted at the suspicious motives of the priests in concealing them; and proceeding to read certain portions of the New Testament, the youth became interested, read the volume for himself, and was afterwards numbered with the most zealous of the Paulician missionaries. The anecdote illustrates at once the spirit of the historian, the ascendency which the Oriental priesthood had already obtained over the people, and the character of the means employed by the branded communities of Armenia with a view to diffuse a more scriptural piety. It may be added that Sergius, who took the name of Tychicus, published several writings, which were long after held in veneration by the Paulicians; and that he ultimately gave the most unequivocal proof of the depth of his convictions by suffering martyrdom, being literally "sawn asunder," or cut in two pieces with an axe; on which the monkish historian perpetrates a miserable joke, asserting that "it was just, that he who had divided the Church, should himself be divided, and consigned to eternal fire."

The subsequent history of the Paulicians is one of bloodshed, oppression, and war. We may form some idea of their immense numbers from the fact which seems almost incredible, but which is boasted of by the inquisitors, that in the ninth century, under the reign of the Empress Theodora, and by her orders, no less than "a hundred thousand Paulicians had been despatched by the sword, the gibbet, and the flames." At length, goaded to madness by the unrelenting fury of their enemies, they raised the standard of revolt, joined with the Saracens, and, under the generalship of Corbeas, Chrosyschier, and others, gained several victories, and made severe retaliation on their enemies. Ultimately, however, defeated, borne down, and dispersed, they retreated into foreign countries, and many of them found their way, by various roads, into the heart of Europe. And thus, as was stated in our opening paragraph, we may trace a connection between the Albigenses of the Alps and the Paulicians of Armenia; nor, after all that has been said against them by their enemies, and repeated by others, do we see anything either unreasonable or discreditable in the connection thus established. It proves the care which God has taken, in the darkest ages, to maintain a race of witnesses to the truth; it affords an interesting illustration of the indestructible power of vital religion; and it shows us that to the East, from which the saving light of the Gospel first shone forth, we are indebted also for the first dawnings of the blessed Reformation.

JERUSALEM.

(*From Warburton's "Crescent and the Cross."*)

After some resistance from the Turkish sentinels, I entered the Pilgrims' Gate, under a lofty archway, and found myself in Jerusalem.

On the left within the walls is a waste place strewed with ruins, and containing a broken cistern, called the "Pool of Bathsheba;" on the right is pointed out the Hill of Zion, whereon "David's Tower" maintains its ground in tradition, if not in truth. From this open space three streets, or rather roads (for they are almost houseless), branch off; that to the left leads to Calvary and the Convent of the Terra Santa; that to the right to Mount Zion, the English Church, and Armenian Convent; and that straight onward to Mount Moriah, where stand the Mosque of Omar and the collection of villages that is called the city.

I betook myself to the hospice of the Latin Convent, where I found a white-washed cell and an iron bedstead at my disposal. It was dismal enough; but long travel under a Syrian sun prevents one from feeling fastidious, and it ill becomes a pilgrim to complain on Calvary.

The Convent, whose guest I now found myself, is the wealthiest and most influential of all those in Palestine. It is called, by distinction, *the* Convent of the Terra Santa, and has possessions handed down from the times of Godfrey de Bouillon. All the other Latin convents in Syria pay deference to this, the chief guardian of the Holy Sepulchre.

I took no guide but memory; and, mounting a fresh horse, I repassed the gate by which I had entered on the southern side, and rode forth to make a circuit of the city—"to walk round about her, and mark well her battlements." Sadly has all been changed since this proud challenge was spoken, yet the walls are still towering and imposing in their effect. They vary in height from twenty to sixty feet, according to the undulations of the ground; and are everywhere in good repair. The columns and architraves, as old at least as the Roman-conquered city, that are worked into these walls instead of ruder stones, bear eloquent testimony to the different nature of their predecessors. A bridle-path leads close to their base all round; the Valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat yawn suddenly beneath them on the west, south, and north, separating them from Mount Gihon, the Hill of Evil Counsel, and the Mount of Olives. These hills are utterly barren, and lonely as fear can make them. Though within gunshot of the city, robberies are here committed with impunity, and few people venture to leave the walls without being well armed and attended. The deep gloom of the Valley of Hinnom; the sterility of all around; the silence and desolation so intense, yet so close to the city; the sort of memory with which I could trace each almost familiar spot, from the Tower of Hippicus to the Hill of Scopas, made this the most interesting excursion I ever undertook. Now we look down upon the Pool and Valley of Gihon from the summit of Mount Zion; now upon the Vale of Hinnom, with the Pool of Siloam, and Aceldama beyond the brook; now over Mount Moriah, with the Valley of Jehoshaphat beneath, and the village of Siloam on the opposite side, scattered along the banks where Kedron used to flow. Then, passing through the Turkish cemetery and over the brook Kedron, we come to the venerable garden of Gethsemane, in which, say the legends, still stand the olive trees that sheltered Christ. This garden is only a small grove, occupying perhaps two acres of ground, but it is one of the best authenticated scenes of interest about Jerusalem. From it a steep and rocky path leads to the three summits of the Mount of Olives, on the loftiest of which stands the Church of the Ascension. An Armenian priest admitted me into the sacred enclosure, motioned to a little monk to lead about my horse, and led the way in silence to the roof of the church. From hence is the most interesting, if not the most striking, view in the world.

From such a summit might the great leader of the people have viewed the land which was to be the reward of their desert wanderings. From it is laid bare every fibre of the great heart of Palestine. The atmosphere is like a crystal lens, and every object in the Holy City is as clear as if it lay within a few yards, instead of a mile's distance. Each battlement upon those war-worn walls, each wild flower that clusters over them; the dogs prowling about the waste places among the ruins, and cactus, and cypress; the turbaned citizens slowly moving in the streets; all these are recognisable almost as clearly as the prominent features of the city.

The eminence called Mount Moriah lies nearest to our view, just above the narrow Valley of Jehoshaphat. The city wall passes over the centre of it, embracing a wide enclosure, studded with cypresses and cedars, in the centre of which stands the magnificent Mosque of Omar. This is of a very light, fantastic architecture, bristling with points, and little spires, and minarets, many of which have gilded crescents that flash and gleam in the sunshine; while the various groups of Moslems, sitting on bright carpets, or slowly wandering among the groves, give life and animation to the scene. The Mosque occupies the site of the Temple, and is held holy by the Moslem, as the spot where Abraham offered Isaac to be a sacrifice. To the left of the Mosque enclosure, within the walls, is a space covered with rubbish and jungles of the prickly pear; then part of the Hill of Zion, and David's Tower. To the right of the enclosure is the Pool of Bethesda; beyond which St Stephen's Gate affords entrance to the Via Dolorosa, a steep and winding street, along which Christ bore the cross in his ascent to Calvary. To the right of this street, and towards the north, stands the Hill of Acra, on which Salem, the most ancient part of the city, was built, they say, by Melchisedek. This hill is enclosed by the walls of the modern town; but the Hill of Bezetha lies yet farther to the right, and was enclosed within the walls that the Romans stormed. Beyond Bezetha stands the Hill of Scopas, wherefrom Titus gazed upon Jerusalem the day before its destruction, and wept for the sake of the beautiful city.

Whatever beauty may have distinguished the city in the day of its evil pride, there is little within the wide enclosure of its walls to claim an interest, except the unchangeable hills on which it stands. Here and there is a cluster of flat-roofed buildings, then a space bewildered with weeds and ruins; here is a busy street, with vines sheltering its bazaars, and gorgeous-looking crowds streaming through it; and there is a deserted garden, with a few dreary olive trees and cypresses shading its burnt soil; here is a mosque, with its heavy done and its pert minarets; and there is the capacious church that covers the Holy Sepulchre.

The eye wanders away with a feeling of relief from this most mournful city, to the wide, strange prospect that surrounds it. Far to the south, we look over the barren but magnificent hills of Judah, with vistas through their rocky glens of the rich Valley of the Jordan, and the calm, green waters of the Dead Sea, whose surface gleams on either side of a foreground formed by the lofty village of Bethany. Beyond Jordan and the Sea of the Plain, the mountains of the Moabites tower into the clear blue sky, and are reflected in brown and purple shadows on their own dark, mysterious lake.

Beneath us is the garden of Gethsemane, the Valley of Hinnom with its Tophet, and the Vale of Jehoshaphat with its brook Kedron, which meets the waters of Siloam at the Well of Joab. The Tombs of the Kings, of Nehemiah, of Absalom, and of the Judges, lie before us; the Caves of the Prophets everywhere pierce the rocks that have so often resounded to the war-cry of the Chaldean, the Roman, the Saracen, and the Crusader. Beyond the city spreads the Vale of Rephaim, with Bethlehem in the distance; every rock, and hill, and valley that is visible, bears some name that has rung in history. And then the utter desolation that everywhere prevails—as if all was over with that land, and the "rocks had indeed fallen, and the hills indeed had covered" the mighty, the beautiful, and the brave, who once dwelt there in prosperity and peace. No flocks, no husbandmen, nor any living thing is there, except a group of timid travellers—turbaned figures, and veiled women, and a file of camels—winding along the precipitous pathway under the shadow of the palm tree.

Descending from the Mount of Olives, I re-entered the city by St Stephen's Gate, where Turkish soldiers constantly keep guard; turning to the left, I visited the Pool of Bethesda, and then wandered slowly over the Via Dolorosa, in which is pointed out each spot where the Saviour fell under the burden of the cross, as he bore it to Calvary along this steep and rugged way.

In after days, I impatiently traversed the squalid city, with a monk for my guide, in search of its various localities of traditionary sanctity; but I will not ask the reader to stoop to such a labour. My monkish cicerone pointed out to me where Dives lived, where Lazarus lay, where the cock crowed or roosted that warned Peter of his crime, and even where the blessed Virgin used to wash her Son's linen.

The character of the city within corresponds with that of the country without. Most of it is very solitary and silent; echo only answers to your horse's tread; and frequent waste places, among which the wild dog prowls, convey an indescribable impression of desolation. It is not these waste places alone that give such an air of loneliness to the city, but many of the streets themselves, dark, dull, and mournful-looking, seem as if the Templars' armed tread was the last to which they had resounded. The bazaars and places of business are confined to one small quarter of the city; everywhere else you generally find yourself alone. No one is even there to point out your way; and you come unexpectedly upon the Pool of Bethesda, or wander among the vaulted ruins of the Hospitallers' courts, without knowing it. The remains of the ancient city that meet your eye are singularly few; here and there a column is let into the wall, or you find that the massive and uneven pavement is of costly marble; but, except the Pools of Hezekiah and Bethesda, the Tower of Hippicus, and some few other remains, preserved on account of their utility, there is little of art to connect the memory with the past.

Original.

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME!"

"Have I also here looked after him that seeth me?"—Gen. xvi. 13.

O God, unseen, but not unknown!
Thine eye is ever fix'd on me;
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,
Encompass'd by thy Deity.

Throughout this universe of space
To nothing am I long allied,
For flight of time and change of place
My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

Parents I had; but where are they?
Friends whom I knew, I know no more;
Companions, once that cheer'd my way,
Have dropt behind, or gone before.

Now, I am one amidst a crowd
Of life and action hurrying round;
Then, left alone—for like a cloud
They came, they went, and are not found.

Even from myself I sometimes part—
Unconscious sleep is nightly death;
Yet surely by my couch thou art,
To prompt my pulse, inspire my breath.

Of all that I have done and said
How little can I now recall!
Forgotten things to me are dead;
With thee they live—thou know'st them all.

Thou hast been with me from the womb,
Witness to every conflict here;
Nor wilt thou leave me at the tomb—
Before thy bar I must appear.

The moment comes—the only one
Of all my time to me foretold—
Yet when, and how, and where, can none
Among the race of men unfold:

That moment comes when strength shall fail,
When (health, and hope, and comfort flown)
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death, with thee alone.

Alone with thee!—in that dread strife
Uphold me through mine agony,
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.

Then, when the unbodied spirit lands
Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveil'd presence stands
Of thee, my Saviour and my God,

Be mine eternal portion this—
Since thou wert always here with me—
That I may view thy face in bliss,
And be for evermore with thee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Mount, near Sheffield,
December 16, 1845.

A CONTRAST.

TWO SKETCHES.

BY GEORGE REDFORD, D.D., WORCESTER.

No. I.

"The sinners in Zion shall be horribly afraid."

J—— S—— was the child of professing parents, and his mother was a woman of no ordinary character for knowledge, piety, and holy courage. Their son had been early conducted to the house of God, and as soon as he became the master of a house, became a regular contributor to the support of the Gospel. For more than half a century, he was a leading man in all the temporal concerns of the place of worship which he statedly attended, both on the Sabbath service, the week-day lecture, and the prayer-meetings. He never was a very consistent professor, it is true, and no experienced Christian gave him credit for true piety; still he was favoured with all the richest means of grace—with the preaching and society of one of the most fervent and faithful ministers of the day; and with the friendship and society of many who lived in the faith, and of many whose end he witnessed to be peace and joy. It ought to be noticed that he never made a profession of that devotedness to God which should characterize a true Christian, except, indeed, that in two instances, more than thirty years apart, he wished his minister to propose him to the Church for membership. In both these instances the faithful minister frankly told him he would be refused.

Thus we retrace the history of fifty or sixty years—a round of outward duties, a busy attention to the affairs of life, the politics of the day, and to all the parochial business and squabbles which arose. In this way—by a round of engagements—life was stolen away, until the days drew on in which the windows became dim through age.

The conduct of this aged man having been peculiarly offensive to his minister at this time, he very faithfully reproved him, and the reproof of friendship gave such offence that he would not see his old friend and minister for some weeks.

Conscience, which had been hardened by repeated force put on it, and which had slept in the quietness of insensibility, was at length wounded and awakened by a sermon which he heard from the words, "Mine iniquities hast thou sealed in a bag."

The trouble of mind continued and increased, until his housekeeper, a pious woman, could forbear no longer sending for me. My intercourse with the aged transgressor had been interrupted by the same cause which had broken the long friendship of his minister. I immediately hastened to his house. I found him restless, humble, and greatly distressed. He told me, that a day or two after hearing the sermon above alluded to, sins committed and forgotten for fifty years rushed into his mind, and all the sins of his long life were in array before him. "I cannot lose the sight of them," he said, "and they are more than can be numbered."

I conversed with him, endeavoured to set some great truths before him, and then prayed with him. On the whole, I was pleased with the state of his mind, and the thought greatly cheered me: Well, the prayers of his excellent mother and sister are at length to be answered on his behalf.

As he had made me promise to call again in the evening, I went. I found his mind more awfully impressed, and that every encouraging word which I presented, he only took occasion of to aggravate his own sin. I reasoned with him on the greatness of the sacrifice provided, and on the unbounded fulness of divine mercy in Christ Jesus to the repenting sinner. "Ah!" he replied, "if I could repent, indeed there might be hope." "I trust that you do repent, and that all your present feelings are an evidence of it." "No, no," he answered, "I do not repent; my heart is as hard as a rock: what I feel is not repentance—it is only the forebodings of damnation. I still love sin, and should sin on if I had the power. There is no change here in this respect. That dreadful sentence will soon be fulfilled: 'He that is guilty shall be guilty still; and let him that is filthy be filthy still.'" I felt myself in new and affecting circumstances, and quite unequal to meet all the objections of an old professor, and of one who knew the Gospel in theory, and could have split hairs in divinity; I therefore urged it on him to see his once respected and valued minister. "Oh!" he said, "I have used him so ill, he cannot come to see me." I replied, "He would soon come if he knew you were in mental distress." "But who can I send to him?" "I will go." "Well do," he said; "but how can I meet him, I have done him so much injury?" I called on Mr ——, told him the state of the case, and he said, "No time is to be lost; I will go directly." I called in the evening on Mr ——, merely to learn what his views of him were. He was out, but his daughter told me, "I never saw my father in such agony before; when he came in from seeing Mr —— he exclaimed, on entering the study, "O, my dear, the Son of man is coming! poor —— is in despair; it will end in derangement;" and she said he literally rolled on the carpet, and sobbed aloud, saying: "All his hearing will end as I have often feared." The prediction proved too true. The poor sufferer could not sleep; conscience seemed already like the gnawing worm. In the course of a few days reason was partially dethroned, and we heard nothing from him but that he had no right to eat—nothing that was brought to the table belonged to him; and we were obliged to adopt many modes, almost of deception, to prevail on him to eat.

One morning, I said "What kind of a night have you had?" "I could not sleep," he said, "there was such an insufferable smell of brimstone. Oh," he said, "all, all must be told, to warn others."

The day before he died, I was sent for early. I found him standing against the back of a chair, with nothing on but his night-clothes, where he had been standing for four hours. I endeavoured to prevail on him to get into bed. With a horrible whine, he said: "How can you be so cruel as to wish me to get into bed? You know if I do, I shall never see the precious light of the sun any more. Blindness is a dreadful calamity? O my precious eye-sight!" In order to rouse him, I said, "You seem to be more concerned about your eye-sight than about your soul." With what one would conceive to be the yell of a fiend, which chilled my blood, and followed me for weeks, he cried out, "O my soul! that is damned, damned, double damned. O that I had never seen a Bible! O that I had never heard a sermon!"

This was the last effort of reason—he soon went off again to complain of his eyes; he became outrageous; would take no food; was confined in a strait waistcoat; and, without any disease, actually died from starvation.

Awful, awful close to such a life! O my soul! it becomes thee to mourn in secret over the sad exit of one who was once a friend, a companion in worship, and a partaker in many innocent and delightful recreations.

If mercy came to him, it was left in such dark uncertainty as that surviving friends scarce dare entertain a hope. Where, ah! where, shall we find him at the last great day? Tremble, my soul, lest thou shouldst be deceived by the deceitfulness of sin. Lord, what are means of grace, without thy Spirit's influence? How will they become amusements to cheat the soul out of heaven, if the heart be left to itself! O for the grace of means, to give efficacy to the means of grace!

No. II.

"The memory of the just is blessed, and God regardeth not the rich more than the poor."

William Armstrong was first brought to the knowledge of the Gospel by hearing that excellent clergyman, the Rev. William Cadogan at Reading. At this time he was a farmer's servant, residing a few miles from that place Many people from the village went to hear this great man preach, and William Armstrong was induced to go with the rest. He had never heard a Gospel sermon before, and was much struck with the difference in manner and matter from anything he had ever heard. After this first taste of *the truth*, he took advantage of every opportunity—was convinced, melted, believed, and was edified. The lamented death of Mr Cadogan occurred soon after, and Reading was left without a *light* in the Established Church.

William Armstrong soon afterwards removed to a situation near Maidenhead, and soon found in the ministry of the late Rev. J. Cooke that bread after which his soul fainted. He became a regular hearer and consistent member, and a very affectionate and liberal contributor to the cause, in proportion to his means. For a very long series of years he was the faithful and respected servant of the late Mr L——. There was so much Christian kindness and affection about him, that he was universally beloved by the Christian Society with which he was connected, and by the venerable pastor, to whom his respect and attachment were bounded only by the deep-felt conviction of the advantages he had derived from his ministry. As the days drew near that this good man should die, one thing was eminently remarkable—his constant and serious attendance on the means of grace. Paroxysms of rheumatic pains, which would have detained most men from the house of God, could not keep him away; for, as he said a few days before he died, “Ah! there's Mr —— has for a long time absented himself from the prayer-meeting; tell him from a dying man, that I have found my interest in being constantly there.”

The disease that was commissioned to hasten this humble saint to heaven was rapid in its progress, and attended with most excruciating bodily suffering. I have seen him, with huge drops of perspiration rolling down his face from the violence of pain, look up with cheerfulness, thankfulness to heaven, and admire the grace which had made him to differ. When he was taken ill, his belòved pastor was in London, consequently he sent for me. I was surprised to find him so ill, as I had noticed him the day before at the Sabbath morning prayer-meeting, and at the public service.

He pressed my hand with great fervour, and said: “My pain is very, very great; but it is all right. Pray to the dear Lord to give me patience and faith.” He then recounted to me the few particulars above named, in reference to his early life, and was overwhelmed with a sense of the mercy of God in bringing him to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus. He was calmly resting on the Redeemer, as most unworthy, and yet most favoured. He said: “Satan has been very busy during the night, in trying to disturb and distress me; but he can't—the Lord lifts up a standard against him.” He expressed the great advantage and pleasure he had found in the house of God, and spoke of some of his fellow-Christians and fellow-worshippers who had entered into rest; and said: “I shall soon be with them, through the precious blood of my dear Jesus.” His heart was filled almost to overflowing with love to Jesus, and to his people.

The next morning, before I was out of bed, I had a message from him, that he wished to see me. I hastened to him. As soon as he saw me, he said: “Oh! my dear friend, I sent for you to pray to my dear Lord to take me home, if it be his blessed will. My agonies are great, as you see by my great sweat; but he enables me to bear it; but I long to be at home.” Then I said: “You do not imagine your soul will have a long journey after it leaves the body, before it reaches heaven?” “O no,” he replied; “heaven is only on the other side that curtain” (pointing to the curtain of his bed). “Absent from the body, present with the Lord,” I rejoined. “Yes, that is it; my dear Lord is at hand, and I desire to commit my spirit to him.” He then desired his niece to hand me a hymn, and to point out one he meant. She found it, and he said: “Forty years ago, or more, that hymn gave me great light and comfort, and I do not recollect having seen it since, till yesterday, and it brought so many things to remembrance, that I cannot tell you the good it did me. I wish to hear *you* read it to me.” I began—

> “Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
> My beauty are—my glorious dress.
> Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
> With joy shall I lift up my head.”

As the hymn went on, rising from thought to thought, from triumph to triumph, he raised his hands higher and higher, while his fixed eye seemed almost to penetrate the sky, and his pains, which perhaps those of a martyr in the fire could not exceed, seemed all forgot.

When I closed, he exclaimed (seizing my hand): “There, my dear friend, that's my hope; won't that do?” “Yes! yes!” I said. “Yes,” he rejoined:—

> “Bold shall I stand in that great day;
> For who aught to my charge shall lay,
> When through thy blood absolved I am
> From sin—the guilt, the curse, the stain?”—

Never, never did I see so affectingly illustrated the truth of that text: “This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.”

The Lord did not long delay an answer to his suffering servant's prayer; for, after a few more struggles and sufferings, he was enabled to commit his soul into His hands, and so fall asleep in Jesus.

DEMONIACAL POSSESSIONS.

BY THE REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, SALTON.

What are called demoniacal possessions were those cases of distress, so often occurring in New Testament history, in which the unhappy persons afflicted are spoken of as being under the malignant power of evil spirits or demons. The symptoms of the awful visitation are described as partly mental and partly bodily; and for the most part seem to have presented the appearance of a sort of madness, coupled with epilepsy. One of the most striking cases on record, as it is also one of the most fully detailed, is that of the man who resided among the Gadarenes.—Luke viii. 26-40; Mark v. 1-12. (Matthew mentions two, though one was probably so much the worse of the two, as to be alone noticed by the other evangelists.) Like a fierce and gloomy maniac, he shunned the haunts of living men, and took up his dwelling among the tombs. From his wild and savage ferocity he had become the terror of the whole neighbourhood. The devils which held possession of his frame were so many, that they took to themselves the name of Legion. They addressed Christ with fear and trembling. He, in return, acknowledged their presence, and commanded them to come out; and as they were obeying his authority, they sought and obtained permission to enter into a herd of swine; which they no sooner did than they drove the herd headlong into the sea, while the man they left was restored to his right mind, and became a humble follower of Jesus.

Now, taking this case as a specimen of the whole class, and regarding what it relates, for the present, as true, in the plain and literal sense, there are two points of great importance connected with the work and character of Christ, which would thereby be established and brought distinctly into view. 1. In the first place, such cases clearly proved Christ to be the enemy and conqueror of the powers of darkness—which he must have been, if indeed the Messiah and Saviour of the world. To bruise the head of the serpent, was from the first the work which he was promised and expected to do in behalf of the Church. And hence, when doing the work, he is said to have spoiled principalities and powers—not as an incidental or subordinate thing, but one that entered into the very heart of his undertaking, and the doing of which carried along with it the execution of the whole work with which he was charged. For these principalities and powers held in their hands the cup of Heaven's wrath, due to the sons of men, and only by lawfully contending with, and spoiling these mighty spoilers, could Christ prevail to bring in redemption for the guilty. And it is not possible to conceive how the truth concerning him in this respect could be more impressively taught, or how his claims to the character of Messiah could be more clearly verified, than by ever and anon meeting with persons oppressed of the devil, and relieving them of their oppression. 2. But further: the same cases, supposing them to be real, render clear as day the essential difference between the character of Satan's working and that of Christ. The subtile device of his enemies to undo the impression that ought to have been produced by his miraculous deeds, was to get up the cry that these were performed, not by Divine, but by Satanic agency; and in particular, that he cast out devils by the power of the prince of the devils. Nothing more was needed to prove the fallacy of this, nothing could have so conclusively and satisfactorily proved it, as the effects of his interposition, compared with the working of the powers of darkness in the cases referred to. The hapless victim of these emissaries of hell, as in the case among the Gadarenes, was rendered a spectacle of misery and ruin; while the moment he came under the operation of Christ's hand, he was restored to perfect soundness both of body and of mind. And to put it beyond all doubt that in their case this was no accidental thing, that wherever the instruments of Satan are permitted to work, the signs and manifestations of their working will be precisely the same, they were allowed to change their abode—after leaving the rational being, in whom they had defaced the image of God, to pass into irrational creatures, whom they presently sent headlong into destruction. The evil, in such cases, was not Christ's, but Satan's — permitted, and directed into certain channels, as all evil is, for the accomplishment of an ultimate good. The good here was, to bring out clearly and distinctly, in a manner impossible to be mistaken, the utter contrariety between His working and Satan's—to show that the one was ever exerted to heal, rectify, and restore; the other, to blight, desolate, and destroy. To mistake the one for the other, as some of the Pharisees still did, and ascribe Christ's ejection of the devils to the power of Beelzebub, was to manifest that they had lost sight of the essential distinctions between good and evil—that they confounded heaven and hell, and had reached that state of impenetrable blindness and seared obstinacy to which the grace of forgiveness is not promised; hence, it is in immediate connection with such amazing perversity that our Lord utters the awful warning concerning the sin against the Holy Ghost.—Matt. xii. 31. This, however, does not hinder but that the exercise of Christ's power on those devil-possessed persons was in itself fitted, and in all ordinary cases sufficient, to render manifest the opposition between the character of Christ's working and Satan's, and to prove that he indeed came, not to build up, but to "destroy, the works of the devil."

Then, while we see that cases of demoniacal possession, as first existing and then cured by Christ, were fitted to disclose and verify the truth concerning two points, each of them essentially connected with the design and character of his undertaking, it is in perfect accordance with the other parts of his work on earth to suppose that these should have received the proof and confirmation we speak of; for the whole of Christ's course of action was ordered and arranged so as to bring out, on the visible field of an earthly life, what he came to do in the higher region of a spiritual and eternal life. As Messiah, he did not properly come to operate cures upon men's bodies, but to seek and save their souls. And yet we find a great part of his ministerial life spent, and nearly all his public works performed, with an immediate design of benefiting the body—works performed, therefore, not so much for their own sake, as for the signs and indications they were to give respecting the grand object of his mission into the world; so that, as he himself testified, men might "believe him for the very works' sake." They were mostly miraculous works, not simply because such were necessary to attest his divine character, but also because his work of redemption, which they were designed to throw light upon, and prepare the way for, was to be one glorious and continued miracle—changing at every step the course of nature, and reversing the order of its operations. Dark minds must, by the divine touch, be enlightened, and dull hearts aroused; therefore were the eyes of the blind opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped. Souls dead in trespasses and sins must be quickened, and their many spiritual disorders rectified; therefore did the grave hear his voice, and diseases of all kinds disappear at his command. So, indeed, in regard to all the great departments of his mighty work of redemption. We have only to look into the deeds of his life to see there the proof of them, and the preparation for them. And unless the two important points formerly noticed—the victorious opposition he was to make to the power of Satan, and the entire contrast between the character of his working and that of the prince of darkness—unless these were to have been made exceptions to the general rule, and no light to be thrown on them, no proof to be given of them, during our Lord's ministerial course, it was indispensable that there should have been cases in which the powers of darkness held an usurped possession, and were driven from it by the authority of Christ.

Besides all this, the language of Scripture on the subject is so plain and so decided, that no simple-minded Christian can read what is written with any other impression, than that devils did actually possess the persons in question, and were actually expelled by Christ. If these devils existed only in the imaginations of the people, and the evil affections ascribed to them sprung from other and more ordinary causes, it would be impossible to avoid the conviction that both our Lord and his apostles had encouraged a weak and pernicious delusion, and sought to advance their own reputation by playing upon the credulities of men. Every pious mind will abhor the thought of this; and especially when the shallow nature of the reasons is taken into account which have sometimes been alleged for a different view of the cases in question. Of these reasons there are only two worth noticing, viz., that such possessions were so peculiar and extraordinary, that their existence should not be allowed, unless absolutely inexplicable otherwise, and that the symptoms were such as seem capable of explanation from other and more likely causes.

In regard to the former, we have simply to ask, Was not the time also peculiar and extraordinary? And must not the circumstances then existing, and the events then occurring, be suitably adapted to it? It was the time in which Heaven's great Messenger appeared, to bring in salvation for a lost world, which was so pre-eminently the work of God, that the execution of it forms the very centre of the world's history. "It is the greatest event in the annals of all time; the former ages had been a preparation for it, —the latter unroll from it." But if such was the character of the time, is it not reasonable to expect that peculiar circumstances would distinguish it, and that things would even be absolutely necessary, which at any other time might well have been regarded as out of place—as extraordinary or incredible? The field must have been in many respects a singular one, which was properly fitted to serve the purposes and exhibit the character of an incarnate God. And if infinite wisdom needed to be at work through preceding ages, fitly arranging and ordering the *time* of his appearing, the same wisdom was not less needed to gather around him, when he appeared, the precise combination of circumstances and objects which might render the history of his life and death a suitable instruction for all ages. So that, if such possessions of the powers of darkness were found in no other age of the world, it would argue nothing against their existence then, when, as we have seen, the grandest purposes of God required them.

But, in reference to this supposed singularity of their occurrence at that particular time, we are not sure how far it should be allowed. If we admit that, for the reasons just mentioned in connection with the work of Christ, such cases of possession were more numerous, or more aggravated then, it is perhaps the whole length we are either called or warranted to go. The symptoms of bodily disease or mental derangement belonging to them may have been, according to the second objection specified, not materially different from certain evil affections, common to all times and ages; but who can tell how far even these may be produced by infernal agency? May not all evil, in some way or another, be produced by the instrumentality of "spiritual wickedness?" The blessed spirits, we are told, minister in offices of kindness to the heirs of salvation; and may not accursed spirits be even employed in offices of an opposite kind? Satan is the immediate instrument of Job's afflictions, as well as of David's fall. An evil spirit from the Lord troubles Saul, visiting him with what might fitly be called a species of madness—an angel slays the host of Assyria, as he had done, ages before, the first-born of Egypt. In fine, there is no ground for disputing the existence of demoniacal possessions in the age of our Lord, which would not equally go to discredit, in general, the agency of good and evil spirits in the divine government of this world, or their existence altogether as active beings and ministers of God. And no one, we are persuaded, can consistently deny the plain testimony of Scripture regarding demoniacal possessions, without being prepared to adopt the Sadducean creed: No angel—no spirit—no resurrection from the dead. Let us rather say with the father of the possessed: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

THE STRANGE APATHY OF PARENTS REGARDING THE SOULS OF THEIR CHILDREN.

How strange it is that the same parent who is so intent on the preferment of his children, in the world, should be so utterly listless of their prospects, nor put forth one endeavour to obtain for them preferment in heaven—that he who would mourn over it as the sorest of his family trials, should one of them be bereft of any of the corporeal senses, should yet take it so easily, although none of them have a right sense of God or a right principle of godliness—that he who would be so sorely astounded did any of his little ones perish in a conflagration or a storm, should be so unmoved by all the fearful things that are reported of the region on the other side of death, where the fury of an incensed Lawgiver is poured upon all who have not fled to Christ as their refuge from the tempest, and they are made to lie down in the devouring fire, and to dwell with everlasting burnings—that to avert from the objects of our tenderness the calamities, or to obtain for them the good things, of this present life, there shall be so much of care and of busy expedient—while not one practical measure is taken either to avert from them that calamity which is the most dreadful, or to secure for them that felicity which is the most glorious! . . . . The man whose heart is set on the conversion of his children—the man whose house is their school of discipline for eternity—he it is, and we fear he only of all other parents, who lives by faith. If you love your children, and at the same time are listless about their eternity, what other explanation can be given, than that you believe not what the Bible tells of eternity? You believe not of the wrath, and the anguish, and the tribulation that are there. Those piercing cries that here, from any one of your children, would go to your very heart and drive you frantic with the horror of its sufferings, you do not believe that there is pain there to call them forth. You do not think of the meeting-place that you are to have with them before the judgment-seat of Christ, and of the looks of anguish and the words of reproach that they will cast upon you, for having neglected, and so undone their eternity. The awful sentence of condemnation—the signal of everlasting departure to all who know not God and obey not the Gospel—the ceaseless moanings that ever and anon shall ascend from the lake of living agony—the grim and dreary imprisonment whose barriers are closed insuperably and for ever on the hopeless out-casts of vengeance;—these, ye men who wear the form of godliness, but show not the power of it in your training of families, these are not the articles of your faith. To you they are as the imaginations of a legendary fable. Else why this apathy? Why so alert to the rescue of your young from even the most trifling of calamities, and this dead indifference about their exposure to the most tremendous of all? O the secret will be out! The cause bewrayeth itself. You have not faith; and compassed about though you be with Sabbath forms, and seemly observance, and the semblance of a goodly and well-looking profession, yet if you labour not specifically and in practical earnest for the souls of your children, your doings short of this are, we fear, but the diseased and lame offerings of hypocrisy—your Christianity, we fear, is a delusion.—*Dr Chalmers.*

A GOOD MOTHER.

In the vicinity of Philadelphia, there was a pious mother, who had the happiness of seeing her children, in very early life, brought to the knowledge of the truth—all walking in the fear of the Lord, and ornaments to the Christian Church. A clergyman, who was travelling, having heard this circumstance, wished very much to see her, thinking that there might be something peculiar in her mode of giving religious instruction which rendered it so effectual. He accordingly visited her, and inquired concerning the manner in which she discharged the duties of a mother in educating her children. The woman replied, that she did not know that she had been more faithful than any other Christian mother would be in the instruction of her children. After a little conversation, she said, "While my children were infants on my lap, as I washed them, I raised my heart to God, that he would wash them in that blood which cleanseth from all sin; as I clothed them in the morning, I asked my heavenly Father to clothe them in the robe of Christ's righteousness; as I provided them food, I prayed that God would feed their souls with the bread of heaven, and give them to drink the water of life. When I have prepared them for the house of God, I have pled that their bodies might be fit temples for the Holy Spirit to dwell in; when they left me for the week-day school, I followed their infant footsteps with a prayer, that their path through life might be like that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day; and as I committed them to rest at night, the silent breathing of my soul has been that their heavenly Father would take them to his embrace, and fold them in his paternal arms. I have committed their way, and taught them to commit their way, to the Lord, and the Lord has cared for them. It is his doing, not mine; and what he has done for me and my children he is willing, and has promised to do, for all who seek his face.

MORNING HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

O God! I see the morning light,
And Thou hast kept me through the night!
I thank Thee for thy love and care,
And beg Thee hear my morning prayer.

Keep me, O God! again to-day,
And take my naughty heart away;
O make me gentle, good, and mild—
Just like the Saviour when a child!

And when to-night I fall asleep,
O come again the watch to keep!
So let my life all pass away,
With God my keeper night and day.

MERE PROFESSORS.

There are many professors and few Christians indeed; many that run, and few that obtain; many that go into the field against Satan, and few that come out conquerors. All have a desire to be happy, but few have courage and resolution to grapple with the difficulties that meet them in their way to happiness. All Israel came joyfully out of Egypt under Moses' conduct, yea, and a mixed multitude with them; but when they were a little pinched with hunger, and their greedy desires of a present Canaan deferred—yea, instead of peace and plenty, war and penury—they are ready to fly from their colours, and make a dishonourable retreat into Egypt. Thus the greatest part of those who profess the Gospel, when they come to push of pike—to be tried what they will do, deny, endure for Christ—grow sick of their enterprise. Alas! their hearts fail them! they like the waters of Bethlehem; but if they must dispute their passage with so many enemies, they will even content themselves with their own cistern, and leave heaven to others that will venture more for it. O how many part with Christ at this cross-way! like Orpah—that go a furlong or two with Christ, while he goes to take them off from their worldly hopes, and bids them prepare for hardship, and then they fairly kiss and leave him; loath, indeed, to lose heaven, but more loath to buy it at so dear a rate. Like some green-heads that childishly make choice of some sweet trade, from a liquorish tooth they have to the sweetmeats it affords; but meeting with sour sauce of labour and toil that goes with them, they give in, and are weary of their service, the sweet bait of religion hath drawn many to nibble at it, who are offended with the hard service it calls to. It requires another spirit than the world can give or receive to follow Christ fully.—*Gurnall.*

ON PRAYER.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH, WATTON, HERTS.

I AM thankful to throw my mite into the efforts which beloved brethren are making to convey acceptably to the masses of society the great truths of the Gospel. My mind has been drawn to the subject of PRAYER as one of vast importance.

The privilege, the advantage, the honour, and the glory of true prayer are unspeakable. Simple faith in God's Word, and in his many faithful promises, realizes even now much of its blessedness. There we read that the great God, who made us and all things, is a Spirit, invisible, but everywhere present, almighty, and all-wise, and infinite in goodness and love, mercy and compassion, truth and righteousness. This glorious Being, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, three persons in one God, permits us, his sinful creatures, to have the freest access to him, and constant communion with him in prayer.

God has appointed and given to us amply sufficient means for our daily enjoyment of this privilege. He has provided for us a Mediator and Advocate, ever living to make intercession for us; through whose blood we may have access with boldness to the holiest of all. He gives, to them that ask, his Holy Spirit, to help their infirmities. He gives us many positive commands to ask of him what we need, and call upon his name. He takes the very title of the Hearer of Prayer. And He himself is gracious to lift up the light of his countenance on those who diligently seek his presence. He gives us also his word, full of the prayers of his faithful, to be the very guide and pattern for our own prayers.

Think, then, Christian reader, of the high standing you may take. You are ready to esteem it a favour if you are admitted to converse freely, even for a little time, with those much above you. If you may enjoy real intercourse with the excellent of the earth for a little time, you count it precious to be refreshed with their knowledge and kindness. Courtiers, who have access to palaces, think much of the privilege of free admission to the monarch, and to partake of the presence and dignities of royalty. But realize God's word, and you may rise to far higher honours; believe his promises, and you may daily partake of far richer privileges. You may have access to the King of kings; you may open to him without reserve, and with the certainty of the kindest and most favourable reception, your whole heart; you may speak with the utmost plainness, without fear of rebuke; you may always apply to him; you may walk with him all the day long.

This happy standing is not unattainable. A measure of it every real Christian has attained. It is the very beginning of his spiritual life. "Behold he prayeth." Every reader of these pages may attain it. And it is the high state of the man after God's own heart: "I give myself unto prayer."

This is the sure remedy for the many cares of this sorrowful world. Who can have lived here long without knowing that the world is full of cares and troubles? Men are burdened with them on every side, and groaning under them. It is not the possession of power, wealth, knowledge, honour, or any of the good things of this world, that exempts men from many cares. Those who most abound in these things have also with them generally the most multiplied cares.

God himself directs us to this remedy of prayer. *Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.* The remarks on prayer that I would now make are founded on this passage.

We have here a plain, clear, full command to all, to be without carefulness, and this in the largest terms: "Be careful for nothing." IT INCLUDES WORLDLY THINGS. All the varied scenes and occupations, the wants, and even the blessings of life, bring anxieties. The cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things, are constant temptations. Those with large families and little means are troubled with cares for what they shall eat and what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed. Those in business are troubled by changes in trade—by losses and bad debts—by fears and disappointments. Those with bodily infirmities, groan under them. The cases are endless which occasion these cares.

IT INCLUDES ALSO SPIRITUAL THINGS. These are infinitely more important. It is our duty to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. We have to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. But yet the words, "Be careful for nothing," clearly comprehend even spiritual things. The questions that cause care here are very numerous. Am I a child of God? Does God really love me? Am I among his elect? Shall I persevere in his ways? Can it possibly be that so guilty, worldly, unbelieving, cold, dead, and ungodly a creature as I have been can be saved? My relations—parents, children, brothers, and sisters—can they be saved? A thousand of such weighty questions agitate the mind.

The direction respecting all is, Be careful for nothing. It is not, Neglect everything; be indifferent about everything. Far different is the instruction here given. Every Christian is to attend diligently to his daily work. If any man will not work, neither should he eat. Nor are we to despise the chastening of the Lord. It is designed, on the one hand, that we should feel that afflictions are grievous; and on the other, that we should gratefully enjoy God's blessings. Nor are we to be wanting in foresight and providence for the future. It is necessary that we should, in entire dependence on the will of God, form our own plans and schemes. And especially about religion, the greatest earnestness becomes us: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." "Strive to enter in at the strait gate."

It is not *attention* to worldly and spiritual things that is forbidden, but *anxiety* of mind, and doubtfulness, and "fear that has torment." You may be delivered from this distress of mind. Be not anxious. Learn not to place your happiness in this world's good. A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesses; and God knows your wants, and cares for you more than a mother cares for her babe. So about your highest, your spiritual welfare, be not anxious. Do not be so filled with distressing fears, as if you had no refuge in God, and could not commit your soul to him in the peaceful confidence: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day." You need not have, then, one anxious thought about body or soul, if you will follow God's directions, casting all your care on him; for he careth for you.

And that we may do this the more readily, remember that there is all the authority of a divine command to require you to do it. The Lord of heaven and earth has issued his mandate to you. Dare you resist his will? What energy and power should this give to your feeble faith! It is not a thing in which you may indulge your natural disposition. You are charged by the Most High: "Be careful for nothing."

But this charge is not without that suitable strength which God always provides with every command given by him. It is on prayer—the free, open expression of your desires to the ever-present God, as the means of attaining obedience to this divine and most gracious command—I would now dwell. THE MOST UNRESERVED PRAYER FOR EVERYTHING YOU WANT; the most free outpouring of every desire into your heavenly Father's ears is your plain duty: "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

God is accessible in this day of grace to all sinners who come to him in the name of his Son. You need not fly from God. You need not now dread his vengeance, or look upon him as your enemy. He has in Christ revealed himself as the God of all grace. He waits now on his mercy-seat to be gracious to returning sinners. He has intense love to us (John iii. 16), to be measured only by that wonderful gift, the gift of his own Son. Ah, sweet thought! Truly believed, what a heaven it lets down to our earth! There is a throne of grace to which all sinners may come, and there obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. Think of this again and again; look at the crucified Redeemer, till your hard heart be melted, and the light of that love fills your soul. The Creator of all worlds, the Just and Holy One, for the sake of Christ, really loves me a sinner. Gazing on the death of Jesus, I cannot, without the blackest guilt, doubt this love to my soul.

Believe this, and then freely tell him all your wants. What a wonderful proclamation of mercy to a world of sinners is this, "LET YOUR REQUESTS BE MADE KNOWN UNTO GOD!" How delightful the fulness of the direction! He needs not, indeed, for his own knowledge, that we tell him our requests; for he knows always what things we have need of. But we have great need that we thus learn to pour out our hearts in the way that his infinite wisdom and love points out. Thus our faith is strengthened—thus our minds are relieved: You must, if you have passed through sorrow, have experienced what a comfort it is to be able to spread your cares and griefs before a wise, kind, and sympathising friend. The very opening of your heart takes away much of your grief. So the very act of real prayer to God helps to relieve the mind of its cares. But this is far from being all. God himself has made it the appointed way in which He will, in his wonder-working providence, give you the things which will relieve you of your cares. The promises of this are very numerous, and they are all "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." "Ask, and it shall be given you. Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive. Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify me. Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not. Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." These glorious promises are more precious than all the wealth of this world. They are from the God of truth—they cannot be broken.

Oh, then, that when anything troubles you, when any cares rise up in your mind, you would take it at once to God!

Tell him all your wants. Do you mean, the reader may ask, even my temporal wants? Surely such common things are beneath his notice. They who are wise in their own eyes may object, "It is degrading to the dignity of religion;" and the spiritual in their own esteem may say, "It is not for a spiritual man to mention such things. He is above them." But this is not God's view of the matter. He says *in everything*. Let that "everything" answer all your doubts. As the *nothing* is inclusive of all care, so the *everything* is comprehensive of prayer for all that gives you a moment's anxiety.

The moment a care rises up in your mind, transfer it to Him that careth for you. Remember David's advice: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee; he will never suffer the righteous to be moved."

But, remember, thanksgiving is ever to be joined with prayer, and it should be as free and as large as our prayer: "In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." This can only be done through that strong faith which realizes the love of God, as specially manifested to us in trials, and making all things work together for our good. A faith that realizes this, can be truly thankful for everything. We see this, joined with fervent prayer, in St Paul. He had a thorn in the flesh. It was very trying to him. He could not remove it. He began to pray. He prayed thrice. The thorn remained, but not as a thorn, but as a blessing, for which he had to be thankful. He says: "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake." Thus it is we get from everything tokens for good. All things show God's love to us, prepare us for our future glory, increase our conformity to the likeness of Christ, and awaken thanksgivings to the Father of mercies. Ever, then, join thanksgiving with prayer.

The BENEFIT of such prayer and praise is, that "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." What a blessing must this be! The form of the promise deserves attention. It is not merely peace from God. Anything from him bestowed on his people is full of goodness. But it is the peace of God, which promises a share of the same blessed tranquillity which God himself enjoys. We are called to be heirs of God—to inherit all that he is and has, to make us blessed. We are called to joy in God himself as our portion. And in harmony with these hopes, the promise here is not a mere declaration of security that gives us peace; but it is having a portion of that calm, holy, heavenly equanimity, composure, and rest of mind, which the great Creator ever enjoys. We know that He who made heaven and earth loves us, because He gave his Son to die for us. We know that He is our friend. Hence, as he is Lord of all, the issue of all his dealings with those who come to him by Christ Jesus, must be the fullest and greatest good—a good that passes all understanding, as God himself is infinite, and his bliss perfect, boundless, and everlasting. What exultation this causes when it is made clear to the mind! "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us. The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

This is a peace that garrisons both heart and mind as with complete and full security from all cares. The man who possesses it "shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." No disquieting fears need torment his breast. His understanding, also, fully approves of this course. It is founded on the infallible Word of God, a sure rest for the mind amidst all the disquieting scenes of this transient world, according to the promise: "Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established."

This peace can, however, only flow to us through Christ Jesus. Lose sight of him, and no prayers will give you peace. He is the only giver of peace. It is his legacy to his people: "Peace I leave with you: my peace I give unto you." "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Our God makes every good to flow in this channel, that Christ may daily be increasingly precious to us, and we may be more and more simply dependent on him, and filled with his love.

Thus I have endeavoured to lead the reader to more constant prayer. Let me urge it upon you, then, by the freedom to be attained from care on the one hand, and the peace to be enjoyed on the other. Ask first for the spirit of adoption, to cry, Abba, Father, that you may with full believing and joyful confidence say, "Our Father," and then have all a dutiful child's simple and entire confidence in a parent's care and love. O, how our children may shame us and instruct us in this matter! They are never weighed down with care, and their minds clouded with doubts and suspicions, lest their parents should not think of them or provide for them. Not one moment's uneasiness on this point fills their minds. "He is my father; he knows all I want." This answers every fear. They do not suspect his love or his means. Even when the father chastens, they reverence and obey. Shall not we much rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits, and live? Let us have entire confidence in the love of our God, as proved beyond controversy by the gift of his Son. Let us go to Him at once with everything that troubles us, and spread it, as Hezekiah did his letter, before the Lord. Let us delight ourselves in the Lord our God, and we shall find, in our happy experience, that he gives us the desire of our hearts.

THE LIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN THE BEST ILLUSTRATION OF THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLIE,

Author of "The Modern Judea," &c., &c.

MANY a commentary has been written on the "Pilgrim's Progress," but the best exposition which that wonderful book is susceptible of would be, a well-written life of its author. This is not what we propose, but we shall select a few passages from the history of Bunyan—and the man is scarcely less marvellous than the book—which it appears to us Bunyan had in his eye while sketching some of the more memorable scenes in his immortal work. This is the true key wherewith to unlock the various compartments of this cabinet of glory—the true plummet wherewith to sound the depths of these great waters.

Art has lent her aid to illustrate the pages of Bunyan. It might have been foreseen that the attempt would be fruitless. Where is the pencil which can equal, much less excel, in graphic power the pen which it rather presumptuously undertook to aid? When did the colours of the painter glow like the words of Bunyan? when was the canvass crowded with figures so life-like? and when did it wear hues so brilliant, and at the same time so true to nature, as the pages of the "Pilgrim?" Yet on a field which appeared so inviting, it is not surprising that Art should have been tempted to make trial of her powers; and the very limited success with which, as will be generally acknowledged, we think, her efforts have been attended, makes it very obvious, not that her skill was small, but that the skill of the poor inmate of the jail at Bedford was immeasurably greater; and that the genius which produced the immortal allegory had higher resources at command than those which mere genius can wield, and had access to deeper fountains of thought, and illustration, and imagery, than any which mere Art is privileged to approach. Art has done her best, we say, to represent and body forth in lines and colours, all the more striking incidents in the great work in question;—the winged steps wherewith the pilgrim hasted away from the city of Destruction; the great burden on his back, whose insupportable weight made his knees to shake, and, ever and anon, wrung the most doleful sighs and groans from his heart; the joy that kindled on his countenance, radiant and serene as day-break, so soon as he found himself safe within the wicket; the wonders of the interpreter's house; the exceeding fierce looks of the lions which guarded the path; the frowning steeps of the Hill Difficulty; the terrors of that sore combat in which Apollyon straddled quite across the whole breadth of the way, and swore by his infernal den that he would make an end of Christian; the clouds of confusion which hang day and night over the Valley of the Shadow of Death; the juggling shows, the coarse ribaldry, and the brutal violence of Vanity Fair—"no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing;" the dark dungeons and brazen gates of Doubting Castle; the green slopes, and the clear springs of the Delectable Mountains, whence a very distant and faint view might be had of the Celestial gate; the gardens, and the fragrant orchards of the Land of Beulah; the black river, through whose cold waters lay the path of the pilgrims; the city beyond, whose foundations are above the clouds, and whose glory no one can conceive or know till he has passed over the river and gone in at the gate. Of all the scenes which we have now named, we have been presented with representations; but we must bear in mind, that in the hands of Bunyan himself these descriptions are but pictures—not the things themselves: he did not intend they should be taken for that; but when Art comes forward and presents us with a picture of what itself is but a picture, it need not surprise us that the image grows more and more faint, just in proportion to our distance from the thing itself—that as we recede from the sun, the body which is designed only to reflect the light should shine with a continually diminishing splendour.

But when we turn from the pen of the commentator, and the pencil of the artist, to the history of the author himself—not his outward, but his inward history—we find we have approached the true source of every good illustration of this singular book. A new light dawns upon its pages. We are admitted behind the scenes, not to have the enchantment dissolved, but increased tenfold. The stately palace, whose noble and graceful exterior we admired before, and which was all we were able to behold, we are now privileged to enter. We pass on, with the key in our hand, through the spacious edifice, lost in wonder at its numerous and sumptuous apartments; its rich furniture; its vessels of gold and silver; its walls so curiously emblazoned with the symbols of heavenly things; and its "chamber of peace," to use Bunyan's own image, with its windows that opened towards sun-rising. We soon become convinced that it is no scene of enchantment we are surveying—that it is no unreal and illusory fabric that stands before us, called from the earth by the enchanter's wand, and destined to pass away, with all its walls, and towers, and gorgeous splendours, without leaving a trace where it stood, the moment the genius that created it ceases to act upon our minds. We are made to feel that it is real, and substantial, and true, and that in a sense in which few things on earth can be said to be true.

To how many thousands has the work of Bunyan been a piece of fiction, and nothing more! It was no fiction to the man who wrote it. As one who sails on a summer sea, and is delighted and enchanted by its lovely islands, its pearly bays, its shining shores, and the beauty of the skies which are mirrored on its placid surface, but never once thinks of the mighty deeps below him; so many have perused the immortal allegory, satisfied and pleased with the varied and enchanting beauty of its surface—its incidents, characters, and scenery—without making any attempt to sound the great depths of its meaning, or to realise a single one of the many mighty truths which its similitudes present. The truth which the "Pilgrim's Progress" embodies is truth of the highest order—truth of so substantial a kind, and of so solemn an import, that the literal truth would be but as a fable in comparison. Although all the descriptions of this book were actual verities—though all its characters were real men, and all its incidents real events—though there was, in some remote region of the earth, a city of Destruction, and a Celestial city, with a narrow path running from the one to the other, with pilgrims going to and fro upon it, or crossing it by the lanes and by-paths that intersect it, and affording to those who travel that way, the sight of the villages, cities, and countries which Bunyan has placed in its neighbourhood; leading up at its commencement to the wicket gate, the "shining light" over which might be seen as far as from the city of Destruction, and from thence running straight onward in the direction of the Celestial city; never becoming circuitous to avoid this doubtful quagmire, or this dangerous steep, or this slippery descent, or this gloomy pass, or this enemy's castle, though passing within bow-shot of its walls; now leading by the door of the interpreter's house; now by the foot of the cross; now up the Hill Difficulty; now down into the low Valley of Humiliation; now through the thick gloom and darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death; now through the town of Vanity Fair, with its motley crowds and noisy buffoonery; now by the lands of Giant Despair; now over the green slopes of the Delectable Mountains; now through the drowsy air, and the entangled soil of the enchanted ground; and last of all, and just before terminating on the brink of the river, through the Land of Beulah, whose orchards stood open to solace the pilgrims, and where there was the continual singing of birds, and where, being on the borders of the Celestial country, a never-setting light, like a beautiful celestial dawn, rested on its fields;—though all the scenery, moral and physical, of this wonderful tale, had actually existed—though all its personages had lived and journeyed, as Bunyan narrates, from the city of Destruction to the country beyond the river—how small a matter would that be, how insignificant the interest and importance of the tale, compared with the grandeur which it is seen really to possess, whenever we are enabled to look through its shadows to its mighty verities—whenever we are enabled to regard the city of Destruction as being the earth; the straight and narrow way from it, as the path that leads upwards through the skies; the shining light over it, as the Bible which God himself has kindled amidst the darkness that broods over our lower region, to tell men that there is a brighter world above, and to guide them into the way that leads to it; and the Celestial city, as the land of immortality, and of immortal men—the seat of boundless splendour, and of unfading blessedness.

But though the great depths of the work begin now to be known, we find that we have made a mighty advance as regards our ability to sound these depths, so soon as we have made ourselves familiar with the soul-struggles of the man who wrote it. Great as we may have accounted it before, we now account it much greater. Of Bunyan it cannot be affirmed with the same truth that he invented, as that he described. His facts and illustrations were not so much produced by the fiat of his imagination, as drawn from the store-house of his experience. He had been all that he describes his pilgrim. He had gone every footstep of the way along which he leads Christian. He knew all its by-lanes and cross paths. There is not an enemy upon it whom he had not fought with, nor a danger belonging to it with which he was not familiar. All the toils, burdens, and perils incident to it he had borne. He had shared beyond most in its sorrows; and his, too, and that in no stinted measure, had been its ravishing delights—the joy known only to those who find the narrow way. The city of Destruction was to him no imaginary place. Many days and nights, full of dreadful apprehensions, had he passed within its walls. His eye had marked the black clouds, edged with red, which lower continually upon it; and his ear had caught the distant mutterings of that furious tempest which is destined one day to break above it. He could tell in truth that it is no easy matter to find the strait gate, but a blessed thing to be safe within it. He had stooped and groaned beneath his great burden; but when it rolled down from his back, he had leaped for very joy. He had tasted sweet sleep in the "chamber called peace," and awaked to see the morning breaking in the east. He had wrestled not only against flesh and blood, but against powers and principalities. He had walked in darkness, and had no light; and trusted in the name of the Lord. He had had trial of cruel mockings; nay, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments, in the town of Vanity Fair. Many, many days had he languished in the dungeons of Doubting Castle; but, plucking the key of promise from his bosom, he had seen the iron gates of that dismal place fly open, and taking heart, he had gone forth to solace and invigorate himself in the clear air, and by the pure springs of the Delectable Hills. Thus ever as he went on he began to enjoy more of that which he knew he should enjoy in full at the end of his journey. At last he left the Valley of the Shadow of Death and the towers of Doubting Castle far behind; and being now on the borders of the better country, his path began to shine more and more with the reflection of the splendours of that city to which he was drawing nigh, and his heart to be ravished by the melodies which came floating towards him—the distant echo of the songs of those with whom he knew he should dwell for ever.

This, we are satisfied, is the true key to the "Pilgrim's Progress"—Bunyan's own life. No one need wonder why this work is so immeasurably superior to every other work of the kind; why it awakens in every bosom an interest so deep and enduring; why there is such life in its pictures, such power in its imagery, and so much of nature and truth in the actors it brings upon the stage; why the delineation of their characters is so faultlessly correct, and yet characterized by such perfect freedom, that the conception and execution of them appear to have cost the author not the smallest effort; why there is such an irresistible force in its least words; why the writer is so prodigal in every line of the treasures of his genius, and is apparently all the while perfectly unconscious of the riches he is scattering around him; why, among mortal books, this book occupies the first place, and is inferior only to the Bible in point of its combined simplicity and grandeur; and why, in fine, as we pass on, we come, at every short distance, to openings by which we are let see into another world—why it is all this, no one need, or can wonder, who considers what the author was. This we shall endeavour to make good in our next paper.

EXTRACTS FROM FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE STRICKEN IN HEART.

The arrow-smitten hart, deep wounded, flies
To th' springs, with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy spring; if Satan's fiery dart
Pierce thy faint sides, do so, my wounded heart.

COMFORT.

My soul, cheer up! what if the night be long?
Heav'n finds an ear when sinners find a tongue;
Thy tears are morning show'rs: Heav'n bids me say,
When Peter's cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

I AM NOT MY OWN.

My heart!—but wherefore do I call thee so?
I have renounc'd my int'rest long ago:
When thou wert false and fleshly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.

EXPOSTULATION.

Canst thou be sick, and such a doctor by?
Thou canst not live, unless thy doctor die:
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine good
To 'suage her pains, but the physician's blood!

THE SINNER'S MIRTH.

What ails the fool, to laugh? Does something please
His vain conceit? Or is't a mere disease?
Fool, giggle on, and waste thy wanton breath—
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

THE SINNER'S CARE FOR HIS BODY.

What need that house be daub'd with flesh and blood?
Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with food?
Cost idly spent! That cost doth but prolong
Thy thraldom. Fool, thou mak'st thy jail too strong.

THE INQUISITION.

Some years ago Llorente published a History of the Inquisition in Spain. He enjoyed peculiar advantages for the composition of such a work. Sources of information were accessible to him from which the public have been generally excluded. He was secretary to the Inquisition at Madrid during the years 1789-90-91; and during the years 1809-10-11, when it was suppressed in Spain, all the archives and records were placed in his hand; and from these authentic materials he compiled his History.

It has been supposed that the Inquisition was first introduced into Spain in 1477 or 1483. Llorente is of opinion that it existed there so early as the thirteenth century. Preparations were made for it, as against the Albigenses, as far back as 1203; and it was finally established by Gregory IX. in 1227, about two years before laymen were first prohibited, by the Council of Toulouse, from reading the Scriptures in their vernacular tongues. At the time of its introduction into Spain, that country was divided into four distinct kingdoms—Castile, Arragon, Navarre, and Portugal: and in each it was vigorously opposed at first by many of the nobles, and even magistrates and bishops; but their opposition was overwhelmed by the perseverance and boldness of the Inquisition, who, being chiefly of the orders of Dominican and Augustinian Friars, were independent of the bishops, and subject only to the will of a foreign power. They held of the Pope alone. The princes, nobles, and parochial clergy, as well as the laity, were subject to this tremendous engine of tyranny—the only persons exempted from its jurisdiction being the Pope, his legates and nuncios, and the officers and familiars of the Inquisition itself.

Its professed object was to detect and suppress heresy; but, in practice, it was not confined to heresy openly avowed and capable of direct proof, but embraced the mere *suspicion* of heresy: and the symptoms or indications which it recognised as sufficient warrant for prosecution, were infinitely various, and often ludicrously absurd. Thus the absence of a right faith was inferred from blasphemy, sorcery, divination, demonology—from abuse of the sacraments, or neglect of them—from absolution not being asked by a man under censure for a year—from schism, or denial of the Pope's authority—from abetting or concealing heresy—hiding those chargeable with it, or not denouncing them to the Holy Office—from any manifestation of repugnance to the Inquisition itself—from the refusal to expel heretics from their estates on the part of the nobles—from the refusal to repeal statutes that were offensive to the Pope on the part of princes—from professional advice rendered to heretics by lawyers—from permitting heretics or suspected persons to be buried in ecclesiastical ground—from a refusal of evidence when any one was summoned before the Inquisition as a witness—from any thing in the work of an author that seemed to encourage or palliate error. All these were held to be grounds of suspicion; and it is easy to see how many persons might in this way be involved in a charge of heresy, who were in all essential respects attached to the Popish Church.

The method of procedure was somewhat different in the old than in the more modern Inquisition; but the latter was most severe. On being appointed, an inquisitor demanded a mandate from the king or magistrate, requiring the tribunals to arrest suspected persons: if the magistrate refused, he was excommunicated. When he went to a particular station, the inquisitor preached in public, and then read an edict requiring all heretics to confess, and all having any knowledge of such persons, to come forward and accuse them, on pain of excommunication. If persons came forward confessing their heresy within thirty days, they received absolution in public, and were reconciled, but subjected to certain penances and penalties—such as being forbidden the use of gold, silver, pearls, silk, and fine wool. If they confessed after the thirty days' grace, their goods were confiscated. If they did not confess, but were accused, and proved to be guilty, there was no alternative, but either to abjure the heresy, or to be punished: in the case of a semi-proof being established, torture was had recourse to, for the purpose of eliciting confession. In the course of his trial a prisoner never saw his accusation, nor knew his accusers: the evidence against him was not made known, except a few extracts from the declaration of witnesses, which were sufficient to alarm him, but which left him in total ignorance of the real state of the suit against him. In these circumstances, it was safer for an innocent man to confess heresy and abjure it at once, than to run the hazard of a trial. If, after confession, he relapsed or was again suspected, he was again subjected to torture, or given over to be executed or burnt.

After burning Hebrew Bibles and other books, from 1490 to 1523, the Inquisition took measures for preventing the circulation of such works as were distasteful to them. In 1539 the University of Louvar was ordered to make up an index of prohibited books: in 1549 it was augmented by the inquisitor-general; in 1550 it was again published with additions, including *translations of the Holy Bible!* nay, in 1558, theologians were required to give up the Hebrew and Greek Bibles! and by a law of Philip II., those who should buy, keep, read, or sell books thus prohibited by the inquisitor, were subject to the penalty of death and confiscation. In this same year, Paul IV. addressed a brief to the inquisitor-general Valas, commanding him to prosecute all schismatics and heretics—"to deprive all such persons of their dignities and offices, whether bishops, archbishops, patriarchs, cardinals, or legates; barons, counts, marquises, dukes, princes, kings, or emperors!"

The horrible results of this system of tyranny and persecution are thus stated by Llorente. From 1481 to 1809, under forty-four inquisitors-general, there were, in the Peninsula alone—

Burnt, ...	31,912
Burnt in effigy, the parties having fled or died, ...	17,659
Severe penances, ...	291,450
	341,021!

The Spanish Inquisition was suppressed by Napoleon in 1808, and by the Cortes in 1813. But it was restored by Ferdinand in 1814. Pius VII. expressed an intention to ameliorate it, by prohibiting torture, and by confronting the witnesses with the accused.

In 1820 the Inquisition was thrown open, by order of the Cortes of Madrid. Twenty-one prisoners were found in it, not one of whom knew the name of the city in which he was, nor the precise crime of which he was accused. "One of these prisoners had been condemned, and was to have been executed on the following day. His punishment was to be death by the pendulum. The method of thus destroying the victim is as follows: The condemned is fastened in a groove upon a table, on his back—suspended above him is a pendulum, the edge of which is sharp, and it is so constructed as to become longer with every movement. The wretch sees the instrument of destruction swinging to and fro above him, and every moment the keen edge approaching nearer—at length it cuts."

This, let it be remembered, was a punishment of the Secret Tribunal in 1820!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE EVIDENCES.

THE MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.

BY THE REV. JAMES TAYLOR, ST ANDREWS.

Of late years a very remarkable and interesting class of contemporary records has been brought to light and deciphered, affording most valuable testimony to the authenticity of the Mosaic history—we refer to the monumental sculptures and inscriptions of Egypt. The walls of the temples, palaces, and sepulchres, which abound in such numbers in Egypt, are completely covered with sculptures, representing the battles, sieges, and victories of the successive monarchs who ruled over that country, and delineating, with every appearance of minute fidelity, the everyday life of the people—their pursuits and trades—their amusements and labours—their feasts and funerals—their public processions and their religious ceremonies. All these sculptures were accompanied by hieroglyphical inscriptions, supposed to be explanatory of the scenes depicted. But these sacred characters had long remained an inscrutable mystery. Their origin, object, and meaning, were all enveloped in the profoundest darkness. Conjectures there were, indeed, in abundance on the subject, but their contradictory character showed how little confidence could be placed in their accuracy; and the mysterious inscriptions remained a sealed book, which no man could open. While matters were in this position, the abetters of infidelity, like birds of evil omen, who love the darkness, were peculiarly active, and looked with eager expectation to the deciphering of these hieroglyphic legends, as certain to afford conclusive proofs of the falsehood of the Mosaic history. "They called upon those huge and half-buried colossal images, and those now subterranean temples, to bear witness to the antiquity and early civilization of the nation which erected them. They appealed to their astronomical remains, to attest the skill, matured by ages of observation, of those who projected them. More than all, they saw in those hieroglyphic legends, the venerable dates of sovereigns deified long before the modern days of Moses or Abraham. They pointed in triumph to the mysterious characters which an unseen hand had traced on those primeval walls, and boasted that only a Daniel was wanted to decipher them, to show that the evidences of Christianity had been weighed and found wanting, and its kingdom divided between the infidel and the libertine! Vain boast! The temples of Egypt have at length answered their appeal, in language more intelligible than they could possibly have anticipated; for a Daniel has been found in judicious and persevering study. After the succession had been so long interrupted, Young and Champollion have put on the linen robe of the hierophant, and the monuments of the Nile, unlike the fearful image of Sais, have allowed themselves to be unveiled by their hands, without any but the most wholesome and consoling results having followed from their labours."[*]

Various approaches were made by different philosophers towards the deciphering of the hieroglyphic inscriptions; but the key to these mysteries, so long sought in vain, was at length discovered by means of a large block of black basalt, termed the Rosetta Stone. This celebrated monument, which had lain for ages under ground, was accidentally disinterred by the French army in digging the foundation of a fort near Rosetta, and, having been captured on board a French frigate, was brought to England and deposited in the British Museum. This interesting relic bears three inscriptions—one in Greek, one in hieroglyphics, and a third in the common writing of the country, which is in good measure an abridgment or running form of the hieroglyphics.[*] In the Greek version of the inscription there occur the proper names *Alexander* and *Alexandria;* and two groups of characters were found closely resembling each other, and occupying a corresponding position in the hieroglyphic inscription. The word *king* occurs twenty-nine times in the Greek version; and as there is only one word which occurs so often in the hieroglyphic inscription, it was concluded that these two must correspond in their meaning. The proper name *Ptolemy*, occurs fourteen times in the Greek; and an assemblage of characters is found in the hieroglyphic inscription, agreeing in frequency with this name, and generally occurring in passages corresponding in their relative situation. The merit of these ingenious discoveries belongs to our learned countryman, Dr Thomas Young; and the key to the monumental legends having thus been at length discovered, his investigations were greatly extended and improved by Messrs Champollion and Bankes, Sir G. Wilkinson, Lord Prudhoe, and other distinguished writers.

One portion of these interesting investigations is worthy of being related in detail, in order to show the manner in which the knowledge of this ancient mode of expressing ideas was obtained. In the island of Philae an obelisk was found by Belzoni, and afterwards brought to England by Mr Bankes. It had originally been placed on a square pedestal, bearing a Greek inscription, which, on examination, proved to be a petition of the priests of Isis, residing at Philae, addressed to King Ptolemy, to Cleopatra his sister, and to Cleopatra his wife. There was good reason to believe, therefore, that as the inscription on the base expressly referred to these royal personages, the hieroglyphic inscription on the obelisk itself would bear their names also. On examination it was found that in the midst of the inscription there were two rings, enclosing certain hieroglyphic characters joined together. One of these groups presented the same characters as were engraved on the Rosetta Stone, no fewer than fourteen times, and had there been satisfactorily shown by Dr Young to represent the name Ptolemy. Supposing this to be correct, the other ring would, as a matter of course, contain the name of Cleopatra. The comparison and analysis of these two names is in itself so curious, and in its results so important, that we may give a brief extract from the letter of M. Champollion to M. Dacier, in which he first announced his discovery.

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[*] Wiseman's Lectures, vol. ii., pp. 61-62.

[*] This custom of affixing inscriptions in various languages, intended only for one country, which might be frequented by strangers, illustrates and explains the reason of Pilate's commanding an inscription to be placed over our Saviour's cross, written in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew.

"The first sign of the name of Cleopatra, which represents a kind of quadrant, and which ought to be the letter K (C), should not occur in the name of Ptolemy, and it is not there. The second, a crouching lion, which should represent the L, is identical with the fourth of Ptolemy, which is also an L. The third sign is a feather or leaf, which should represent the short vowel E. Two similar leaves may be observed at the end of the name of Ptolemy, which by their position must have the sound of E long. The fourth character represents a kind of flower or root, with its stalk bent downward, which should answer to the letter O, and is accordingly the third letter in the name of Ptolemy. The fifth is a sort of square, which should represent the letter P, as it is the first in the name of Ptolemy. The sixth is a hawk, which should be the letter A. That letter does not occur in the Greek name Ptolemy, neither does it occur in the hieroglyphic transcription. The seventh is an open hand, representing the T; but this character is not found in the name Ptolemy, where the second letter T is expressed by the segment of a sphere. The author thought that these two characters might be homophonic; that is, both expressing the same sound: and he was soon able to demonstrate that his opinion was well founded. The eighth sign or mark seen in front ought to be the letter R; and as that letter does not occur in Ptolemy, it is also absent from his hieroglyphic name. The ninth and last sign, which ought to be the vowel A, is a repetition of the hawk, which has that sound in the sixth."*

By these laborious researches the Egyptian alphabet was gradually enlarged, and has at length been completed: so that we are now in possession of the means of deciphering the hieroglyphic inscriptions by which the walls of the monuments are covered, and of perusing the records of the exploits of the successive kings who reigned over Egypt, from the days of Abraham down to the last of the Ptolemies, the successors of Alexander the Great.

These interesting discoveries gave a powerful impulse to the investigation of the Egyptian antiquities; and in the year 1828 a commission was undertaken, under the joint auspices of the French and Tuscan Governments, for the purpose of examining and making drawings of the sculptures and inscriptions engraved on the monuments of Egypt and Nubia. The celebrated Champollion and Professor Rosellini of Pisa, were placed at the head of the commission, and with them were associated a complete staff of engineers, draftsmen, and architects. They remained in Egypt for upwards of two years; and, on their return to Europe, brought back with them not less than fifteen hundred drawings, together with a particular description of every monument in Egypt and Nubia. The precious materials thus accumulated were arranged by Professor Rosellini, and are now in course of publication at Pisa, at the expense of the Tuscan Government.

The publication of this splendid work has excited intense interest, in consequence of the expectation that the invaluable mass of materials which it contains would cast great light on the history and manners of the ancient Egyptians, and especially on the Biblical narrative. From the earliest ages there had been a close connection between God's chosen people and the "land of marvels," as Egypt is termed by the "father of history." "So intimately connected," says Wilkinson, "are Egyptian history and manners with the scriptural accounts of the Israelites, and the events of succeeding ages relative to Judea, that the name of Egypt need only to be mentioned to recall the early impressions we have received from the study of the Bible." Abraham, the "father of the faithful," "went down into Egypt to sojourn there," because of the grievous famine that prevailed, and received from the reigning Pharaoh* presents of "sheep, and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and she-asses, and camels." The splendid administration of Joseph†—the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt during several centuries—the remarkable events which attended their departure from the house of bondage—the marriage of Solomon to the daughter of the Egyptian monarch—the invasion of Judea by Shishak during the reign of Rehoboam—the overthrow and death of Josiah in battle against Pharaoh-necho, at Megiddo—and the alliance between Zedekiah and Pharaoh-hophra, which led to the downfal of the Jewish monarchy, were all events of great importance to the welfare of both countries, and likely, therefore, to find a place in their national records. Nor have these expectations been disappointed. We find in this portrait gallery, if we may so speak, of the Egyptian monarchs, sculptured images of all the Pharaohs mentioned in the Sacred Scriptures, from the Pharaoh who made Joseph ruler over all the land of Egypt, down to the perfidious Hophra whose treachery brought about the destruction of Jerusalem; together with a delineation of their wars and conquests, arts, sciences, and modes of life. An incidental, undesigned, but most valuable proof is thus drawn from witnesses that cannot lie in favour of the trust-worthiness of those records. Paintings, numerous and beautiful beyond conception, as fresh and perfect as if finished only yesterday, exhibit before our eyes the truth of what the Hebrew lawgiver wrote almost five thousand years ago. The authenticity of the documents of our faith thus rests not on manuscripts and written records alone, but the hardest and most enduring substances in nature have added their unsuspecting testimony, and, by the memorials which they present of the manners, customs, and institutions of the ancient Egyptians, afford a decisive, because an unsuspicious, test of the historical veracity of the Old Testament, and have furnished confirmations of its minute accuracy, which must silence where they do not convince the most sceptical.‡

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* The Antiquities of Egypt, &c., p. 78.

* The title Pharaoh has been proved to be identical with that of Phra or Phre, the Sun which is prefixed to the names of the kings upon the monuments.

† The name Zaphnath-paaneah, which Pharaoh gave to Joseph, has been explained by Rosellini from the Egyptian language to signify "Saviour of the world."

‡ Preface to Hengstenberg's Egypt, by R. D. C. Robbins, Andover, and Dr W. C. Taylor.

MOSLEM RESIGNATION.

BY JOHN KITTO, D.D.

Many travellers and historians have informed us of the remarkable resignation under calamities which the Moslems habitually manifest, and which is in some respects well worthy the attention and imitation of those who call themselves Christians. Such writers have, however, for the most part, failed to penetrate the real motive of this exemplary submission to what is judged to be the will of God. They refer it to a true practical belief in predestination: and this is true, so far as it goes; but there is something more than this. Their view is, that affliction is one of the principal means by which God purifies the soul, and renders it meet for paradise; and that, consequently, he who is the most afflicted in this life is in the highest degree the object of divine favour. There is, in fact, much in their view of this matter which brings to remembrance many sentences in that very portion of Scripture, Heb. xii. 1–11; and in particular the passage: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons."—Verses 6–8. The author of Islamism could, however, grasp only part of the Christian idea of the uses of adversity; but he added another use for it, which Christianity knows not, but which enters largely into the views which influence his followers under sufferings and trials.

Mohammed was too sagacious not to feel the great difficulty under which he laboured in making out how man might be justified before God, under a system which refused to acknowledge Christ as the Saviour of the world. He made a strange patchwork of it, consisting in part of a sort of faith, partly of works and partly of sufferings. Thus sufferings are made a ground of justification. They are regarded as expiating sin, and as giving a man a claim to the blessings of the world to come; and the claim is held to be greater in proportion to the intensity or long continuance of the afflicted condition. In practice, this feeling is very common among the uninstructed poor of our own country; but to the Moslem it is a dogma—an active and influential article of faith.

The following dicta of Mohammed, and anecdotes concerning him, will corroborate and illustrate these particulars:—

Some one asked him, who were the most unfortunate of men? He answered, "The prophets, and next to them those who approach the nearest to them, in proportion to their eminence. And according to the difference of their degrees, for every one of them there is a calamity. Man is afflicted according to the proportion of his faith, in which, if he is perfect and firm, his misfortunes are severe; but if he is remiss in his religion, misfortune is made light and easy on him, in order that he may not be impatient, and let slip the cord of his faith." This reminds one of Matt. xxiii. 34; 1 Cor. iv. 9, x. 13; Heb. xi. 37, and similar passages.

On another occasion he said: "Verily, the greatness of rewards is with greatness of misfortune; that is, whoever is most unfortunate and calamitous, the greater and more perfect the reward. And verily, when God loves a people, he entangles it in misfortunes: therefore, he who is resigned to the pleasure of God, in misfortune, for him is God's pleasure; but whoever is angry and discontented with misfortune, for him is the anger and displeasure of God." This is not unlike Prov. iii. 12; Amos iii. 2; Heb. xii. 6–8; James i. 2, 3, 12; Rev. iii. 19.

Again: "Those who are free from calamity and misfortune in the world, will say, on the day of resurrection, when rewards are given to the unfortunate, Would to God that our skins had been cut in pieces with scissors in the world which we have left." Which suggests a reminiscence of Rev. vii. 14.

All this is very well, and suggests curious coincidences and comparisons. But in the following the erroneous and yet highly-influential view of affliction comes more clearly out. The prophet mentioned diseases, and said: "Verily, when a Mussulman is taken ill, after which God restores him to health, *his illness has been a cover to his former faults,* and it is as an admonition to him of what comes in future times: and verily, when an hypocrite is taken ill, and afterwards restored to health, he is like a camel which has been tied up and afterwards set free; then the camel did not know, for want of discrimination, why they tied him up or why they let him loose. Such is the hypocrite; but, on the contrary, a momin (believer) knows that *his sickness was to cover his faults.*" To the same effect, but still more improper, is the following: "When a believer's faults are many, and he *has no good actions to cover them,* God sends him affliction, in order *that his faults may be hidden thereby.*"

The following beautiful passage is not limited by these peculiar views; and is interesting from the direct and striking illustration of Psalm xxxii. 35, 36, with which it concludes: "The condition of a Mussulman is similar to green corn, which winds cause to incline to the ground, and then return: they throw them down once, and again they become straight and erect. Such is a Mussulman: sometimes he is thrown down by the misfortune of sickness and weakness, and then again health and strength make him straight and right, till the time of death comes. And the state of the hypocrite is like that of the pine tree, which is fixed firm in the ground, and not affected by winds or calamities, until it falls to the ground all at once. Such is the hypocrite—always in health and vigour, without sickness or weakness—till of a sudden he falls and dies."

THE HOLY LAND.

BETHANY.

Descending and leaving the Jericho road, we came quite suddenly upon Bethany, called by the Arabs Azarieh, from the name of Lazarus. We found this ever-memorable village to be very like what we could have imagined it. It lies almost hidden in a small ravine of Mount Olivet, so much so, that from the height it cannot be seen. It is embosomed in fruit trees, especially figs and almonds, olives and pomegranates. The ravine in which it lies is terraced, and the terraces are covered either with fruit trees or waving grain. There are not many houses (perhaps about twenty) inhabited, but there are many marks of ancient ruins. The House of Lazarus was pointed out to us—a substantial building, probably a tower in former days, and selected to bear the name of the House of Lazarus by traditionists, who did not know how else than by his worldly eminence such a man could draw the special regard of the Lord Jesus. They did not know that Christ loveth *freely*. The sepulchre called the Tomb of Lazarus attracted more of our attention. We lighted our tapers, and descended twenty-six steps cut in the rock to a chamber deep in the rock, having several niches for the dead. Whether this be the very tomb where Lazarus lay four days, and which yielded up its dead at the command of Jesus, it is impossible to say. The common objection that it is too deep seems entirely groundless, for there is nothing in the narrative to intimate that the tomb was on a level with the ground; and besides, it seems not unlikely that there was another entrance to the tomb farther down the slope. A stronger objection is, that the tomb is in the immediate vicinity of the village, or actually in it; but it is possible that the modern village occupies ground a little different from the ancient one. However this may be, there can be no doubt that this is "Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha, nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off." How pleasing are all the associations that cluster around it! Perhaps there was no scene in the Holy Land which afforded us more unmingled enjoyment: we even fancied that the curse that everywhere rests so visibly upon the land had fallen more lightly here. In point of situation, nothing could have come up more completely to our previous imagination of the place to which Jesus delighted to retire at evening from the bustle of the city, and the vexations of the unbelieving multitudes—sometimes traversing the road by which we had come, and perhaps oftener still coming up the face of the hill by the footpath that passes on the north of Gethsemane. What a peaceful scene! Amidst these trees, or in that grassy field, he may often have been seen in deep communion with the Father. And in sight of this verdant spot it was that he took his last farewell of the disciples, and went upward to resume the deep, unbroken fellowship of "his God and our God," uttering blessings even at the moment when he began to be parted from them. And it was here that the two angels stood by them in white apparel, and left us this glorious message: "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

GETHSEMANE.

Early one morning two of us set out to visit Gethsemane. The sun had newly risen; few people were upon the road, and the Valley of Jehoshaphat was lonely and still. Descending the steep of Mount Moriah, and crossing the dry bed of the brook Kedron, we soon came to the low rude wall enclosing the plot of ground which for ages has borne the name of Gethsemane. Clambering over, we examined the sacred spot and its eight olive trees. These are very large and very old, but their branches are still strong and vigorous. One of them we measured, and found to be nearly eight yards in girth round the lower part of the trunk. Some of them are hollow with age, but filled up with earth, and most have heaps of stones gathered round their roots. The enclosure seems to have been tilled at some recent period. At one corner some pilgrim has erected a stone, and carved upon it the Latin words, "*Et hic tenuerunt eum,*" marking it as the spot where Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss. The road to Bethany passes by the foot of the garden, and the more private footpath up the brow of the hill passes along its northern wall. Looking across the Kedron the steep brow of Moriah and sombre wall of the Haram with its battlements, and the top of the Mosque of Omar, shut in the view. At evening, when the gates of Jerusalem are closed, it must be a perfect solitude. Our blessed Master must have distinctly seen the band of men and officers sent to apprehend him, with their lanterns and torches, and glittering weapons, descending the side of Moriah, and approaching the garden. By the clear moonlight, he saw his three chosen disciples fast asleep in his hour of agony; and by the gleam of the torches, he observed his cruel enemies coming down to seize him and carry him away to his last sufferings; yet "he was not rebellious, neither turned away back." He viewed the bitter cup that was given him to drink, and said, "Shall I not drink it?" We read over all the passages of Scripture relating to Gethsemane, while seated together there. It seemed nothing wonderful to read of the weakness of these three disciples, when we remembered that they were sinful men like disciples now; but the compassion, the unwavering love of Jesus, appeared by the contrast to be infinitely amazing. For such souls as ours, he rent this vale with his strong crying and tears, wetted this ground with his bloody sweat, and set his face like a flint to go forward and die. "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us." Each of us occupied part of the time alone, in private meditation; and then we joined together in prayer, putting our sins into that cup which our Master drank here, and pleading for our own souls, for our far-distant friends, and for the flocks committed to our care.

It is probable that Jesus often resorted to this place, not only because of its retirement, but also because it formed a fit place of meeting, when his disciples, dispersed through the city by day, were to join his company in the evening, and go with him over the hill to Bethany. And this seems the real force of the original words, "Πολλάκις συνήχθη ὁ Ἰησοῦς ἐκεῖ μετὰ τῶν μαθητῶν αὐτοῦ"—"Jesus ofttimes rendezvoused at this spot with his disciples."—*Bonar and M'Cheyne's Narrative.*

ETERNITY! O ETERNITY!

IMMORTAL men! are you to spend an eternity in heaven or in hell? and are you losing yourselves among the vanities of this world? Will you never awake? Sleep on, then, and take your rest. But know you that the mists of death will soon gather around you. You will be laid upon a dying bed. Time is gone and eternity has come. I see you lying there without a friend to help you in heaven or earth. I see you cast back your eyes on mis-spent Sabbaths—on murdered privileges—on wasted time. You remember the calls you once rejected. I hear you cry, "I had a soul, but prised it not, and now my soul is gone. Ten thousand worlds for one more year!—ten thousand worlds for one more Sabbath in the house of God!" I look a little farther, and I see the perturbations of the troubled sky. The sign of the Son of Man appears in heaven. The last trumpet sounds. That body which had been committed to the grave is organized afresh. It opens its eyes on the strange commotions of a dissolving world. It is forced to ascend. The judgment-seat is set in the clouds of heaven, and the books are opened. I hear.

you cry to rocks and to mountains to cover you; but rocks and mountains are sunk in the general ruin. The books are opened, and on a black page are spread out all the sins of your life. That page is held up before a frowning universe. The judgment ended, the Judge prepares to speak. God of mercy, save me from that hour! Eternal justice lowers upon his awful brow. His right hand grasps ten thousand thunders. With a look before which heaven and earth flee away, he turns full upon his foes: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." But I return, and, blessed be God, I still find myself on praying ground and my dear hearers about me. This is not the judgment day. But, my beloved friends, I expect soon to meet you at that bar and give an account of my labours among you to-day. It is in full view of that awful scene that I am speaking thus to you. I would not have you perish; but if you perish, I would clear my garments of your blood."—*Dr Griffin.*

BEGIN TO-DAY.

LORD, I do discover a fallacy, whereby I have long deceived myself—which is this: I have desired to begin my amendment from my birthday, or from some eminent festival, that so my repentance might bear some remarkable date. But when those days were come, I have adjourned my amendment to some other time. Thus, whilst I could not agree with myself when to start, I have almost lost the running of the race. I am resolved thus to befool myself no longer. I see no day but to-day; the instant time is always the fittest time. In Nebuchadnezzar's image, the lower the members, the coarser the metal; the farther off the time, the more unfit. To-day is the golden opportunity, to-morrow will be the silver season, next day but the brazen one, and so on, till at last I shall come to the toes of clay, and be turned to dust. Grant, therefore, that to-day I may hear thy voice. And if this day be obscure in the calendar, and remarkable in itself for nothing else, give me to make it memorable in my soul, hereupon, by thy assistance, beginning the reformation of my life. —*Fuller.*

DO YOU GO REGULARLY TO CHURCH?

IN view of what trivial causes do members of our Churches often stay away from the house of God! If they are only suffering a little fatigue or bodily indisposition, or if the weather is slightly inclement, or if the distance to the place of worship is such as to require some exertion on their part in order to get there, how readily do they endeavour to quiet their consciences, in neglecting one of the most sacred appointments of Heaven! That professed Christian is too *unwell* to worship God with his people; but he would not be too unwell, if it were any other day of the week, to perform his customary labour. The Sabbath is a *stormy* one; but you will see him on other days far more inclement driving from one part of the town to the other. The *distance* is considerable; but propose to him on Saturday or Monday some plan that promises to advance his temporal interest, and distance, like the state of the weather, will at once be forgotten. Are these men really *serious* in their profession? Do they manifest the holy sincerity, the pious zeal, that distinguished the saints in primitive times? Can *they* be said to worship the Lord in truth, who plead such reasons for *neglecting* his worship as they would not urge in connection even with their secular affairs? Speak, Consistency; speak, Conscience; speak, Oracles of God! I would be far from intimating that circumstances may not be such as to render a person justifiable in being absent from public worship on the Lord's-day. If an individual is confined to his room by a broken limb, or to his bed by a fever, it is manifestly not his duty to go out; and the same is of course true if he is so seriously indisposed that he would be in danger of increasing or prolonging his distemper. It is evident, also, that drenching rains in summer, and drifting snows in winter, may sometimes render it hazardous for persons in health, especially females, to leave their homes on the Sabbath. Wisdom is profitable to direct; and it was never intended that one duty should interfere with another. The Sabbath was made for man; and the service of God is in all respects a "reasonable service." Still, it is not every slight complaint, it is not every threatening cloud, or fog, nor even every considerable fall of rain or snow, that can excuse us from waiting upon God in his house. If we would, without hesitation, expose ourselves as much on a week-day, and for a worldly purpose, the excuse is vain. O that men would be honest on points in regard to which, although they may indeed deceive themselves, they never can deceive their Maker! If they had that longing for the courts of the Lord of which we read in the Scriptures, they would not be detained at home by trifles; they would lose sight of not a few supposed difficulties, and overcome even many real ones, in order to be present at the sanctuary.

SIR EDWARD COKE'S OPINION OF THE JESUITS.

THE cat having a long time preyed upon the mice, the poor creatures at last, for their safety, contained themselves within their holes; but the cat finding his prey to cease, as being known to the mice that he was indeed their enemy and a cat, deviseth this course following, namely, changeth his hue, getting on a religious habit, shaveth his crown, walks gravely by their holes, and yet perceiving that the mice kept their holes, and looking out, suspected the worst, he formally, and father-like, said unto them: *Quod fueram non sum, frater, caput aspice tonsum*—"O brother, I am not as you take me for—no more a cat; see my habit and shaven crown." Hereupon some of the more credulous and bold among them were again, by this deceit, snatched up; and therefore when afterwards he came, as before, to entice them forth, they would come out no more, but answered, *Cor tibi rest at idem, vix tibi præsto fidem*—"Talk what you can, we will never believe you; you bear still a cat's heart within you." And so here the Jesuits, yea and priests too; for they are all joined in the tails, like Samson's foxes: Ephraim against Manasseh, and Manasseh against Ephraim; and both against Judah.—*Speech of Sir E. Coke, Lord Chief Justice of England, in Roscoe's British Lawyer.*

I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH.

A Sermon.*

BY THE LATE REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE, DUNDEE.

"I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night," &c.—SONG v. 2, to the end.

THE passage I have read forms one of the dramatical songs of which this wonderful book is composed. The subject of it is a conversation between a forsaken and desolate wife and the daughters of Jerusalem.

1. First of all, she relates to them how, through slothfulness, she had turned away her lord from the door. He had been absent on a journey from home, and did not return till night. Instead of anxiously sitting up for her husband, she had barred the door, and slothfully retired to rest: "I slept, but my heart was waking." In this half-sleeping, half-waking frame, she heard the voice of her beloved husband: "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night." But sloth prevailed with her, and she would not open, but answered him with foolish excuses: "I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?"

2. She next tells them her grief and anxiety to find her lord. He tried the bolt of the door, but it was fastened. This wakened her thoroughly. She ran to the door and opened, but her beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone. She listened—she sought about the door—she called—but he gave no answer. She followed him through the streets; but the watchmen found her, and smote her, and took away her veil; and now with the morning light she appears to the daughters of Jerusalem, and anxiously beseeches them to help her: "I charge you, if ye find him whom my soul loveth, that ye tell him that I am sick of love."

3. The daughters of Jerusalem, astonished at her extreme anxiety, ask: "What is thy beloved more than another beloved?" This gives opportunity to the desolate bride to enlarge on the perfections of her lord, which she does in a strain of richest descriptiveness—the heart filling fuller and fuller, as she proceeds, till she says: "This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem!" They seemed to be entranced by the description, and are now as anxious as herself to join in the search after this altogether lovely one: "Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved turned aside, that we may seek him with thee?"

Such is the simple narrative before us. But you will see at once that there is a deeper meaning beneath—that the narrative is only a beautiful transparent veil, through which every child of God may trace some of the most common experiences in the life of the believer. (1.) The desolate bride is the believing soul. (2.) The daughters of Jerusalem are fellow-believers. (3.) The watchmen are ministers. (4.) And the altogether lovely one is our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I. *Believers often miss opportunities of communion with Christ through slothfulness.*

1. *Observe, Christ is seeking believers.* It is true that Christ is seeking unconverted souls. He stretches out his hands all the day to a gainsaying and disobedient people—he is the Shepherd that seeks the lost sheep; but it is as true that he is seeking his own people also—that he may make his abode with them—that their joy may be full. Christ is not done with a soul when he has brought it to a forgiveness of sins. It is only then that he begins his regular visits to the soul. In the daily reading of the Word Christ pays daily visits, to sanctify the believing soul. In daily prayer Christ reveals himself to his own, in that other way than he doth to the world. In the house of God Christ comes in to his own, and says: "Peace be unto you!" And in the sacrament he makes himself known to them in the breaking of bread, and they cry out: "It is the Lord!" These are all trysting times, when the Saviour comes to visit his own.

2. *Observe, Christ also knocks at the door of believers.* Even believers have got doors upon their hearts. You would think, perhaps, that when once Christ had found an entrance into a poor sinner's heart he never would find difficulty in getting in any more. You would think

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* Preached after the communion; and from a volume of Sermons, by the lamented author, now in the press.

that as Samson carried off the gates of Gaza, bar and all, so Christ would carry away all the gates and bars from believing hearts. But no; there is still a door on the heart, and Christ stands and knocks. He would fain be in. It is not his pleasure that we should sit lonely and desolate. He would fain come in to us, and sup with us, and we with him.

3. *Observe, Christ speaks:* "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled." O what a meeting of tender words is here!—all applied to a poor sinner who has believed in Christ. (1.) "My sister;" for you remember how Jesus stretched his hand toward his disciples, and said: "Behold my mother and my brethren; for whosoever shall do the will of my Father, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother." (2.) "My love;" for you know how he loved sinners—left heaven out of love—lived, died, rose again, out of love for poor sinners; and when one believes on him, he calls him "My love." (3.) "My dove;" for you know that when a sinner believes in Jesus, the holy dove-like Spirit is given him; so Jesus calls that soul "My dove." (4.) "My undefiled"—strangest name of all to give to a poor defiled sinner. But you remember how Jesus was holy, harmless, and undefiled. He was that in our stead—when a poor sinner believes in him, he is looked on as undefiled. Christ says: "My undefiled." Such are the winning words with which Christ desires to gain an entrance into the believer's heart. Oh, how strange that any heart could stand out against all this love!

4. *Observe, Christ waits:* "My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night." Christ's patience with unconverted souls is very wonderful. Day after day he pleads with them: "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die!" Never did beggar stand longer at a rich man's gate, than Jesus, the almighty Saviour, stands at the gate of sinful worms. But his patience with his own is still more wonderful—they know his preciousness, and yet will not let him in—their sin is all the greater, and yet he waits to be gracious.

5. *Believers are often slothful at these trysting times, and put the Saviour away with vain excuses.* (1.) The hour of daily devotion is a trysting hour with Christ, in which he seeks, and knocks, and speaks, and waits; and yet, dear believers, how often you are slothful, and make vain excuses! You have something else to attend to, or you are set upon some worldly comfort, and you do not let the Saviour in. (2.) The Lord's table is the most famous trysting-place with Christ. It is then that believers hear him knocking,—saying: "Open to me." How often is this opportunity lost through slothfulness—through want of stirring up the gift that is in us—through want of attention—through thoughts about worldly things—through unwillingness to take trouble about it!—

"I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on?
I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?,"

Doubtless, there are some children of God here, who did not find Christ last Sabbath-day at his table—who went away unrefreshed and uncomforted. See here the cause—it was your own slothfulness. Christ was knocking; but you would not let him in. Do not go about to blame God for it. Search your own heart, and you will find the true cause. Perhaps you came without deliberation—without self-examination and prayer—without duly stirring up faith. Perhaps you were thinking about your worldly gains and losses, and you missed the Saviour. Remember, then, the fault is yours, not Christ's. He was knocking—you would not let him in.

II. *Believers in darkness cannot rest without Christ.*

In the parable we find that, when the bride found her husband was gone, she did not return to her rest. Oh, no! her soul failed for his word. She listens—she seeks—she calls. She receives no answer. She asks the watchmen, but they wound her, and take away her veil; still she is not broken off from seeking. She sets the daughters of Jerusalem to seek along with her.

So is it with the believer. When the slothful believer is really awakened to feel that Christ has withdrawn himself, and is gone, he is slothful no longer. Believers remain at ease only so long as they flatter themselves that all is well; but if they are made sensible, by a fall into sin, or by a fresh discovery of the wickedness of their heart, that Christ is away from them, they cannot rest. The world can rest quite well, even while they know that they are not in Christ. Satan lulls them into fatal repose. Not so the believer—he cannot rest. 1. He does all he can do himself. He listens—he seeks—he calls. The Bible is searched with fresh anxiety. The soul seeks and calls by prayer; yet often all in vain. He get no answer—no sense of Christ's presence. 2. He comes to ministers—God's watchmen on the walls of Zion. They deal plainly and faithfully with his backslidden soul—take away the veil, and show him his sin. The soul is thus smitten and wounded, and without a covering; and yet it does not give over its search for Christ. A mere natural heart would fall away under this—not so the believer in darkness. 3. He applies to Christian friends and companions—bids them help him, and pray for him: "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find him whom my soul loveth, tell him that I am sick of love."

Is there any of you, then, a believer in darkness, thus anxiously seeking Christ? You thought that you had really been a believer in Jesus; but you have fallen into sin and darkness, and all your evidences are overclouded. You are now anxiously seeking Christ. Your soul fails for his word. You seek—you call, even though you get no answer. You do search the Bible, even though it is without comfort to you. You do pray, though you have no comfort in prayer—no confidence that you are heard. You ask counsel of his ministers—and when they deal plainly with you, you are not offended. They wound you, and take away the veil from you. They tell you not to rely on any past experiences—that they may have been delusive—they only increase your anxiety; still you follow hard after Christ. You seek the daughters of Jerusalem—them that are the people of Christ—and you tell them to pray for you.

Is this your case? As face answers to face, so do you see your own image here? Do you feel that you cannot rest out of Christ? Then do not be too much cast down. This is no mark that you are not a believer, but the very reverse. Say:—

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
Why art thou disquieted in me?
Still trust in God; for I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

III. *Believers in darkness are sick of love, and full of the commendation of Christ—more than ever.*

In the parable, the bride told the daughters of Jerusalem that she was sick of love. This was the message she bade them carry; and when they asked her about her beloved, she gave them a rich and glowing description of his perfect beauty, ending by saying: "He is altogether lovely."

So is it with the believer in time of darkness—he is "sick of love." When Christ is present to the soul, there is no feeling of sickness. Christ is the health of the countenance. When I have him full in my faith as a complete surety, a calm tranquillity is spread over the whole inner man—the pulse of the soul has a calm and easy flow—the heart rests in a present Saviour with a healthy, placid affection. The soul is contented with him—at rest in him: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul." There is no feeling of sickness. It is health to the bones; it is the very health of the soul to look upon him, and to love him. But when the object of affection is away, the heart turns sick. When the heart searches here and there, and cannot find the beloved object, it turns faint with longing: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." When the ring-dove has lost its mate, it sits lone and cheerless, and will not be comforted. When the bird that hath been robbed of its young, comes back again and again, and hovers with reluctant wing over the spot where her nest was built, she fills the grove with her plaintive melodies—she is "sick of love." These are the yearnings of nature. Such also are the yearnings of grace. When Jesus is away from the believing soul it will not be comforted. When the soul reads, and prays, and seeks, yet Jesus is not found, the heart yearns and sickens—he is "sick of love." "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Did you ever feel this sickness? Did you ever feel that Christ was precious, but not present—that you could not lay hold on Christ as you used to do, and yet your soul yearned after him, and would not be comforted without him? If you have—1. Remember it is a happy sickness—it is a sickness not of nature at all, but of grace. All the struggles of nature would never make you "sick of love." Never may you be cured of it, except it be in the revealing of Jesus! 2. Remember it is not best to be "sick of love"—it is better to be in health—to have Christ revealed to the soul, and to love him with a free, healthy love. In heaven, the inhabitants never say they are sick. Do not rest in this sickness; press near to Jesus, to be healed. 3. Most, I fear, never felt this sickness—know nothing of what it means. Oh! dear souls, remember this one thing: If you never felt this sickness of grace, it is too likely you never felt the life of grace. If you were told of a man, that he never felt any pain or uneasiness of any kind all his days, you would conclude that he must have been dead—that he never had had any life; so you, if you know nothing of the sick yearnings of the believer's heart, it is too plain that you are dead—that you never have had any life.

Last of all, the believer in darkness commends the Saviour. There is no more distinguishing mark of a true believer than this. To the unawakened there is no form nor comeliness in

Christ—no beauty that they should desire him. Even awakened souls have no true sense of Christ's perfect comeliness. If they saw how Christ answers their need, they could not be anxious. But to believers in darkness there is all comeliness in Christ—he is fairer than ever he was before. And when the sneering world, or cold-hearted brethren, ask: "What is thy beloved more than another beloved!" he delights to enumerate his perfections, his person, his offices, his everything—he delights to tell that "he is the chiefest among ten thousand"—"his mouth is most sweet"—yea, "he is altogether lovely."

A word to believers in darkness. There may be some who are walking in darkness, not having any light. Be persuaded to do as the bride did—not only to seek your beloved, but to commend him, by going over his perfections.

1. Because this is the best of all ways to find him. One of the chief reasons of your darkness is your want of considering Christ. Satan urges you to think of a hundred things before he will let you think about Christ. If the eye of your faith be fully turned upon a full Christ, your darkness will be gone in an instant. "Look unto me, and be ye saved." Now, nothing so much engages your eye to look at Christ as going over his perfections to others.

2. Because you will lead others to seek him with you. Oh! dear brethren, the great reason of our having so many dark Christians now-a-days is, that we have so many selfish Christians. Men live for themselves. If you would live for others, then your darkness would soon flee away. Commend Christ to others, and they will go with you. Parents, commend him to your children; children, commend him to your parents; and who knows but God may bless the word, even of a believer walking in darkness, that they shall cry out:

"Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women?
Whither is thy beloved turned aside, that we may seek
him with thee?"

THE MISSIONARY LEGACY.*

In one of those lovely and fertile vales with which England abounds, and in a retired town, some years ago resided a happy and industrious pair, who, in the midst of their toils for daily bread, and their anxiety for the welfare of their family, had not forgotten "the one thing needful." The house of God was their delight, and in his ways they had long found a solace amid all their cares, which made their daily bread sweet and their daily toils light.

In the all-wise dispensation of Providence, the excellent mother, after seeing her children grown up in life, was laid upon the bed of affliction. There she exemplified, as might have been expected, the power of the Gospel, in a meek submission of herself and hers into the hands of God. But her departure was connected with the remarkable events I am about to detail. She was ripening for glory about the time the missionary cause was first coming into notice. She had heard of the benevolent project of those pious men who broached the then ridiculed scheme of sending salvation to the Heathen; and, just before her death, she called her daughter to her bed-side, and said, with all the solemn but elevated feeling of a dying Christian: "Here are twenty pounds; I wish to give them to the missionary cause. It is my particular desire that, after my death, you give them to that cause; and, depend upon it, you will never have any reason to be sorry for having done so."

"After my mother's death I took the money," said the daughter, "and gave it according to the dying directions of my dear parent, not thinking that ever that cause would bring comfort to myself." There appeared, indeed, no possibility of the benevolent act returning in any shape to bless the family of the liberal donor. But the daughter who had, with becoming diligence and care, fulfilled her mother's dying request, and who inherited no small portion of her mother's spirit, at length had a son, who, as he grew up, gave symptoms of a state of mind and heart as opposite to that of his mother and grandmother as can be imagined.

As this youth approached man's estate he became very profligate, and brought heart-rending trouble upon his mother. It is useless to describe the pangs a godly mother feels when her first-born, perhaps her favourite son, her hope for her hoary hairs or her widowhood, turns out ill. This youth proved utterly unmanageable either by tenderness or authority. He threw off all regard for his friends—forsook them—entered into the army, and vanished altogether from their knowledge. The providence of God, however, at length led him to India. Here, after some time, he fell into the company of a missionary. The man of God dealt faithfully with the youth, who was much impressed, and could neither gainsay nor get rid of the good man's words. At length his convictions mastered his conscience, and subdued his heart. He became an altered man, and gave such evidences as satisfied the missionary that a work of grace was indeed begun.

After a prudent trial of his stedfastness, the missionaries, influenced by a truly liberal and Christian-like affection for the young man, procured his discharge from the army, and took him under their own immediate care. At length, so satisfied were they of the devoted piety, the zeal, and the talents of this young convert, that they encouraged him in the design of dedicating his talents to the missionary work. How delightful are the fruits of that grace which subdues the heart to the obedience of faith! Even irreligious and worldly men must admire so illustrious a work—so lovely a change as that we are now describing, when, from being a vicious, abandoned profligate, a young man becomes orderly, virtuous, and religious. But how will the Christian reader triumph when he finds that the grace of God has changed this youthful warrior into a soldier of the cross, and turned him from the kingdom of darkness into that of God's dear Son!

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* We are not aware where this remarkable narrative first appeared. We met with it recently in a foreign journal.

But to return to the narrative: As soon as an opportunity occurred, he wrote to his afflicted and bereaved mother, stating the great change that had taken place, and detailing as well the merciful dealings of the Lord with his soul as the singular alteration which had taken place in his employment. All this was accompanied with the most humiliating expressions respecting himself, and with entreaties for the forgiveness of that kind and pious mother, whose affection he had neither appreciated nor improved. Let a parent conceive the mingled emotions of joy and surprise, of rapture and astonishment, which filled the mother's heart when she received this letter—when she read her profligate son's repentance, and his prayer for her forgiveness. "Forgive you, my son!" she cried out: "O how easy it is for me to forgive you!" What a moment was that!—what a gush of feeling overcame the good woman when she thought of her dying mother and the *twenty pounds!* It was like Joseph's being sent into Egypt to prepare corn for the famished house of his father and brethren. Here was an answer to many prayers—here was a return indeed, more than a hundredfold, poured immediately into her own bosom. It was the Lord's doing, and it was marvellous in her eyes.

But we have not yet done. This good woman had a young son, who in his early life had been a child of great promise. He seemed likely to be the stay of his father's house, and the prop of his mother's age. His talents were superior; and all who knew him, and witnessed his boyish years, augured well for the future, and blessed the woman that had such a son. But the fairest flowers are often nipped in the bud, or blighted as they begin to open and show their beauty and their fragrance. Henry, for that was his name, fell by that snare which ruins so many promising youths—evil company. He became ensnared, fell into profligate habits, and resolved to go to India.

All this transpired before any information reached the family of the fate of the first son. Of course, the loss of a second, and he the youth of fairest promise and fairest gifts, was enough to break the heart of such a mother. The announcement of his resolution to go to India was like tearing away the tenderest strings that were entwined around her heart. One already lost to her, and a second treading in his steps! O it was almost too much for nature to bear, even though it was supported and secured by grace! All that a mother could do, she did. She wept—she prayed—she entreated —but all in vain. The youth was resolved, and it was hopeless to attempt to bring him to a better mind. When things were arrived at this point, she gave him up indeed as lost to herself and his family, but as still in the hands of a merciful and gracious God.

Like a mother, however, whose bowels yearned over the son of her womb, dear, though fallen, she sent him a small sum of money, with as many needful articles as she could procure, to render him comfortable, and left him to wander far from his native home, and from the peace and simplicity of his native vale. He sailed—he arrived in India, without any knowledge of what had befallen his brother, or even of what part of the world he might be in.

The youth had not been long in India before he, too, was brought in contact with some of the missionaries. After a short time, the sight and conversation of these good men reminded him of scenes at home. He recollected his father's house—the Gospel—the good instruction of his mother—her prayers, and tears, and love. The seeds sprung up, though in a foreign clime, and though a long and threatening winter had passed over them. The result was a decided change of heart and conduct, upon which I need not expatiate. Soon after this change it became evident that the climate disagreed with his constitution. His health and strength rapidly declined, and it became manifest that he would never return to tell his afflicted mother what the Lord had wrought for his soul. In this situation he was affectionately attended by the missionaries, who did all in their power to carry forward that work of grace which was so auspiciously begun. They earnestly sought the peace of his mind and the good of his soul; and they had the unspeakable happiness of reaping a rich reward of their labour.

While this younger brother lay ill, the elder, who knew nothing of what had transpired, and who resided several hundred miles in the interior of the country, had occasion to come to the very place where his younger brother was. He did not even know that he was in India, much less that he was ill, and least of all that he had become a converted character. But a mysterious and most gracious Providence directed his steps to the very place where his brother was now dying. Having himself become a missionary, and being, of course, on terms of the strictest intimacy with the brethren at this station, it will be easily imagined that he would soon become acquainted with the case of the youth who was the daily object of attention and solicitude, and whose growing piety was to them a source of so much exalted gratification.

I need not detail his surprise at the discovery that this person, to whom their intercourse and instruction had been made so great a blessing, was his own brother.

It will be readily conceived that these two brothers, now united by the strong ties of Christian affection, as well as by those of nature, would feel an indescribable satisfaction, the one in administering, and the other in receiving, the attention and services which such circumstances dictated. The eldest continued to the last, administering to his younger brother all the comfort, both for body and soul, which was in his power; and the younger continued to receive, with unutterable delight, the brotherly attentions and the spiritual assistance which had been so mercifully provided for him in a strange and Heathen land. At length he died, and the surviving brother who had written some time before to his mother the detailed account formerly mentioned concerning himself, and who had also written, during his brother's illness, an account of the circumstances in which he had found him—of their meeting, and of his brother's change of heart—now despatched a third letter, to announce to the bereaved mother the peaceful end of her son, and to console her for the loss, by the description of the happy days they had been permitted so unexpectedly, and almost miraculously, to spend together.

This last letter was committed to the care of a person about to sail for England, and who undertook to deliver it himself. The former communication, which the elder son had written many weeks before, respecting himself, had met with delay on its passage. The last written letter, announcing the death of Henry, arrived the very day after that first mentioned. The person who had undertaken the delivery of the packet, took it to the good woman, and said, "I have brought letters from your son in India." She replied with astonishment, "I received one but yesterday." "Then," said the stranger, "you have heard of the *death* of Henry!" She had not even heard of the meeting of the brothers. She had only just heard of the conversion of the son that first went abroad. The sudden announcement, therefore, of the death of Henry, quite overcame her. Though the day before, the delightful intelligence had arrived that her eldest son had become a Christian, and a Christian missionary, yet now this beclouded all. She thought, "My child is dead—dead in sin against God—dead in a foreign land, among strangers, Heathens—not one to speak a word of divine truth, to tell him of mercy, of a Saviour's dying love, of hope for the chief of sinners—no kind Christian friend to pour out a prayer for his forgiveness, or to direct his departing spirit to that throne of grace where none ever plead in vain."

A torrent of such thoughts rushed into her mind, and filled her heart with an anguish not to be described. She retired to her room overwhelmed with sorrow, and sat for many hours. Describing her feelings at this juncture, she says: "I could not weep—I could not pray—I seemed to be stupified with horror and agony. At last I opened the letters, and when I saw the hand-writing of my eldest son, whose letter the day before had given me so much comfort, I was confounded. As I read on, and found that the brothers had met; that the eldest had witnessed the last moments of the younger; and that this, my second son, had been met with by the missionaries, and by them turned from the error of his ways; that there was no doubt of the safety of his state; and that he had died in his brother's arms—O," said she, "it was indeed a cordial to my soul. How marvellous are the ways of Heaven, that both my sons, after turning aside from the ways of God, and from every means of instruction at home, should be converted to God in a Heathen land! O the twenty pounds," she thought; "and the last declaration of my dear dying mother! O what blessings to me were hidden in the twenty pounds! What do I owe to her for that saying, 'You will never have cause to repent of giving it to the Missionary Society!' Could I have foreseen all this, what would I not have given!"

The influence of these occurrences in confirming the faith and hope of this good woman, may be easily imagined. She could not look back without astonishment at the dealings of God with herself and her children; and she could not recount these remarkable particulars, without connecting them with the last solemn request of her pious mother. The privilege of having two sons rescued in so remarkable a manner from the profligate and destructive courses into which they had entered; the distinguished honour of having one of them employed in the missionary work among the Heathen; and the fact of having them both rescued from vice and destruction, by the friendly and pious labours of English missionaries, as well as the happiness of knowing that the one who was torn from her had experienced, in his last hours, every attention and solace that the affectionate hand of a brother could supply;—all these were so intimately connected with the legacy of her mother, and the almost prophetic words with which it was delivered, that she could not refrain from considering the whole a singular fulfilment of prayers long since recorded on high, and as a singular illustration of the special providence of God toward his people.

THE LAST HYMN.

(*From "Home of the Heart," and other Poems, by Miss Aird*).

"Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life."

O! SING once more before I go
That old familiar hymn,
With Sabbath tone so sweet and low,
Ere morning songs begin.

Sing of the love that never dies,
The friends who never part,
Ere earthly love in silence lies,
While leaning on thy heart—
O! sing that holy hymn.

I learned it at my mother's knee,
And sung it to my sire;
And I have sung it oft with thee,
Beside our ev'ning fire;
Like odour from a faded rose,
'Twill breathe of beauty gone—
Sing, ere earth's twilight shadows close,
For hearts must die alone—
Sing low that parting song,

Of faith's adoring mastery,
A victor crowned in dust;
That love's triumphant agony
Which seals our meeting trust,
When broken is the golden bowl,
The silver cord is riven;
Of One who binds the widowed soul—
One, only One in heaven—
To Him our song be given.

The ocean shell, though distant, sings
The music of the wave,
And sanctified affection springs
In song beyond the grave;
The Star that led us all our way,
Whose light I praised with thee,
Which lit our path with pillar-ray—
Thou'lt sing where is "no sea,"
Of all that light with me.

Then touch my heart no more with gloom,
Of passionate farewells,
For through the love-illumin'd tomb
A flood of glory swells;
I hear One calling me by name:
"Thou'rt mine—I've ransom'd thee;
Fear not, I'm with thee in the flame;
I Seba gave for thee."
Hush! hush! my loved One, see!

I come, like the o'er-wearied dove,
My Ark, my Covenant-home;
O! clasp me in the arms of love,
O'er floods no more to roam.
But, hark! the angel-chorals swell,
Sing, glory! glory, sing!
O Grave! where is thy victory? tell,
And where, O! Death, thy sting?
Earth! earth! dim earth, farewell!

BURMESE CUSTOMS ILLUSTRATIVE OF SCRIPTURE.

LEPERS.

BY JOHN KITTO, D.D.

It is the privilege of one who knows the Bible well to render all his other studies subservient to it, and to make all his readings in the great book of nature, and in the books of men, yield their tribute of illustration to the Word of God. This is one of the enjoyments peculiar to those who are familiar with the Scriptures; and the satisfaction is varied and extensive in proportion to the degree of our acquaintance with the Sacred Volume. The more we know of Scripture, the more ready and frequent will be our recognition of similar or illustrative facts, customs, and sentiments, in other writings; and this recognition, by the frequent recollections of Scripture which it calls up, refreshes the mind, even in its comparatively secular studies and readings, which, in a certain degree, are sanctified by it.

To show how this habit acts, and, at the same time, to impart to the reader some of the benefits we have ourselves derived from it, we will, in this and some ensuing papers, conduct the reader with us through a few books which might not, at the first view, seem likely to furnish satisfactory materials for this exercise. Let us begin with "Malcolm's Travels in the Burman Empire," and with that part of the work which treats of Burmese Leprosy and Lepers.

Mr Malcolm states that in Burmah the population is divided into eight classes—"the royal family, great officers, priests, rich men, labourers, slaves, lepers, executioners." Excluding the last, this division is not, in its general features, unlike that which prevailed among the Jews under the monarchy. Indeed, with the exclusion intimated, we should be disposed to make little other alteration in it, for the purpose of illustration, than to introduce another class, consisting of the family chiefs, or heads of families and tribes. These, however, held public employments very generally under the kings, and might, therefore, be merged in the class of "great officers." We have selected this fact, however, chiefly for the sake of coming through it to the further statement, that "none of the classes constitute an hereditary caste, *except lepers and the slaves of pagodas.*" The Hebrews had other hereditary castes, or rather orders, namely, priests and family chiefs; but they seem to have *also* had these two of the Burmese, and no more. The Nethinim, or servants of the Jewish temple, answered very nearly to the slaves of the pagodas; and that their condition was hereditary is very well known. We feel most interested, however, respecting this hereditary caste of lepers. Was there such a caste among the Hebrews? We know that the Hebrew lepers were excluded from towns, and lived apart; but we know, also, that when any one became clean of this disease, he was, after due examination and probation, re-admitted to the general society of his fellow-citizens. Such a provision does not exist among the Burmese; and it seems incompatible with the idea of an hereditary caste. Still the idea of establishing such a caste, among a people who do not habitually separate themselves into castes, must, we apprehend, have been founded upon the impression that the children of lepers were themselves leprous. It may not have been always so; but it must have been generally so before such a caste could have been established. Now a careful consideration of the particulars concerning leprosy and lepers, which the Scriptures contain, may lead to the conclusion that there was something of this kind among the

Israelites, with little other difference than that with them there existed a provision for the restoration to society of such as could show themselves free from the taint of this remarkable malady.

In connection with this subject, the words of Elisha to Gehazi forcibly recur to the mind: "The leprosy of Naaman cleave unto thee and unto thy seed *for ever.*"—2 Kings v. 27. This, as we take it, signifies that Naaman's leprosy was of an hereditary and incurable kind. He had been miraculously cured of it; but now it should be transferred to Gehazi and his descendants, without the hope of cure or relief.

Now Gehazi and his descendants must, in the course of time, have formed one hereditary caste of lepers of themselves; but there were probably others in the same case, even in his time, unless we suppose, which we have no reason to do, that the disease was in this instance miraculous not only in its transfer from Naaman to Gehazi, but in its hereditary character. But if the leprosy of Gehazi was of such character, and that of Naaman was not, then the leprosy of Naaman was no longer that of Gehazi. But we are told that it was the leprosy of Naaman, and not another leprosy, which clove to Gehazi and to his seed; and if so, it is not pressing the argument too far to infer that it was hereditary leprosy, and that, consequently, a caste of hereditary lepers existed in Syria, and among the Hebrews, in and before the time of Gehazi.

The rule seems to have been, that when a man not born in leprosy became infected by that disorder, his children previously born were considered clean, so that they kept themselves separate from him (2 Chron. xxvi. 21); but his children afterwards born, or any children born of a leprous parent, were considered as lepers till they could satisfy the proper authorities that they were not in that condition.

It is so rarely that we find a satisfactory account of the condition of lepers at the present day, that there is a peculiar interest in the few facts respecting their condition in Burmah which Mr Malcolm furnishes, as they may help in some degree to complete our idea of the condition of the Hebrew lepers, of which we know little more than has been already stated, namely, that they lived apart, but might, when healed, be restored to society. This is his statement: "Leprosy, in several forms, is seen at the great cities, where its victims collect in a separate quarter, and live chiefly by begging—the only beggars in the country. The general form is that which attacks the smaller joints. I saw many who had lost all the fingers and toes, and some both hands and feet. In some cases the nose also disappears. It does not seem much to shorten life, and is not very painful, except in its first stages. Those with whom I conversed declared that they had not felt any pain for years. In many cases it ceases to increase after a time; the stumps of the limbs heal, and the disease is, in fact, cured. I could not hear of any effectual remedy—it seems in these cases to stop of itself. It can scarcely be considered contagious, though instances are sometimes given to prove it so. Persons suffering under it are by law separated entirely from other society; but their families generally retire with them, mingling and cohabiting for life. The majority of the children are sound and healthy, but it is said frequently to re-appear in the second or third generation. Lepers, and those who consort with them, are obliged to wear a conspicuous and peculiar hat, made like a shallow, conical basket. The children, whether leprous or not, are allowed to intermarry only with their own class." *

The chief interest of the above passage lies in this, that it enables us to discover the object and motive of the minute regulations respecting leprosy contained in the 13th and 14th chapters of Leviticus. They are all framed upon the sacred principle, that none but such as were actually subject to a disease supposed to be contagious should be placed under the disabilities and exclusion which it involved; and that, for the benefit of society, none who really suffered under the malady should be allowed unrestricted intercourse with their fellow-citizens. This discrimination could only proceed upon a clear apprehension of the signs of complete recovery; and these signs are accordingly pointed out in the chapters to which we have referred with remarkable precision and distinctness. The want of some such rules as were by the divine beneficence imparted to the Hebrew people, would among them, as in Burmah, have had the effect of excluding whole generations of men from the free intercourse of life, on account of a disease which may at one time have affected an ancestor; and of preventing those who, from the impulse of natural affection, might place themselves in communication with a diseased relative, from evermore returning to the society of unafflicted men, although they may never, in their own persons, have known the leprous taint. How small, in comparison, would then have been the benefit conferred by our Lord upon the lepers whom he cured! It would, indeed, have relieved them from the disease; but he could not, by that act, also have restored them to their place in the commonwealth, or have enabled them thenceforth to walk the highways and the streets with freedom, or to mingle with glad hearts with the multitudes that kept holy day in the courts of the Lord's house.

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* Since writing the above, we have been reminded of a passage in the "Narrative of the Scottish Mission of Inquiry to the Jews," which shows that what is described above as the prevalent form of leprosy among the Burmese is also common in Palestine. That it cannot be recognised in the description given in Leviticus, is doubtless because we have there the first signs and symptoms of the disease, whereas these facts describe the condition to which the leper, under this form of the malady, is eventually reduced. The incident occurred at Shechem or Sychar: "Under a spreading nabbok tree near the gate, we came upon five or six miserable objects, half-naked, dirty, and wasted by disease. Immediately on seeing us, they sprang up, and stretched out their arms, crying most imploringly for alms. We observed that some had lost their hands, and held up the withered stumps, and that others were deformed in the face; but it did not occur to us at the time that they were lepers. We were afterwards told that they were so—lepers on the outside of the city gate, like the ten men in the days of Jesus, who lifted up their voices, and cried, 'Jesus, master, have mercy on us!'"

At the same place, one hundred and forty-two years before, Maundrell saw ten lepers; but from the description he gives (in a letter at the end of some editions of his "Journey") it does not appear that any of them exhibited this loss of hands, &c., which so strikingly demonstrates the presence of the Burmese form of leprosy in Palestine. Maundrell states that the leprosy seen by him, "not only defiles the whole surface of the body with a foul scurf, but also deforms the joints of the body, particularly of the wrists and ancles; making them swell, with a gouty scrofulous substance, very loathsome to look upon." This would seem to be merely a modification of, or perhaps a stage in, that kind of leprosy under which the hands and feet are sometimes lost.

Out of all this arises a question of some interest. Had any of the lepers whom Christ healed lost their hands or feet? and if so, did the cure restore these precious members to them? The answer would seem to be in the negative. It appears from Mr Malcolm's account of the Burmese leper, that the disease is in fact cured, as soon as the wounds arising from the exfoliation of the limbs are healed, and in that case they would have been re-admitted into general society, under the law of Moses. If, therefore, any of the lepers whom Christ healed laboured under this species of leprosy, they had not yet lost their hands or feet; but they were in danger of that great calamity, and would have suffered it, had not his mercy interposed.

A circumstance has just come under our notice, which seem to afford a further corroboration of our impression that there was a permanent or hereditary condition of leprosy among the Hebrews, although among them this was not, as with the Burmese, the rule, but the exception.

The law of Lev. xiii. and xiv. is very minute in its directions respecting the course to be taken by a person when he first comes under the taint of leprosy—how he is to conduct himself while in a leprous condition, and how he is to proceed when he supposes himself cured. Many of these obligations are very onerous; and the afflicted persons might be tempted to neglect or postpone them, were not some heavy penalty thereby incurred. But the Book of the Law does not annex any penalty to disobedience; and we must resort to the Talmud, and other Jewish writings, to know what was the actual penalty in such cases. From this source we learn, that the penalty for an infringement of any of the rules laid down in the law was quite severe enough to insure general attention, and to protect society from the dangers which transgression might involve. It was no less than that his leprosy should cleave to him for ever! We are not sure whether it was supposed that the leprosy became permanent and hereditary by a special judgment from God, as in the case of Gehazi; or that the leprosy of such a person was to be held as never to be cured, and that he was never to be examined by the priest, with a view to his re-admission to society. Taken either way, it shows or implies that Gehazi and his descendants were not alone in their permanent leprosy; but there was a permanent body of lepers—possibly including some persons who, as among the Burmese, were free from disease, not as a necessary effect of their having been lepers, but a penal infliction for disobedience of the law.

The condition of the Hebrew leper is described in the following words: "His clothes shall be rent, and his head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his upper lip, and shall cry, '*Tarnee, tarnee!*' (unclean, unclean!) All the days wherein the plague shall be in him, he shall be defiled; he is unclean: he shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be."—Lev. xiii. 45, 46. The reader will do well to compare this with the short description of the condition of the Burmese leper which we have quoted from Malcolm. Most of the points coincide in substance, and differ only in some small details. In almost every country where leprosy prevails, the leper is obliged to wear some kind of distinctive dress, so that people may know and avoid him. Among the Burmese his head is covered with a conical cap; among the Hebrews his head was bare; his garment was rent (in front it is understood), in token of his afflicted condition; and, in the presence of a clean person, he stood covering his mouth with his hand, or the skirt of his robe. In addition to which distinction of dress, the leper is, in some countries, obliged to notify his presence or approach by some loud and peculiar sound. In some places a small drum is used for this purpose; in others, the leper strikes a metal dish, or rattles something in it; but the Hebrew leper, when he saw a stranger approaching, or when he found himself near any place of resort, was obliged to keep up his melancholy cry of *Tarnee, tarnee!*

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

BY THE REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, SALTON.

We are informed, in the 5th chapter of the Gospel by John, that on a certain Sabbath our Lord fell in with a man beside the Pool of Bethesda, who had been labouring under an infirmity for thirty-eight years. He had come there hoping to obtain the cure of his disease; for it was ascertained that an angel at certain times went in to agitate the waters, and that the person who first afterwards stepped into them was cured of whatever disease he had. This unhappy individual was so disabled in body, and so utterly destitute of help, that he could not move himself at the proper time, and thus had the mortification of seeing himself always anticipated by some more fortunate neighbour. But now, finding an interest in the sympathy of Jesus, he was immediately restored to such soundness of health that he could take up his couch, and carry it away. Regarding the Pool itself we have no further information, than simply that it was beside the sheep market (or gate, as it should rather be), and that it had five porches. The word rendered *pool*, however, literally signifies a *swimming place*, a bath; and the name Bethesda is made up of two Hebrew words, which mean *house of mercy;* so that in all probability it was, as to its proper design, a public bath, constructed and built round with porches, for the accommodation and refreshment of the poorer classes. The beneficial effects on health and comfort which such a work would be fitted to produce on them, especially in such a country as Judea, might well entitle it, on that score alone, to be called a house of mercy. We can only speak of this, however, as a matter of probability, for Jewish writers are silent regarding it; and its very position is now involved in a degree of uncertainty. What is pointed out as the remains of it, is a dry basin or reservoir outside of the northern wall of the Temple Mount, and which has been so carelessly examined that the most widely different accounts are given of its dimensions. For example Röhr makes its length to be one hundred and twenty feet, its breadth forty, its depth eight; while Robinson, the latest and best authority, makes the length three hundred and sixty, the breadth one hundred and thirty, and the depth seventy-five.

It is not, however, what Bethesda might be as a public bath that deserves any particular notice here; for as such it could only have resembled, more or less, works of a similar kind, which were to be found in most ancient cities, Rome itself possessing upwards of eight hundred of them. What alone calls for special consideration, is the remarkable circumstance mentioned concerning the waters of this Pool—that they were occasionally moved by an angel, and that when so moved the first person who then stepped in, but only the first, was healed of his infirmity. Does it not look like a somewhat strange office this for an angel to perform? And if so exalted a messenger did really stoop to perform it, does not the effect resulting from his agency appear very partial and capricious? Why was only one victim of disease healed, and that the first who stepped in, rather than any other?

Such questions very naturally occur, if the circumstance is viewed apart from its great end and object —the bearing it was intended to have on the appearing and work of Christ—and treated simply as a piece of common history, recording events that belonged to an ordinary age of the world. In that case, like the demoniacal possessions, it lies open to various doubts and surmises of unbelief, which are more easily stated than satisfactorily disposed of. And hence it is that so many shallow and ridiculous suppositions have been resorted to, with the view of accounting for, by natural causes, what the evangelist plainly ascribes to a supernatural one—such as that the waters of the Pool possessed some mineral quality, which had a healing influence on certain diseases; or, that the entrails of animals slain for the temple service were thrown into it, and rendered it capable of exerting such an influence, when stirred by some messenger appointed for the purpose. These are the poor devices of a half-infidel Christianity, which would not altogether reject the Gospel history as a "cunningly devised fable," but can as little rise to the apprehension of the great truths and principles with which it is interwoven. Of that history Jesus Christ, God manifest in the flesh, is at once the great centre and the grand miracle. To view the other circumstances belonging to the age and time of his appearance apart from him, were as unwise, and as unlikely to lead to satisfactory results in divine truth, as it would be in philosophy to consider the phenomena of this earth without respect to the sun, which is their common source and centre. But if, on the other hand, viewed, as they all should be, in their proper connection with Christ, there is nothing in any of them but what may admit of a most satisfactory explanation—certainly there is nothing here.

We take it for granted that at such a time, when such a personage appeared, and such a work was in progress on the earth, there must have been many things of a peculiar and extraordinary kind, because these were necessary to furnish Jesus with the opportunities he needed to bring fully out before men his real character and Godhead. Supernatural manifestations of divine power and goodness, such as clearly bespoke the operation of a gracious God, were the fit and proper heralds of his approach, as these, exercised in surpassing measure by himself, were the natural indications of his glorious presence, and the seals of his divine commission. Hence, immediately before his being manifested to Israel, there were gifts of prophecy then again beginning to show themselves forth in the Church—in the devout Anna, in the aged Simeon, and especially in John the Baptist, who, in some respects, was even more than a prophet. But the only purpose for which they were so gifted, was to point the minds and expectations of men to Christ, as the great light of the world, and to render the more conspicuous that glory in him which so far excelled what was in them. In the spiritual as in the natural world, a dawn preceded the bright shining of the glorious orb of day. For the same purpose, also, there were gifts of healing; which sometimes, at least when exercised with prayer and fasting, we have good reason to think, were successful in relieving to a certain extent such as were labouring under the oppressions of the adversary, which were then permitted peculiarly to abound. The design and tendency of such gifts was only to herald the coming and display the peerless majesty of Him who, both in respect to body and mind, was to cure every form of disease, and to heal all that were oppressed of the devil. And that such preparatory and inferior gifts of healing should have been connected with the Pool of Bethesda was the more natural, as it was not only in itself a place of refreshment for the weary, but the waters with which it was filled flowed from that Fountain of Siloam, or Shiloah, which, even in ancient times, was taken to represent the safety and blessedness derived from the gracious presence and help of Jehovah. When the Jews, in the days of Ahaz, revolted in their hearts from the Lord, and put their trust in an arm of flesh, they were charged as "refusing the waters of Shiloah that go softly" (Isa. viii. 6); for that perpetual and copious spring of waters, rising within the walls of the city, and constituting one of its greatest natural advantages, was fitly regarded as a striking emblem of the sure and unceasing flow of benefits that its people might derive from the presence and blessing of God. In later times, the people perfectly understood the allusion of the prophet, and carrying it too far, as persons of a Pharisaical spirit never fail to do with everything of a like kind, they came to look upon those waters of Siloam as in themselves possessing a kind of divine property, from their supposed peculiar connection with God, and on the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, when they poured out bucket-fulls of them on the sacrifice, they gave utterance to their sentiments by singing with enthusiastic joy the words of the prophet: "With joy shall ye draw water from the wells of salvation."

This, of course, was an unwarranted, a superstitious use of the allusion in question; but it at least indicated a marked, and in itself a becoming, attention to the natural lesson taught by these waters in regard to God's covenant-love and goodness, and consequently rendered it all the more fitting and likely, that such waters might be employed in some peculiar way to lead the hearts of the people to Him, the blessings of whose presence and protection they so strikingly represented. The Lord sought, on one occasion, during the Feast of Tabernacles, to turn them to such a use, when, seeing the people all engrossed with the profitless ceremony of drawing water from Siloam, and pouring it out in the temple, he stood and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink; he that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of running water." And we have no doubt that it was for the purpose of leading the people to make substantially the same use of the waters of Siloam, that a healing virtue was communicated to these waters, yet so, that even they might be said to confess their Lord. There was a miracle of healing at that time connected with them, to testify that, through such signs, God was returning to visit his people; but being designed only to announce the coming, and discover the glory of Christ, there were limitations belonging to it: First, in regard to the instrument—an angel from heaven, who, though a fit messenger for such a visit of mercy, still was but a creature. In regard, also, to the persons who participated in the benefit—the first always that stepped in, to show that the cure was not an accident, but the result of divine power supernaturally conveyed; yet still only the first, only that one, to show that it was divine power acting under restraint. And when Christ came to that poor and long-oppressed victim of disease, who, in consequence of these limitations, could derive no benefit from the angel's visits to Bethesda, and with a single word loosed him from his infirmity—when he did this, not as a singular thing, but merely as a specimen of that miraculous and blessed working which was every day proceeding from his hand—what could more clearly and impressively prove that he was the grand reality which the waters of Siloam did but faintly represent, and so much better than these, even when stirred by an angel's hand, as he is himself in nature higher than the angels, and his works of mercy surpassed theirs? And as the miracle wrought upon the impotent man was attended with circumstances which arrested the minds of the whole people of Jerusalem, could anything have been conceived more skilfully adapted to constrain them to own Jesus, as Heaven's grand messenger, sent on an errand of mercy to the world? or, failing as they did to discern this, could anything have served more affectingly to discover their deplorable blindness and hopeless infatuation, than that they should have so readily ascribed one miraculous cure to the interposition of an angel's hand, while they obstinately resisted the evidence of thousands of such cures performed in the midst of them, by the living voice and the outstretched arm of Christ?

Thus we see, that when considered in relation to the great points which it was designed to illustrate and unfold, there is nothing incredible, or even apparently out of place, in the recorded circumstances concerning the Pool of Bethesda. The very limitations were necessary to adapt the whole properly to the end which it was intended to serve; and we do not see how any circumstance could have been materially altered without having so far tended to lessen its suitableness to the peculiar wants of the time. The same may also be said of the manner of the cure performed by our Lord in respect to its being done on the Sabbath, and followed up with an injunction to the restored individual to take his couch along with him. This was not, certainly, intended, as the Jews improperly imagined, to weaken the obligation to keep the Sabbath as a day sacred to the Lord. It was a circumstance obviously chosen for the purpose of arresting men's attention to the case, which might otherwise have passed unheeded, and drawing them in living faith to the Lord of the Sabbath. Not only was the cure itself a work of mercy toward the individual, and as such no violation of the Sabbatical rest, but both that and his thereafter carrying his couch was a work of mercy, if rightly interpreted, to the whole people. It was a great matter-of-fact sermon—a proof and manifestation of the revealed arm of Jehovah—an undeniable evidence that the Most High was in the midst of them; and was, therefore, as fit and seasonable for that day as the labours of God's servants in his temple. For what higher object could any of these have in view than to proclaim the presence, the power, and the goodness of God! So that, in regard to the whole of this, as of every other part of the doings and arrangements of Christ, we may justly say, "He hath done all things well," and divine Wisdom is here also justified by her children.

"ENTER INTO THY CLOSET."

We do not need to enter the closet in order to find the Lord. He is ever near to us. But we enter it in order to escape from distractions, and in order to regain those associations, and, it may be, to surround ourselves with those mementoes which we formerly found helpful to our prayers. One who has great powers of abstraction may take refuge from surrounding bustle in the depths of his own spirit, and pass along the crowded streets in the perpetual hermitage of his own self-seclusion, undiverted and undistracted by all that is whirling round him. But few have this talent of inward sequestration—this power to make a closet of themselves; and, in order to find for their thoughts a peaceful sanctuary, they must find for their persons a tranquil asylum. It little matters where or what it is. Isaac went out into the field, and Jacob plied his night-long prayer beside the running brook. Abraham planted a grove, and, in the cool shadow of his oaks at Beersheba, he called on the name of the Lord. Abraham's servant knelt down beside his camel. And it would appear from some of his psalms, that a cave, a mountain fastness, or a cavern in the rocks, was David's frequent oratory. Peter had chosen for his place of prayer the quiet and airy roof of his sea-side lodging, when the messengers of Cornelius found him. It would seem that the open air—the noiseless amplitude of the "solitary place"—the hill-side, with the stars above, and the shadowy world below—the fragrant stillness of the garden, when evening had dismissed the labourers, were the places where the Man of Sorrows loved to pray. It was in the old church of Ayr that John Welsh was wont, all alone, to wrestle with the Angel of the Covenant; and we have stood in the wild rock-cleft where Peden found frequent refuge from his persecutors, and whence he caused his cry to ascend "unto the Lord most high." It does not need four walls and a bolted door to make a place of prayer. Retirement, and silence, and a sequestered spirit will create it anywhere. By the shore of the sounding sea—in the depths of the forest—in the remoteness of the green and sunny upland, or the balmy peacefulness of the garden bower—nay, amidst the dust of the dingy ware-room, or the cobwebs of the owlet-haunted barn—in the jolting corner of the crowded stage, or the unnoticed nook of the travellers' room, you have only to shut your eyes, and seclude your spirit, and you have created a closet there. It is a closet wherever the soul finds itself alone with God.—"*Mount of Olives.*"

BIBLE COMFORT.

When Dr Watts was almost worn out and broken down by his infirmities, he observed, in conversation with a friend: "I remember an aged minister used to say, that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support as the common and unlearned; and so," said he, "I find it. It is the plain promises of the Gospel that are my support; and I bless God they are plain promises, that do not require much labour and pains to understand them; for I can do nothing now but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that."

This was likewise the case with the pious and excellent Mr Hervey. He writes, about two months before his death: "I now spend, almost my whole time in reading and praying over the Bible." And again, near the same time, to another friend: "I am now reduced to a state of infant weakness, and given over by my physician. My grand consolation is to meditate on Christ; and I am hourly repeating those heart-reviving lines of Dr Young:

'*This*—only *this*—subdues the fear of death.
And what is this? Survey the wondrous cure,
And at each *step* let higher wonder rise!
1. Pardon for infinite offence!—2. And pardon
Through means that speak its value infinite!—
3. A pardon bought with blood!—4. With blood divine.
5. With blood divine of Him I made my foe!—
6. Persisted to provoke!—7. Though woo'd and aw'd,
Bless'd and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!—
8. A rebel 'midst the thunders of His throne.—
9. Nor I alone!—10. A rebel universe!
11. My species up in arms!—12. Not one exempt!—
13. Yet for the foulest of the foul He dies!
14. Most joy'd for the redeem'd from deepest gulf!—
15. As if our race were held of highest rank,
And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man.'"

HOW MAY I TEACH MY CHILD SINCERITY?

That children are naturally indisposed to sincerity must be admitted. A propensity to deceive by word and act is among the bitter fruits of our common apostasy. "*The wicked,*" saith the Psalmist, "*are estranged from the womb; they go astray as soon as they are born, telling lies.*" One of the first things observable in children is an effort to deceive. To exonerate themselves from blame, or free themselves from anticipated punishment, they falsify their word, or cover up what truth and duty demand should be exposed. Very important, therefore, is it to prevent this—to nip this evil propensity in the bud, and cultivate a frank, open, sincere disposition. How may this be done? I suggest four things:—

1. Impress them deeply with the criminality and odiousness of insincerity. This may be done by reading and expounding to them portions of Scripture bearing upon this point, and making them commit to memory those portions of Scripture.

2. Always be sincere with them; never allowing yourself to deceive them in any particular, or for any cause. There is often a temptation, on the part of the parents, to do the opposite of this. It is often quite convenient to deceive a child; but he who does it, does it to the child's moral injury and his own guilt. He teaches falsehood by example—the most effective of teaching—and the pupil will most surely learn and practise deceit himself.

3. When your children commit an offence and confess it, commend them for the confession, and forgive them the wrong done.

4. When you detect your child in a lie, invariably punish him for it. Whatever other offence goes unpunished, let not this. If Jehovah regards lying as a crime, that parent who omits severe discipline in case of falsehood, is certainly deserving of censure.

Our Saviour tells us that he who lies *bears Satan's image.* "He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh his own; for he is a liar, and the father of it." And Jehovah hath said: "All liars shal lhave their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

While the path of sincerity is straight and plain, and the sunlight of heaven rests upon it, and while it leads upwards to the home of God and truth, the paths of dissimulation are dark and crooked, and lead down to the abode of the prince of darkness. Can we be too careful that our children should be kept in the way of the Father of lights, and out of the tortuous, snaky course, of the infernal serpent?—*Mother's Magazine.*

THE JEWS—"A PEOPLE SCATTERED."

"Their restless feet are pressing at this very hour the snows of Siberia, and the burning sands of the desert. Our friend Gobat found numbers of them in the elevated plains of Abyssinia, eighteen hundred miles to the south of Cairo; and when Denham and Clapperton, the first travellers that ventured across the great Sahara, arrived on the banks of the Lake Tchad, *they* also found that the wandering Jew had preceded them there by many a long year. When the Portuguese settled in the Indian Peninsula, they found three distinct classes of Jews; and when the English lately took possession of Aden, in the south of Arabia, the Jews were more in number there than the Gentiles. By a census taken within the last few months in Russia, they amount to two millions two hundred thousand; so that their population in that immense empire exceeds that of our twenty-two cantons. Morocco contains three hundred thousand, and Tunis one hundred and fifty thousand. In the one small town of Sana, the capital of Arabia Felix, they assemble together in eighteen synagogues. Yemen counts two hundred thousand. The Turkish empire two hundred thousand, of which Constantinople alone contains eighty thousand. At Brody, where the Christians, who are ten thousand in number, have only three churches, the Jews, twenty thousand in number, have one hundred and fifty synagogues. Hungary has three hundred thousand. Cracovie twenty-two thousand. In a word, it is imagined that, were all the Jews assembled together, they would form a population of seven millions; so that, could you transport them into the land of their fathers this very year, they would form a nation more powerful and more numerous than our Switzerland."—*Professor Gaussen of Geneva.*

THE BELIEVER'S AFFLICTIONS; HIS PROSPECTS; THE INFLUENCE OF THE ONE UPON THE OTHER; AND THE STATE OF MIND REQUISITE TO THE EFFICACY OF THAT INFLUENCE.

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SUCH seem to be the *four topics* contained in the two closing verses of the 4th chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." I wish to draw the reader's attention to each of these topics; and having been premonished that brevity, which has been said to be the soul of wit, is to be the soul, too, of the *Christian Treasury*, I shall not attempt to introduce them all into one paper, but, with the editor's permission, shall distribute them into a series of two or three in succession.

I. The *first* of the four topics is—THE BELIEVER'S AFFLICTIONS. What is here said of them?—"*Our light affliction, which is but for a moment.*" The sufferings which Paul had here chiefly in his eye were such as he himself and others, his fellow-labourers in the Gospel especially, were called in providence to endure for the name's sake of Jesus—the afflictions arising from the persecuting violence of the "enemies of the cross of Christ." The reader may see this by looking at the preceding context, verses 4–12. In various other places he refers pointedly and largely to this description of trials—setting forth their variety, their amount, and their constancy. Consult, for example, chapters vi. 4, 5, and xi. 23–27, of this same Epistle; and of the former Epistle to the same Church, chapter iv. 9–13. Such, with little interruption, was Paul's own condition; such it had been from the time of his conversion and installation in his apostolic office; and such, from past experience, as well as from his knowledge of the unchanged identity of his doctrine, and of the nature against whose pride and corruption its principles militated, was his prospect for life. He had no ground on which to expect its cessation, but with the cessation of his ministry; and that ministry he could not lay down till his latest pulse had beat. And of such "affliction" all his fellow-servants and fellow-believers had, in their various kinds and measures, their allotted share; and so have many since been called to suffer, in different parts of the world and periods of the Church's history. It has not ceased to be the policy of "the prince of this world" to stir up the enemies of the cross against those who have taken it up to bear it after Jesus—to incite the subjects of his own kingdom against the subjects of Christ's. In the history of modern mission we still have exemplifications of this policy—some of them in no ordinary degree severe and affecting. In our own favoured country we have little to fear. Public persecution there is none, or of a description so negative and limited as to be unworthy to be called by the same name. Let us be thankful. In the enjoyment of religious liberty and civil protection, we here, according to Eastern figure, "sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree, no one making us afraid." And yet, while the exterminating sword of legal persecution does not awake against us, it must not be thought that there is *no persecution*. There are the persecutions of private life—the persecutions of family, of kindred, of friends—the realization of the Saviour's own words in Matt. x. 34–36; and to spirits of affectionate sensibility, these are many a time worse to bear than the proscriptions, and prisons, and banishments, and deaths, of more public opposition. To such spirits, the forfeiture of a father's or a mother's smile, the alienation and loss of relations and bosom friends, may have more in them of the terrific and the tempting than the most excruciating of corporeal tortures, or the worst forms of death.

But although, in the passage before us, and in others of a similar description, there may be a primary reference to persecution and its trying effects, there is not the slightest reason for restricting the application of them exclusively to sufferings of this one kind. By such a principle of restriction, the afflicted people of God would be deprived of a large amount of their consolation—no inconsiderable proportion of what is addressed in the New Testament to sufferers having evidently the primary reference that has been mentioned. But in the full spirit of it, it is applicable to the children of God universally, in all their varieties of providential trial. And the varieties, in both kind and measure, are without end. There are afflictions in the form of personal diseases; afflictions in the diseases and deaths of near and dear relations—fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sons, daughters, kindred in every degree—friends, companions; afflictions in the losses and the crosses—the baffled schemes, the frustrated hopes, the mortifying reverses, the difficulties, anxieties, and privations, in the affairs of life; afflictions from poverty, with all its attendant train of evils, personal and domestic, bodily and mental; afflictions from the treachery of false friends, and the malice of real enemies; afflictions from the wickedness of the bad, and from the kind intentions, but unwise and imprudent measures, of the good. Enumeration and description, indeed, would be endless—the lot of no one individual being, in this particular, the same with the lot of any other. Some have dealt out to them what we are accustomed to call a hard and heavy lot—such as that of Job in the period of his divinely permitted bereavements and sufferings; and to some there is allotted a scene of trial as long-continued as that of others is varied and accumulated—extending even to the close of a protracted life.

And yet, respecting his own troubles, and the troubles, without exception, of his fellow-believers, what says the apostle here?—"Our *light affliction*, which is *but for a moment*."

1. In the *first* place, they are "*light*." I need hardly say that the term is used *comparatively*. But comparatively with what? It is not of his own sufferings comparatively with those of others that he speaks, nor of the sufferings of any one individual or class of them compared with those of the rest, nor of their sufferings compared with those of the men of the world. Yet comparison is meant, and must be meant. What, then, may be its implied points? There are, I think, *four*, which we may naturally presume to have been in the apostle's mind.

First, They are light, compared with *what we deserve*. This is a point of comparison which we do well never to let slip from our remembrance. The habitual presence of it to our minds will make us at once thankful for the very least of God's mercies, and submissive under the very heaviest of God's inflictions. What is our desert? What should our doom be, were that desert to be the standard of our treatment? The apostle, in one short sentence, tells us: "*The wages of sin is death.*" The "second death"—eternal death—is what is *due* to us on account of our sins. While we have anything whatever short of this, we have it in opposition to desert—we have it from mercy—we have what we have no title to. O how "light" the very heaviest and most accumulated load of woes that can ever be laid upon us in this world when put in comparison with this! Let the child of God, when tried to the uttermost—when "afflicted with wave upon wave," the "billows going over him"—bear this consideration steadily in mind. Let him but put the question to himself, What, and where should I have been, if I had had my desert? and then, when his load is at the very heaviest, he will say, with grateful emphasis—*how light!*

Secondly, They are light, compared with *what we even now enjoy*. How unspeakably rich and various the favours conferred upon us, even in the midst of our most deeply felt privations, and our most overwhelming trials! Well might the apostle, when he enjoins on believers, "in everything by prayer and supplication to make their requests known unto God, interject the phrase, "*with thanksgiving;*" for when is it, when can it ever be, that they have not good reason to blend thanksgiving with their prayers and supplications? The reason for this consists not merely in the remnant of temporal mercies that are still to be found in their lot—no, nor chiefly; it consists in far better and higher blessings—the present blessings of God's salvation—blessings which, in their convictions and in their experience, they know to be incomparably superior to any belonging to this world it is possible for them either to enjoy or to lose. In the midst of his severest "affliction"—even when all earthly good seems to be failing him—when the apt similitude for his condition is that of "a dry and thirsty land, where there is no water"—the believer can adopt the language of those who have passed through the sultry and barren wastes before him, and sing: "Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips will praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name. My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips, when I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches." "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ!" While in the heartfelt enjoyment of this love of his covenant God, and of all covenant promises and blessings, although far from insensible to the pressure of his trials, he will still, with a plaintive cheerfulness, be able to sing —*O how light!*

Thirdly, They are light, compared with *what in hope we anticipate*. Lighter still—O how unspeakably lighter, when *thus* compared! What our hopes anticipate is the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." But this forms our second topic, of which the illustration must be reserved. We shall then see how all the afflictions of the present life, when laid in the balance against this "weight of glory," "fly up, and kick the beam." Meanwhile, I can only observe, that the Apostle Peter makes this very use of the Christian's prospects—I mean, for lightening the burden of his present sorrows:—"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time. Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—1 Pet. i. 3-6. I only add,

Fourthly, They are "light," when compared *with the spirit and strength pledged in divine promise to enable us to bear them*. Light and heavy, you are well aware, are relative terms — relative to degrees of strength. What to a powerful man is like a feather for lightness, may by a feeble man be felt an oppressive load. Now, what is the strength of the believer? Not his own. Were that the case—had he no power to trust to than what lay in himself—well might he dread even the lightest burden. But divine strength—the strength of God—is his. He is "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." Under every trial, his gracious Lord says to him: "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." There is no case of trouble imaginable to which this assurance does not extend; and what can be too heavy to be borne in the strength of the Lord? It is this that enables the believer to say: "Wherefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: *for when I am weak, then am I strong*."—2 Cor. xii. 8-10. Along with imparted strength I have associated the *spirit* with which the Christian is enabled to meet and to endure "afflictions"—which sustains him under them, and causes them to feel "light." This I may illustrate from the words of the Saviour himself: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—Matt. xi. 28-30. O! it is when this "rest to the soul" has been through grace found and experienced, that the truth of the concluding declaration is happily felt. By the possession of this inward "rest," there is a life, a buoyancy, an energy imparted to the spirit, such as, to the subject of it, renders both the "yoke" of obedience "easy," and the "burden" of trial "light." All are aware how widely different are our feelings, whether in discharging difficult and self-denying duties, or in bearing up under the pressure of heavy trials, when, on the one hand, the mind is at ease and happy, and when, on the other, it is oppressed and disturbed. In the latter case, nothing is either done effectually and to purpose, or endured with manly patience and cheerfulness. All is languor and listlessness. Every difficulty looks insurmountable; every affliction incurable. Whereas in the former there is a vivacity, a nerve, a vigour, infused into everything. Trials seem comparatively as nothing. There is an elasticity of mind that overcomes their pressure; an upward spring, more than equivalent to the downward gravitation. There is a light within that penetrates and cheers the gloom without. Such appears to be the import of the words of Nehemiah to the restored captives of Israel: "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Thus, when Paul experienced the inward delight that sprung from a sense of God's pardoning mercy and paternal love, he could smile amid suffered and impending calamities, and of even his heaviest burdens say—*O how light!*

But there is a *second* epithet here applied to the afflictions of God's people—they are "*but for a moment*." And here too, I need not say the epithet is comparative. Long and short, like light and heavy, are relative terms. The afflictions of one man may, in direct comparison, be longer than those of another; even, in proportion to the duration of their respective lives, very much longer. But the point of comparison in the passage before us is manifestly that of *temporal* to *eternal*. The afflictions may be considered as extending through the entire length of the present life; and still, even such a continued course of suffering may be regarded as what the apostle pronounces *momentary*. It is so, in comparison with a coming eternity—with the perpetuity of everything in the state by which the present is to be succeeded. There is no comparison, indeed, capable of being instituted between the longest conceivable period of time and eternity. The longest is no more a portion of eternity than the shortest. Eternity admits not of comparison with either. If the very longest were any portion of it, then a certain number of such portions must make up the whole—must exhaust eternity. A moment, then, is to eternity the same as a thousand years. The longest life ever lived by man was to eternity less than the twinkling of an eye compared to that longest life. Though that life of nine hundred and sixty-nine years had been filled with all the variety of suffering from its first breath to its last, the afflictions might still have been called, as here, "light afflictions, *which are but for a moment*." The contemplation of eternity makes time shrink into nothing.

I would fain have gone forward, in this paper, to the *prospects* of the believer, which are here set in such striking contrast with his afflictions. I fear, however, I have already written about enough for the space allotted me; and must (reluctantly, I confess, to myself, but it may be, satisfactorily to the reader) have done for the present.

THE INFLUENCE OF TRUE CHRISTIANITY ON THE INTELLECT.

AMONG the many unanswerable evidences that attest the divine origin and nature of the Christian faith, there is one that requires neither the research of the learned nor the extensive reading of the laborious student.

No human argument seems so calculated to bring this conviction home to the mind as the interesting class of evidence alluded to; and it may be acquired by the exercise of candid observation in intercourse with our fellow-creatures. It is to be sought for chiefly among the unlettered poor, whose worldly advantages have been too scanty to cause the development of any great mental resources.

It will be found that divine teaching not only purifies the heart and sanctifies the life, but improves and exalts the intellect. Education and the influence of society give a tone to conversation; and those who have had such opportunities of improvement can discourse on topics suitable to the circle in which they move; reading, and general occurrences, supply variety; and thus, with little knowledge, and no experience, of true religion, they may, in secular affairs, be entertaining, and even instructive.

It is altogether different with the illiterate man, whom poverty forces into a struggle for bare subsistence. His thoughts are occupied with the plodding labour of his every-day life; his habits take their tinge from his circumstances; and his range of ideas are limited as they are depressed. Let this individual become a subject of divine grace, and he is visibly a "new creature;" the difference between him and his former self is so evident, that it cannot be mistaken, while it is not to be accounted for in any way but one. His intellect, which was so obtuse that it embraced nothing but the gross objects of sense, expands under the quickening influences of heavenly light; and even his manners partake of the change. If he was rude before, he is now softened down; and his conduct towards those who, in the wise distribution of Providence, have been placed above him in worldly station, is modelled upon the Gospel precept: "Honour unto whom honour is due." But the Gospel has also taught him that the children of God are all one in Christ Jesus; and that although he is so vile that he can never on this earth estimate the depth of that pit whence he has been delivered, yet he is precious for whom Christ died; and his being clothed in the meanest garments here does not make him less an heir of glory; so that the grace of true humility is thus blended with that self-respect which elevates him in the scale of society. He pities the proud man who has his portion in this life, and is "without God in the world," while he knows not his own perilous condition; but he obeys those who have the rule over him in all things lawful, whosoever they be—he prays for their salvation, and rejoices in their conversion.

An intimate acquaintance with the Word of God furnishes matter for exalted thought, and gives dignity to the mode of expressing it. An instance occurs to me which may illustrate this. During the prevalence of cholera, some years ago, a very poor woman had left her humble hut in the hills to seek, in a neighbouring town, some necessaries for the comfort of an aged mother. Many were afraid to venture into a place where so dreadful a disease was fatally raging; and before entering it she was warned of its sad condition. She determined, however, in calm and quiet confidence, to perform her errand of filial love and duty; and her observation to her kind informant was: "Oh, if they would have the blood of sprinkling on their door-posts, the destroying angel might pass them by."

One who has studied the Bible with a critical and scientific eye can talk of its unrivalled philosophy—its most ancient and wonderful history—its minute chronology—its sublime poetry, and yet never have discovered the "hidden manna" contained in its sacred pages. But one who has searched the Scriptures, and continues to search them because they reveal the will of God to man, and testify of Christ his Saviour—as the prophets wrote of him—his birth, his life, his death, his resurrection; and, taught of the Spirit, has found the pearl of great price—although he brought to the sacred task no literary aids, can speak of their contents with a power and an unction that mere head learning can never confer. He can speak a word in season to the saint and to the sinner. His homely language becomes embellished; he draws his stores from the inexhaustible fountain, and we gladly turn away from the mere lettered exposition of the Bible to listen to him who speaks of eternal things, because he believes; while his soul kindles with the glowing remembrance of what he has felt, and seen, and handled of the Word of life.

As an example of the truth of these observations, I submit a sketch of an individual who was a remarkable instance of this divine teaching. He was a native of the west of England, and had been, in his youth, by trade a rope-maker, but had enjoyed very few educational advantages. Before I became acquainted with him he was a feeble old man, very poor, and unable to work for his bread; but his Christian character had promoted him to the office of deacon in a Dissenting chapel, where he was intrusted with the collection of seat-rents, which might afford him a small livelihood. The old deacon had nothing in his outward appearance to recommend him; he was a very ordinary-looking person, with tender eyes, and afflicted with a complaint which, causing a frequent involuntary convulsive sort of motion in the head, sometimes impeded his speech. He was extremely illiterate, and could not, with ease, converse on almost any subject, except it was in some way connected with the "one thing needful;" but when he entered upon that ideas flowed spontaneously, and he soon became an object of interest to any person who could appreciate the breathings of a devout spirit. The cold and cloudy world had no power to call forth his capabilities; but the "Sun of Righteousness" had arisen on his soul, and great was the transformation produced by his beams. The tongue of the stammerer was made to speak plainly, and his observations were apt and edifying.

A gentleman, who attended the same place of worship with the deacon, was in the habit, immediately after the service, of putting to him the common question of idlers: "What news is there?" Week after week the same query saluted his ears, under the same circumstances; the old man was modest, and for a time he endured. At length, however, he took courage to reply, and on being once more asked, "What's the news?" said: "Why, the best news ever I heard was, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." From that day the question was not repeated. Deacon H—— was an occasional visitor of ours; and one who now, like the subject of this brief notice, rests in the silent grave, then delighted in showing him kindness, and would sometimes, by a remark, draw forth from the old Christian a pointed and striking response. One very cold day he called, the wind was blowing from the north, and it was said to him, rather playfully, in allusion to some of us, "You know nothing good ever came from the north." "We read in Ezekiel," said the deacon, very composedly, "that there was a north gate upon the temple as well as a south, and that the children of God entered by both; those at the north entrance were driven to take refuge in the imputed righteousness of Christ, by the terrors of the law, but those who came in by the south gate were those who were drawn with the cords of love."

Poor H—— was, for a time, laid aside by illness, and during part of the period he was exercised with considerable anxiety and depression of mind; but these mists were cleared away by the bright light he loved and sought. It was interesting to hear him relate how he was delivered out of that trial, and refer with delight to the portion of Scripture that was made the means of comforting him. "I was thinking," he said, "of the sad strait the people of Jerusalem were in when threatened by an enemy they had no power to resist. They were much afraid; they had no help in man; and the multitude that came against them was great. But they and their king cried unto the Lord; he hearkened, and delivered them. They had no need to fight—only to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. They went out and looked, and behold, where were the enemies they dreaded?—they were all dead men! What, then, had Judah to do?—just to gather up the spoil," continued the old man, with a delighted countenance; "so I took courage. I saw that the work I could not do for myself was done for me, and I—why, I was privileged to reap the fruit of it."

My humble acquaintance, H——, now rejoices in the presence of that Saviour whom, having not seen, he loved. Memory, aided by a few incidental notices, has enabled me to recall a few of his sayings. Years have gone by since I beheld it, but I can still picture to myself the happy expression which the calling to remembrance of God's loving-kindness produced on a face much more indicative of suffering than pleasure; for this world brought him far more of the former than of the latter. He was a consistent and devoted servant of his divine Master; and it may be said that his works do follow him in the form of that testimony his life bore to the immutable truths of the Bible. I cannot help thinking that such as he supply an internal evidence of the power of divine grace upon the human mind, which may be externally seen by those who will but lend themselves to the inquiry, and honestly apply the result of their experience.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there—
No weary wasting of the frame away;
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air—
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief—
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief—
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
Within the realm of ceaseless prayer and song;
Its billows break away and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng!

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender floweret fades and dies!

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there! The light which fills
That land of glory from its Maker came!

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep!
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread!
The song of peace Creation's morning heard
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread!

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul!
Look up, thou stricken one! Thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at Sorrow's stern control.

With Faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day?

ANON.

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

"To him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

THIS declaration of the Lord Jesus is very strikingly illustrated in the following incident, which was communicated to the writer, at the time of its occurrence, by the late Rev. J. C——:

About the year 1816, he was called on by one of his hearers, who requested him to visit a man named T——, who was very dangerously ill, and in a most horrible state of mind. Mr C——, who never for a moment delayed in such cases, immediately went to the bed-side of the dying man. He found an emaciated body, and a countenance which indicated a mind bordering on derangement, through the influence of dreadful apprehensions and deep despair. At first the poor dying creature appeared uneasy and disturbed by his presence; Mr C——, however, knew as well as any man of God how to meet a case of extremity, and, by the kindness of his inquiries, soon drew from him the state of his mind. I cannot now pretend to give a full detail of the conversation, and therefore will not attempt to insert it; but the following circumstances are too deeply engraven on my mind ever to be erased while memory lasts.

T—— told Mr C——, that nearly thirty years before—soon after Mr C—— became the settled minister at Maidenhead—he used regularly to attend his ministry. "Ah!" he said, "then I was moral and happy; I used to enjoy the prayer-meetings, and had obtained a considerable acquaintance with the truths of the Bible. This, however, did not last long; I became acquainted with such and such persons—they led me to Sabbath-breaking first, then to drunkenness, and then to poaching, and even to house-breaking. I quite lost all sense of religion; and if I had any conscience at all, it only discovered itself by the dread that was produced on my soul when I met *you*, Sir. Yes," he said, "often and often, when I have seen you coming, I have felt as though God was drawing near, and have crossed the road, or run up any by-lane or street, to avoid coming near you—I was so terrified if you looked me in the face. Oh!" he said, "I have committed every sin that it was in my power to commit; and there is scarcely a house in the place, or near it, which we have not one time or other planned to rob—even yours, Sir," he said. "Thus I went on, until I got the cold, which now will soon end in death." He said: "When I found my disease was dangerous, my fears began. I looked back to my early days, and I said to myself, I used to know something *then*—what was it?" but he said, "it was all gone—I cannot get any distinct idea. I know that I heard things then that might be useful now, but I cannot recall a thought to mind any more than if I had never heard the Gospel or seen a Bible. All I know is, I am dying, and I fear I shall soon be damned—and I richly deserve it." He said: "You can be of no service to me—my case is beyond remedy." All this, and much more to the same effect, he said with a certain horrible indifference, which deeply affected Mr C——'s mind.

Mr C—— inquired: "You do not wish to be damned, do you?" The question struck him: "No Sir, no; but I *shall* be, and very soon." Mr C—— endeavoured to show him that he could perceive far deeper aggravations in his sin than the sinner himself could, because his mind was so darkened by long habits of iniquity that he could not *see God*, and that God saw infinitely more malignity in his sin than the wisest or holiest man or angel could, and yet he said: "Your sin is pardonable, if you are enabled to repent and to believe in the Lord Jesus."

The poor man appeared by this visit to be brought to have at least a ray of hope, and begged Mr C—— to come again. Mr C—— briefly stated to him some leading truths which, doubtless, he had once known and had now forgotten, and left him with a charge to think them over, and to cry to God for mercy.

The next time he saw him, he found a very visible alteration in his countenance; and on inquiring what sort of a night he had passed, "Oh," said he, "I could not sleep—I did not wish it—my time is short. The things you told me kept me awake; and while I was thinking on them, light seemed to come into my mind, and all the impressions I had thirty years ago were revived. Yes! this is what I knew then. O! how have I lain on this bed day after day, and tried in vain to recall these things—I seemed sometimes almost to catch something, and then it was gone again; but now I have it—I have it."

It pleased God to give him, so far as Mr C—— could judge, unfeigned and deep repentance. He was enabled to cast himself, as the very worst of sinners in his own apprehension, on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus; and it was a matter of astonishment to himself, that, in so short a period, he should be brought from the very border of hell to have a lively hope of heaven through the blood and righteousness of the Redeemer. He only lived three days after Mr C——'s first visit to him; and Mr C—— felt justified in saying concerning him: "Is not this a brand plucked from the fire?"

What an affecting lesson does this teach on the danger of *endeavouring* to forget the truths which render a course of iniquity uncomfortable, as this poor man said he had endeavoured to do, when he first forsook the way of God to walk in the counsel of the ungodly! Truly, in such cases, God in just judgment suffers "the wicked one" to take away the word. First steps in sin are usually opposed by convictions, or reviewed with distress and remorse; but if conviction be trampled under foot, and remorse be trifled with, very soon conscience will be silenced, and the heart will become hardened.

How loudly does this fact enforce the importance of immediate attention to the sick and dying! "Perhaps *now or never*" was a motto with the excellent man who was employed as a messenger of mercy to this guilty creature. "Once," he told the writer, "I delayed till the morrow to visit a dying sinner, and he died in the night; therefore I now say, Perhaps *now or never*."

What encouragement does this fact afford to the ministers of Christ, and the visitors of the sick, not to despair of any who are on this side eternity, and are willing to hear.

Death-bed conversion and repentance are, it is true, to be looked at with suspicion; but who can say how many shall appear as trophies of unbounded grace and mercy who found salvation in the eleventh hour?

And surely this man's short history may be placed as a beacon to warn the young, lest they, too, yield at first to the invitations of the ungodly, forsake the means of grace, and become hardened in iniquity. One *step from* God is a fearful thing. Who can say, when a young sinner turns his back on duty, conviction, and God, to follow the call of Satan and the world —who can say whither he may not be conducted, and where the scene may end?

THE BIBLE AND THE DEATH-BED.

"The Word of the Lord is tried."

Mr S—— was an old and consistent professor of the Gospel. Some few circumstances attending his last illness were interesting to the writer, and illustrate the above text.

The disease which proved the messenger of death to him, was an inward inflammatory complaint, which caused the body to swell almost to bursting, and rendered the skin so hot, that the hand could scarcely press it for a moment.

In this *fire* patience had her perfect work; and lively faith in the grace, compassion, and wisdom of the Redeemer sustained the mind.

I had been reading in the newspaper an account of the trial of some of the infidel scribblers of the day, and as I walked to the house of the suffering Christian, a multitude of thoughts crowded my mind in relation to the objections brought against the truth of revelation, and especially, what a miserable condition the world would be in were it so, that the Bible was a fable. On entering the house, Mrs S—— said, "Mr S—— is sinking very fast, and I fear he is too far gone to know you; but, perhaps, you would like to take a farewell look at him?" I went to his bed-side—his eyes were closed; but I perceived his lips moved a little. Mrs S—— wished me to try to catch the faint words he seemed to utter. I leaned over him, and by putting my ear close to his mouth, caught distinctly, "Not one stroke too many, Lord; not one stroke too many." Soon after he recovered a little, and made signs to have his lips moistened. His wife then said, "Here is Mr ——, my dear." He opened his eyes, looked full in my face with ardent affection and pleasure. I said, "When thou passest through the waters, they shall not overflow thee; and when thou walkest through the fires, they shall not kindle upon thee; I will never leave thee—I will never forsake thee." His eye kindled up with joy, and new life seemed to animate his dying body; and with a strength of voice which surprised his wife, and an emphasis which spoke the power of truth on his mind, he exclaimed, "O that does me good! thank you—thank you." "Then," I said, "I need not try to prove to you, by a train of argument, that it is truth—the truth of God." "No," he said, "no; I feel it—I feel it. I can live on it—I can die on it."

He did so; and he found *the word* like a solid rock beneath his feet, and could sing,

"Thy word, which I have rested on,
Shall cheer my heaviest hour."

But to myself, this short interview brought a most delightful and convincing evidence of the certainty, power, and glory of the words of truth. To see a sensible and enlightened Christian, with reason clear, and the impression of an eternal world vivid and strong, with a body fast sinking into the arms of death, and all the best feelings alive to the interests of a never-dying soul—to see him venturing all on a promise, and feeling that that promise was divine—O! this was indeed a lesson which the house of mourning alone could teach; this was a demonstration of the Spirit that the Bible is the God-breathed book, which Infidels may treat with scorn, but which shall, I trust, endear to my soul the heaven-inspired lines, and encourage me, under their influence, in a dying day to sing,

> "And to those hands my soul resign,
> Which bear credentials so divine."

Worcester. G. R.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE EVIDENCES.

THE MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.—(*Second Article.*)

BY THE REV. JAMES TAYLOR, ST ANDREWS.

THE illustrations which the Mosaic history derives from the monumental sculptures and inscriptions of Egypt may be divided into two classes—those which corroborate the historical events related or alluded to in Scripture, and those which illustrate the notices that the Inspired Records contain of the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians. The latter are by much the more valuable of the two; but, before proceeding to their consideration, we may give a few specimens of the former.

It appears, from the Scripture narrative, that the pastoral occupation, at a very early period, had become odious in the eyes of the Egyptians, and that the nomad tribes, by whom it was followed, were the objects of intense dislike. "Every shepherd," we are told (Gen. xlvi. 24), "is an abomination unto the Egyptians." And again it is said (Gen. xliii. 32): "They set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves, and for the Egyptians which did eat with him by themselves: because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for that is an abomination to the Egyptians." The monuments afford a striking corroboration of these statements, and indisputably establish that the wandering tribes were regarded by the Egyptians with thorough detestation. They are constantly brought before us in the most humiliating and degrading situations. We find them crushed under the chariot wheels of the kings, trampled beneath the feet of the warriors, and massacred without mercy. Captives of the hated race are represented as the most degraded of slaves. They are figured as Caryatides, supporting vases and other articles of domestic furniture, particularly the foot-baths. They are even painted on the soles of shoes or sandals, as if to intimate that they should be for ever trodden down under the feet of their enemies. We see them on the monuments represented as the supporters of a throne or chair of state; and the artist has indulged the national enmity, by adding to this degradation, chains, fetters, and a most painful posture.[*] Various causes have been assigned for this intense aversion towards the shepherd race. Some have supposed that it was the animal worship of the Egyptians which made them entertain a dislike to persons who fed on animals which they accounted sacred. But this cause will not account for the general existence of the feeling referred to. The usage of the Egyptians was by no means uniform in regard to the objects of their veneration. The inhabitants of one district worshipped goats and fed on sheep, while those of another district fed on sheep and worshipped goats. Of the larger cattle the cow alone was considered sacred; but the hostility towards the nomad shepherds could not have arisen from this source, as the Egyptians never killed cows for food, and rarely even oxen. The worship of the bull Apis by the Egyptians was restricted to an individual animal. The monuments show that other bulls were used in sacrifices. The priests themselves eat beef and veal without scruple. Heads of black cattle are represented in the sculptures, and there was even a caste of herdsmen among the Egyptians. Pharaoh himself was a proprietor of cattle; and if the employment itself had been considered degrading, he would scarcely have offered the superintendence of his cattle to the brother of his prime-minister.

It would appear, therefore, that the hatred of the Egyptians to shepherds could not have arisen to any great extent from religious prejudices. Indeed, it would be contrary to all experience to ascribe such intense and pertinacious hatred to anything but a long continuance of national injuries and hostilities. The probability seems, therefore, to be, that the aversion of the Egyptians was not so much to the rearers of cattle, as such, as to those wandering tribes, whose habits and pursuits rendered them equally an object of hatred and fear to a settled and refined people like the inhabitants of Egypt. The shepherds who fed their flocks on the borders of Egypt, were in general of Arabian or Libyan descent; and their turbulent and aggressive disposition, and their impatience of the restraints of a regularly organized society, are sufficient to account for the hatred and scorn with which they were regarded by their civilized neighbours.

The Egyptians suffered long and severely from the ravages of these pastoral tribes, whose plundering propensities have varied very little during the course of three thousand years; and at length, in the reign of Thamuz, they invaded and conquered the country. Their usurpation lasted two hundred and sixty years, during which they exercised a degree of cruelty and oppression which left an indelible sense of hatred upon the minds of the native Egyptians. They were at length expelled from Egypt, after a war of thirty years, and proceeding northward they settled in Palestine—or Shepherdland, a name which the country derived from them—and became the Philistines of the sacred history. This event, according to Dr Hales, was about twenty-seven years before the commencement of Joseph's administration, and, as the memory of the tyranny which they had suffered must have still been fresh in the minds of the Egyptians, this seems sufficiently to account for the fact that "every shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians." Their dislike must have been the more intense, too, against persons who, like the Hebrews, came from the country to which their expelled enemies had withdrawn. They might not unreasonably have suspected that their Hebrew visitors were a party of the same people; and the harsh reception they met with from Joseph, the strict examination which they underwent, and the charge of being spies come to see the nakedness of the land, is probably just what would have happened if they had really been personally unknown to the governor of Egypt.[*]

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[*] Taylor's Illustrations of the Bible by Egyptian Monuments, p. 6. Notes by do. to Hengstenberg's Egypt, p. 24.

[*] Illustrated Commentary on Gen. xlvi. 34.

It is worthy of notice, also, that "the land of Goshen" appears to have been a border province, situated on the north-eastern frontier of Egypt, and was therefore exposed to the ravages of the nomad tribes of South-Western Asia. From this quarter the Valley of the Nile was successively invaded and conquered by the Persians, the Macedonians, the Arabs, and the Turks; and it is evident that, in the days of Joseph, it was regarded as the most vulnerable part of the country. It seems to have been the first district which the shepherds occupied when they invaded Egypt, and the last from which they retired. It was a tract of country peculiarly suitable for the pasturage of cattle; and as the Egyptians were not a pastoral people, it had probably remained in a great measure unoccupied during the short period that elapsed between the expulsion of the shepherds and the arrival of Jacob and his family. This will account for its being so readily assigned to the Hebrews, who, being a pastoral people, were most naturally placed in a district from which a pastoral tribe had just been expelled. Thus Joseph, even before the arrival of his father and brethren in Egypt, at once promises that they should dwell in the land of Goshen; and, when they were about to be presented to Pharaoh, he tells them: "Ye shall say, Thy servants' trade hath been about cattle from our youth even until now, both we and also our fathers: *that ye may dwell in the land of Goshen;*" which seems to indicate both that the land remained unoccupied, and his conviction that Pharaoh would at once assign that territory to them as soon as he knew that they were shepherds. This assignment of Goshen to the Hebrews, as Dr Hales justly remarks, was no less wise than liberal policy on the part of the Egyptian monarch; as this "nakedness of the land"—literally "the defenceless part of the country" —the barrier towards Palestine and Arabia—the quarters from which invasion was most dreaded—was in a short time covered by a numerous, brave, and industrious people, amply repaying, by the additional security and resources which they gave to Egypt, their hospitable reception and naturalization.*

Manetho (a priest who, about 180 B.C., translated into Greek the Annals of the Ancient Kings of Egypt), and after him Josephus, have strangely confounded the shepherds with the Israelites. This theory, though strenuously supported by Hengstenberg, may now be regarded as completely exploded. From the name *Scios* given to them on the monuments, and from their physical appearance, there is every probability that they were a Scythian race, driven upon Egypt "by the general pressure of population from the north-east towards the south-west, which led the nomad Shemitic tribes first to overcome the original inhabitants of Palestine, and, continuing in the same line of advance, then to enter and subdue Egypt."

There is a remarkable scene depicted in a tomb at Beni-Hassan, which is now generally supposed to be a representation of the arrival of Jacob's family in Egypt. A royal scribe or secretary of state ushers into the presence of a viceroy of the reigning Pharaoh ten men and one lad, accompanied by several females, two children, and a number of attendants. The two foremost of the strangers bring as presents the antelope and the ibix of Lebanon. The others are armed with clubs, spears, bows and arrows; and one of them carries and performs on a lyre, which has been by antiquarians identified with the Jewish "Chinnor." They are accompanied by two asses of the desert, which carry two children, together with the arms of the party, and the leather water bottles, such as are still used for carrying water through the deserts of Arabia. The men wear many-coloured tunics, and sandals; and all have beards, "contrary to the custom of the Egyptians, although very general in the East at that period, and represented in their sculptures as a peculiarity of foreign uncivilized nations." The females wear tunics of the same primitive character, dyed with a peculiar pattern of stripes, intermixed with waved lines, and short leather boots, which are never worn by the Egyptian females.

These are the main points of the painting, which is believed to have a direct reference to the arrival of Jacob's family in Egypt, on the following grounds: The owner of the tomb was governor of the district in the neighbourhood of Goshen, where the Jews afterwards settled. The name of the royal secretary who introduces them is written "Jusuf"—the present Eastern name for Joseph. Their number, ten men and a lad, corresponds exactly with that of Joseph's brethren. They have evidently just crossed the desert, and the animals they bring indicate their Judean locality. The words Nazareth and Sichem can be traced on the accompanying inscription. And finally, their Hebrew physiognomies and costume, all point to the same conclusion, and bear striking corroborative evidence to the truth of the Mosaic record.

There is another well known picture, termed by Rosellini, "the Jewish brickmakers," copied from the tomb of the chief architect of one of the Pharaohs, which was in all probability intended as a representation of the scene described by Moses, when it is said, "The Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour, and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field." "And the officers of the children of Israel, which Pharaoh's taskmasters had set over them, were beaten, and demanded, Wherefore have ye not fulfilled your task in making brick both yesterday and to-day, as heretofore?" The picture referred to represents a number of workmen or slaves, with countenances undeniably Jewish, engaged in the various parts of the process of brickmaking, cutting out the bricks, moulding them, and spreading them out to dry in the sun—their beards half-grown—their limbs bespattered with mud, and their Egyptian taskmasters with the scourge superintending their labour. To the right of the picture two of the Egyptian officers, distinguished from the Israelites by their head-dresses and complexion, are represented as compelled, by the blows of the taskmasters, to bear the vessels of clay, and the brick yoke, and to complete the work which the slaves under their charge had failed to perform. "Of the labourers," says Rosellini, "some are employed in transporting the clay in vessels, some in intermingling it with the straw; others are taking the bricks out of the furnace and placing them in rows; and others, with a piece of wood upon their backs, and ropes on each side, carry away the bricks already burned or dried. Their dissimilarity to the Egyptians appears at the first view; their complexion, physiognomy, and beard, permit us not to be mistaken in supposing them to be Hebrews. They wear, at the hips, the apron which is common among the Egyptians; and there is also represented as in use among them a kind of short trowsers. Among the Hebrews, four Egyptians, very distinguishable by their mien, figure, and colour, are seen; two of them, one sitting and the other standing, carry a stick in their hand, ready to fall upon two other Egyptians, who are here represented like the Hebrews—one of them carrying on his shoulder a vessel of clay, and the other returning from the transportation of brick, carrying his empty vessel to get a new load. The tomb in which this picture was found, was made in the time of the fifth king of the eighteenth dynasty, and belonged to Rochscerê, who was overseer of the public buildings, and had, consequently, the charge of all the works undertaken by the king." The scene depicted in this sketch derives additional light from a spectacle witnessed by Carne, at Alexandria, during the progress of the canal which Mehemet Ali compelled one hundred and fifty thousand men, chiefly Arabs from Upper Egypt, to construct, for the purpose of connecting the Nile with the sea. "The bed of the canal presented a novel spectacle, being filled with a vast number of Arabs of various colours, toiling in the intense heat of the day; while their Egyptian taskmasters, with whips in their hands, watched the progress of their labour. It was a just and a lively representation of the children of Israel, forced to toil by their oppressive masters of old. The wages Mahmoud allowed to these unfortunate people, whom he had obliged to quit their homes and families in Upper Egypt, were only a penny a-day, and a ration of bread." Twenty thousand of their number perished during the progress of the work.

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* Pictorial Bible, vol. i., p. 126, 127.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

"They found no more of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of the hands."—2 KINGS ix. 35.

IT may appear somewhat extraordinary, but it is true, that, although the hyena, jackal, and pariah dogs of India greedily devour human flesh whenever they may come across it, yet do they, owing to some instinctive and inherent prejudice, invariably abandon the hands and feet of such corpses as they may have in every other respect consumed. And this remark holds generally good in all parts of the East. On the arid sands of Juggernaut, where the pilgrims die by hundreds and thousands throughout the year, from the effects of disease and famine, and whose remains are devoured by the dogs and other obscene animals (there being no hand near that will, on account of caste, afford burial), the former fact is fully established and confirmed. On one occasion it happened that a ferry-boat, laden with pilgrims, was in the act of effecting a transit over the Subuureeka River, near the village of Jellasore, in the height of the rainy monsoon, and from its having been overladen with passengers, it was swamped; and, owing to the fearful impetuosity of the torrent, the whole of the party were drowned; and in the course of a week afterwards, when the floods had subsided, the sands were chequered with the skeletons of some forty human beings, the same having been denuded of the flesh by dogs and jackals. The only parts which remained entire and untouched were the insides of the hands, and the bottoms of the feet; and whilst I stood gazing a while upon the solemn and distressing spectacle, it brought to my mind the remarkable passage contained in the Second Book of Kings, which relates to the unhappy fate of Jezebel, who, it is recorded therein, "was devoured of dogs, and nothing remained of her but the *palms of her hands, and the soles of her feet.*" Thus the truth of the above passage is supported by similar occurrences borne witness to in modern times by eastern travellers.—*Correspondent of Morning Post.*

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"Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—MAL. iv. 2.

AMONG the Egyptians a winged sun was the emblem of an active, superintending, and protecting Providence. The figure of such a sun may be found, among other Egyptian symbols, in the *Athenæum* of February 17, 1844; the orb appearing in the centre of two elongated wings.

It is remarkable that most, if not all, of the best commentators consider the word "wings," in the passage quoted above as "rays," in order to make any sense of the passage; but this reference to the Egyptian mythology appears to offer the best solution. Bishop Newcombe, and, after him, Scott, alike suppose "wings" to be a metaphor for "beams." Bishop Beveridge also reads "rays" for "wings," which D'Oly and Mant adopt; while Diodati does not notice the word. Henry interprets "wings" by "beams;" but Calmet supposes "wings" to be put metaphorically for the sun's swiftness of motion, thus accrediting one sense of the Egyptian emblem. Pole and Cruden are alike unsatisfactory; all which is the more remarkable, as the orginal word has no such meaning as "ray" or "beam" affixed to it in the senses given by Gesenius in his Lexicon; and as the Septuagint version (like our own) renders the original word "wings." If this view of the prophet's reference to the ancient emblem be correct, it is as if he had said: "The Sun of Righteousness, which shall enlighten true believers (superior to the natural sun, which is symbolized with 'wings,' as illustrating the superintending agency of the God of providence), shall have superadded to all this natural energy, the spiritual principle and saving property, proceeding from the God of grace, which are 'for the healing of the nations.'"—*Poynder's Literary Extracts.*

THE FORTY MARTYRS OF SEBASTE.

AMONG the martyrs who suffered in the persecutions that the Roman emperors raised against the early Christians, there were forty who endured martyrdom at the same time, in the city of Sebaste, in Armenia, a country of the East. They all belonged to the Roman army, and were in the strength and vigour of their age. They had received many rewards for their valour, and had been advanced to places of trust. But these earthly honours were not what most occupied their minds—they had become Christians, and were leading Christian lives. The general of the army was a Heathen, devoted to the service of idols; and he thought, that in order to conquer the enemy, he must sacrifice these Christians to the honour of his false gods. These faithful soldiers of Christ did not deny their profession; they refused to offer sacrifice to the idols, and were brought publicly before the judgment-seat on their refusal. When they received the emperor's order to obey, they answered boldly that they were Christians, and that no tortures with which they could be threatened should force them to forsake their religion. Upon this they were cruelly tortured, and then put in prison, and confined there for a week, being fastened together by chains. It was the end of the winter, which is very cold in Armenia; and an east wind, which blew at that time, increased the severity of the cold. The judge ordered these holy men to be stripped of their clothing, and exposed to the frost during the coldest part of the night, till the violence of it should cause their death. They went cheerfully to the place of their punishment, which was close to the public baths, that they might see relief at hand, if they were overcome with pain, and ready to deny their faith.

Amongst the various words with which they encouraged each other, they all prayed together to God that he would preserve their number complete. This was fulfilled, but in a different sense from that in which they intended it, and may remind us of the fall of Judas, and the election of St Matthias.

One of these forty fellow-sufferers yielded, and was carried into the baths to be restored by the warmth of the fire; but he did not save his temporal life, for he died as soon as he was brought in there. His place was supplied with a soldier who had charge of the baths, and who had been watching the martyrs; he hastened to join them, crying out that he was a Christian. He was bound with chains, and placed among them. At last they all expired from the cold; and their dead bodies were heaped together and carried away to be consumed by fire. The youngest of all these martyrs, whose name was Meliton, was still living after all the rest were dead; the executioners brought his mother to him, hoping that she would persuade him to deny his faith, and live. She was a poor woman, and a widow; but she had brought up her son in the knowledge of true wisdom. She now came to him, and found his limbs frozen, his breath short, and his speech gone; he could only look at her, and made signs to endeavour to console her. She exhorted him to persevere unto the end; and then with her own hands laid him on the chariot where the dead bodies of his companions had been placed, and followed him rejoicing in his victory. This is said to have happened in the month of March.

THE GENIUS OF SPRING.

"To cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth."

The nursling Spring—like a dancing child,
With smiles on her opening lip so mild—
Comes decked with garlands of budding flowers,
Leading the glowing, golden hours.
Her tasseled vest, all gemmed with dew,
While promise breathes in her eye of blue;
And she gathers many a rich bouquet
From the budding boughs of the flowering tree,
And gaily flings, in her sunny mirth,
O'er these vernal children of the earth
Fertile wreaths of the regal rose,
And "blossom-showers," like the cistus snows.
Her growing charms rich hues assume,
When Summer unfolds her deep perfume,
And the glorious sun can no shadow trace
On the cloudless light of her rosy face;
But violet-tufts, where her smiles have been,
Spangle the copses and meadows green—
Where silvan streams come rippling by,
And groves are mirthful with melody;
And the carol of birds, in "choral swell,"
Ring jocundly in the silvan dell.
All ye that hear the glad "voice of Spring,"
And think what stores her beauties bring,
And hope what her bloom fulfilled may be,
O! swell the anthem, and bend the knee—
Let meek Devotion bend the head,
And thank the Lord for your daily bread.

Miss Aird.

CONSCIENCE AND THE CONFESSIONAL.

In a town in Massachusetts a Roman Catholic had stolen an axe, and had it in his possession a year or two. In conversation with the Protestant minister of the place, he told him that his stealing the axe lay very heavy on his mind, and that he wanted to go to Boston to confess to the priest, that he might be pardoned. The minister advised him to return the axe to its lawful owner, and confess the injury that he had done to him. He replied that *he wanted to keep the axe, for he feared that he should not get another as good.* He wished to confess to the priest, and yet retain the stolen property. If he could only *confess*, the burden that lay so heavily upon his mind would be removed. Such is the education which the *conscience* gets at the confessional. To steal is nothing, and to keep stolen goods is nothing; but not to confess to the priest is a damning sin!

TWO QUESTIONS.

What am I?
Where am I?

1. What am I? Am I a child of God or not? Am I sincere in religion, or am I only a hypocrite under a profession?

2. Where am I? Am I yet in a natural state, or a state of grace? Am I yet in the old root—in old Adam? or am I in the root Christ Jesus? Am I in the covenant of works, that ministers only wrath and death? or am I in the covenant of grace, that ministers life and peace?—*Mead.*

LEARNING AND DOING.

"The sheep, when they have been feeding, do not carry to their shepherds the grass itself, to show them how much they have eaten; but, having digested it, they produce wool and milk in return. In like manner, do not you be in haste to show to the ignorant the words you have learned, but rather the good works which come from the inward digesting of them."—*Epictetus.*

From this Heathen we may all take a useful hint. If we were as anxious to bring forth the fruits of the Gospel, as to show how much we know of the Gospel. it would be better for us and for the world.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND WILBERFORCE.

In reading, a few evenings since, the diary of the great and good William Wilberforce, we were struck with the following passage in reference to the Waverly novels (which were just then in course of publication): "I am always sorry that they should have so little moral or religious object. They remind me of a giant spending his strength in cracking nuts. I would rather go to render up my account at the last day, carrying up with me 'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' than bearing the load of all these volumes, full as they are of genius."

HINTS FOR DAILY PRACTICE.

1. Come by faith to the blood of Christ, that all your sins may be pardoned.—Lev. xvi. 11; Heb. ix. 14, 28; Eph. i. 7, ii. 13; 1 Pet. i. 19; 1 John i. 7.
2. Seek by prayer the help of the Holy Spirit.—Luke xi. 13; Rom. viii. 26, 27; Gal. v. 22, 23; Eph. ii. 18; James iii. 17.
3. Try to recollect continually that God is always present, knowing every thought you think, hearing every word you speak, and observing everything you do.—Prov. xv. 3; Ps. cxxxix. 2–4, 12; Ezek. xi. 5; Heb. iv. 13.
4. Live upon Christ as the life-giving root of all true holiness.—John vi. 47–58, xv. 4–8; Col. ii. 3, 4.
5. Before you speak, ask these three questions: Is what I am going to say true? is it useful? is it kind?—Ps. cxv. 2, cxli. 3; Prov. xv. 1, 2; Eph. iv. 15, 25, 29, 31, 32.
6. Pray for a calm and thoughtful state of mind, trusting always in the Lord, for you know not what a day may bring forth.—Job xxii. 21; Isa. xxvi. 3, 4; Hag. i. 5; Matt. xi. 29; John xiv. 26, 27; Phil. iv. 2–7; James i. 2–7.
7. Remember that if religion has done nothing for your temper, it has done little for your soul; and see, therefore, that your temper be kind, merciful, cheerful, meek, and affectionate.—Rom. xiii. 10; James i. 26; 1 Pet. iii. 8–11.
8. Work while it is called to-day, for the glory of God and the good of men.—John ix. 1; 1 Cor. x. 31; Gal. vi. 10.

THE DYING INDIAN BOY.

I found him dying of consumption, and in a state of the most awful poverty and destitution, in a small birch-rind covered hut, with nothing but a few fern-leaves under him, and an old blanket over him. After recovering from my surprise, I said: "My poor boy, I am very sorry to see you in this state; had you let me know, you should not have been lying here." He replied: "It is very little I want now, and these poor people get it for me; but I should like something softer to lie upon, as my bones are very sore." I then asked him concerning the state of his mind, when he replied, that he was very happy; that Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, had died to save him, and that he had the most perfect confidence in him. Observing a small Bible under the corner of his blanket, I said: "Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that; I hope you find something good there." Weak as he was, he raised himself on his elbow, held it in his attenuated hand, while a smile played on his countenance, and slowly spoke, in precisely the following words: "This, sir, is my dear friend. You gave it me. For a long time I read it much, and often thought of what it told. Last year I went to see my sister at Lake Winnipeg (about two hundred miles off), where I remained about two months. When I was half-way back through the Lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned round, and was nine days by myself, tossing to and fro, before I could reach the house; but I found my friend, and determined that I would not part with it again, and ever since it has been near my breast, and I thought I should have buried it with me; but I have thought since I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good." He was often interrupted by a sepulchral cough, and sunk down exhausted. I read and prayed, the hut hardly affording me room to be upright, even when kneeling."—*Missionary letter in Bishop of Montreal's Journal.*

GOOD MEN AT VARIANCE.

Many a sharp conflict there hath been between saint and saint, scuffling in the dark through misunderstanding of the truth and each other. Abraham and Lot, at strife. Aaron and Miriam jostled with Moses for the wall, till God interposed and ended the quarrel by his immediate stroke on Miriam. The apostles, even in the presence of their Master, were at high words, contesting who should be greatest. Now, in these civil wars among saints, Satan is the great kindle-coal, though little seen, because, like Ahab, he fights in a disguise, playing first on one side, and then on the other, aggravating every petty injury, and thereupon provoking to wrath and revenge; therefore the apostle, dehorting from anger, useth this argument, "Give no place to the devil;" as if he had said, Fall not out among yourselves, except you long for the devil's company, who is the true soldier of fortune, as the common phrase is, living by his sword, and therefore hastes thither where there is any hopes of war. Gregory compares the saints in their sad differences to two cocks, which Satan, the master of the pit, sets on fighting, in hope, when killed, to sup with them at night. Solomon saith (Prov. xviii 6): "The mouth of the contentious man calls for strokes." Indeed, we by our mutual strifes give the devil a staff to beat us with; he cannot well work without fire, and therefore blows up these coals of contention, which he useth as his forge, to heat our spirits into wrath, and then we are malleable—easily hammered as he pleaseth. Contention puts the soul into disorder, and *inter arma silent leges.* The law of grace acts not freely, when the spirit is in a commotion; meek Moses, provoked, speaks unadvisedly. Methinks this, if nothing else will, should sound a retreat to our unhappy differences, that this Joab hath a hand in them; he sets this evil spirit between brethren; and what folly is it to bite and devour one another, to make hell sport! We are prone to mistake our heat for zeal, whereas commonly in strife between saints it is a fire-ship sent in by Satan to break their unity and order; wherein while they stand they are an armada invincible: and Satan knows he hath no other way but this to shatter them: when the Christians' language, which should be one, begins to be confounded, they are then near scattering; it is time for God to part his children, when they cannot live in peace together.—*Gurnall.*

VAIN RELIGION.

BY GEORGE REDFORD, D.D., WORCESTER.

VAIN religion!—there is such a thing, strange as the words may sound; for the Apostle James (i. 26.) says of a certain description of character: "This man's religion is vain." Now, a man's *religion* may signify the particular system in which he professes to believe; and as there are several systems differing essentially from each other, but all bearing the common name of *religion*, and as there can be but one true religion, all the rest must be vain religions. It might, therefore, have been the intention of the apostle to describe all the false systems of the Heathen as vain, for most assuredly they merit the appellation. But he evidently did not describe the system, but referred to the exhibition made of religion in the character and conduct of an individual, or a class. He assumes that the man is professedly a Christian—that in theory he adopts the true religion, but that his profession is vain, because his practice is in opposition to it. If a man's religion is true, and yet he is not true to his religion, then his religion, though not vain in itself, is vain to him; and this is the case intended. Religion, as it comes from the mind of God, and exists in its authenticated documents, is one thing; religion, as men profess and practise it, or as they fail in practising it, is quite another thing. Religion in the abstract stands quite independent of man, and is to be contemplated as the divine system by which God governs and blesses human souls; but the reception men give to this religion, the exemplification they afford, whether creditable or otherwise, is their religion, and this may be utterly vain.

It is universally admitted that this may be the case; and it can scarcely be asserted that it is not a common case. The views of men may differ greatly as to what constitutes a vain, or unsound, or unprofitable profession of the true religion; but there can scarcely be any disagreement upon this point—that a man may profess what is right, but do what is wrong, what is directly condemned by the plainest terms of that religion which he holds to be divine; and then it must follow, upon his own principles, that his religion will turn out at last to be vain. Thus, out of his own mouth he will be condemned. He will find his impeachment in his own profession. Judge, jury, witnesses, will start up in his own conscience. These things being admitted, it is an inquiry of infinite importance—By what rule can we determine the cases of vain religion? Is there any infallible law by which we may ascertain what will render our profession of religion abortive? Certainly such rules of judgment are abundantly supplied by the Oracle of God; and, if we apply them faithfully and constantly to ourselves, we shall be at no loss to determine beforehand what kind of personal religion will not be vain, and what will.

Every serious and anxious reader must perceive that the whole question of acceptance or rejection, salvation or condemnation, is implicated in this matter of personal religion. This is the trial of our hope; the whole issue of eternal life, or eternal death, is depending. A man's religion is, properly speaking, his only hope—the foundation upon which he is building for immortality—his supreme and final consolation. It would be a most deplorable and irretrievable failure, if, at last, we should be found either to have built upon a false foundation, or to have built on the right foundation only such a vain hope as might be compared to wood, hay, and stubble, which must be consumed. The tremendous discovery will be made by some when it will be too late to apply or seek a remedy. The great Teacher prewarns us of this fact—and it should excite a salutary fear—for many will claim him as their Saviour whom he will not acknowledge as his people. Should not this induce us to adopt the prayer, in all sincerity and earnestness, "Search me, O God, and prove me; try my reins and my heart; and see if there is any way of wickedness in me; and lead me in the way everlasting." It is every man's highest wisdom to use the utmost caution, and to submit to every possible mode of testing and trying his own experience of religion—that is, the influence his religion has over him; for if he knows, believes, and even admires the best and only true religion in the world, and yet is not transformed by it into a new creature, his religion will be vain; his hope will be as the giving up of the ghost, and all his blossom shall go up as dust. Reader, ponder the infinite importance of your religion, your personal religion. If you were about to embark upon a voyage to some distant region, you would deem it important to ascertain the soundness and safety of the vessel. If you had purchased an estate, you would use every means to be assured of the validity of the title, and you would desire the best judgment upon it. If you were about to undergo some dangerous operation in surgery, on which your life depended, you would desire that it should be done by the most skilful surgeon. But these are cases of infinitely less importance than the one under consideration; for if our religion is vain, then in death we lose it. It evaporates like the early dew, and disappears like a dream. Then all is lost—we are lost—immortality is lost. The loss of money, the loss of friends, the loss of health, the loss of reputation—all may admit of recovery, or remedy, or alleviation. Even the loss of life itself may be justifiable, and may turn to our true gain and immortal honour. Not one of these losses necessarily involves utter ruin and perpetual misery. But the vanity of our religion is the ruin of the soul, and that without remedy, recovery, or alleviation.

Let us briefly allude to a few such instances.

1. There is a case clearly marked out by the Apostle James (i. 26): "If any man among you seemeth to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart; this man's religion is vain." It will be seen by the 3d chapter that the apostle is referring to those whose conversation, instead of being pure and according to godliness, is, on the contrary, profane, corrupt, and malicious. It is not the case of a good and moderate man overtaken by temptation, or provoked into rashness, speaking unadvisedly with his lips, uttering a vain or bitter or unchristian expression; but the habitual indulgence of the tongue when it is but the servant of a corrupt heart, taking its pleasure in evil. "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity." Out of the same mouth—that is, of the vain professor—proceeds the enormity both of cursing and blessing. But if religion had its seat in the heart, it would restrain the tongue. It is, therefore, laid down as a rule by the Apostle James, that if a man's characteristic conversation is carnal, worldly, malicious, blasphemous, uncharitable, and violent against his fellow-men, and he at the same time think himself a Christian, that man's religion is vain. It is confirmed in another place, and by another inspired apostle: "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth; but that which is good to the use of edifying." "Let your speech be with grace (as if) seasoned with salt."

2. Another case, equally clear, is that of the man who is resting in his knowledge and notions: with the words of religion upon his lips, he is indulging iniquity in his heart—not exhibiting a pure morality in his life, but is either openly or secretly exempting his conscience from the observance of one or more of the divine commands. But the wilful, purposed, and cherished violation of any of God's precepts vitiates a man's profession of religion. *He* cannot be a sincere child of God, that disregards his Father's will in any one particular. Falseness in word or deed; dishonesty, whether by robbery or by deceiving others to make a gain thereby; intemperance, drunkenness, with many other sins of an analogous character, expressly denounced in the divine Word—all nullify the claim to religion. A man may be a good Hindu, and live in vice; a good Mohammedan, and indulge in sin; yea, a good Papist, and get indulgence for any iniquity under the sun, save and except only insubordination to priestly domination; but no man that loves and indulges sin of any kind, can be a disciple of Jesus Christ. A Christian ordinarily immoral in his life is a contradiction in terms. There can be no such man. He must either give up sin to be a Christian, or give up his Christianity for the sake of his sin.

3. The hypocrite presents another case. This case is something like the former, but with this difference, that the hypocrite is aware of the incongruity between all sin and religion, and also of the impossibility of passing for a true Christian without a seeming holiness; and, therefore, he both hides his sin, and feigns a holiness above others, for the purpose of gaining admiration, or pursuing some sinister end. Now, all such may rest assured that their religion will turn out an utter delusion. It seems almost incredible that, on so solemn a subject, any should attempt to play the hypocrite before that eye which pierces every evil, and penetrates to the truth of every profession; and yet it is certain many do. A man may deceive himself by false notions, or be led astray by the corruptions of others; but no man is a hypocrite without knowing and intending it. Therefore, the more fearful will be the exposure of all such when their religion is shown to be vain.

4. The vanity of profession is shown in the case of the formalist, who places his dependence upon outward religious acts. This is a growing error of the times in which we live, at least in

some sections of the professing Church. Rites and ceremonies, sacraments and observances, names and forms, are becoming substitutes for grace. Salvation is assured to the Christian who confides in priestly authority. The clergyman ceases to be the mere minister or servant, and becomes a mediator, to whose hands are both confided and confined the grace that saves he soul. But it is with a confidence inspired by every page of Gospel truth that we pronounce this kind of religion vain. It is not by works even of *righteousness*, which we have done, or which priests can do for us, that we are saved; but only by the cordial belief of that Gospel which announces a finished salvation exclusively in the blood of God's dear Son.

5. There are some that take a part of Christ's religion, and look for the benefit of the whole. This is done in different ways, and by different classes. Some take the morals and neglect the doctrines; some the doctrines without the morals; some the hopes it inspires without the fruit it demands; others what they deem the *reasonable*, and leave the *mysterious*; that is, they place just so much confidence in God as n a suspected witness—they will trust no further than they can see. Error is subtle, plausible, and multiform. "The heart is deceitful and desperately wicked." Certainly, then, they who trust to it, will find their religion vain. The authority of God in his Word must command our unhesitating, undivided confidence. The Word must be received altogether for its Author's sake, or not at all. He that endeavours to deal craftily with it, deals falsely for his own soul. He will find it a two-edged sword; and he has need to be warned lest it divide him from his religion and from the hope in which he trusts. May every reader look to it, that his religion may not only be the true religion, but that he prove himself through life true to his religion; and then it shall prove no vanity, but his immortal joy and glory!

THE HAND.*

PROOFS OF DESIGN IN ITS STRUCTURE.

Let us scrutinize this member of our body, and inquire not simply whether it be in itself useful for all the purposes of life, and adapted to an animal endued with the highest intelligence, but whether its entire structure be not such that it could not be improved by any conceivable alteration.

In the first place, it possesses in an eminent degree a leading quality of an organ of grasp, since it readily applies itself to, and securely holds, bodies of every form and size that are capable of being moved by human strength. Nor need we inquire whether it be better for this purpose that it should be divided into several parts, or that it should be altogether undivided; for is it not apparent, without further reasoning, that, had it been undivided, it could have grasped just such a portion of every object presented to it as was equal to itself; but that being divided into many parts, it can both easily grasp bodies much larger than itself, and can accurately search out and lay hold of the smallest particles of matter. For to the former it is capable of generally applying itself so as to encompass them by the separation of the fingers; while, in laying hold of very minute objects, the entire hand is not employed, but only the tips of two of the fingers, because from the grasp of the whole hand minute objects would easily escape.

Thus, then, the hand is framed in the manner most convenient for laying a firm hold on objects both greater and less than itself. And in order to enable it to apply itself to objects of various shapes, it is evidently most convenient that it should be divided into many parts as it is; and it seems to be better constituted for this purpose than any similar instrument, for it not only can apply itself to substances of spherical form, so as to touch them with every part of itself, but it also can securely hold substances of a plane or a concave surface; and, consequently, it can hold substances of any form.

And because many bodies are of too great a size to be held by one hand alone, nature has therefore made each hand an assistant to its fellow, so that the two, when together laying hold of bodies of unequal bulk on opposite sides, are fully equivalent to a single hand of the very largest dimensions; and, on this account, the hands are inclined towards, and in every point are made equal to, each other—which is at least desirable, if not necessary, in instruments intended to have a combined action.

Take, then, any of those unwieldy bodies which a man can lay hold of by means of both his hands—as a mill-stone or a rafter; or take one of the smallest objects—as a millet seed, or a hair, or a minute thorn; or, lastly, reflect on that vast multitude of objects of every possible size, intermediate to the greatest and the least of those above mentioned, and you will find the hands so exactly capable of grasping each particular one, as if they had been expressly made for grasping that alone. Thus the smallest things of all we take up with the tips of the fingers; those which are a little larger we take up with the same fingers, but not with the tips of them; substances still larger we take up with three fingers, and so on with four, or even with the whole hand; all which we could not do were not the hand divided, and divided precisely as it is. For, suppose the thumb were not placed as it is, in opposition to the other four fingers, but that all the five were ranged in the same line, is it not evident that in this case their number would be useless ? For, in order to have a firm hold of anything, it is necessary either to grasp it all round, or at least to grasp it in two opposite points; neither of which would have been possible if all the five fingers had been placed in the same plane; but the end is now fully attainable, simply in consequence of the position of the thumb, which is so placed, and has exactly such a degree of motion, as, by a slight inclination, to be easily made to co-operate with any one of the four fingers. And no one can doubt that nature purposely gave to the hands a form adapted to that mode of action which they are observed to have; while in the feet, where extent of surface is wanted for support, all the toes are arranged in the same plane. But, to return to a point which we were just now considering, it is not merely necessary, in laying hold of minute objects, to employ the extremities of the fingers opposed to each other, but that those extremities should be exactly of the character they are, namely, soft and round, and furnished with nails; for if the tips of the fingers were of bone, and not of flesh, we could not then lay hold of such minute bodies as thorns or hairs; or if they were of a softer and moister substance than flesh, neither then could such small bodies have been secured. For, in order that a body may be firmly held, it is necessary that it be in some degree infolded in the substance holding it; which condition could not have been fulfilled by a hard or bony material; and, on the other hand, a material too soft would easily yield to substances of which it attempted to lay hold, and would continually let them escape; whereas the extremities of the fingers are just of that intermediate degree of consistence which is calculated for their intended use.

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* This admirable statement is extracted from a work on the Hand by Galen, one of the most celebrated physicians of antiquity, who was born at Pergamos, A.D. 131.

But since tangible substances vary much in their degree of hardness, nature has adapted the structure of the extremities of the fingers to that circumstance; for they are not formed either entirely of flesh or of the substance called nail, but of a most convenient combination of the two. Thus those parts which are employed in feeling for minute objects are fleshy; while the nails are placed externally, as a support to the former. For the fingers are capable of holding soft substances, simply by the fleshy or soft parts of their extremities; but they could not hold hard substances without the assistance of nails—deprived of the support of which, the flesh would be forced out of its position. And, on the other hand, we could not lay hold of hard substances by means of the nails alone; for these being themselves hard, would easily slip from the contact of hard bodies.

Thus, then, the soft flesh at the tips of the fingers compensating for the unyielding nature of the nails, and the nails giving support to the yielding softness of the flesh, the fingers are hereby rendered capable of holding substances that are both small and hard. And this will be more evident, if you consider the effect of an unusual length of the nails; for where the nails are immoderately long, and consequently come in contact with each other, they cannot lay hold of any minute object, as a small thorn or a hair; while, on the other hand, if, from being unusually short, they do not reach to the extremities of the fingers, minute bodies are incapable of being held, through defect of the requisite support; but if they reach exactly to the extremities of the fingers, they then, and then only, fulfil the intention for which they were made. The nails, however, are applicable to many other purposes besides those which have been mentioned; as in polishing and scraping, and in tearing and peeling off the skin of vegetables or animals; and, in short, in almost every art where nicety of execution is required, the nails are called into action.

Whoever admires not the skill and contrivance of nature, must either be deficient in intellect, or must have some private motive which withholds him from expressing his admiration. He must be deficient in intellect, if he do not perceive that the human hand possesses all those qualifications which it is desirable it should possess, or if he think that it might have had a form and constitution preferable to that which it has; or he must be prejudiced, by having imbibed some wretched opinions, consistently with which he could not allow that contrivance is observable in the works of nature.

Such persons we are bound to pity, as being originally infatuated with respect to so main a point; while, at the same time, it behoves us to proceed in the instruction of those happier individuals who are not only possessed of a sound intellect, but of the love of truth.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE EVIDENCES.

THE MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.

BY THE REV. JAMES TAYLOR, GLASGOW.

Pharaoh not a Native Egyptian, but a Foreign Invader—Inscriptions on the Walls of Sepulchres—How they Corroborate the Statements of Scripture—Sceptical Suspicions proved to be Confirmations.

WITH respect to the Pharaoh by whom the children of Israel were oppressed, there is every probability that he belonged to a new and foreign dynasty, which had at that juncture obtained possession of them by force. He is described in Scripture as "a new," or alien "king, that knew not Joseph"—a satisfactory proof that he was a stranger, as we can scarcely suppose that any native prince could be ignorant of the services which Joseph had rendered to Egypt. He is represented as saying: "The people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we"—a statement which strongly corroborates the view we have taken. Little more than a hundred years had elapsed since the Israelites amounted to only seventy persons; and it is exceedingly improbable that they had in so short a time become more numerous than the native Egyptians, who had been a settled nation for about six hundred and fifty years. But it is very possible that a conquering tribe, like the Turks of modern times, might be inferior in number even to the smallest of the two nations that then occupied Egypt. We learn from the Sacred Narrative, that the Israelites were compelled by Pharaoh to erect "treasure cities"—in other words, fortresses to secure his plunder—a fact which strengthens the supposition that Egypt was then under the iron rule of a foreign conqueror; for no such precaution was taken by Joseph when he received all the money of the country in exchange for corn. Finally, we find this Pharaoh actually proposing to Moses to violate the laws and customs of Egypt, by sacrificing the sacred animals within their land. The remonstrance of the Jewish legislator is, as we shall see, very appropriate when addressed to a foreigner, but scarcely within the bounds of credibility if we suppose that any such speech could be made to a native prince. "And Pharaoh called for Moses and for Aaron, and said, Go ye sacrifice to your God in the land. And Moses said, It is not meet so to do; for we shall sacrifice the abomination of the Egyptians to the Lord our God: so shall we sacrifice the abomination of the Egyptians before their eyes, and will they not stone us? We will go three days' journey into the wilderness, and sacrifice to the Lord our God as he shall command us."—Exod. viii. 25–27. The policy of the intruding sovereign is easily illustrated. "He found himself," says Mr Faber, "master of a land in which were two distinct races of men, who, from a sense of mutual benefits, had generally lived in strict amity with each other; and he was fully aware, or at least he naturally suspected, that, notwithstanding any temporary disgust, the Israelites would be far more likely to make common cause with their friends the Misraim, than with himself and his intrusive warriors. Hence, to a man who was restrained by no nice scruples of conscience, who considered only how he might best secure his conquest, and who neither knew nor regarded Joseph, the policy is obvious; and the principle of it is most distinctly exposed by Moses: "Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land." With the natural feelings of a conqueror, and with the superadded remembrance of a former expulsion from this very country, he anticipated a probable rebellion of the native Egyptians; and he shrewdly conjectured that, while he was engaged in reducing them to obedience, or in resisting an invasion of the dethroned king from the Thebais, whither (according to Manetho) he had retired, the Israelites, compactly associated in the land of Goshen, would take him in the rear, and place him between two enemies. "Therefore, they did set over them taskmasters, to afflict them with their burdens"—reducing them, and also the native Egyptians (as we learn from both Manetho and Herodotus), to a state of absolute servitude, obliging them to labour in public works, which were probably undertaken quite as much in order to break their spirits by severe labour, as for any other purpose.*

A striking confirmation of the opinion, that the native Egyptians were not the oppressors of the Israelites, is furnished by the command given to the latter by Moses: "Thou shalt not abhor an Egyptian;" which would seem to indicate, that though the Hebrews were oppressed by the State, they received kind treatment from the Egyptians as individuals, so as to lay them under obligations to make a grateful recompense. The mere fact that the Israelites were "strangers in the land of Egypt," would not have been a sufficient reason for such a command, unless it had implied that the Egyptians had shown kindness to them in their adversity, and had thereby earned for themselves a right to kindness in return. This is one of those apparent contradictions, but real confirmations, of the accuracy of the Sacred Narrative which truth alone could furnish. A forger inventing a story, would, without doubt, have represented the Egyptians as entitled only to hostility and hatred from the emancipated Hebrews.

In the present state of chronology, it is difficult to determine, with perfect certainty, the correspondence between the events portrayed on the monuments and the dates and events found in the Sacred Volume, though all that we have been able to extract of a historical kind from the monumental sculptures and inscriptions is in entire harmony with what the Scriptures, directly or indirectly, teach respecting Egypt. But by far the most valuable portion of the contributions which the study of Egyptian antiquities has brought to our stores of Biblical literature, is derived from the memorials of the manners and customs which the people of the Pharaohs had depicted on the walls of their sepulchres. "Whoever," it has been justly said, "is curious to know how these primeval inhabitants of the Valley of the Nile worshipped their gods, and warred with their neighbours and with foreign nations—how they were armed and disciplined—how they laid siege to and stormed cities—how they exercised judgment, and feasted, and buried their dead—how they danced and sang, and played on instruments of music, and wrestled and tumbled—how they ploughed and sowed, and reaped and gathered fruit, and cultivated the vine, and plucked the grapes, and trampled them in the winepress—how they built and made bricks, and drew enormous weights, and clove wood, and practised carpentry in all its branches—how they hunted and shot, and snared birds and caught fish—how they killed and cooked, and served up their dinner, and ate—how they laid out their gardens and houses—how they furnished and adorned them—how they built and rigged out their boats and barks, and rowed or floated on the Nile;" all this, and much more, may be found in these interesting paintings. The Egyptian was determined to make his sepulchre, his more lasting mansion, as like as possible to the more temporary scenes through which his soul had passed in its course of transmigration in this state of being. Accordingly, upon all walls

> "Each change of many-colour'd life he drew;"

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* Faber's Origin of Pagan Idolatry, vol iii., book 6, p. 553; Illustrated Commentary on Exodus i. 8-10.

and the disinterment of these long-buried records has, after the lapse of three thousand years, presented these faithful pictures in all their original freshness and spirit. Now, the bearing which the discovery of these records must have on the veracity of the Mosaic history is very apparent; and the evidence which they furnish of the accuracy of the Sacred Volume, even in the most minute details, is quite decisive, because incidental, undesigned, and above all suspicion of collusion.

A favourite theory of certain Infidel savans, respecting the Sacred Books of the Jews is, that they were written at a period posterior to the Babylonish captivity; and they have laboured to show, by an enumeration of the pretended mistakes and inaccuracies of the author of the Pentateuch, that he must have lived long after the time of Moses, and that he has transferred to the Valley of the Nile the manners, customs, and institutions of Palestine. We shall proceed to consider whether or not these charges are borne out by the monumental sculptures and inscriptions.

It has often been confidently affirmed, that colonization and civilization descended from Ethiopia down the Nile to Egypt, and that, consequently, the references made in the Book of Genesis to the flourishing condition of the kingdom of Egypt cannot be authentic, as civilization could scarcely at that time have reached that country. Recent investigations, however, have completely exploded this theory. The monuments of Ethiopia are not only far inferior to those of Egypt, but of a much later date. "Nubia," says a modern French traveller, "consists almost entirely of barren rocks. Such a land where the most urgent wants of man can only be supplied with the utmost exertion, is not the cradle of the fine arts. . . . . So soon as I received information of the true character of the antiquities of Nubia—when I, in the pictures and sculptures, saw the same objects which are represented on the monuments of Thebes—it was clear to me that the most of the monuments of Nubia are far later than those of Thebes, and by no means served as models for them. The climate is different in the two lands; the productions of the vegetable kingdom are not the same, the most distinguished plants which the Egyptian artists have so often represented—the lotus, the papyrus, the vine, &c.—are not found in these high regions; and the reed and the date tree but seldom. The arts already cultivated and perfected could have been brought to these shores, but their inhabitants could not have transplanted the arts for which their country offered no natural type to the shores of the Lower Nile." The most cursory examination of the Egyptian monumental sculptures is sufficient to show the egregious inaccuracy of the objection referred to. They prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, that long before the days of Abraham, Egypt was a mighty monarchy, governed by rulers, who had extended their conquests widely over the neighbouring nations, and had surrounded themselves with all the usual pomp and splendour of an Eastern court; and that their cultivation of the arts and sciences, and even their amusements, had reached a height which we have been accustomed to consider peculiar to modern times. In one of the tombs of Thebes there is a sketch in which King Rameses III., who is supposed to have been contemporary with Abraham, is represented as playing the game of chess.

We learn from the Sacred Narrative that Pharaoh bestowed upon Abraham presents of "sheep, and oxen, and he-asses, and man-servants, and maid-servants, and she-asses, and camels." This passage has been adduced by a German Neologian as a proof that the Book of Genesis must have been written by a native of Palestine, and at a much later period than the time of Moses. "The narrator," he says, "mentions the animals of his own native land, a part of which Abraham could not receive in Egypt. He ascribes to him no *horses*, which were native to Egypt; but, on the other hand, he mentions *sheep*, which are found in the marsh lands of Egypt as seldom as *camels* and *asses*, which were especially odious to the Egyptians, on account of their colour."

Now, first of all, the reason why the horse was not mentioned among the presents given to Abraham could not be because the author did not know how abundant horses were in Egypt; for in Gen. xlvii. 17, it is said that "Joseph gave the Egyptians bread in exchange for their horses." But we learn from the monuments that horses were used chiefly in war; and as Abraham was a man of peace, the gift of such animals would have been every way unsuitable to him. The omission of the horse, as Dr Taylor has justly remarked, instead of being an objection, is one of the strongest possible of undesigned confirmations of the truth of the narrative. Sheep, instead of being unknown or rare in Egypt, appear on the monuments often and in great numbers, the flocks consisting sometimes of more than two thousand. So also do asses, which were so numerous that one individual is represented as having seven hundred and sixty of them. Camels have certainly not yet been found delineated on these sculptures. But many objects are wanting on the monuments which yet can be proved to have existed among the Egyptians; and the camel was, in ancient times, as it still continues to be, peculiarly the animal of the wandering tribes. Even at the present day camels are chiefly bred by the Arabs on the borders of Egypt. This portion of the Sacred Narrative derives considerable light from a scene in a rock-hewn sepulchre near the Pyramids of Geezeh, bearing the name of the king Cheops, which shows that it was in all probability made more than a century before the arrival of Abraham in Egypt. A head shepherd is represented as giving an account of the flocks committed to his charge, which follow after him. "First come the oxen, over which is the number eight hundred and thirty-four; cows, two hundred and twenty; goats, three thousand two hundred and thirty-four; asses, seven hundred and sixty-five; and sheep, nine hundred and seventy-four. Behind follows a man, carrying the young lambs in baskets slung upon a pole. The steward, leaning on his staff, and accompanied by his dog, stands on the left of the picture; and in another part of the tomb, the scribes are represented making out the statements presented to them by the different persons employed on the estate." In Gen. xlvii. 17, Joseph is represented as saying to the ruler of his house, "Bring these men home, and slay, and make ready; for these men shall dine with me at noon." The author to whom we have already referred objects to the truth of this statement, as in most manifest opposition to the sacredness of beasts in Egypt. "The Egyptians," he says, "partake, at most, of consecrated flesh offerings; and the higher castes, especially the priests, with whom Joseph was connected by marriage, abstained entirely from animal food." Again: "The hatred of this people to foreign shepherds is founded on the inviolableness of animals, especially of neat cattle, goats, and sheep, which were killed by the shepherds, but accounted sacred by the Egyptians." This assertion affords an evidence of the boundless credulity of a certain class of writers in regard to everything that seems to militate against the credit of the Sacred Scriptures. The affirmation that the Egyptians abstained from all animal food is in direct opposition to the statements of every writer of acknowledged authority. Herodotus, for example, mentions that cows only, not oxen, were sacred among the Egyptians, and that the priests received each day a large portion of flesh. On the monuments we have representations of kitchens, to which shambles appear to have been attached for slaughtering and jointing the meat. The servants are represented as slaughtering a great variety of animals, cutting the meat into joints, and carrying the joints as divided into the kitchen, and preparing them for the table, under the superintendence of the head cook.*

THE MESSENGER DOVE.

(*From the New York Observer.*)

"Also he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground."—GEN. viii. 8.

THE stormy wrath of heaven was o'er,
For its deathful work was done;
And the parting cloud revealed once more
The smile of the welcome sun;
While the ark that wandered through the strife,
O'er the buried hills, with its freight of life,
On the lofty mountain found a rest,
That pierced the waves with its lonely crest.

The snowy dove, whose flightless wing
Had rested long unspread,
Went gladly forth with a lithesome spring,
And swift in her freedom sped;
But afar she flew on a goalless track,
And came with a weary pinion back;
For nought she could find but a shoreless sea
Where her verdant haunts were wont to be.

And the messenger dove went forth again
On an eager plume at morn;
And returned at the evening hour—but then
With a leaf from the olive torn.

Once more away! and a last farewell,
For she came no more in the ark to dwell;
But she found a home in the silent wood,
Where the fadeless groves of the olive stood.

There wanders a spirit from many a breast,
O'er the wide world's troubled sea,
That seeketh some bower of peaceful rest,
And a sweet tranquillity:
But it turns full oft from a fruitless flight,
Like the dove with a wearied wing,
Till it findeth a bower of calm delight
Where the flowers of Sharon spring.

AN EXPERIENCE.

"Take heed lest your bands be made strong."

WHEN visiting an aged Christian a few years ago, his servant frequently referred to the miserable state of mind in which a man was who frequently attended her master. I sought so to arrange my time of visiting as to meet the poor man at the house of my friend, but never could accomplish it, as I believe the poor fellow was so unwilling to converse with a stranger, that he altered his times of coming so as to avoid me. He had, however, for some weeks been failing in his health, and was at length unable to follow his occupation. I found out his lodgings, and introduced myself to him, by saying that I had been told he was ill, and unhappy. He received me with a very suspicious and forbidding countenance, and was not at all disposed to enter into conversation. I asked him if he had a Bible; he said he had not seen one, nor attended a place of worship for nearly twelve years. I offered to lend him one, which he rather reluctantly consented to receive. The next time I called, he received me with a more confident and open air; thanked me for the loan of the Bible, and said it brought to mind many things he had once known. He gave me a brief history of himself, to the following effect: "I was once in very different circumstances to those in which you now see me. I was born in Yorkshire, and served my apprenticeship to a painter and glazier. During my apprenticeship I attended the worship of God regularly, and I thought myself, and was thought by others, a decidedly pious young man. I was received as a member of the Methodist Society, attended all their meetings, and used to take my turn at the prayer-meetings. I was very happy, and was much respected. Soon after my apprenticeship closed, I took a small business at a village a few miles from Hull, and for some months all went on very comfortably. I had occasion to go to Hull one market-day to buy colours, &c., and after I had finished my business, I went into a public-house for some refreshment. There I met with a stranger who drew me into conversation. I drank my pint of ale, and was disposed to go; but my companion prevailed on me to stay a little longer, and take another pint with him. This was the fatal step. I had never been used to drink so much, and it produced an unnatural elevation of spirits, which disposed me to drink more. I became intoxicated. I got home, however, and contrived to conceal my fall from my minister and the Church. This," he said, "occasioned all the mischief that followed. I lost my peace of mind; it made me miserable to meet my Christian friends, and my conscience was distracted. If I had confessed my sin, and humbled myself before God and his people, they would have pitied me, prayed for me, and watched over me. I could not do this: pride and shame induced me to hide my iniquity. The next time I went to Hull, I had resolved beforehand not even to venture into a public-house; but my resolution failed me; I drank again, and then drank too much, on purpose to drown reflection. Thus I went on, till at length I became a confirmed drunkard, and till, by my profligacy, I lost my business and my little property. Christian friends were obliged to turn their back upon me, and I soon became the companion of the drunkard. I wandered about from place to place; for I was ashamed that my relations should know how wicked and how miserable I was. When I could get no one to employ me, I learned the trade of a barber, and have travelled through several counties, gaining, in that way, a precarious subsistence. About four years ago I came to this place; here I found great encouragement, and I resolved again in this new place to change my habit, and be a sober man. This resolution, however, I soon broke; and I seldom went sober to bed if I had money to buy liquor, or could get credit. For some months my constitution has been giving way, and it will soon be all over."

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* In plate 83 of Rosellini's Civil Monuments, one of these servants is *represented as sharpening his knife upon a steel suspended from his waist*, and which is exactly similar to the steels employed at the present time. We believe there is an instrument of this kind among the examples of cutlery preserved in the Egyptian Room in the British Museum. There is also a stand, on which are the remains of some of the animals cooked for an Egyptian feast, in a wonderful state of preservation.

It was in vain that I set before him promises or threatenings—he appeared "twice dead." My visits seemed so perfectly useless to him, that they soon became painful to myself; and as his medical attendant gave him hopes of recovery, he was very little disposed to see me. In this way for about three weeks I lost sight of him. It was then told me that he was worse, and that his landlady scarce knew what to do with him. I went immediately. The landlady said, "He is dying; will you walk up and see him. I said, "Certainly." I entered his apartment; two nurses were standing by his bed. He seemed to have lost his sight, and to be sinking fast. The women told me they had been dreadfully frightened; that they never saw anything so terrible in their lives; that he thought death was on him; that he struggled so hard to get out of bed that they were obliged to call men up stairs to hold him; that he said he could not die—he would not die. "Now," they said, "he is too far gone." His countenance was set, but in the very image of despair. I tried to arouse him, and fancied he was not so near death as the nurses supposed. I said, "Can you not cry, 'Lord save me, I perish?'—Have you no hope?" He made a violent effort to speak, but could not; by a sort of convulsive struggle he forced both his hands over his head, and a little raised himself; gave a vacant look; his head sunk back; his hands slid down over his face gradually, and then fell on the bed; he drew a long breath—it never returned—the silence of death pervaded the room: we who witnessed the scene lost our respiration for a few moments. All was over; the spirit had fled—the day of grace was ended—the sad scene had closed in the darkness of death.

O my soul! never mayst thou forget the awful impressions of that moment; never mayst thou lose the deeply solemnized feelings with which thou didst contemplate a fellow-creature in ruins. He had made his bands strong, and he could not break them.

JOHN BUNYAN—THE CITY OF DESTRUCTION—THE STRAIT GATE.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLIE,

Author of "The Modern Judea," &c., &c.

THE two grand sources whence Bunyan drew the various and rich materials which compose his work, were the BIBLE and his own HEART. Both he had studied with an intensity which it is not easy for words to describe—the *one*, that he might know how he might be saved; and the *other*, that he might know whether he was saved: both, therefore, he thoroughly knew. His acquaintance with himself gave him that profound knowledge of human nature which enabled him to paint with perfect truth and unequalled power all the varieties of human character; and his familiarity with the Bible not only furnished him with those great truths which are the staple of his work, though expressed symbolically, but gave him also that singularly graphic style, that simplicity combined with power as a writer, in which he remains to this day, as he is likely to do for a long time to come, altogether unrivalled. Now let us compare Bunyan with his "Pilgrim," not for the purpose of establishing an identity between the two, which we believe has no existence, and to seek for which, therefore, would be absurd; but for the purpose of showing that there is a striking resemblance between the leading events which befell both, and that the life of the one is the best illustration of the pilgrimage of the other.

Than the opening scene in the "Pilgrim," nothing could be more graphic. The curtain rises, and that moment our attention is arrested, never again to be let go, till Christian has passed in at the Celestial gate. Right before us is the city of Destruction, overshadowed by dismal mountains, and standing, with all its giddy multitudes, on a soil beneath which rages the fires of the Pit. In the foreground of the picture, and forming the most prominent object in it, is a man in rags. We see him standing in the open plain, in the neighbourhood of the city, with a great burden on his back, and an open book in his hand, on which he continues to gaze with a look of most intense and stedfast earnestness. He lifts up his eyes, and oh! we never can forget that face; there is an air of anguish upon it that were enough to draw pity from a heart of stone. He utters a most piercing cry: "What shall I do to be saved?" He looks this way and that way. Why does he not flee? Alas! he beholds nothing but destruction all around him. While in this miserable plight he is joined by Evangelist, who directs him to the wicket gate with the shining light over it. The gate he is unable to see, but, keeping the light in his eye, he sets out, over a very wide field, in order to reach it. Now, where, unless in the pages of the Bible, shall we find a picture like this, so complete in all its parts, and revealing at a single glance the whole inward and outward state of the man, drawn with so few touches? The picture explains itself; no one needs to be told that the man before him is an awakened sinner.

Now let us turn to Bunyan. We adequately describe Bunyan's youth, when we say that he "lived without God." The iniquities in which he indulged were not of a kind to brand him, in the opinion of the world, as a profligate, or to give him a very marked distinction among his fellow-townsmen of the city of Destruction. Eschewing enormities, Bunyan stood out from others by the fact that he threw his whole heart into the enjoyment of the delights of the world. Among his godless companions his laugh was the loudest and the lightest. His mornings and evenings were passed without prayer. No sanctuary attracted his steps to its sacred threshold. The Sabbath was spent in idleness, or in unhallowed sports. His throat was an open sepulchre, from which lies and cursings were often poured forth. Thus God was not in all his thoughts—a course of life which escapes the censure, and even the notice almost, of the world, but which is seen to be full of guilt and misery, when the fiery light of the Law shines into the conscience.

But though Bunyan, meanwhile, was a dweller in the city of Destruction, God had thoughts of peace regarding him, and began by times to draw him to himself—to make the fiery light we have spoken of fall upon his conscience. It has often been seen that there is a beautiful adaptation between the mental constitution of the sinner and the agency employed by God in his conversion. This adaptation is very visible in the case of Bunyan. God addressed his conscience first through his imagination. Scarcely had the days of his childhood passed away, till there began to gather around his nightly pillow the most terrific dreams. The quiet of the day was succeeded by the doleful apprehensions of the night. Sometimes he thought that the archangel's trump had sounded, that the dead were risen, and standing before God, himself among them, to be judged. At other times he imagined himself to be in the eternal world, with fiends and lost spirits around him, and about to take up his abode in the midst of everlasting burhings. The recollection of these terrors may be traced in other descriptions in his "Pilgrim's Progress," besides the scene of the man in rags, with which the book opens. The dream which Bunyan puts into the mouth of the man in the interpreter's house is no doubt one of his own early visions; and to this may be attributed that peculiar quality which enables the mere narration of the dream to make so awful an impression on the mind: for to stand and hear the man tell it, is about as dreadful as if, in the darkness of the night, it had visited our own pillow. "So he took Christian by the hand again, and led him into a chamber, where there was one rising out of bed; and as he put on his raiment, he shook and trembled. . . . . 'This night, as I was asleep, I dreamed, and, behold, the heavens grew exceeding black. Also it thundered and lightened in the most fearful wise, that it put me into an agony. So I looked up in my dream, and saw the clouds racked at an unusual rate; upon which I heard a great sound of a trumpet, and saw also a man sit upon a cloud, attended with the thousands of heaven. They were all in flaming fire, also the heavens were in a burning flame. I heard then a voice, saying, 'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment;' and with that the rocks rent, the graves opened, and the dead that were therein came forth. . . . . Then I saw the man that sat upon the cloud open the book, and bid the world draw near. . . . . I heard it also proclaimed to them that attended on the man that sat on the cloud, 'Gather together the tares, the chaff, and stubble, and cast them into the burning lake;' and with that the bottomless pit opened just where about I stood. . . . . . It was also said to the same persons, 'Gather my wheat into the garner.' And with that I saw many catched up and carried away into the clouds; but I was left behind. I also sought to hide myself, but I could not; for the man that sat upon the cloud still kept his eye upon me." If in his after days Bunyan slept in the chamber called Peace, whose windows opened towards sunrising, surely it may be said of him at this period of his life, that he lay down, night by night, in the chamber called Guilt, whose windows opened towards the blackness of darkness.

His slumber was now disturbed, but not completely shaken off; and if God had not employed other means, Bunyan would have dwelt to his dying-day in the city of Destruction. His marriage, at the age of nineteen, to a woman who had received a religious education, was the means of deepening the impressions he had been already brought under. She brought with her (it was all her dowry) two religious books; and from these Bunyan learned more certainly that the end of the place where he now dwelt would be with fire and brimstone from heaven. We now see the man in rags looking this way and that way; and if he does not flee as yet, it is because he knows not whither to flee. God commonly honours his own ordinance—the preaching of the Gospel—for effectually awakening and converting the sinner. It was a sermon on the sin of Sabbath-breaking which appears to have brought Bunyan's guilt and danger fully before him. This was his darling sin; and the preacher became a Nathan to him, who said, "Thou art the man." As he returned from church, the "great burden on his back" was that day heavy indeed. Having taken his mid-day meal, the strong man resolved to shake himself as at other times, and go forth to his sports. He was already on the scene of his unhallowed pastime, in the midst of his companions: he had struck the ball.

and was in the act of striking it a second time, when suddenly there seemed to fall upon his ear a great voice from heaven, which said, "Wilt thou leave thy sins, and go to heaven; or have thy sins, and go to hell?" "At this," says Bunyan, "I was put to an exceeding amaze; whereupon leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had seen, with the eyes of my understanding, the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices." This we are disposed to date as the moment of Bunyan's flight.

But he was not yet within the wicket gate. In he case of some, no sooner have they left the city of Destruction than they find entrance at the gate; and if it is not so with all, it is not because they are not welcome, or because they have not an open door set before them, but because they themselves are not able to enter in. Bunyan, like his own Pilgrim, had yet "a very wide field" to traverse before he could come at the gate; and in the midst of that plain was a "miry slough," where "have been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cart-loads, yea, millions of wholesome instructions, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the King's dominions, if o be it might have been mended; but it is the Slough of Despond still." Into this slough Bunyan was destined to fall, and he lay in it for a long time. We shall give the account of this dreary period in his own words: "Suddenly this conclusion was fastened upon my spirits, that I had been a great and grievous sinner, and that it was now too late for me to look after heaven; for Christ would not forgive me, nor pardon my transgressions." How many precious promises has the Bible cast in to fill up this gulf, and yet it is not mended to this day, and pilgrims continue to fall into it! He began, too, to be haunted by the thought that God had left him out in the decree of election; and next, that the day of his grace was past; and that he was another Esau, for whom there was no place of repentance, how many soever the tears with which he might seek it. He was as a man "tumbling about," to use his own metaphor, in a bottomless slough, and every plunge tended to sink him deeper in the mire. Many, alas! have sunk in that mire, and been suffocated; and that Bunyan did not do so was owing to the mercy of God, whose arm it was that pulled him out.

But, though rescued from this perilous condition, he was not yet at the gate. Here we find another parallel between himself and his Pilgrim. Scarcely had Christian been extricated from the slough by the aid of one whose name was Help, when he was met by Mr Worldly-Wiseman, who counselled him to turn aside to a village hard by, to a man whose name was Legality, and who had great skill in helping men off with their burdens. The path led underneath a huge mountain, which sent forth flashes of fire, and hung in so fearful a manner over the road, that Christian durst not proceed a step farther, lest the mountain should fall upon his head. Here Evangelist again came up to him, and directed the wanderer back to the straight path. Bunyan, too, encountered Mr Legality, and, influenced by him, turned aside from the path that leads to the gate, and knew not till he was enveloped in the darkness and fiery flashes of Sinai. The incident to which we allude is the acquaintance which he formed about this time with a person who had a "pleasant talk of the Scriptures and the matter of religion." "Wherefore," he says, "I fell to some outward reformation, both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven; which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, kept them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promised God to do better next time, and then got help again; for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England." Thus he continued for about a twelvemonth.

While he stood here at the foot of Sinai, Evangelist came to him. Chance, as it seemed, threw him one day into the company of three women in humble life, who had experienced the grace of God, and whose talk was of a free forgiveness and eternal life through the blood of Christ. This Bunyan discovered was "a more excellent way." These women introduced him to Mr Gifford, a godly minister, and the original of his "Evangelist." The counsels and ministry of this man were blessed for convincing Bunyan that he had not yet found the way of life, and that he was still under a mount that gendered to bondage. On this conscience again awoke. The mount began to thunder and lighten in a most dreadful manner. Turning away from it, he sought again the road to the gate. The good minister pressed upon him the great importance of searching the Scriptures. This Bunyan prayerfully did. The gate he could not yet see, but he kept the shining light in his eye. As he went on, that light grew stronger and stronger. At last he drew nigh; he lifted up his eyes, and read the gracious words written over the gate: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Like his own Pilgrim, he knocked once or twice. At length the gate was opened; and one, whose countenance was full of grace, bidding him welcome, Bunyan entered in.

THE LAST DAYS OF MARTIN LUTHER.

(*From the Rev. George Cubitt's Life of Luther.*)

THE fruitless Conference of Ratisbon was interrupted, while in progress, by an event which the Romanists hailed with a satisfaction hardly less vivid than was the grief of their more virtuous antagonists. The sudden removal of their venerable guide and father from the scene of his earthly labours, filled the hearts of Protestant Europe with a common and awful sorrow. For some years past the health of the great Reformer had been breaking up. In addition to the inroads on his constitution of cruel disorder, which his sedentary habits tended greatly to aggravate, his physical strength had long been sapped by the toils of a mind impatient of the constraints and weakness of its material minister. The numerous and keen anxieties incident to that work which was the one absorbing business of his life, had farther contributed to wear down a frame already shattered by the access of various diseases; while the frequent and dark fits

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an honourable pride in the high and
ievements of their immortal fellow-towns-
with each other in manifesting their united
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sence in the scene of his birth awakened was
to be exchanged for a mourning as universal
heartfelt as ever followed the translation of an
strious spirit from the cares and pains of this
orld to a region of happier and purer being.

The fatigue of so long a journey, undertaken in the depth of an inclement winter, and protracted by a flood, rendering the usual roads impassable, proved too much for the enfeebled health of the Reformer. For some few days, the delight of visiting the home of his youth, and the hope of reconciling the feudal superiors, whom he loved with a remnant of the clan-feeling of an older period, infused new animation into the pulses of a heart which was prone to throb with every generous and fine emotion. But the chillness of the grave was at hand. As the month of February advanced, he became unable to leave the house. On the 16th of that month, when obliged to confine himself to his own apartments, he observed to his friend Jonas, who, with Cellus, the Protestant curate of Eisleben, was in attendance on him, "Here I was born and baptized: what if I should remain to die here also?" On the evening of the 17th he complained of a painful oppression on the chest; but conversed during supper with his customary cheerfulness, expounding more than one striking passage of Scripture; and declaring, with a peculiar emphasis, that if he might only be permitted to succeed in his endeavours to reconcile the proprietors of his native country, he would return home, and die content. At eleven o'clock he retired to his bed, complaining of the increased weight at his breast; but, unable to rest, he soon rose again, and was assisted into the adjoining room. Count Albert of Mansfeldt, and his lady, summoned by Jonas, now arrived; and wo physicians were called in, who came immediately, but in vain. Aware that he was dying, Luther now prayed aloud, saying: "O my heavenly Father! God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of all consolation, I thank thee for having revealed to me thy well-beloved Son, in whom I trust, whom I have acknowledged, and preached, and loved; but whom the pope, and they who have no religion, persecute and oppose. To thee, O Jesus Christ, I commend my soul! I am casting off this earthly body, and passing from this life; but I know that with thee I shall abide eternally." He then recited the words of the Psalmist: "Into thy hands I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth!" These words he repeated three times, his voice growing fainter with each repetition. Cordials were administered, in the hope of reviving him, but had so little effect, that it was with extreme difficulty that he could articulate an answer to the questions which his friends addressed to him. Only when Jonas, perceiving that the end was near, said, "Dearest father, do you verily confess Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Saviour and Redeemer?" he made a great effort, and replied in a tone sufficiently distinct to be heard by every person present, "Yes." It was the last word of the expiring saint. The coldness of death gathered on his face and forehead; his breath came heavily; and with eyes closed, and his hands clasped, he remained apparently unconscious of what passed around him, until, between two and three o'clock, the tide of mortal life ebbed back, leaving the mighty spirit landed in eternity.

Thus, in his sixty-fourth year, died Martin Luther uttering forth with his latest breath his confidence i that Saviour whom in this world it was his highes glory to have made known to a deluded, faithles and forgetful generation. When the tidings of hi death were communicated to Melancthon, that grea est of his surviving associates, he burst into tear exclaiming, in the language of Elisha, "My fathe my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horseme thereof!"

It was the wish of the Counts of Mansfeldt to ha interred the body of Luther in the town of his nat vity; but the Elector directed the burial to be a Wittenberg. After lying for two days in the churc of St Andrew, in Eisleben—where Jonas preache over it a discourse from the text, "If we believe th Jesus died and rose again, even so them also whic sleep in Jesus will God bring with him"—the corp was attended on the road to Wittenberg by th Prince of Anhalt, and the principal nobility of th adjacent districts, including many ladies, togeth with a prodigious concourse of the common peopl On its arrival at the gate of the city of Halle, th procession was met by the clergy and Senate, followe by a multitude so dense that its progress throug the streets was difficult. As it passed along, the vas crowd sang the 130th Psalm; and every man presse before his neighbour to catch a glimpse only of th bier.

On the 22d of February, the cavalcade reached Wittenberg. The whole body of the Senators, accompanied by the professors and students of the university, with almost the entire population of the city and its suburbs, received it at the barrier. The body, preceded by the Barons of Mansfeldt and their suite, and followed by the family of the illustrious deceased, was thence conveyed to the cathedral church. There Pomeranus delivered a sermon appropriate to the occasion; after which the celebrated funeral oration of Melancthon did justice to the memory of the dead, while it bespoke alike the grief, the genius, and the ardent piety of the speaker. The coffin was then lowered into the grave by the hands of several distinguished members of the university.

The tomb of Luther, in the cathedral of Wittenberg, bears the following inscription:

MARTINI. LUTHERI. S. THEOLO
GLÆ. D. CORPUS. H. L. S. E. QUI
AN. CHRISTI. M.D. XLVI. XII
CAL. MARTH. EYSLEBII. IN PA
TRIA. S. M. O. C. V. ANN. LXIII
M. H. D. X.

Translation.—Here lies interred the body of Martin Luther, Doctor of Divinity, who died at Eisleben, the place of his birth, on the 18th of February, in the year of Christ 1546, having lived sixty-three years, three months, and ten days.

BUY THE TRUTH.

Go thou, in life's fair morning,
Go, in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth.
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let not worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go, ere thy strength declineth—
While every sense is bright;
Sell all thou hast, and buy it,
'Tis worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres and crowns of kings.

ANON.

WARNING TO THE IMPENITENT.

(*From the Modern Greek.*)

REFLECT on that divine grace which is held out to thee, to lead thee to salvation—that grace, O impenitent sinner! which unceasingly guards thee from destruction, and draws thee towards repentance—that grace which, if still despised, must ultimately be withdrawn.

"I have planted thee," saith the Lord, "like a vineyard—not in a trackless desert, nor in a rugged soil, but in a verdant spot. I caused thee to be born, not of Jewish or Mohammedan, but of Christian parents, and to be nurtured with the milk of the Gospel. To guard thee from danger, I surrounded thee with a trench, built a tower, and fenced thee with all the gifts of the Holy Spirit. What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it? I looked that it should bring forth grapes, but it became wild, and brought forth only thorns. Teachers, preachers, spiritual guides! judge now betwixt me and my vineyard; decide regarding my long-suffering and its ingratitude, and tell me what, after so much love, so much patience, I ought now to do. This I will do. I will demolish the tower, and thieves will plunder it. I will pull down the fence, and passengers shall enter and trample it. I will command the clouds of heaven not to rain upon it, and it shall become desolate."

Are not these terrible words by which God threatens to abandon the impenitent, and to change his forbearance into indignation, and his patience into fierce anger? God so graciously calls to thee, waits for thee, and thou despisest his proffered mercy! The cord of God's love draws thee towards repentance; but thou resistest with all thy might—the cord breaks, and thou tumblest to perdition. God tenders thee all the treasures of grace, and thou convertest them into treasures of wrath. But strict retaliation shall be thy punishment. Thou forgettest God—he will forget thee. God entreats, and thou wilt not heed. Thou wilt implore, and God shall refuse to hear!—*Bishop Meniates' Sermon.*

[It is a remarkable circumstance, that the sermon, from which the preceding powerful extract is taken, was preached in the city of Nauplia two or three years before the second Turkish conquest of the Morea, and that for upwards of a century the voice of the Gospel ceased to be heard within the walls of Nauplia, the Turks having always prevented any Christian service in that place. The warning voice of the preacher seemed almost prophetic.]

SCOLDING.

A GREAT deal of injury is done to children by their parents' scolding. Many children have been nearly or quite ruined by it, and often driven from home, to become wanderers and vagabonds, by scolding. It sours their temper, so that one thorough scolding prepares the way for two or three more. It sours your temper, provided it is sweet, which is a question. If you scold, the more you will have to scold, and because you have become crosser, and your children likewise.

Scolding alienates the hearts of your children. Depend upon it, they cannot love you as well after you have berated them, as they did before. You may approach them with firmness and decision—you may punish with severity adequate to the nature of their offences, and they will feel the justice of your conduct, and love you, notwithstanding all; but they hate scolding. It stirs up the bad blood, while it discloses your weakness, and lowers you in their esteem. Especially at night, when they are about to retire, their hearts should be melted and moulded with voices of kindness, that they may go to their slumbers with thoughts of love stealing around their souls and whispering peace.—*Anon.*

HOW TO READ TRACTS.

A MISSIONARY at Cuddalore, in India, was giving away tracts, when a little boy, about eight years old, came and asked for one. At first Mr Guest refused, for tracts were precious things; but the child begged so hard, Mr Guest gave him one called "The Way to Heavenly Bliss." About a fortnight after, the little fellow came again with the same request. "But have you read the other?" "Yes," said the child, and standing before the missionary and several Heathens who were gathered round, he repeated the whole tract from beginning to end. This was like the little Basuto boy, "putting his books into his head." Where are yours, dear children? Only on your shelves? Ah! if so, we shall almost be tempted to wish they were far away, where they would be to the little Heathen children as food to the hungry. Remember this truth, "Where much is given, much shall be required."

A REVIVAL INCIDENT:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE LONG-SUFFERING MERCY OF GOD TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

BY THE REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, M.A., LEAMINGTON.

WHO has not heard, with deep emotion, of religious revivals? Yet more blessed they who have not merely "heard" of them "with the hearing of the ear," but also have been eye-witnesses and heart-witnesses of these especial and extraordinary baptisms of the Holy Ghost; in which God, apparently setting aside ordinary means and particular instrumentality, and taking the work of grace more directly in his own hands, has wrought powerfully by his Spirit upon the minds of Christians, arousing them from their spiritual lethargy to increased faith, prayer, and activity; and has created, in particular congregations and communities, an almost universal and agonizing inquiry: "What shall we do to be saved?" Amid such scenes—

> —"Scenes surpassing fable,
> Scenes of *holy* bliss"—

has the writer mingled. Among them, in the expression of humble hope, he drew the first breath of spiritual life; and whatever may be the cautious hesitancy with which some receive, or the bold scepticism with which others reject, the doctrine and the history of these baptisms of the Spirit, he will, to his dying hour, testify that there *are* especial and extraordinary "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," with which the Christian Church has been, and still is, favoured; and that nothing but the unbelief and the supineness of the Church, limiting and dishonouring the Holy One of Israel, prevents their more gracious manifestation and their more frequent occurrence. But it is not so much the object of the writer to vindicate the reality and character of Christian revivals, as to illustrate their working, by the relation of one among many thrilling incidents associated with these hallowed occasions, on the truth of which the reader may rely, and the facts of which he will recite almost in the words of one who was an eye-witness of the scene.

On a calm autumnal evening in the year ——, at the close of a Sabbath-day, a large and respectable circle assembled at the house of a mutual friend, for the purpose of indulging in that trifling, frothy conversation which is so strong a characteristic of those who, "without hope and without God in the world," are living in awful oblivion of eternity. After some hours had passed away in various topics of remark, the conversation took a sudden and awfully sportive turn upon the subject of *religious revivals*, at that time a theme of general and peculiar interest. The Spirit of God had been powerfully and gloriously at work in other and distant parts of the country—the cloud of mercy, freighted with heaven's choicest treasure, had, in its onward and brightening course, visited many villages and towns with "showers of blessing," resulting, as it was computed, in the conversion of about three thousand souls—an accession to the Church of the redeemed worthy of the primitive "day of Pentecost." The fame of these especial seasons of grace had reached the ears of the assembled company, supplying them with ample material for their unhallowed mirth. "Have you heard the news?" said Mr ——. "The Rev. Mr ——, whose preaching has frightened so many people, is coming to the town next week, and is to supply *our* pulpit for several Sundays." "Indeed!" repeated another; "what say you, friends?—let us have a revival; for you know this preacher is always for having something of this kind going on." "Yes," replied a third; "and you, Dr ——, and you, Captain ——, must be the first converts, and we must make elders and deacons of you." Thus the profanity and jesting proceeded—one after another designated, in idle sport, as subjects for the pastor's inquiry-meeting, and as candidates for Church communion—until at length, suddenly alarmed at the tone it had assumed, and at the pitch at which it had arrived, for some reason to them at the time unaccountable, the conversation came to a long and thoughtful pause. At length one, more courageous than the rest, broke the painful silence, and said: "What is the conclusion of the whole matter?" No one replied, all seemingly rapt in profound and solemn reflection. Here the conversation on the subject ended; and, after appointing to meet again four weeks from that evening, they dispersed.

As was expected, the minister referred to came, and commenced delivering his message from God to the people. The field of his holy and self-denying labour was most unpromising, in consequence not only of the low spirituality of the Church, and the high-handed impiety of the place, but more especially as resulting from deep-rooted and long-existing dissensions which, it was supposed, nothing could heal.

Yet to this unforbidding soil came the sower of the precious seed, doubtless under the special anointing of the Spirit, with a heart yearning for the salvation of precious souls, and with an eye single to the glory of God. The *result* shall speak for itself. The fourth week which intervened between the evening of solemn mockery and the time appointed for the next party was drawing nigh. But God, who is rich in mercy, had other engagements than scenes of mirth for this ungodly circle, and was resolving in his infinite and compassionate mind thoughts and purposes of love. Wonderful to tell—and only to be told to the eternal honour of rich, free, and sovereign grace, abounding to the chief of sinners—that cloud of mercy which had been sailing athwart the spiritual heaven, imperceptibly and unexpectedly paused in its divine-directed career over this parched and arid spot; and just at this critical juncture unbosomed itself in torrents of blessing. Not many hours from the time appointed for the second party of pleasure, the same large circle, almost without one exception, were assembled in the *same house*, in the same room, where four weeks since they were mocking the scene of a revival—not now to renew their unhallowed sport, but as the subjects, and in the midst of the awful realities, of that spiritual anxiety of mind which none but deeply awakened and truly convinced sinners understand. They who but recently and on the identical spot, were rallying each other with a profanation of the Lord's gracious work, were now *in very deed* smitten to the ground, writhing under an awful sense of their exposedness to the interminable woes of the second death, and uttering groans and exclamations enough to pierce the stoutest heart. God the Spirit was there, moving amongst and in them in all the might and majesty of his sin-convincing, soul-converting, heart-regenerating power. Every mind was awakened—every heart was broken—every spirit was bowed. The military man—the professional man—the merchant—the intelligent youth—the daughter of beauty, of fashion, and of song—were alike prostrate at the feet of sovereign mercy, in humble penitence and prayer. O what a scene was that!—what a spectacle for an angel's eye, thrilling with joy a seraph's bosom! Yea, God—even that God who has declared, "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word"—was present, receiving a new revenue of praise from that assembly; while the glorified Redeemer was beholding from his throne the travail of his soul with infinite satisfaction. Within the short space of one week from this memorable evening twenty of these godly-sorrowing individuals were hopefully new creatures in Christ Jesus; while, within the limits of the town, three hundred souls became the subjects of renewing grace, and witnesses to the truth that the "Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." Reader, what an encouraging instance is this of God's long-suffering mercy to the chief of sinners! . Sinners they indeed were, "but they obtained mercy;" and through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, *you* may be saved even as they. Have you fled to Jesus? Are you saved? Leave not this momentous matter to the decision of a dying bed. Decide it *now*, and decide it for eternity. Is sin a felt plague? Is Jesus precious to your soul? Can you say, in humble faith: "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine." And is daily sin daily taken to the fountain of his precious blood—there hated and mourned over, cleansed and subdued? And through trial and conflict, through evil report and through good report, are you pressing on to glory, "looking for the blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ? Then you *are* born again; and soon, O how soon, you shall be in heaven! Until that happy moment, let us meditate frequently on that sweet portion of God's Word: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

WE journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares, and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last!
Not to the last! THY WORD hath said,
Could we but read aright,
Poor pilgrim! lift in hope thy head,
At eve there shall be light!

BARTON.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE EVIDENCES.

THE MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.

BY THE REV. JAMES TAYLOR, GLASGOW.

We are told (Gen. xii. 10) that "there was a famine in the land, and Abram went down into Egypt to sojourn there"—a circumstance which proves that even at that early period Egypt was, what it has continued to the present day, the granary of the neighbouring nations, who in all their exigencies and deficiencies look to the Valley of the Nile as the source whence a supply of corn may be derived. Hence, agriculture was in Egypt reckoned of peculiar importance, and appears to have been taken under the protection of priests and kings. The fertility of the Egyptian soil depended not on local rains, but on the annual inundation of the Nile, which renders the soil richly productive, even in seasons when the harvests fail in the neighbouring countries from continued drought. On this account the most important part of the labours of an Egyptian husbandman was to make the overflowings of the river available for the purposes of irrigation. It is to this peculiarity in the cultivation of land in Egypt that Moses alludes when, comparing it with the promised land, he says: "The land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs: but the land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven: a land which the Lord thy God careth for: the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year"*—a statement which shows that the author was intimately acquainted with the peculiar mode of irrigation practised in Egypt. The ground required to be watered regularly throughout the year at stated intervals. According to Prokesch, it was the custom to water the fields in winter once in fourteen days; in the spring, if the dew falls sufficiently, once in twelve days; but in the summer once in eight days. The water for this purpose is obtained either from the Nile itself, or from cisterns which were filled during the inundation. Hence engines of various kinds for raising water are placed all along the Nile, and also at the cisterns in which the water is reserved. Philo, who lived in Egypt, describes one of these machines which was used by the peasantry in his time, as being worked *by the feet;* that is, so far as his account may be understood, the machine was worked by the men ascending revolving steps—something on the principle of the tread-mill. Niebuhr also mentions such a machine as used in Cairo, where it was called "sâkieh tedâr bir rijl—a watering machine that turns by the foot." Then, when the water is raised, by whatever machine, it is directed in its course by channels cut in the ground, which convey the water to those places where it is wanted; and when one part of the ground is sufficiently watered, a person closes that channel by turning the earth against it *with his foot,* and at the same time opening a new channel, by removing *with his foot* or with a mattock the earth with which its entrance had been closed.

The severity of the labour of irrigation is attested by all travellers; and it must have been a great satisfaction to the Israelites to learn that no such labour would be required in Canaan, or was, indeed, at all applicable to that country. The whole passage, as it has been justly said, transfers us, in a manner inimitable by a modern writer, to the time in which the Israelites were stationed mid-way between Egypt and Canaan, yet full of the advantages which they had enjoyed in the former land, and in want of a counterpoise to the longing desire for that which they had lost.

Among the agricultural implements depicted on the monuments is the plough, which was long a source of perplexity to archæologists. Some imagined that it was intended to represent the mystic legs of the ibis; while others averred that it was a type of the three dominant castes—the royal, the priestly, and the warrior. Rosellini first showed that it was a hand-plough, and that it was also occasionally used as a pick-axe. Some of the Hebrew slaves, in the sketch of "the brickmakers," are represented as digging clay with these hand-ploughs, for the purpose of making bricks for Pharaoh. One of these instruments, in a perfect state, is to be seen in the Egyptian room in the British Museum—perhaps one of the very implements which the Jewish bondsmen used in the time of Moses.

In the description given in the Sacred Narrative of the calamities inflicted by the plague of hail, we have an enumeration of the several varieties of grain which were cultivated in Egypt (Exod. ix. 31, 32)—flax, barley, wheat, and rye; and on the monuments we have not only a representation of these productions, but all the processes of ploughing, sowing, reaping, threshing out the corn, storing it in granaries and grinding it in the mill, are brought under review. The Egyptians usually sowed in November, and the harvest was ripe in April. Barley was harvested in about four, and wheat in about five months after sowing—a circumstance which corroborates the statement of Moses, that "the flax and the barley were smitten (by the plague of hail); for the barley was in the ear, and the flax was bolled. But the wheat and the rye were not smitten; for they were not grown up." The corn was cut with a sickle, the shape of which bears a considerable resemblance to that used at the present day. It appears from the monuments that the reapers cut the grain a little below the ear—straw being of comparatively little value in Egypt, as the cattle and horses seem generally not to have been stabled.* This fact throws considerable light on the conduct imputed to the

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* Deut. xi. 10-12. Pictorial Bible, vol. i., p. 473. 4to.

* Some of the cattle appear to have been occasionally fed in sheds. One instance of stall-fed oxen is given by Wilkinson in his account of the farm-yard of the Egyptians. This fact explains the apparent contradiction of the destruction of "*all* the cattle of Egypt" by the murrain, and the *subsequent* destruction of the cattle by hail (Exod. ix. 6-19, *et seq.*), those which "were in the field" alone having suffered from the previous plague, and those in the stalls or "houses having been preserved."

Israelites, when the tyrannical Pharaoh commanded the task-masters of the people and their officers, saying, "Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick as heretofore; let them go and gather straw for themselves"—"So the people were scattered abroad throughout all the land of Egypt to gather stubble instead of straw." By stubble here is evidently meant the stalks that remained from last year's harvest. These were plucked up by the hand, for the purpose of being employed in the composition of bricks; and as this was both a tedious and toilsome employment, it strikingly illustrates the injustice of Pharaoh when he prohibited the supply of straw to the Hebrew brickmakers, and yet commanded that they should "deliver the tale of bricks." The straw was mixed with the clay, in order to bind it more compactly together, and the bricks, when properly moulded, were carried out and dried in the sun. It is worthy of notice, that bricks have been found mixed with straw, precisely as described by Moses; and, according to Wilkinson, more bricks bearing the name of Thothmes III. (whom he supposes to have been king of Egypt at the time of the Exodus) have been discovered than of any other period. It is almost incredible that any individual should venture to attack the Pentateuch, on the ground that brick was not used for building in Egypt; and yet Von Bohlen says, that "the author comes under strong suspicion of having transferred to the Valley of the Nile many things from Upper Asia, as the Egyptians were accustomed to build with hewn stone, and the great buildings of brick spoken of, Exod. i. 14, instead of being Egyptian, seem rather to have been borrowed from Babylonia." In answer to this assertion, which is the result of consummate ignorance and presumption, we may adduce the testimony of Rosellini, who says: "Ruins of great brick buildings are found in all parts of Egypt, walls of astonishing height and thickness are preserved to the present time, as also whole pyramids, and a great number of the ruins of monuments, both great and small." Wilkinson says: "The use of crude brick baked in the sun was universal in Upper and Lower Egypt, both for public and private buildings. Enclosures of gardens, and granaries, sacred circuits encompassing the courts of temples, walls of fortifications, and town dwelling-houses, and tombs—in short, *all* but the temples themselves, were of crude brick."

When the Egyptians had cut down their corn, they did not generally bind it into sheaves, but carried the ears in rope or wicker baskets to the threshing-floor. The threshing-floor was a level plot of ground, of a circular shape, generally about fifty feet in diameter, prepared for use by beating down the earth till it became like a marble slab. So important were these places, that we find threshing-floors mentioned in Scripture as geographical points of equal importance with the cities. Thus, in the account of the burial of Jacob, the "very great company, both chariots and horsemen," which formed the funeral procession, is represented as halting at a threshing-floor, the name of which was changed in consequence of the grievous mourning by which the patriarch's loss was deplored: "And they came to the threshing-floor of Atad, which is beyond Jordan, and there they mourned with a great and very sore lamentation: and he made a mourning for his father seven days. And when the inhabitants of the land, the Canaanites, saw the mourning in the floor of Atad, they said, This is a grievous mourning to the Egyptians: wherefore the name of it was called Abel-mizraim, which is beyond Jordan."—Gen. l. 10, 11.

Reference is made in the law of Moses to the treading out of the grain by oxen, which were humanely forbidden to be muzzled while engaged in this operation. The monuments corroborate these references of the Sacred History, by various representations of oxen driven in a circle, or rather in all directions, over the threshing-floor. "They make a great heap of ears," says Rosellini, "in the midst of the threshing-floor, and cause them to be trodden out by six oxen, which are kept in constant motion by a man who goes behind with a whip." While superintending the animals employed for this purpose, the Egyptian peasant, as usual, both in ancient and modern times, relieved his labours by singing. In a subterranean apartment at Eilethya, which belongs to the reign of Rameses Meiamoun, who lived about 1500 B.C., there is a representation of the treading out of the grain by oxen; and over the engraving may be read in hieroglyphics the song which the overseer sings while threshing. It is thus interpreted by Champollion:—

"Tread ye out for yourselves,
Tread ye out for yourselves,
O oxen!
Tread ye out for yourselves,
Tread ye out for yourselves—
The straw;
For men, who are your masters—
The grain."

After the grain was trodden out, it was tossed up against the wind with a fork, by which the broken straw and chaff were dispersed, and the grain fell to the ground. To this the Psalmist alludes when he says: "The ungodly are like the chaff which the wind driveth away."—Ps. i. 4. The grain afterwards passed through a sieve to separate unthreshed ears, clods of earth, and other impurities. After this it underwent a still further purification, by being once more tossed up against the wind by a wooden scoop or short-handed shovel, which, in our translation of the Scriptures, is termed "a fan." To these two processes the Prophet Isaiah (xxx. 24) refers, when he says: "The oxen likewise, and the asses that plough the ground, shall eat clean provender, which hath been winnowed with the shovel and with the fan." In allusion to the fact that the fan was considered the more perfect winnowing implement, John the Baptist, describing the coming of Christ, says: "Whose fan is in his hand, and he will throughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."—Matt. iii. 12.*

The winnowed corn was carried to the granary in sacks, each containing a fixed quantity, to facilitate the keeping of a proper account. The corn was stored away in granaries, which appear to have been public buildings, and are depicted on the monuments as of vast extent, quite sufficient to contain the immense stores of grain which Joseph is represented as having laid up during the seven plenteous years. As a great portion of the revenues of the monarch was derived from a corn-rent, a royal officer is always present, with his pen and tablet, taking account of the sacks as they were carried up into the granary. According to Wilkinson, sometimes two scribes were present—one to write down the number of measures taken from the heap of corn, and the other to check them, by entering the quantity removed to the granary. This practice, which is called *numbering*, is referred to in the narrative of the precautions which Joseph took against the seven years of famine. "And he gathered up all the food of the seven years which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities: the food of the field, which was round about every city, laid he up in the same. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number."—Gen. xli. 48, 49. The careful precautions thus taken, lest any part of the produce of the soil should escape taxation, show the desire of the people to evade the payment of the royal impost, and account for the absence on the monuments of any trace of a "harvest home." Harvest must indeed have been anything but a joyous season to the agricultural labourer. It was remarked by the members of the French Commission, that there was a great similarity between the joyless looks of the husbandmen on the monuments, and the sombre countenances of the modern Fellahs, whose toil is so wretchedly remunerated.*

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* Bible Illustrated, &c., p. 40. Biblic. Cyclop., article *Agriculture*.

In the account given of Pharaoh's dream (Gen. xli. 2) it is said: "And, behold, there came up out of the river seven well favoured kine and fatfleshed; and they fed in a meadow." The word here rendered "meadow," is, in Job viii. 11, translated "flag." "Can the rush grow up without mire? can the flag grow without water?" It denotes a succulent aquatic plant—in all probability the lotus, the cultivation of which, as well as of other aquatic plants, was peculiar to the agriculture of Egypt. The mention here made of this plant, therefore, shows that the writer was well acquainted with the mode of cultivation practised in the Valley of the Nile. The monuments contain delineations of the lotus in its natural colours, with its stalk and fruit; and on one of the royal sepulchres there is a representation of the lotus harvest. Contrary to the Egyptian mode of reaping wheat, the stems of the lotus were cut off close to the root; and from the great care shown in binding the sheaves, and carrying them to the granary, it is evident that the reed was looked upon as far more valuable than straw. The seed is still used as an article of food by the inhabitants; and that it was so also in ancient times, we know from the testimony of Herodotus. "The customs of those who reside in the marshes," says he, "do not differ from those of the other Egyptians; but they have devised the following inventions for procuring an easy supply of food: When the river attains its height, and the plains are inundated, there springs up in the water a vast number of lilies, to which the Egyptians give the name of lotus. They carefully gather these, and dry them in the sun; and then, squeezing out what is contained in the pods of the lotus, resembling poppy-seed, they make it into loaves, which they bake over the fire. The root also of this lotus, which is roundish, and of the size of an apple, is eatable: its flavour is moderately sweet."

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"Let there be light!" thus spake the Word—
The Word was God; "and there was light!"
Still the creative voice is heard;
A day is born from every night.

And every night shall turn to day,
While months, and years, and ages roll
But we have seen a brighter ray
Dawn on the chaos of the soul.

Nor we alone: its wakening smiles
Have broke the gloom of Pagan sleep—
The Word hath reached the utmost isles:
God's Spirit moves upon the deep.

Already, from the dust of death,
Man in his Maker's image stands;
Once more he draws immortal breath,
And stretches forth to heaven his hands.

From day to day, before our eyes,
Glows and extends the work begun.
When shall the new creation rise
On every land beneath the sun?

When, in the Sabbath of his love,
Shall God amidst his labours rest;
And, bending from his throne above,
Again pronounce his creatures blest?

Soon the redeemed, in every clime,
Yea, all that breathe, and move, and live,
To Christ, through every age of time,
Shall kingdom, power, and glory give.

"REFUGES OF LIES."

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Some rely upon their own righteousness, and the merit of their own good works. They doubt not but if God would set their good against their bad, they would stand upright in judgment; and think that, take one with another, God hath been no loser by them. If, at one time, they have provoked him, at another they have appeased him; if they have wronged him by sins, they have again recompensed him by duties. Foolish creatures! who think to discharge debts by duties, and satisfy God's justice with that which they owe to his sovereignty. This is but robbing one of God's attributes to pay another. . . . . . Let me ask you, to what purpose is it that you keep up something of religion? to what purpose that you frequent public ordinances?—that you force your ears to hear that Word which yet prophesieth no good concerning you, and task your lips to say over those prayers in which yet you find no relish?

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* Bible Illustrated, &c., p. 28.

Is it not the secret thought of many men's hearts, that hereby they shall buy off guilt and escape condemnation? If this be your hope, let me tell you it is no better than a spider's web; and when the besom of destruction comes, it will sweep down such cobweb hopes as these are, and such as settle in them, into perdition. For those very duties and works, which many trust unto to save them, may, at this day, for the slight and hypocritical performance of them, be reckoned up against them as so many sins; so far from being expiations, that they may rather be their faults. There will be no setting the good against the bad, for the manner of performing that which is good turns it into filth and abomination in the sight of God; and all they do is either sin in itself or sinful: and, therefore, to plead your own righteousness and your own good works is but to plead that the defects and hypocrisy of which will be brought in against you to condemn you.

COMPARATIVE RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Many rely upon a comparative righteousness. They glory, with the bragging Pharisee, that they are not extortioners, unjust, adulterers, as other men; and, therefore, they hope that as they have not lived the same lives, so they shall not partake of the same condemnation. But, alas! God will not judge thee by comparing thee with other men, but with his law. Thou fallest far short of the holiness and perfection of that, even in those very actions wherein thou dost far transcend other men. It may be there is no comparison between thee and others, but then there is no comparison between thee and the law. Thy very excellences may, at this day, be judged deficiencies; and thyself, a surpasser of others, wilt be then judged as a transgressor against God.

THE MERCY OF GOD.

Many most presumptuously rely upon the merciful and gracious disposition of God, and bottom their hopes of safety in that great day only upon this presumption. In spite of Scripture, and threatenings, and judgments, they will not believe but that the world is only scared out of its wits, by representing God more terrible and severe than indeed he is. What though the Law hath threatened death to transgressors, and the Gospel to unbelievers—and they are both; yet they will think that God hath still reserved in his hands a power to relax this rigorous sentence, and to dispense with and pardon whom he pleaseth; and they hope they shall be of that number. Strange sinners these! who are resolved upon it, that God shall show them mercy, though he himself hath protested the contrary; and will not be beaten from it, but that their souls are dearer to God than his own truth. . . . . . No! this is the acceptable time; this is the day of salvation. As soon as this life is expired, the time of believing and repenting is expired too, and the time of mercy and pardon with it. When Christ shall sit as judge, it will then be too late to cry: "Mercy! mercy!" Mercy hath been already tendered, and proudly rejected. Sinners! why was it not embraced while you lived upon the earth—while you were entreated and beseeched to accept it? It is now in vain to call, or cry, or strive. God hath sworn in his wrath that not one of them shall enter into his rest.

WANT OF TIME.

Some may think to allege for their excuse that they wanted time to prepare for eternity. Their employments in the world are such, that they have not leisure to think of their souls' welfare. Providence hath set them in a most cumbersome calling; and the cares and business of this world flow in so fast upon them, that they drink up all their thoughts and sequester all their time. As the Duke D'Alva, being demanded whether he observed a comet that had lately appeared, "No," said he, "I have so much to do on earth, that I cannot spare time to mind heaven." So it is with many. They are overwhelmed with worldly employments, and have no spare time to think of heaven, and therefore hope that God will not expect so much from them as from others who are better at leisure. But it were happy for these men, if, as they pretend, they cannot spare time to be holy, so they could not spare time to die and to be judged. It is true, men may make their trades and callings too unwieldy for them, and thereby become not masters, but drudges, to their own affairs. . . . . . However, it is the greatest folly in the world, and can be no excuse at the last day, to grasp so much of earth, as to let go their hold of heaven. . . . . . It will not be an excuse, but an aggravation, of men's doom at the last day, that they who have lived forty or threescore years in the world could yet find no time for heaven; as if the laying up of a vain and perishing estate here below were of more concern than the laying up treasures in heaven, and a good foundation against the time to come.

WARNING.

Since, then, no excuse will prevail to keep off the dreadful sentence of judgment, oh! then, let no excuse prevail to keep us from a holy life. Let no excuse keep us from coming to Christ, since no excuse can help us when we come before Christ. When our Saviour invited his guests, they all made excuses—one had bought a farm, and another oxen, and they could not come. Poor excuses! but yet anything is sufficient to reject Christ's invitations. But though men make excuses when Christ invites them, no excuses shall serve the turn when he summons them. The ministers of the Gospel, when they knock at men's hearts, and bid them come to Christ, are turned off with very slight answers; but pray, bethink yourselves what excuse, what answer, you will make, when an angel shall come into the grave to you, and knock at your coffins, and bid you arise, and come to judgment. It were well for many, if they could then excuse themselves from appearing, or else, at their appearing, excuse themselves from their guilt and condemnation. But no excuse will then be taken. I beseech you, consider that in that day—and that day is coming—nothing will avail you but faith and obedience; and, as you would plead it then, so be persuaded to practise it now.—*Hopkins.*

BURMESE CUSTOMS ILLUSTRATIVE OF SCRIPTURE.

BY JOHN KITTO, D.D.

The Burmese customs respecting slavery and debt seem to offer some remarkable illustrations of Scripture and of the customs of the Hebrew people. We obtain much more distinct ideas respecting the usages of any nation, by comparing them with the similar usages of another nation, than can be otherwise received; and in such comparison the differences are not less instructive than the resemblances; for where there is a general resemblance, the differences of detail enable us often to apprehend the special objects of the Hebrew law or usage, which might otherwise escape our notice or elude our research.

The sources from which slaves are obtained among the Burmese are—prisoners of war and their descendants, foreigners by purchase, and debtors. The same classes of slaves existed among the Hebrews, and in nearly the same proportions as among the Burmese.

That captives taken in war were detained in bondage, and not, as in modern nations, restored, by exchange or otherwise, to their own country upon the termination of hostilities, is shown by such passages as Gen. xiv.; Deut. xx. 14, xxi. 10, 11; 2 Kings v. 2. That *such* bondage should be hereditary, seems, at the first view, a peculiarity of the Burmese usage; but there is no doubt that the same was the case among the Hebrews. This fact is implied in the mention of "servants born in one's house," of "the children of maid-servants," and of "the sons or children of the house."—See Gen. xiv. 14, xv. 3, xvii. 23; Ps. lxxxvi. 16, cxvi. 16. This appears still clearer when we come to consider that, even in the case of a Hebrew who became a servant, and was, by the law, liberated after a term of years, although his wife that he had before his bondage commenced, and any children he had by her before or during his period of service, went out with him (Lev. xxv. 41); yet, if the master had given him a wife during his period of service, both the woman, and any children to which she had given birth, remained the property of the master when the man himself went out free.—Exod. xxi. 4. It may be remarked, however, that one class of slaves—captives of war—were not numerous among the Hebrews, whose wars were mostly wars of extermination, so that they seldom had any male captives. They usually spared the unmarried females; and those into whose hands they fell either sold them, or employed them in domestic services. If the master, or his son, married any of these, they ceased to be at his disposal as slaves. If he came to dislike them, or wished to get rid of them, he could not sell them, but was bound to let them go free.—Deut. xxi. 14, 15. It seems to have been usually from this class that the master provided wives for his unmarried Hebrew servants, and who, belonging to him as property, remained with him, as well as her children, when the man became free, as already noticed. It was probably as often from a regard to the ties thus formed in his period of bond service as from attachment to his master, that the Hebrew bond servant sometimes declined to go out, where the law would have made him free, but chose rather to contract the obligation of perpetual servitude.—Exod. xxi. 5, 6; Deut. xv. 17.

In Burmah the slaves by purchase are not very numerous. "A few are annually introduced through a slave trade habitually carried on along the frontiers. I cannot learn," says Mr Malcolm, "that the Burmans themselves engage in this traffic; but they do not hesitate to purchase. Munniporians and Arracanese are brought into Ava, especially on the Siam frontier, where they are often caught and carried across the ill-defined boundary." Change the names, and this is probably a tolerably accurate state of the case as among the Hebrews also. The law on the subject may be found in Lev. xxv. 44-46: "Both thy bondmen and bondwomen [that is, slaves], which thou shalt have, shall be of *the heathen that are round about you*: of them shall ye *buy* bondmen and bondwomen. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession, and ye shall take them *as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen for ever.*" This is preceded and followed by a prohibition of the buying and selling of native Israelites. From this text it appears that, as in the case of war captives, the bondage of purchased slaves was entailed on their descendants. In mitigation of the apparent austerity of the law with respect to "sojourners," let it be observed that it is especially applied to those who were "born in the land" of Israel, and who were, therefore, descended from those ancient inhabitants of the country whom the Israelites had spared from extermination. These were, in fact, regarded in the light of the descendants of captives of war—as already, in fact, in an inferior, a tributary, and enslaved condition. The right to treat them as such was, indeed, only asserted in practice by Solomon, who, when his great public works created an extraordinary demand for labour, "levied a tribute of bond-service."—1 Kings ix. 21. It is, therefore, not surprising that the law made no distinction, in respect of slavery, between them and the people of neighbouring nations.

Purchased slaves are distinguished from others in Scripture as those "bought with money;" and the presence of such in large establishments is recognised in the earliest periods of Scripture history.—See Gen. xvii. 12, 13, 23, 27; Exod. xii. 44. The sale of Joseph by his own brothers to the Midianitish merchants, who re-sold him in Egypt, is the most striking fact in connection with the subject; and the strong and urgent manner in which the law forbids the selling of Israelites to foreigners in any case, and in particular the stealing of them for the purpose of such sale (which, as in the case of the Burmese, might easily be effected on the frontiers), indicates that very criminal practices, in this respect, had become prevalent before the delivery of the law.—Exod. xxi. 16; Deut. xxiv. 7.

More interesting than the details which have been already offered respecting such slaves as were captives of war, and such as were bought with money, are those facts which concern the numerous persons who fell into bondage from poverty or debt. In this matter the analogies between the customs of the Burmese and of the Jews are very striking, and even the differences are illustrative, and suggest useful comparisons.

The Rev. Mr Malcolm states that, in Burmah, "debtor-slaves are most numerous in every part of the country. The king's brother told me that he estimated their proportion to the rest of the population as one to seven or eight. This might be true at Ava, but I think it much more than the general average." What the proportion of such bond servants might be in Israel we have no means of knowing; but that they were very numerous, and greatly exceeded all other classes, is manifest from the extent of legislation concerning them, which all along presumes that great numbers would fall into this condition, and receive the benefit of that periodical liberation which the law provided.

In Burmah "persons borrowing money mortgage themselves when unable to give other security, and become servants to the lender until the money is paid. The sum borrowed is sometimes very small—perhaps only a few rupees; but this makes no difference in the condition, or in the services required." This was pretty much the case in Israel also, except that the law enjoined upon the Israelites so much brotherly consideration for each other, that no man would have been ready to accept the bond-service of another for so trifling a consideration.—Deut. xv. 7-9. The borrowing of money involves most of the causes which could, under the Hebrew law, bring a man into bondage—debt of any kind. If we study that law in its applications, we see that a man, being in want of money, "sold himself;" that is, borrowed of some person in need of a man's service the sum he wanted, and, in consideration, therefore bound himself to his service for a corresponding time, or till the sum should be repaid. It might happen that the person to whom he owed money for goods, or from other causes, might not need his services. In that case, he sold these services to some one who did, and with the money paid his creditor. The creditor himself, however, might seize such an insolvent debtor, and, if he had no employment for him, might sell him; that is, might sell his services to such as needed them. He was under no restriction in this respect, except that he could not sell him out of Palestine, or to any one but a Hebrew.

"In Burmah proper there is no remuneration towards liquidating the debt, so that the person continues in bondage for life, unless the money can somehow be obtained." This is monstrous; but such would have been the case in Israel also, but for the beautiful and benevolent provision of the Hebrew law, which enacted that every bond servant in the land should become free at the commencement of every seventh year—a regulation a shadow of which exists in our law of apprenticeship, and in our statute of limitations. This wise law affixed a value to the services of the bondman beyond the mere cost of his subsistence; and this, during his period of service, formed an accumulating surplus for the liquidation of his debt. A hired servant received food and wages—a bond servant food and clothing only; and, therefore, his services were considered twice as valuable to the master as those of the hired servant—a consideration which is urged upon the master as a reason why liberal treatment should be shown to him.—Deut. xv. 18. This regulation for the general release of the bond servants every seventh year must also have been effectual as a salutary, but not too stringent, limitation of credit; for he who knew that his debtor would, at the end of seven years, be clear from the obligation, would not be over ready to allow the debt to accumulate beyond the amount which, if things came to the worst, the debtor's services during those years would suffice to repay. The Burmese practice of allowing no fund to accumulate out of the value of the bondman's services towards the liquidation of the debt, was perceived by the British authorities to be so defective and unjust, that in the provinces ceded to us after the war, it was provided by law that, while the debtor remained in service to his creditor, the debt should diminish at the rate of four pice (about threehalfpence) a-day. This, it will be seen, is but another mode of securing the same object which the Mosaical law more effectually realized by the seventh year's release.

Among the Burmese, the master has power to inflict corporeal punishment upon the bond servants as upon other slaves, but not to the extent of drawing blood. Such also was the case among the Hebrews. This is not, indeed, expressly stated; but it is implied in the fact, that the master was only amenable to punishment, in case the servant died outright under his blows; and his punishment was then at the discretion of the judge. But if the servant outlived his ill treatment two days, the master went unpunished. The law did not in that case venture to presume that he had any intention of murdering his servant, the loss of whose services was regarded as of itself a sufficient punishment.—Exod. xxi. 20, 21. If, however, through the violence of his master, a servant sustained an irremediable injury in any of his members (for that is the large interpretation of "eye or tooth"), the law ordered that he should become free.—Exod. xxi. 26, 27. These regulations provide for extreme cases; but there is no reason to suppose that the Hebrew servants of any description were subjected to ill treatment. The exhortations against their being treated with inhumanity are urgent and repeated.—Lev. xxv. 43-46.

The debtor slaves, among the Burmese, are bought and sold at pleasure; as was also the case with the Hebrews, under the limitation already specified. But, on the other hand, there is a provision in Burmah which enables such a bondman to change his master at pleasure, by obtaining a person to offer for him the amount of the debt; which, when tendered by the servant, the master is not at liberty to refuse. The Hebrew bondman was still more privileged in this respect. Not only might his near relations redeem him in any case, but, "if he is able, he may redeem himself;" which regulation, doubtless, acted in practice like that of the Burmese, in enabling him to change his master when his situation was unpleasant to him.—Lev. xxv. 48-50. But, more than this, the Hebrew bondman was not obliged to tender the original amount of his debt, but only that proportion of it which remained unredeemed by his past services, with reference to the proximity or remoteness of the time when he would, of necessity, become free under the law.—Lev. xxv. 50-52.

In Burmah, fathers may pledge their wives and children for money borrowed, or, in other words, sell them, as the money is often taken up without the intention of repayment. The only escape from slavery for life, in such cases, is for the person to obtain by some means the amount due.

The Hebrew usage seems parallel with this in every essential respect; but by the wise regulations which the Mosaical law introduced, or which custom established, all those points which appear to us harsh and unjust in the Burmese practice were avoided. By comparing the two sets of usages, we are enabled to discover the evils which were by the Hebrew practice obviated. With respect to the sale of a wife, there is no positive law bearing on the point; but we know that a Hebrew man could have no power of selling his wife in any case. That which lies at the root of all scriptural legislation on this subject is, that no third party can separate man and wife, and that they can only separate themselves by a divorce. A creditor might seize and sell a man, his wife, and his children (Matt. xviii. 25), but he could not attach the wife separately from her husband, nor from her children, if they were still so young as to need her maternal care. And a man could not himself exercise a right which his creditor did not possess. He could not sell his wife, and himself remain free, though he might do so with his children. Nor, indeed, could he do this in any case directly, though it was done indirectly. The law and custom assumed that the wife would in all cases follow the fortunes of her husband; and on that presumption the master of the husband was bound to provide for her and her children. Even in the case of a widow who became responsible for her husband's debts, she could not in her own person be seized or sold in payment of them, although her children might.—2 Kings iv. 1.

In regard to children, the case was different. Not only might the father's creditor seize his children in payment, but the father himself might sell them to pay his debts, or to provide the means of subsistence. —Exod. xxi. 7. The condition of a son, thus sold by his father, differed in no material respect from that of a Hebrew man who sold himself. The bondage into which he went, instead of being, as with the Burmese, for life, unless redeemed, terminated of itself after six years, and sooner if the year of jubilee intervened. The temptation to sell daughters was greater than that of selling sons; or, at all events, a father in distress would be more disposed to sell his daughters than his sons. For this reason, greater care was taken to protect the daughter's interest; and the father's power over her, in this respect, was much more limited than that which he was allowed to exercise over his son. The principles of the law on this point are stated in Exod. xxi. 7-11; and we learn from the Jewish doctors the practice which grew out of these enactments, or by which they were enforced. We are told that a father could not sell a daughter at all *after* she was twelve years and a day old; and she became free, not only by the same circumstance which operated in the case of men, but *also* the moment she became of marriageable age, or when her master died. There was likewise to be some ground of expectation that the master or his son would marry the girl; and it was counted highly disgraceful for a man to sell his daughter, unless from the most extreme necessity and want—the want of bread. If he did it without such necessity, the public authorities interfered, and compelled him to redeem her. All these restrictions must have rendered the selling of daughters extremely rare, except in times of great public calamity; and it is only in such circumstances that examples of it occur in Scripture. In Neh. v. we have an account of a scarcity, in which men mortgaged their lands and houses, and borrowed money, to obtain corn for the subsistence of their families; and, at length, selling their sons and daughters under the pressure of the dearth. In describing this state of affairs to Nehemiah, the people dwell emphatically upon this, that "some of our daughters are brought into bondage already; neither is it in our power to redeem them, for other men have our lands and vineyards." The idea of selling a daughter without the most extreme necessity, was indeed so revolting to the Jews, that the Prophet Joel (iii. 3) produces it as a circumstance of horror, that the enemies of Israel should "sell a girl for wine, that they may drink." These facts and usages do not indicate a state of society in which daughters were commonly, or for slight reasons, sold to others.

The practice of the Burmese, in this respect, probably indicates the condition of affairs which would have prevailed among the Hebrews, had not the benevolent influence of the law been interposed, and may enable us to perceive the evils which that law was intended to remedy.

Notwithstanding the comparative severity of the Burmese law of slavery, the actual treatment of slaves is exceedingly mild among them, as it is everywhere else in the East. As the Rev. Howard Malcolm belongs to a country in which another and very different form of slavery—Negro slavery—exists as a domestic institution, his remarks on this milder Oriental slavery are peculiarly interesting. We shall quote the passage; and if the reader will take the trouble to read, in connection with it, Lev. xxv. 39-53; Exod. xx. 10; Deut. v. 14, xii. 17, 18, xvi. 11, xxiii. 15, 16, xxv. 4; Job xxiv. 10, 11, xxxi. 13, he will readily perceive that slavery or servitude among the Hebrews had the same general character, and many points of strong resemblance, to that which this extract exhibits:—

"Slaves are not treated with more severity than hired labourers. A state of society where the modes of living are so simple, renders the condition of the slave little different from that of his master. His food, raiment, and lodging, among all the middling classes at least, are not essentially different. Being of the same colour, they and their children incorporate without difficulty with the mass of the people on obtaining freedom. The same fact tends to ameliorate their condition. In fine, their state does not much differ from that of hired servants who have received their wages for a long time in advance. Belonging to persons in the higher conditions does not increase the severity of the bondage; for though the distinction is greater, the servitude is less. Many slaves live at their own houses just as other people, but are liable to be called on for labour, which in many cases is required only at certain seasons of the year.

"In a country where rank is never lost sight of, and where the master has the power of a magistrate over all his dependents, servitude creates a boundary which is in no danger of being passed. The effect is to make the servant, in many cases, the friend and companion of his master, to a degree not ventured upon in countries where employment does not create dependence, and where familiarity may induce assumption."

THE WIDOW AND HER TWO SONS.

(From Todd's Sabbath School Teacher.)

A FEW years since, a man and his wife arrived in the town of M——, N.Y., as permanent residents. They were young, lately married, and their prospects for the future were bright and cheering. They purchased a farm in M——, which was then a new country, and had happily spent two or three years in this situation, when, by a mysterious Providence, the young man was called from this world. With his surviving widow he left two lovely twin infants, to deplore a loss which time could not retrieve. The widow sought comfort in vain from the limited circle of her acquaintance. There was no minister of the Gospel in that region to direct her to the great source of comfort, nor was there a pious friend who could direct her trembling footsteps to the cross of Jesus. But she went to her Bible, and, by the assistance of the Spirit of truth, found that consolation which a selfish world can neither bestow nor taste. She mourned, indeed, a husband who was no more, but she was cheered by the hope that God would protect her and hers. She wept over her innocent babes, and resolved that, while she lived, they should never need a mother's care. As they grew up, she endeavoured to teach them the first principles of religion, but they received only her instructions. One week after another rolled away, one Sabbath after another dawned upon the wilderness, but they brought none of its privileges. The wilderness had never echoed with the sound of the church-going bell. The solitary places had never been gladdened by the sound of the footsteps of him who proclaims glad tidings of great joy. The feeling mother clasped her little boys to her aching bosom, and sighed and wept for the opportunity of taking them by the hand, and leading them up to the courts of God. In the days of her childhood she had possessed great advantages, and she now mourned that her babes could only receive instruction from *her* lips. Alas! no man of God came to instruct, to cheer, and to gladden the bosom of her who, for years, had never heard the whispers of love from the servants of her Saviour. When the little boys were five years old, and before they were old enough to be sensible of their loss, a consumption had fastened upon their tender parent, and she was soon encircled in the cold arms of Death. She steadily watched the certain issue of her disease, and even in her last moments commended her children to Him who is "a Father to the fatherless." A few moments before she expired, she kissed her little boys, who wept, almost without knowing why, on feeling the last grasp of the clay-cold hand of their mother. "It is hard," said she to a neighbour who was present—"it is hard for a mother to leave two such helpless babes without friends, and without any one to protect them; but I leave them in the hands of God, and I *do* believe he will protect them. My last prayer shall be for my poor destitute orphans."

After the death of their mother they were received into the house of a neighbour, a poor widow. In less than a year one of them was stretched beside his mother beneath the sods.

About this time a pious young lady arrived in the place. She, too, was an orphan, but was not comfortless. It was her first inquiry how she could do good to the spiritually destitute villagers around her.

In the course of one of her afternoon walks, she met a little boy straggling by the side of the road. There was a something in his countenance which excited interest at once, though he was exceedingly ragged. The young lady was struck with his appearance, and immediately entered into conversation with him.

"What is your name, my little boy?" said she gently.

"James."

"Where do you live?"

"With Widow Parker, just in the edge of the wood there, in that little log-house; can't you see it?"

"I see it; but is Widow Parker your mother?"

"No. I had a mother last year, and she loved me. She used to take care of *me* and of my brother *John*. She made our clothes, and taught us to say our prayers and catechisms. Oh! she was a most good mother."

"But where is your mother?" said the lady as soothingly as possible.

"Oh, madam, she is dead! Do you see that grave-yard yonder?"

"Yes."

"And the great maple-tree which stands in the farther corner of it?"

"Yes, I see it."

"Well, my poor mother was buried under that tree; and my brother John lies there too. They were both buried deep in the ground, though my mother's grave was the deepest. I shall never see them again—never, never, as long as I live. Will you go with me, and see the graves?" continued he, looking at the lady with great earnestness and simplicity.

The short account which the little boy gave of himself awakened the best feelings of the young lady, and she had been devising some plan by which to do him good. For the present she declined visiting the grave, but continued to converse with him, and to gain his confidence. She found him very ignorant, having never been at school; and the instructions of his pious mother, not having her to repeat and enforce them by precept and example, were nearly forgotten.

A Sabbath school had never been established in the place, and whether it was practicable to establish one was doubtful; but she was determined to make the experiment. Accordingly, she visited every little cottage in the village, and urged that the children might be assembled on the next Lord's-day, and a school formed. A proposal of this kind was new, was from a new comer, and was unpopular. All the old women in the place entered their protest against such innovations. For the first three Sabbaths the young lady had no other scholar besides her little James. But she had already been taught that, however faint our prospects of doing good at first may be, we should not be discouraged. Our labour may not be lost, though the first blow may not produce much effect. She was sorry that she had so few scholars, but she bent all her energies to the instruction of her little boy, and afterwards felt that Providence had ordered it wisely.

But in a few weeks the prejudices of the people began to wear away, and, before the summer closed, this school embraced every child whose age would allow it to attend.

It was the second summer after the establishment of this school, and after little James had become well acquainted with his Testament and Catechism, that his health also began to fail. This good young lady beheld his gradual decay with anxiety, visited him frequently, and always wept after having left him. She used often to walk out with him, and to endeavour to cheer him by her conversation.

One pleasant afternoon she led him out by the hand, and at his request visited the spot where lay his mother and little brother. Their graves were both covered with grass, and on the smaller grave were some beautiful flowerets. It was in the cool of a serene summer's day, as they sat by the grave in silence; neither of them feeling any desire to speak. The lady gazed at the pale countenance of the little boy, upon whose system a lingering disease was preying, while he looked at her with an eye that seemed to say: "I have not long to enjoy your society." Without saying a word, he cut a small stick, and measured the exact length of his little brother's grave, and again seated himself by the lady. She appeared sad while he calmly addressed her.

"You see, Miss ——, that this little grave is shorter than mine will be."

She pressed his little hand within her own, and he continued:—

"You know not how much I love you—how much I thank you. Before you taught me, I knew nothing of death—nothing about heaven, or God, or angels; I was a very wicked boy till you met me. I love you much, very much, but I would say something else."

"And what would you say, James?" inquired the lady, trying to compose her own feelings.

"Do you think I shall ever get well?"

"Indeed, I hope you will; but why ask that question?"

"Because I feel I shall not live long; I believe I shall soon die; I shall then be laid beside my poor mother, and she will then have her two little boys, one on each side of her. But do not cry, Miss S——; I am not afraid to die. You told me, and the Testament tells me, that Christ will suffer little children to come unto him; and though I know I am a very sinful little boy, yet I think I shall be happy, for I love this Saviour who can save such a wicked boy as I am. And I sometimes think I shall soon meet mother and little brother in happiness. I know you will come too—won't you? When I am dead, I wish you to tell the Sabbath scholars how much I loved them all; tell them they must all die, and may die soon; and tell them to come and measure the grave of little James, and then prepare to die."

The young lady wept, and could not answer him at that time; but she was enabled to converse with him many times afterwards on the grounds of his hope, and was satisfied that this little lamb was indeed of the fold of Jesus. She was sitting at his bed-side, and with her own trembling hand closed his lovely eyes as they shut in the slumbers of death. He fell asleep with a smile—without a struggle. The lady was the only sincere mourner who followed the remains of the child to the grave; and while she shed many tears over that grave which concealed his lovely form, she could not but rejoice in the belief that God had permitted her to be the feeble instrument of preparing an immortal spirit for a mansion in the skies, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

FORGIVE!—PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

SUCH an one has injured me. He has said things of me wrongfully, and he has done it repeatedly. Shall I retaliate? This is the course which corrupt nature dictates; but I profess to be a disciple of the meek Redeemer, and I dare not dishonour him by harbouring feelings of revenge. The offence committed has not been committed against me seventy times seven, and therefore, to come up to my Lord's rule, I must forgive. How has my Lord dealt with me? In ten thousand instances I have injured him—he has freely forgiven me the ten thousand talents; and shall I be severe with my erring brother, and be relentless towards him, because he owes me a hundred pence? That is a true saying, "If ye, *from your hearts*, forgive not every one his brother their trespasses," neither will your heavenly Father forgive you. Read the following story, and let not the Heathen shame you:—

The Bechuanas of South Africa are divided into many different nations or tribes. Two of these nations carried on war for some years, each side trying to kill every man, woman, and child of the other nation, and practising horrid cruelties. The name of the one nation was Barolong, and that of the other Bakueni, or People of the Crocodile.

One day the daughter of the chief of the Bakueni was gathering berries by the river side; she was some way from her father's village, and all alone: she did not think that any enemy was near; but there was a wicked old warrior of the Barolong nation creeping along the borders as a spy, and he saw her. She had never done him any harm, but he hated her because she was one of the Bakueni. He crept like a coward upon his hands and knees, and when he was within a few steps of her, he sprang upon her like a tiger, and with his assegai cut off both her hands above the wrists. He mocked at her sufferings, and tauntingly asked, "U tla 'mpona kai? Rumela!" "Where shall you see me again? I salute you." The cries of the poor bleeding girl soon brought her friends from the village, but the wicked old man made off with all speed, and he was far enough away before they reached her. There was no surgeon at hand to dress her wounded arms, so whether she died from pain and loss of blood or not remains to be told. At length both nations suffered so dreadfully from war and famine, that they wished to make peace. They killed some cattle, and sat down to eat together, and thus made a treaty of peace. Next season the Bakueni had an abundant crop of corn, but the Barolongs were in great distress. Swarms of locusts ate up the produce of their fields and gardens, and they were obliged to beg food from the people they once meant to destroy.

Among others the old warrior suffered extremely, and he set out on a journey to the Bakueni, in order to save his life. He had a little bag containing a little meal made from pounded locusts. It was all he could get to eat on his way. He took a pipe and tobacco also, and a walking-stick in his hand; but he was nearly starved, and so weak and thin, that he could not get on fast. He reached the village of the chief of the Bakueni, and entered the enclosure before the door of the chief's house. A young woman was sitting near the door. She was dressed in a tiger-skin kaross, which none but the *mofumagari*, or "royal mistress," may wear. The old man addressed his petition to her in the most humble words, and begged her to give him, a poor dog, a little food, as he was dying of hunger. She answered him, "E! U tla 'mpona kai? Rumela!" The old man was stupified by hunger, and he did not remember the words.

A servant was cooking food while this was going on. Her mistress turned to her, and told her to put some into a dish; then throwing back her kaross, she uncovered her arms. There were no hands, only stumps left. She was the very girl whose hands this same wicked old man had cut off so long before! She said to her servant, "Give the food to that man; he does not deserve it. It was he who cut off my hands when I was a girl; but I will not revenge myself; he is now starving. He little thought that we should thus meet each other." Then speaking to the old warrior, she said, "There; take and eat! U tla 'mpona kai? Rumela." What the old man felt, it would be difficult to say. The generous conduct of the chief's daughter has never been forgotten by the Barolong nation. To this day, one of them may be kept from an unkind action by the oppressed party exclaiming, "U tla 'mpona kai? Rumela!"—*Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.*

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

Much is said at the present day about the excellence of the Bible, and strenuous efforts are making to disseminate it through our country and foreign lands. Yet, the observation which I have had to make leads me to doubt whether the written Word is as carefully and prayerfully studied by Christians as in some former ages of the world.

It is undeniable that the *science* of the Scriptures receives much attention. No age has been more remarkable for extending its researches into the natural history, the topography, and the literature of the sacred text. Disputed passages requiring explanation from comparison with other parts of the same book, or with other books, are also much investigated. But all this may be done, and in many cases is done, with no view to spiritual improvement. Such study with nothing else in view but the acquisition of Biblical knowledge, puffs up, but does not edify. To such a source, Neology in Germany owes its origin. The German professors of theology are diligent students. They toil day and night over the pages of Scripture. Knotty points are examined with the closest scrutiny; and there is nothing wanting of human intellect, the helps of science, and the most sedulous and long-lived industry, to secure success to their investigations. But their study, conducted not for spiritual, but intellectual purposes, withers the heart, and puffs up the mind. They employ their minds in curiously carving the outer shell, and forming of it every manner of device, but they leave the nut of the Gospel untasted. The consequence is, an entire destitution of spiritual life, and a ministry, professedly Christian, but radically Infidel, making the Bible a mere text-book for intellectual purposes.

I have regretted to see somewhat of the same mode of Biblical study commenced, and partially practised, among theological students in our own land. Too great a regard and admiration for German scholarship in religious matters, is inculcated among us. The effect upon the ministry, so far as felt, must be disastrous to the interests of piety.

But many, who have never known of German scholarship, study the Bible without profit. The minister studies it to make his sermons; the teacher of the Bible-class and Sabbath-school to prepare his lessons; the common professor to gratify his curiosity, or to maintain an apparent consistency with his profession. The Christian, in a proper state of mind, studies it to grow in grace—to make progress in the divine life—to satisfy the hunger and thirst of his soul after righteousness. He has regard to the prayer of our Saviour: "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy Word is truth." He studies the Word prayerfully. He meditates upon it in the night season; in the midst of his daily occupations, and in the multitude of his thoughts within him, the comforts of God delight his soul.

In such matters it is easy to deceive one's self. It is customary for evangelical Christians to read the Bible daily, and the custom cannot be too highly commended, or too earnestly enjoined. But the daily reading of the Word does not necessarily embrace the study of the truth. A man may read and not think; or he may think and not pray; or he may think and pray, and straightway forget both the thought and prayer. To feed upon the truth, he must take time to meditate; he must retain in memory, and frequently recall, and try his thoughts and actions by what he has read. And this must be done, not occasionally, but habitually. The very tone and temper of his mind will thus become assimilated to the truth. He will grow in grace, as well as in knowledge. His temper will become of a heavenly sweetness, and occasionally his soul will be lifted up within him, as if he were in the chariots of Amminadab.

Reader, how is it with thee? Art thou a constant reader of God's Word? Dost thou examine it to become subtle in knowledge, or wise unto salvation? to gratify curiosity, or satisfy the cravings of a renewed nature? to preserve appearances, or to grow in grace? Does the regard of men or the love of Christ constrain thee? Answer these questions conscientiously, and thou wilt satisfy thyself whether thy study is conducing to spiritual profit.—*Primitive Church Magazine.*

SHEPHERDS IN JUDEA.

Shortly after leaving the city we met several flocks of sheep, preceded by their shepherds, walking slowly towards Jerusalem, and at once the full force of all imagery, and the many touching similes derived from such scenes and associations, and so often alluded to in Scripture, came vividly before me. These Arab shepherds, clad in the turbans and simple abbas worn by their class, and carrying a wooden crook in their hands, walked in front.

The sheep, which are a peculiar and very handsome breed, are mostly low-sized; the fore part of their bodies are of a fawn colour, the hinder parts white; they have long, pendent, silken ears and sweeping tails; their faces more oval and longer than the species in this country; and they have altogether a more pleasing, docile, and mild expression of countenance.

Not one of them ventured before the shepherd, but stopped and quickened their pace as he did; or if a young and forward creature lagged behind or strayed on either side, a single word from their leader, often a very look, brought it back and checked its wanderings. A few favourite lambs frisked about their master, rubbing themselves against his legs and garments.

After the sheep came some young goats and lambs, and the whole procession closed with about two dozen of old patriarchal-looking goats, which brought up the rear. These goats have long horns, and pendent ears that hang almost to the ground, and their hair is a glossy black and of the finest grain. The sheep and goats were perfectly distinct.

These shepherds are often to be seen about sunset slowly approaching the city from all sides, to seek shelter for their flock, during the night, in some of the deep valleys by which it is surrounded, carrying the lambs in their bosoms. It is almost incredible the influence that the shepherds of Palestine possess over their flocks; many of them have no dogs, but a word is often sufficient to make them understand and obey the will of their shepherd.

He sleeps among them at night, and in the morning leads them forth to pasture; always before them, guiding them to those places where they can enjoy the best food, and resting when he thinks they have obtained a sufficiency, or during the heat of the day, in some cool shady place, where they all immediately lie down around him.

He has generally two or three favourite lambs which do not mix with the flock, but follow close at his side, frisking and fondling about him like dogs; indeed, the degree of intelligence and understanding that exists between the Arab and his flock is truly astonishing. "They know his voice, and follow him;" and "he careth for the sheep." It was probably to such shepherds as these that the angel announced the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth.—*Wilde's Narrative.*

THE BELIEVER'S PROSPECTS.

BY RALPH WARDLAW, D.D., GLASGOW.

HAVING considered the believer's "afflictions," and what is said of them in the passage under review (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18), as "*light*," and "*but for a moment*," we are now to offer a few remarks on—

II. His PROSPECTS. These are here expressed by the words: "*A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*" And the first thing to be noticed is, what hardly can fail to strike the most superficial reader—the *completeness of the contrast* between this brief description and the previous one of his afflictions. It is perfect in every point. We have *affliction—glory; light* affliction — a *weight* of glory; light affliction, which is *but for a moment*—an *eternal* weight of glory. And even with this, perfect as it seems, the apostle is not satisfied; his mind, while elevated by the sublimity, and exulting in the delightfulness, is at the same time burdened with the weight, of its own conceptions; or rather, let me say, of those conceptions which were imparted to it by the Holy Spirit of truth. And the terms he employs are stronger than any mere epithets which even the copious language of Greece, according to its ordinary usage, could have furnished him. They are scarcely translatable. Their force and spirit it is difficult, if not impossible, to transfuse into another tongue. An eminent critic represents them as "*infinitely emphatical*" (*καθ' ὑπερβολὴν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν αἰώνιον βάρος δόξης*) —signifying that "all hyperboles fall short of expressing that weighty eternal glory—so solid and lasting, that you may pass from one hyperbole to another, and yet when you have gained the last, are infinitely below it."

The prospect of the believer, then, is "GLORY." This one word, rightly understood, comprehends it all. The glory anticipated by him is not like the vain, empty, fleeting, ephemeral glory, which the men of this world so eagerly covet, and so ardently and devotedly pursue. Theirs is glory which, regarded as the object of supreme ambition to a rational and immortal being, must, when "weighed in the balances, be found wanting." But not so the believer's. His is, emphatically, "a *weight* of glory." It is solid and substantial. It is not tinsel; it is not mere gilding and lackering. It is pure, unalloyed bullion. His "crown of glory" is of the finest gold, and its gems and jewels are not factitious, but real, and of divine costliness. And the glory is not fading and temporary; it is lasting—it is "eternal;" it is coeval with the perpetuity of his existence; its weight never lightening—its lustre never dimming. It is thus glory worthy the aspirations of an immortal mind; glory, such as "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath entered into the heart of man to conceive."

The glory anticipated by the believer is that of being LIKE CHRIST. This is rather the strongest expression he can give to it than the highest conception he can form of it; for, in truth, the conception he cannot form:—while he uses the language, and knows that it expresses the full amount of all that it is possible for him to desire here or to enjoy hereafter; yet of what it actually is to be like Christ, his conceptions are necessarily very limited, and his impressions proportionally indistinct and faint. One thing, however, is sure; that to be "like Christ" will not consist in any mere external resemblance—visible bodily conformity. Such outward likeness, no doubt, there is to be. The bodies of believers, when raised from the dead, will be conformed to that of their risen and exalted Lord. He himself will "change their vile body, and fashion it like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself."—Phil. iii. 21. Of this, more immediately. But, although it is true that our bodies, which, in this mortal and suffering life, and in the grave in which it terminates, "have borne the image of the earthly Adam," are destined, when they rise, to "bear the image of the heavenly"—glorious, incorruptible, spiritual frames, freed from all the feculent grossness of our present materialism, and adorned with celestial comeliness and radiance; yet this, comparatively, is as nothing. That which constitutes the chief ingredient in the glory of likeness to Christ, compared with which it may truly be said of the other, "it hath no glory by reason of the glory that excelleth," is conformity in CHARACTER—MORAL likeness—resemblance to him more perfect than is at all attainable here, as

No. 7. *April* 10, 1846.

"holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." This, this is the "glory"—the "weight of glory"—the "eternal weight of glory"—the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Whatever apostate and degenerate men may think, holiness, the excellency of moral character, is the true glory of every intelligent nature. It is the glory of the first and highest of all intelligences—of the great God himself;—amongst all his other glories bearing the pre-eminence. "GOD IS LIGHT—GOD IS LOVE." These are the glory of the Godhead; and to be like him in the light and the love, the purity and the benevolence, of his nature, is the true glory of every rational creature. This is the glory of angels. This *was* the glory of man in the original paradise; and it *is to be* the glory of redeemed man in the second paradise—the paradise above. And to be like Christ is thus to be like God; for he is "the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person;" and even when on earth, could say—"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

To a creature such as man, what would anything outward and visible be, without this? To such a creature there can be nothing worthy of being called "glory," unless there be the glory of an invigorated and expanded intellect, stored with the highest and best of knowledge—the knowledge especially of the infinite God, as the attributes of his character are manifested in his wonderful works and ways—in creation, in providence, and, above all, in redemption; and unless, along with this, there be the still higher glory of an enlarged, purified, elevated heart, filled and overflowing with all holy affections, and with the pure and exuberant delight which their exercise produces,—a heart loving God supremely, and by its perfect freedom from every taint of sin, fitted for receiving and enjoying the fulness of his love,—a heart thus drawing its sublime and exquisite felicity from this intimate reciprocation of holy love between itself and God—between itself and Immanuel. This, this is glory—intellectual glory—moral glory—the glory of mind—the glory of character—the glory of the highest and best society—the glory of intimacy with the angels of light, with Christ, with God! O what would it be for a man to be invested with the very brightness of the Shechinah—to be clothed in the very light which, on "the holy mount," adorned the person of "the Lord of glory"—were the man so invested, dazzling every eye with outward splendour, destitute of the mental and moral glory we have been describing! To be "clothed with the sun" is a sublime image; but what is the image to that which it represents—to the reality of the symbol—to being clothed with the light of the divine purity?

The glory in reserve for the believer is variously described by the inspired writers, according to what I may call its different departments, or the periods in which it is possessed and enjoyed. The descriptions cannot, of course, be the same, when, on the one hand, the period referred to is that between death and the resurrection, and when, on the other, the reference is to the eternity succeeding the resurrection, and the re-union of soul and body. Thus, in the verses which immediately follow those on which we are commenting, both are introduced, and the latest and most permanent first: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Now he that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit. Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord: (for we walk by faith, not by sight:) we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. v. 1–8. I am fully convinced, that, in these verses, "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," as set in contrast with "the earthly house of this tabernacle," which is to be "dissolved," means, not heaven itself, but the *resurrection-body* of God's redeemed, with which, when they shall be raised from the dust of death, their purified spirits shall be invested, or "clothed upon;" and in which, as their divinely prepared abode—"not made with hands"—they shall reside for ever, when "death shall be swallowed up in victory," or, as it is here, "mortality shall be swallowed up of life." And in the verses which follow, namely, from the 6th to the 8th, there is brought before us the *immediate glory of the departed soul.* For I do rejoice in the firm conviction, resting on what I conceive to be the most explicit Bible authority, of the truth of the good old doctrine instilled into our minds in infancy, that "the souls of believers are at death made perfect in holiness, and *do immediately pass into glory*." I have no faith in either an intermediate *sleep* of the soul in a state of unconsciousness, or its occupancy of some *intermediate state* of safe-keeping, short of heaven, whether subterranean or anywhere else. This is not the place for arguing the point. But the words just cited contain one among several very plain proofs of the immediate transition from earth to heaven. Can terms be plainer?—"knowing that *whilst* we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord"—"willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord"—to "*migrate* from the body, and to be *at home* with the Lord?" And where is the Lord? The divine word answers: "He is gone *into heaven*, and is *on the right hand of God*, angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto him."—Compare Phil. i. 21–23; Acts vii. 55, 56, with 59; also Luke xxiii. 43, with 2 Cor. xii. 2–4.

Then, with regard to the *final* glory of the redeemed, let the reader carefully peruse the following passages: 1 John iii. 2, compared with Ps. xvi. 11; 1 Cor. xv. 42–49; John xvii. 22–24: and the emblematic vision of the heavenly state, "the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," in Rev. xxi. 10–27, xxii. 1–5. Surely, when believers read and meditate upon such portions of God's word, they cannot fail to be of one mind with the apostle, when he says: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we *suffer with him*, that we may be also *glorified together*. For I reckon that *the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us*."—Rom. viii. 16–18.

My space is filled. I must, however, be allowed *one reflection*, before proceeding to the third of my particulars. It is this: Apart altogether from the *connection* between the believer's afflictions and his prospects, to be hereafter illustrated; and simply on the supposition of the endurance of the one being *followed* by the realization of the other; how unspeakably preferable is his lot to that of the most successful and prosperous worldling that ever set his heart upon earthly acquisitions, and devoted his inventive and active powers—his mind and his time—to their pursuit! Surely he has little reason indeed, to be "envious at the foolish, when he sees the prosperity of the wicked." Even if, in the present world, there were nothing else but "afflictions" in his lot; if they were ever so varied, accumulated, and constant, through a long life—ending only with its close; yet were they, when it did close, to be succeeded by a fulness of the most elevated and unmingled joys, to last for eternity; how infinitely more desirable his lot than that of the man who, after a course of unceasing and ever-augmenting prosperity in this world, and after revelling in all the variety and enjoyments it ever yielded to its most unscrupulous votaries, sinks, when he has done with it, into "the blackness of darkness for ever!" Lazarus, with his poverty, his sores, and his crumbs, carried at the close by angels into Abraham's bosom, there to enjoy, in the fulness of its divine provisions, the everlasting feast of heaven, was surely more to be envied than the rich man, with his "purple and fine linen," his "sumptuous fare," and his gorgeous establishment, "dying, being buried," and in hell "lifting up his eyes in torment." It is not the temporal lot of Lazarus, compared with the temporal lot of the rich man, that we are taught by our Lord to prefer and to covet; it is the entire lot of the one, compared with the entire lot of the other—taking time and eternity together—embracing the entire existence of each; if we may, with propriety, apply the word *entire* to an existence that is never to end. I would entreat every reader to compare the lot of God's people with the lot of the men of this world:—on the one side, "afflictions," with the subsequent "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" and on the other, worldly prosperity in its largest amount, and longest continuance, with its subsequent eternity of woe:—to weigh the one against the other with all deliberation, on the principles of ordinary prudential computation; and to "choose the good part, which shall never be taken from him."—I have, in this statement, I perceive, given the worldly side of the alternative undue advantage. I have supposed the worldling's lot to be all prosperous. But *he* has his "afflictions," various in kind and measure, as well as the believer. And which of the two, let me ask, has the best of it under these?—the child of God, with his divine Father's love, and smile, and blessing, and "precious promises," together with the good and soul-cheering hope of a "land of cloudless sky," beyond all the lowering and bursting storms of this lower world; or the child of earth, the man of time and sense, with God's displeasure and hidden curse mingling with both his enjoyments and his troubles, and no well-founded hope beyond, when the enjoyments are exhausted, and the troubles cease; but the prospect, whether he thinks of it or not, of a state in which the enjoyments shall never return, and in which the troubles shall be succeeded by others that shall never end, and such as shall drive the former out of remembrance only by their own more fearful intensity! Is there a single reader that can hesitate about the choice?

(The connection between the afflictions and the prospects of the believer, or the influence of the one upon the other, in next paper).

THE TRUTHFULNESS OF THE GOSPELS CONFIRMED BY JEWISH AND HEATHEN WRITERS.

BY THE REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, SALTON.

The facts which form the chief matter of Gospel history belong, in the strictest sense, to the extraordinary and the supernatural. Had they not done so, they could not have served the purpose for which they were intended—they could not have formed the suitable occasions and materials through which the Son of God was to make himself known to the world, and lay the foundation of his divine kingdom. Even those events and circumstances which, from their more striking singularity, are apt, at first sight, to awaken a feeling of suspicion or distrust—those, for example, connected with demoniacal possessions, or the Pool of Bethesda—are found, when closely examined, in strict accordance with the great purpose of God then unfolding itself, and in a manner necessary to its accomplishment. But, along with so much that was extraordinary and supernatural, there are other things to be met with in the Gospels, of the most ordinary description, relating to civil and earthly affairs, and which are commonly noticed in a passing manner, as matters of fact familiarly known, or customs in current use, or transactions somehow affecting the interests of the Church. Matters of this kind were certainly of little moment, when compared with the great facts on the existence and belief of which the salvation of the world depends. But they still have a most important purpose to serve in connection with these greater things of the Gospel; for as we would judge of the truthfulness of a traveller's account of the wonderful scenes and events he had witnessed in other lands by his description of scenes and events in our own land, the accuracy of which we had the means of testing; so the way and manner in which the evangelists notice what is common and familiar may fitly be regarded as an index to the character of the accounts they give of what is extraordinary and supernatural. And if we find them to have been faithful and exact in the one, we have in that a clear proof of their having also been faithful and exact in the other.

Let it be supposed, for example, that the scenes and events of Gospel history were described, not by eye-witnesses, but by persons who lived some centuries later, and only wrote *as if* they had been present while the things themselves were taking place, then we may affirm with the utmost confidence that this would have appeared—no care or art could have prevented it from appearing—in the manner of the narratives, both as to the miraculous and the common facts recorded to have taken place. In regard to the miraculous, we would have seen, what we constantly meet with in Popish legends, a mixing up of the future with the present—not a simple and unvarnished tale, as we have in the Gospels, of the most wonderful events, recorded just as they occurred, and as if, in the circumstances, they were but natural and ordinary occurrences, but such an account as bespoke the writer to be acquainted with the mighty consequences that were to grow out of them, and to be looking back, as it were, with the impressions and feelings of after ages. If it could have been impossible, however, to avoid betraying the fraud here, it would have been still more so in regard to the more common and ordinary circumstances mixed up with the narrative—the manifold allusions to the manners and customs then prevailing, or to the public characters and civil affairs of the period. Even when the reference to these was correct, there would have been a manifest study and design about it which showed the writer not to have been an eye-witness describing things as they then actually appeared; and if the references were frequent and various, as in the Gospels, there would, to a certainty, have been many slips and errors, which future researches would not have failed to bring to light. For it is one of the most difficult things imaginable to write as an eye-witness of transactions happening, or of circumstances existing, in another and earlier period of the world's history, without stumbling on some point or another. It has been often tried, but never successfully; the writer has never been able so completely to forget the changes that have meanwhile taken place, to divest himself of the thoughts and habits peculiar to his own time, and identify himself with those of the time of which he writes, but that, in some respects, his speech is found to betray him. Thus, to give only a single instance out of many that might be produced, there is an ancient collection of letters, purporting to be the Epistles of Phalaris, a king in Sicily, who lived nearly six hundred years before the birth of Christ. Being not narratives of facts, but epistles, there were very few points, comparatively speaking, respecting which the writer had to touch on the circumstances and events of his own time; and the whole work was so artfully arranged, that many even learned men took it for the real production of Phalaris; but by-and-by it was ascertained and proved that the style of language was not precisely of the kind which should have been employed had the real Phalaris written them; that a certain kind of cups were spoken of as then in use, which had no existence till a considerable time after his death; that certain words, also, were used in senses which they had not come to possess till a later period, and various other things of the same sort; leaving no room to doubt that the epistles in question must have been a forgery, written by some person who lived long after the real Phalaris died. Now, though in the Gospels alone, to say nothing of the Epistles of the New Testament, there are immensely more numerous references to the circumstances of the time—circumstances, too, which were widely different from those of any future time, for everything soon underwent an entire change, yet there is not one instance of error or confusion to be met with: the style of language used is precisely that of the period, and while most marvellous facts are recorded, such as are to be found in no other histories, yet whenever the inspired writers touch, even in the most incidental way, upon common topics or events, they are never found at variance with the creditable accounts which may be derived from other sources, but are often very strikingly confirmed by them. It may not be unprofitable to give a few examples of these.

1. First, in regard to manners and customs. The Pharisees are represented in the Gospels as having many of these, of a religious sort, which were not taught in the law of Moses; so Josephus tells us: "The Pharisees have delivered to the people many institutions as received from the fathers, which were not written in the law of Moses."—*Antiq.*, b. xiii., c. 10. It is implied in the account given us in the 9th chapter of Luke, where our Lord is spoken of as going up from Galilee to Jerusalem, and being unkindly rejected by a Samaritan village, that it was customary for the Galileans to pass through Samaria to attend the temple service, and sometimes, at least, to meet there with harsh treatment; and Josephus mentions expressly that such was the usual route, and even gives an instance of a number of persons being killed by the Samaritans when doing so.—*Antiq.*, b. xx., c. 5. Of the hatred of the Samaritans generally toward the Jewish temple, and their blind attachment to Mount Gerizim, as the only proper place of worship, frequently noticed in the Gospels, especially in John iv., Josephus speaks so often, that there is no need to refer to any particular passage. In the 7th chapter of Luke we are told of a woman coming behind Christ, when he was at dinner, and washing his feet with her tears; which she could not have done if he was sitting with his feet under the table, after our fashion, but only if he was reclining upon a couch; and, indeed, the word customarily used in the original of the New Testament concerning the usual posture at meals means literally to *recline*, while in the Old it as regularly means to *sit*. In confirmation of this change, Philo, a Jewish writer, who lived in the age of the apostles, when speaking of Joseph making his brethren sit down to meat, incidentally mentions that "men were not then accustomed to lie on beds at entertainments," implying that it had become customary in his day. What is still more peculiar, the custom of reclining is represented as having become so prevalent, that even at the Feast of the Passover it was used, as John is said to have, at one paschal feast, reclined on the bosom of his Master, although the injunction in Moses' law was to eat it standing, with a staff in the hand, and the loins girt. Now, we learn from Rabbinical writers that such indeed was the case, and that the Jewish authorities had even taken it upon them to require this posture at the passover, as a sign of the ease and freedom to which they had attained through their establishment in Canaan. Finally, in the closing history of our Lord's life we find allusions made to a whole series of customs peculiar to that period; or rather, the narrative brings out, in the most natural and undesigned manner, facts implying the existence of customs which we learn from other sources to have then prevailed. The particular form of Christ's death, by crucifixion —his being scourged before being delivered up to be crucified—his being made to bear his cross when going to meet his doom—his having a superscription written over his head to declare the cause of his death—and his liability, from which he only escaped by a special intervention of Providence, to have his legs broken—all these particulars come out as so many circumstances connected with the kind of treatment he at last received; and while we can produce a confirmation for every one of them from other writers, it is remarkable that we require to gather the confirmations from scattered and incidental notices found in Josephus, a Jewish writer; in Suetonius and Aurelius Victor, two Latin Heathen writers, and Dio Cassius and Plutarch, two Heathen Greek writers. They may be found most readily by those who wish to see them, in *Paley's Evidences of Christianity*, part ii., ch. 6.

2. Characters and events. Here a long list might be produced, but a few must suffice for the present. Looking to the Gospels, we would gather that the first Herod there mentioned was ambitious, crafty, and cruel; and such, also, is the impression produced from a great many more particulars mentioned by Josephus; and as, in the Gospels, his jealousy is aroused when he hears of Messiah, so in Josephus (b. xv., c. 11) it may be gathered that his secret design in rebuilding and beautifying the temple at such immense cost was to make it surpass Solomon's, and so prevent the Jews from looking for any further fulfilment of Haggai's prophecy about the greater glory of the second temple, and the peace which Messiah was to give in connection with it. Herod's speech on the occasion as much as tells the people that the prophecy was to have its fulfilment in the events of his reign. In the 2d chapter of Matthew it appears that Herod died soon after Christ's birth, and that Archelaus, who succeeded him, reigned only in Judea, but not in Galilee, whence Joseph and Mary went to reside in the latter region. Josephus tells us that Herod left only Judea to Archelaus, the rest of his dominions being assigned to other sons, and that Archelaus was of so cruel a disposition, that the Jews could hardly endure his tyranny. About thirty years after the birth of Christ, which was the fifteenth year of Tiberius Cæsar, Luke (iii. 1) speaks of two other sons of Herod, the one as being tetrarch of Galilee, the other of Iturea and Trachonitis; and we also learn, from different places of Josephus, not only that these were their provinces, but that they continued in them beyond the period in question; the one being affirmed to have died in the twentieth year of Tiberius, and the other to have been removed by Caligula, the successor of Tiberius.—*Antiq.*, b. xviii., c. 5, 8. We also read in the same book of Josephus of Herodias, the wife of the one brother, running off with the other, after she had given birth to a daughter. The only difference is, that Josephus calls both brothers by the name of Herod, while the evangelist calls one of them Philip, which, in all

probability, was an additional name commonly used to distinguish the one from the other. That Caiaphas was high priest while Pontius Pilate was governor, appears by comparing the times respectively of their appointment and removal, in the 17th and 18th books of Josephus; that there were sometimes two who went by the name of high priest, as in Luke iii. 1, so we find in Josephus, b. ix., c. 10, of the *Wars;* and that, infidel as the Sadducees were in their views, they sometimes filled the office even of high priest, we may learn from Josephus (*Antiq.*, b. xiii., c. 10), perfectly agreeing with what is mentioned in Acts v. 17. Knowing how hateful the Roman government was to the Jews, we should hardly have expected that any of them would have become publicans, or tax-gatherers for the State; and yet, in the Gospels, we read of Levi or Matthew the publican, and of Zaccheus, a chief of the publicans; but we also read of the same in Josephus—for example, in his *Wars*, b. ii., c. 14, § 45.

We are obliged to stop, though many more might be produced, especially from the Acts of the Apostles, on which we have scarcely touched. Even from what we have adduced, we may warrantably state that the Gospels have so many marks of credibility in this respect that we cannot but see the hand of God in providing them—the more so as, when we come down to the Christian writers of the first centuries, we find them abounding with mistakes regarding the state of things in Judea at the time of Christ: and when we can thus prove the evangelists out of the mouths even of Jews and Heathens, when they wrote of common and earthly transactions, to have written as real eye-witnesses and honest men, shall we not accept it as a confirmation of their testimony in regard to the higher things which they also record, especially when we think of the holy tendency of the things concerning which they testified, and the sufferings they bore on account of their testimony? If such men were false in the testimony they delivered, it must have been as no other men ever were—"false for no end but to teach honesty—martyrs without the least prospect of honour or advantage."

HYMN OF THE CHURCH-YARD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Ah me! this is a sad and silent city;
Let me walk softly o'er it, and survey
Its grassy streets with melancholy pity!
Where are its children? where their gleesome play?
Alas! their cradled rest is cold and deep—
Their playthings are thrown by, and they asleep.

This is pale beauty's bourn; but where the beautiful,
Whom I have seen come forth at evening's hours,
Leading their aged friends, with feelings dutiful,
Amid the wreaths of spring, to gather flowers?
Alas! no flowers are here but flowers of death,
And those who once were sweetest sleep beneath.

This is a populous place; but where the bustling,
The crowded buyers of the noisy mart—
The lookers on—the snowy garments rustling—
The money-changers—and the men of art?
Business, alas! hath stopped in mid career,
And none are anxious to resume it here.

This is the home of grandeur; where are they—
The rich, the great, the glorious, and the wise?
Where are the trappings of the proud, the gay—
The gaudy guise of human butterflies?
Alas! all lowly lies each lofty brow,
And the green sod dizens their beauty now.

This is the place of refuge and repose;
Where are the poor, the old, the weary wight,
The scorned, the humble, and the man of woes,
Who wept for morn, and sighed again for night?
Their sighs at last have ceased, and here they sleep
Beside their scorners, and forget to weep.

This is a place of gloom; where are the gloomy?
The gloomy are not citizens of death;
Approach and look, where the long grass is plumy;
See them above! they are not found beneath!
For these low denizens, with artful wiles,
Nature, in flowers, contrives her mimic smiles.

This is a place of sorrow! friends have met
And mingled tears o'er those who answered not;
And where are they whose eyelids then were wet?
Alas! their griefs, their tears, are all forgot:
They, too, are landed in this silent city,
Where there is neither love, nor tears, nor pity.

This is a place of fear; the firmest eye
Hath quailed to see its shadowy dreariness;
But Christian hope, and heavenly prospects high,
And earthly cares, and nature's weariness,
Have made the timid pilgrim cease to fear,
And long to end his painful journey here.

NOTES ON WESLEYAN-METHODISM.

BY DR JOHN B. BENNETT,

Editor of the "Watchman," London.

Although the Wesleyan-Methodist Connexion now occupies a position which may render its history, its doctrinal and disciplinary system, and its general operations, matters of some interest to every religious observer; and although its denominational literature is sufficiently extensive and explanatory to afford all the information that could be desired; it is yet certain that many, otherwise well-informed persons, have little correct knowledge on the subject, and that various strangely mistaken views in relation to it are frequently entertained. It has been suggested to the present writer that a brief and popular account of the rise and progress, the doctrines, the general constitution and frame-work, and the existing operations of Wesleyan-Methodism, might be acceptable to at least a portion of the numerous readers of the *Christian Treasury.* In addressing himself to the preparation of such an account, he need scarcely say that the responsibility of the accuracy of his statements must rest exclusively on himself as an individual; but he will exercise every care to guard against error. Nor can it be necessary to disavow all controversial or sectarian purposes—all intention to insinuate a vindication of the denominational peculiarities of Methodism, however conscientiously he may be attached to those peculiarities, or however ready he may be, on fitting occasions, to assign his reason for that attachment. His simple aim will be, to present a portraiture—in miniature, indeed, but true in the resemblance—of the principal features of the system which may serve the purpose of those who wish to have *some* correct acquaintance with it, but do not feel called on to study the details of its minuter proportions.

Enough, however, of prefatory observation. We proceed to sketch,

I. AN OUTLINE OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF WESLEYAN-METHODISM.

It would scarcely be an exaggerated description of the religious and moral state of England at the period when Methodism was called into existence, if we were to say that "darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people." The benefits resulting from the Reformation (which were never realized there so extensively as in Scotland) had been checked in their progress by various antagonist influences during the civil wars, and from the Restoration downwards there was an especially rapid spread of unsoundness in doctrine, and licentiousness in practice. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the ministers who either preached or lived the Gospel were a lamentably small minority. How deficient in theological knowledge the mass of the clergy of the Established Church were may be inferred from Bishop Burnet's testimony (in 1713): "The much greater part of those who come to be ordained are ignorant to a degree not to be apprehended by those who are not obliged to know it." The teaching of the Homilies and Articles of the Church of England on the vital subject of personal salvation was banished from the pulpits of the Church, and little but an Arminianism which was divested of evangelical truth, and which might more properly be called Pelagianism, was to be heard. Of the Dissenting ministers, some were rapidly degenerating into Socinianism; some conformed their discourses to the fashionable taste for natural, as distinguished from scriptural, theology; and some who professed to adhere to the tenets of Calvinism wandered into the wildness of unmitigated Antinomianism. Amongst the more educated classes, Infidelity, either boastfully avowed, or partially concealed under the disguise of philosophical speculation and inquiry, extensively prevailed. The light literature of the day was unsound and prurient in sentiment; and the stage, always demoralizing in its influence, was then, in a more than ordinary degree, the promoter of indecency and vice. Dense ignorance and general neglect of religion were the characteristics of the lower classes. It would be easy, were it necessary or called for here, to prove that this is not an overcharged description, by the testimony of witnesses of the highest reputation in the Established and Dissenting Churches. It was in such a state of England, when good men, who "sighed and cried" because of the abounding of evil, began to fear that the nation had filled up the measure of its iniquities, that God, in his wise and gracious sovereignty, chose, qualified, and sent forth John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield to engage in that mighty work, which they subsequently were instrumental in carrying forward to such extensive and important results. We can only record a passing ascription of praise to God for what Mr Whitefield was, by grace, enabled to accomplish; our present purpose calls our special attention to the Wesleys.

The brothers were born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where their father, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, was rector. Their mother, Mrs Susanna Wesley, was the daughter of the Rev. Dr Annesley, a distinguished Nonconforming minister. John Wesley, the founder of the Connexion called after his name, was born June 14, 1703. At eleven years of age he was sent to the Charter-House School, in London, "where he was soon noticed for his diligence and progress in learning." At seventeen he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, where he pursued his studies with zeal, assiduity, and success, laying up those stores of solid and varied learning on which he drew so largely and advantageously in his subsequent career. He was ordained deacon in 1725, and in 1726 was elected fellow of Lincoln College, and obtained priest's orders. For a short time he officiated as his father's curate, but in November 1729 he returned to Oxford, intending to reside there permanently as a tutor. It is from this period that his religious character claims particular attention. He had previously been serious and deeply convinced of the necessity of piety, and had endeavoured, but with little effect, to produce similar impressions on his younger brother Charles. But he found, on coming back to Oxford, that Charles (then student of Christ Church) had, during his absence, and chiefly through his influence, acquired views and feelings corresponding with his own, and had prevailed on two or three young men to unite with him in receiving the Lord's supper weekly, and cultivating strict morality in their conduct and regularity in their demeanour. "Here is a new set of *Methodists* sprung up," said one. The name caught the taste of the members of the university, and was thenceforth applied to the little band.* To this company John Wesley united himself, and of it he soon became the leader. He was diligent in the use of ordinances, watched against sin, prayed for holiness, and exerted himself to do good—as by visiting the prisoners in Oxford jail, and the poor and sick generally; but still he had a painful conviction that he had not attained the religion he longed for. The writings most studied by him were those of Bishop Taylor and Mr Law. In them he found no distinct declaration of the evangelical scheme, and he continued to seek justification by labouring after a perfect obedience to the law. In 1735 both the brothers went to Georgia, having engaged with the trustees of that colony to take religious charge of the settlers, and to instruct the Indian tribes in the neighbourhood. There they laboured for about two years with extraordinary zeal, but against formidable and unscrupulous opposition. Still they were themselves only seekers after salvation. John expressed his judgment respecting his own state in these striking words: "It is now upwards of two years since I left my native country, in order to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity; but what have I learned myself in the meantime? Why (what I least of all suspected), that I, who went to America to convert others, was never converted myself!" The day of liberty was drawing near, however; and Wesleyans should not—and, we believe, do not—forget how much they owe to the instrumentality of the Moravian Church in the spiritual illumination of the founder of their communion. Intercourse with Mr Nitschman, and others of the Moravian Brethren, during the voyage to Georgia, and with Mr Spangenberg, one of their pastors in that colony, had already produced a beneficial effect on Mr Wesley's mind; but it was in his conversations with Peter Böhler, a Moravian minister, with whom he became acquainted in London, that he received the largest measure of evangelical light. He now discovered the error of his notion, that faith was a mere principle of belief which might render him ultimately acceptable to God, by quickening his efforts in self-mortification and obedience. In short, he learned the Gospel plan of justification, by simple trust in the merits of the Redeemer. He dated his conversion from the 24th of May 1738. "I felt," he says, "I did trust in Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death." Three days previously, Charles Wesley, to whom also Peter Böhler had been the instrument of much good, professed to have entered into the enjoyment of the same blessing.

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* This designation is supposed by many to have been taken from that given to an ancient sect of physicians. It is known, however, that Nonconformists were frequently

Now a new man, John Wesley proceeded to labour not as a matter of mere servile obedience, but from an animating principle of filial love. He preached in such pulpits of the Establishment as were opened to him; his grand theme being the cardinal doctrine of justification by faith—a doctrine which seemed new and strange to most of his hearers. He saw, however, that there were vast multitudes who never attended any place of worship. How were *they* to be reached? Mr Whitefield urged upon him an adoption of his practice of preaching in the open air. Mr Wesley had himself done this in Georgia, but he was unwilling to enter, in England, upon a course so little in accordance with those views of Church order in which he had been educated, and from the influence of which he was emancipated only very gradually and by the force of circumstances. In his own language, "so tenacious was he of every point relating to decency and order, that he should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin, if it had not been done in a church." But the necessities of perishing multitudes, and the fact that many pulpits were closed against him through the objections of clergymen to his doctrines, soon prevailed over his scruples, and he commenced that plan of field-preaching which was afterwards so zealously and successfully carried out. The beneficial results almost immediately became apparent. Thousands and thousands attended on the open-air services, and very many were awakened to a sense of sin, and led to seek and find salvation. Amongst the most remarkable of the early converts was a number of colliers in the neighbourhood of Bristol, who had been proverbial for their wickedness, but who became truly exemplary for their piety.

The formation of the "UNITED SOCIETIES"—which, however unintentionally on the part of the founder, proved to be really the institution of a distinct Church—took place in 1739. The following is Mr Wesley's own account of it: "In the latter end of the year 1739, eight or ten persons came to me in London, who appeared to be deeply convinced of sin, and earnestly groaning for redemption. They desired (as did one or two more the next day) that I would spend some time with them in prayer, and advise them how to flee from the wrath to come, which they saw continually hanging over their heads. That we might have more time for this great work, I appointed a day when they might all come together, which thenceforward they did every week, namely, on Thursday, in the evening. To these, and as many more as desired to join with them (for their number increased daily) I gave those advices, from time to time, which I judged most needful for them; and we always concluded our meeting with prayer suited to their several necessities. This was the rise of the United Society, first in London, and then in other places." As these societies increased, they were divided into "classes," each of which was placed under the care of a leader, whose duty it was to see the members once a-week, in

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derisively called Methodists: and, perhaps, Mr C. Wesley's strict adherence to *method* and order may have suggested the application of the term in this case.

order to inquire how their souls prospered. and to give such reproof or counsel as occasion might require, and to receive what they were willing to contribute for charitable purposes. In 1743, Mr Wesley drew up a set of rules, observance of which was made, and continues still to be, the condition of membership. They relate entirely to moral conduct, charitable offices, and attention to the ordinances of religion; so that Evangelical Churchmen or Dissenters might be members without any relinquishment of their respective views of doctrine or discipline. The title "*United* Societies," indicates the adoption, from the first, of that *Connexional* principle which has tended so much to the consolidation and extension of Wesleyan-Methodism, giving to the body the strength of union, and providing means for the introduction and maintenance of the system not only in the populous towns where the formation of large societies might be anticipated, but also in the scattered villages of the poorer agricultural districts.

(*To be continued.*)

THE JESUITS AND EDUCATION.

In his "History of the Popes," Ranke gives an account of the retrograde of the Reformation on the Continent, which, at the present juncture, ought to be universally known and studied. Many Protestants, including perhaps some of our readers, are wearied of the frequent statements made, and the many warnings given, regarding the Jesuits, and are disposed to think that there is much both of morbid feeling and of unnecessary alarm regarding them. Let such ponder Ranke's account of the mode in which Rome regained, to a large extent, her ascendency on the Continent, and exchange their lethargic indifference for alarm, when they are told, that at this moment, over all the countries of Europe and in America, the Jesuits are vigorously at work, compassing the overthrow of Evangelical Christianity by the same or similar means.

Ranke first shows, that the Reformation "had continued, for forty years from Luther's first efforts, to make its way with irresistible force, far and wide over all the Germanic, Sclavonic, and Romana nations of Europe." It "was hailed with delight" in Denmark; "on the eastern shores of the Baltic it had gained a complete ascendency;" "Prussia set the example—Livonia followed it." In Poland "the Jagellonian kings were prevented from opposing the progress of the Reformation." In Hungary, "Ferdinand I. never could prevail on the Hungarian Diet to pass resolutions unfavourable to Protestantism." In Bavaria "a large majority of the nobles had embraced the Protestant faith." In Austria, "all the colleges were filled with Protestants, and it was asserted that only *one-thirtieth* of the inhabitants adhered to Catholicism. Even the constitutions of the Austrian States underwent changes derived from the free principles of Protestantism." In the dominions of the electors on the Rhine, "a Protestant party existed in every city;" "the same state of things prevailed in Westphalia; in short, throughout the whole of Germany, from east to west and from north to south, Protestantism decidedly predominated." "A Venetian ambassador, in 1558, reckons only *a tenth part* of the inhabitants of Germany remained faithful to the old religion." In Scotland "it was poor, popular, and democratic, but so much the more resistless was the enthusiasm it inspired. In England, on the contrary, it had gained ascendency by its alliance with the existing Government." "The French had embraced the doctrines with their national vehemence," so that in 1561 the Venetian ambassador says: "Three-fourths of the kingdom were filled with them." In short, "the Protestant spirit had extended its vivifying power to the most distant and obscure corners of Europe. What an immense empire had it conquered in the short space of forty years!—an empire reaching from Iceland to the Pyrenees, and from Finland to the summit of the Italian Alps!"

The historian then traces from the commencement the efforts of the Jesuits to turn back this Reformation by the instrumentality of *education*, and their astonishing success.

This commenced by the Emperor of Germany addressing a letter to Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, in which "he expresses his conviction that the only means of propping the decaying cause of Catholicism in Germany, was *to give the rising generation pious Catholic teachers*."

This plan was instantly adopted throughout Europe. Three establishments were founded at Vienna, Cologne, and Ingolstadt, and "from these three metropolitan settlements the Jesuits spread in all directions." Above all, they laboured at the improvement of the *universities*, and in a short time they had among them teachers who might claim to be ranked as the restorers of classical learning. They re-introduced the practice of disputations which were held in public, and which were dignified, decorous, rich in matter; in short, the most brilliant that had ever been witnessed. The Jesuits devoted an equal assiduity to the direction of *the Latin schools*. It was one of their principal maxims, that *the character and conduct of the man were mainly determined by the first impressions he received*. They chose men who, when they had once undertaken this subordinate branch of teaching, were willing to *devote their lives to it*; for it was only with time that so difficult a business could be learned, or the authority indispensable to a teacher acquired. Here the Jesuits succeeded to admiration. It was found that their scholars learned more in one year than those of other masters in two; and even

Protestants recalled their children from distant gymnasia, and committed them to their care." "Schools for the poor, and modes of instruction suited to children, and also catechising, followed, which satisfied the mental wants of the learners by well-connected questions and concise answers. The whole course of instruction was given entirely in that enthusiastic, devout spirit, which had characterized the Jesuits from their earliest institution. The children who frequented the Jesuits' schools were soon remarkable for the firmness with which they rejected the viands on fast-days, while their parents partook of them without scruple. It was once more regarded as an honour to wear the rosary; while relics, which no man had dared for years to exhibit publicly, began once more to be held in reverence. The sentiments, of which these acts were demonstrations, thus carefully instilled in schools, were disseminated through the whole population by means of preaching and the confessional.

"This is a case without parallel in the history of the world. All other intellectual movements, which have exercised extensive influence on mankind, have been caused, either by great qualities in individuals, or by the irresistible force of *new ideas*. But in this case the effect was produced without any striking manifestation of genius or originality. The Jesuits might be learned, and *in their way* pious, but no one will affirm that their acquirements were the result of any free or vigorous exercise of mind. They were just learned enough to get reputation, to secure confidence, to train and attach scholars; but they attempted nothing higher. Neither their piety nor their learning moved in any untrodden paths. They had, however, a quality which distinguished them in a remarkable degree—*rigid method*; in conformity with which everything was calculated, everything had its definite scope and object. Such a union of appropriate and sufficing learning with unwearied zeal, of study and persuasiveness, of pomp and penance, of wide-spread influence and unity of directing principle and aim, never existed in the world before or since. They were industrious and visionary, worldly-wise and full of enthusiasm, well-bred men and agreeable companions, regardless of their personal interests, and eager for each others advancement. No wonder they were successful."

This writer goes on to show how, as soon as sufficient influence was gained, the powers of *civil government* were called in, and a course of universal *coercion* and *persecution* carried out, wherever the Jesuit influence could secure it. He then remarks: "Such were the steps by which Catholicism, after its conquest might have been deemed accomplished, arose in renovated strength. The greatest changes took place without noise, without attracting the serious observation of contemporaries, *without finding mention in the works of historians*, as if such were the inevitable course of events."

DEATH-BED OF THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

DR JUDSON, the eminent American missionary, gives the following affecting account of the death-bed of his beloved partner, on the voyage from Burmah to America:—

This recollection of her dying bed leads me to say a few words relative to the closing scenes of her life. After her prostration at the Isle of France, where we spent three weeks, there remained but little expectation of her recovery. Her hope had long been fixed on the Rock of Ages, and she had been in the habit of contemplating death as neither distant nor undesirable. As it drew near, she remained perfectly tranquil. No shade of doubt, or fear, or anxiety, ever passed over her mind. She had a prevailing preference to depart, and be with Christ. "I am longing to depart," and "what can I want besides?" quoting the language of a familiar hymn, were the expressions which revealed the spiritual peace and joy of her mind; yet, at times, the thought of her native land, to which she was approaching after an absence of twenty years, and a longing desire to see once more her son George, her parents, and the friends of her youth, drew down her ascending soul, and constrained her to say: "'I am in a strait betwixt two'—let the will of God be done."

In regard to her children, she ever manifested the most surprising composure and resignation, so much so that I was once induced to say: "You seem to have forgotten the dear little ones we have left behind." "Can a mother forget?" she replied, and was unable to proceed. During her last days she spent much time in praying for the early conversion of her children. May her living and her dying prayers draw down the blessing of God on their bereaved heads!

On our passage homeward, as the strength of Mrs Judson gradually declined, I expected to be under the painful necessity of burying her in the sea. But it was so ordered in Divine Providence, that when the indications of approaching death had become strongly marked, the ship came to anchor in the port of St Helena. For three days she continued to sink rapidly, though her bodily sufferings were not very severe. Her mind became liable to wander, but a single word was sufficient to recall and steady her recollections. On the evening of the 31st of August, she appeared to be drawing near to the end of her pilgrimage. The children took leave of her, and retired to rest. I sat alone by the side of her bed during the hours of the night, endeavouring to administer relief to the distressed body and consolation to the departing soul. At two o'clock in the morning, wishing to obtain one more token of recognition, I roused her attention, and said: "Do you still love the Saviour?" "O yes," she replied, "I ever love the Lord Jesus Christ." Another hour passed—life continued to recede—and she ceased to breathe. For a moment I traced her upward flight, and thought of the wonders which were opening to her view. I then closed her sightless eyes, dressed her, for the last time, in the drapery of death; and, being quite exhausted with many sleepless nights, I threw myself down and slept. On awaking in the morning, I saw the children standing and weeping around the body of their dear mother, then, for the first time, inattentive to their cries. In the course of the day a coffin was procured from the shore, in which I placed all that remained of her whom I had so much loved; and, after a prayer had been offered by a dear brother minister from the town, the Rev. Mr Bertram, we proceeded in boats to the shore. There we were met by the colonial chaplain, and accompanied to the burial-ground by the adherents and friends of Mr Bertram, and a large concourse of the inhabitants. They had prepared a grave in a beautiful shady spot, contiguous to the grave of Mrs Chater, a missionary from Ceylon, who had died in similar circumstances on her passage home. There I saw her safely deposited; and in the language of prayer, which we had often presented together at the throne of grace, I blessed God that her body had attained the repose of the grave, and her spirit the repose of paradise. After the funeral, the dear friends of Mr Bertram took me to their houses and their hearts; and their conversation and prayers afforded me unexpected relief and consolation. But I was obliged to hasten on board the ship, and we immediately went to sea. On the following morning no vestige of the island was discernible in the distant horizon. For a few days, in the solitude of my cabin, with my poor children crying around me, I could not help abandoning myself to heart-breaking sorrow. But the promises of the Gospel came to my aid, and Faith stretched her view to the bright world of eternal life, and anticipated a happy meeting with those beloved beings whose bodies are mouldering at Amherst and at St Helena.

Those dear sympathizing Christian friends who received the body of the deceased from my hands as a sacred deposit, united with our kind captain (John Codman, junior, of Dorchester) in defraying all the expenses of the funeral, and promised to take care of the grave, and see to the erection of the gravestone which I am to forward, and on which I propose to place the following inscription:—

"Sacred to the memory of Sarah B. Judson, member of the American Baptist Mission to Burmah; formerly wife of the Rev. George D. Boardman of Tavoy, and lately wife of the Rev. Adoniram Judson of Maulmain; who died in this port Sept. 1, 1845, on her passage to the United States, in the forty-second year of her age, and in the twenty-first of her missionary life.

"She sleeps on this rock of the ocean,
Far away from the home of her youth—
Far away from the land where, with heart felt devotion,
She scattered the bright beams of truth."

BLIND JANE;

OR,

THE GAIN OF "GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT."

Poor blind Jane was a frequent visitor at the house of a well-known and highly respected minister, recently deceased, by whom the following account of her was communicated to the writer. He spoke of her as possessing much good sense, a mind deeply imbued with undissembled piety, and evidently much accustomed to meditation. The minister once made some inquiry into the principal events of her life, and took down from her lips the particulars of her little history, though she was unconscious of his doing it. As it is at least twenty years ago since the minister gave the account to the writer, and as he spoke of his acquaintance with poor blind Jane as having taken place several years previous to that time, she has, in all probability, long ere this passed into that world of light where there is no darkness at all, nor any obscurity of vision. Jane's simple narrative was as follows:—

"I was the youngest of eleven children. My father was the manager of some lime-works; he was a man of very sober and industrious habits. I knew, however, but little of him, as I had the misfortune to lose him when very young; and I was left, with seven other little ones, to the care of my poor bereaved mother.

"To her I was always the source of much anxiety and sorrow, as I was blind from my birth. She felt more for me than for all her other children. I have heard her say, that as my eyes were apparently bright and good, she did not discover my want of sight till I began to walk, and that she then immediately took me to some of the principal medical gentlemen; but all their kind efforts were utterly in vain; they left me as they found me—surrounded with total darkness.

"I have also heard my mother say, that she had some neighbours who were so unfeeling and so wicked as to reproach her on account of the blindness of her child; intimating, that it was a judgment on her for her sins. She used to tell me that she felt much consolation on this subject from John ix. 2, 3. Our Lord's disciples asked, him saying, 'Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be manifested in him.' This, my mother said, she hoped would be the case with me.

"My poor mother struggled hard to procure us a living. She laboured diligently through the day, and often through the night, and fared hardly too. She made gloves, and took in knitting, and I used very early to take care of the neighbours' children. My mother used every morning to take me and my little brothers and sisters, and read a chapter or two, and then she knelt down and prayed with us. She was accustomed to say that prayer never hindered anybody, and that she found it fitted her for the labours of the day. I was about twenty years of age when she was taken with the fever. She was very happy in her affliction, till three days before she died, during which she was delirious. Her memory will be ever dear to me; and I earnestly hope to follow her to glory. I well recollect kneeling down, and commending her departing spirit into the hands of my dear Saviour.

"The Lord early sought me, and taught me to love his great and holy name. When I was about ten years of age, I was deeply convinced that my heart must be changed by the grace and Spirit of God, or that I could never be happy. I also saw that I must flee for refuge to Jesus Christ as my only Saviour, and have an interest in his love. I knew I was a sinner, and I was greatly alarmed lest I should be cut off in my sins, and finally perish. I employed many hours of the day, and of the night too, at a throne of grace, crying to God that he would have mercy upon me through Jesus Christ. One evening, as I was particularly overwhelmed, I cried with great earnestness to the Friend of sinners. Suddenly hope sprang up in my heart, and I thought I heard a voice repeatedly uttering the promise: 'I will not, I will not leave thee; I will never, never, never forsake thee.' This gracious declaration afforded me much comfort; this, I thought, was all I wanted; and very often since, this passage of Scripture has been matter of pleasing meditation and grateful joy.

'Which promise oft I call to mind,
As through some lonely path I go;
And sacred consolation find,
And strength to fight with ev'ry foe.'

"I shall never forget this period of my life: it was a season of peculiar joy to me. I often rose at four o'clock in the morning, and walked in our little garden for prayer and meditation. I was delighted with the singing of the birds; and what I had heard of the work of creation occurred to my recollection, and raised my thoughts to God.

"After the death of my mother, a brother who resided at B—— wished me to live with him. He was always very kind to me; but his wife treated me very cruelly, often denying me the necessaries of life. Even when exceedingly ill, she refused to bring me a little water. For five or six years my sister-in-law did all she could to make my life miserable. But God brought me out of this house of bondage. A person who knew my situation, invited me to live in her family. I went. There were five children; I endeavoured to make myself useful, and I taught them to repeat many chapters in the Bible, and to knit. Here I was indeed at home; but the husband of my friend, through the imprudence of a partner, was cast into prison, and died soon after. The widow and children were then in much affliction, and I was obliged to leave them. But I hear that God has appeared for them, and they are now in very good circumstances; so true is the promise, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.' —Jer. xlix. 11.

"The blessed God provided for me another habitation. A person who lived in the neighbourhood with my brother, was inclined to give me house-room, on condition that I would help him in the family affairs. The mistress used sometimes to read the Bible to me, which was a great privilege and comfort.

"Soon after this I took unwell, and went into the hospital. I thought I should have died, but God had mercy on me, and raised me up again; and a poor family gave me lodging for three months. I was then advised to go into the country, when I came into this neighbourhood, where God has raised up many friends, as you well know.

"I got much better from my visit, and about a fortnight after I heard that, through the interference of some kind friends, there was a room allotted to me in an alm-house. I had been seeking this with much anxiety for five or six years, but had, for some time, given up all hope of obtaining so desirable a home; and now, without any effort on my part, God sent it me. It is, I assure you, a very comfortable, nice, clean place, for which I am very thankful. How merciful, and how astonishing have been the ways of Divine Providence!

"You have often been so kind as to pity me on account of my blindness; but I am not so helpless as you imagine. There is a poor old woman who lives in the next room to me in the alm-house, who cannot do much for herself; but I wait on her, wash her clothes, sweep her room, light her fire, cook her victuals, and pour out her tea for her. I am able, too, to mend my own clothes, and in every way to do for myself. Perhaps I am more thankful than I should be even if I could see. When I have made a fire, and it burns up without my having been hurt I cannot help praising God for it. Oh, I can never be sufficiently thankful!

"'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life;' and 'having obtained help of God, I continue to this day.'"

AN EVENING PRAYER.

When slumbers, soft as noiseless snow,
Descend upon mine eyes,
Lord! let me sink to rest as though
I never more should rise!
Let thy blest Spirit from my breast
The world and sin have driven,
So that if death these lids have prest,
My soul may wake in heaven!

A. M. Porter.

CONVERSION.

When a sinner is converted, he not only lays down his arms, but repairs to the camp of Immanuel to fight for him. Thus it is said of the celebrated Jerome, Origen, and Tertullian, that they came into Canaan, laden with Egyptian gold; that is, they came into the Church, full of excellent learning and abilities, with which they eminently served God. O blessed victory, where the conqueror and the conquered both triumph together.—*Dr Nettleton.*

GOD IN ALL THINGS.

In earth, in ocean, sky, and air,
All that is excellent and fair,
Seen, felt, or understood,
From one eternal cause descends,
To one eternal centre tends—
With God begins, continues, ends,
The source and stream of good.

Montgomery.

FRETFULNESS UNDER TRIAL.

Impatient fretting, murmuring, and quarrelling against God's dispensations—this was poor Jonah's great stumble. Peevish man! "Doest thou well to be angry," and that with thy God? "Yea," saith he, "even unto death."—Jonah iv. 9. The most foolish answer that ever dropped from the mouth of a holy man! Humble Aaron was better instructed. He knew it was no safe kicking against the pricks; that nothing was to be got by striking again, by repining against God, but more blows; and therefore, when God had killed both his sons at a blow, he humbly "holds his peace," his heart and tongue were both silent.—Lev. x. 2, 3. True, indeed, we may not be senseless and stupid under sufferings. Had all the martyrs had the dead palsy before they went to the stake, their sufferings had been far less glorious. But yet, though we may not be stupid or stoical, we must be patient and submissive. Though we may not be like the Caspian Sea, that neither ebbs nor flows, yet we must take heed of being like swelling, roaring waves and billows. Though God's turtles may, through infirmity, flutter, yet they may not be like bulls, when caught in a net, raving. "I was dumb," saith David, "because thou didst it."—Ps. xxxix. 9. Away, then, with those surly looks, that do, as it were, enter a protest against what we suffer; nay, more, beware of these murmuring echoes and replies of spirit within, against God, who, though they seem to yield and run, yet, with the flying Parthian, shoot their arrows backward in discontent against God.—*Lye.*

THE MISSION, THE TRIALS, AND THE CLAIMS, OF THE EVANGELICAL MINISTRY.

A Sermon.

BY THE REV. W. M. BUNTING, LONDON.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him, that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!—Isaiah lii. 7.

"We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus The Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.' Yet will it be readily allowed, that, for Jesus' sake, the Christian Ministry should be honoured by all who enjoy its advantages, and even "magnified" and commended by those who—not having chosen their Master, but having been chosen by Him—sustain its responsibilities. For, still, "we commend not *ourselves* unto you, but give you occasion to glory on our behalf."

Proceeding on such grounds, and regarding right feelings towards what may be termed the central institution of Christ's Church as both significant and promotive of a mature piety, we invite you, "holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling," to join in the glorying of the text. Glorify God in His faithful servants. Believe them—esteem them in love—for their works' sake. Yea, as you would prosper in your own souls, drink more and more deeply into the spirit of the sentiment, "How beautiful are the *feet* of him, that bringeth good tidings!"

Perhaps the energy of the sentiment is not generally perceived. Campbell, M'Knight, and other eminent critical commentators, agree in the following exposition of it, which we recite nearly in the words of the first-mentioned: "The prophet's design undoubtedly was, to deliver it as an universal truth, that the message of peace to those, who had been long afflicted by the ravages of war, was so charming, that it could transform a most disagreeable into a pleasing object. The feet of those, who have travelled far over rough and dusty roads, present a spectacle naturally unpleasing to the beholder. Nevertheless, the consideration, that the persons themselves are to us the messengers of peace and felicity—and that it is in bringing those welcome tidings that they have contracted this sordid appearance—can in an instant convert deformity into beauty, and make us" exclaim, with sympathizing and grateful emotion, "How *beautiful* are the feet of him, that bringeth good tidings!"

Now, viewed in its secondary, but expressly authorized, application, in the 10th of Epistle to the Romans, to the Preachers of the everlasting Gospel, the text describes, or suggests, Their public ministry—Their personal hardships and humiliations in the faithful exercise of it—And the respect which is due to the latter, in consideration of the former.

I. The purport, the character, and the method of their PUBLIC TEACHINGS demand our chief attention.

1. The *Purport* of their message is thus described: they "say unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

Their great business, honour, and delight is, to proclaim to the Christian Church the reign of Jehovah in the hearts of its happy members—to proclaim to those who statedly or occasionally assemble with the Church, though not yet sacramentally and spiritually incorporated with it, His willingness to reign in *them*—to proclaim to all the certainty, in due season, of His universal dominion over mankind.

(1.) Observe, first, that, as proclamations are mostly made at the commencement of a new reign, or else on the occasion of a great and general revolt, so the very announcement of this spiritual dominion implies the *previous estrangement* from it of those to whom it is announced. In man's original state, a formal law was given forth; but the *principle* of the Divine government was assumed—not asserted, or pleaded for—because the principle of a duteous and loving obedience was then natural to man. Now, on the contrary—sin having entered, and its curse having descended, in a corrupt nature, not less than in a doomed and dying life, to the whole race of Adam—and yet, wonderful to tell! "thoughts of peace" having broken from their secrecy in the Divine bosom on the very day of condemnation, (for *that* sun went not down on the Creator's wrath), and a new call to submission, as well as to favour, having been sounded through all the rebel-ranks—*now*, alas! it has become necessary for the great God Himself to vindicate His *right*, and to proclaim His *will*, to reign. Let this thought always impress us, when "the word preached" strikes on our ear. The provision of *a Gospel*, even apart from the peculiar duties and blessings which it reveals, pre-supposes, and entirely arises out of, the fact of man's defection from God, and attempted independence of His government. And hence, this fact, disgraceful and mortifying as it is to human nature, forms the matter of one of the first and fundamental *doctrines* of the Gospel and its ministry. Even when they address their converts—when they "say unto Zion, Thy God reigneth"—they are careful to premise, "Ye were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works;" ye yourselves also "were sometimes foolish, disobedient, serving divers lusts and pleasures;" and "when ye were the servants of sin, ye were free from righteousness!"

(2.) Observe, next, that this disastrous state of things—the now natural alienation of all mankind from their rightful Lord, and the enormous amount of criminality incurred in consequence, (so destructive of complacency on the one side, and of confidence on the other)—renders *mediation* indispensable to re-union. Hence, the Lord, with whom there is mercy, proposes to re-establish His dominion among men "in the hand of a Mediator." "The kingdom of our God" is, by special delegation, "the power of His Christ." And who is He? "His Son, whom he hath appointed Heir of all things; by whom also He made the worlds; who, being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. . . . . . . Unto the Son," therefore, "He saith," first declaring His Divine dignity and rectitude, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of Thy kingdom:" and then ratifying His Mediatorial claim, "Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity"—(O Jesus! who "knoweth either love or hatred" of Thine, till taught by the *Atonement?* Where was sin ever so condemned, or the majesty of the law so enthroned, as on Thy Cross?)—"Therefore God, even Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows." The ground and reason of Christ's inauguration, as the *official* "Lord of all," would appear from this whole passage to have been threefold. *First*, His proper and eternal Godhead, independently *entitling and empowering* Him to sustain, in both the old and the new creation, the charge of universal empire. *Secondly*, His Divine Sonship, which is represented as having, in some ineffable sense, entailed on Him, by the will of the Father, the *inheritance* of all things, and especially the love and allegiance of all sanctified intelligences. For "the Father loveth the Son;" and delighteth to honour Him as such, and to endow Him, having become incarnate, with rights and riches suitable to that uncreated relation. The same collocation of the kindred ideas of Sonship and Heirship is observable in the Second Psalm. Then, *thirdly*, His obedience unto death, by which He has "*purchased*" back the long alienated "possession," and acquired a new and most affecting title to rule those whom He has redeemed. And this claim is freely allowed in the court of Heaven. God hath highly exalted Him, and placed both the governing of the Church and the judging of the world, immediately and administratively, in His hands. To Him personally, therefore, gave all the prophets witness, in their innumerable predictions of the coming kingdom of God. The Baptist prepared His royal way in the wilderness, when he preached, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." With the same announcement did Christ commence, and continue, His own incomparable ministry. And soon, His "baptism" of blood having been "accomplished," and Himself "brought again from the dead," and "received up into glory," Peter pointed to the moral miracles of Pentecost in proof of His being actually "exalted with the right hand of God," and by Him "*made* both Lord and Christ." This perfected Gospel—the Gospel of His attained supremacy, as well as of His finished righteousness—the other apostles took up, and embodied in every sermon they preached; they committed it to their *ministerial* successors; and, blessed be God! the feeblest and meanest of those ministers is still found preaching Christ Jesus The Lord.

This, brethren, is one of the great *characteristic* truths of an apostolical ministry, by whomsoever exercised. We do not show you the dead body of Jesus, that your dead souls may "touch" it, and at the touch "revive;" but we lead you into the presence of a risen and *living* Lord—"ever living" to claim, and to dispense, the blessings which he "died once," and needs "die no more," to obtain—almighty to mediate with

God, almighty to succour redeemed man. We bid you, beloved penitents, *look* towards His blessed Cross, and behold it still stained with atoning blood, yet now happily vacant; but, thus emboldened and assured, we bid you *go* to His gracious *Throne*, and kneel for a present pardon, and be sure He lives and listens to you, and expect His answer in your hearts. Enter a mass-house, and you feel as if the priests were keeping guard over a dead Saviour, lying in state, amidst pomp, and perfume, and funeral twilight,—and the people, as they approach and retire in slow succession, mistaking solemnity for worship, and sympathy with human suffering for faith in the impalpable and immortal Sacrifice. And it may be feared, that minds under some considerable measure of Evangelical training are, nevertheless, not wholly proof against the delusion of looking for comfort and acceptance, rather in the act of weeping over the Crucified, than in that of *believing in* the Glorified, Redeemer. Now, "we preach Christ Crucified;" but by that we intend and declare his crucifixion as *long past*, and the whole virtue of His Cross as drawn up into, and to be spiritually drawn forth from, His living person, and priesthood, and propitiation. Turn to the 10th chapter to the Romans, and compare the 9th, 12th, and 13th verses with the 15th, which simply recites our text. "We preach—that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, believing in thine heart that God *hath raised Him from the dead*," raised Him again for our justification, "thou shalt be saved. . . . . . For the same *Lord over all* is rich," in the rights, the resources, and the tender mercies of a Saviour, "unto all that call upon Him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. . . . . . How beautiful are the feet of them that preach" *this* "Gospel of peace; that say unto Zion, Thy Saviour-God, Jehovah-Jesus, reigneth!"

At the same time, "our Gospel" teaches that the Lord liveth to govern, as well as to bless; and that only "unto them that obey Him is He the author of eternal salvation." He reigns for us in vain, unless He reign over, and among, and within us. "He shall rule upon His throne," says the Spirit of prophecy; while yet, in condescending provision for our infirmities and fears, "He shall be a priest upon His throne:" yea, and "the counsel of *peace*" is as essentially connected with His government as with His mediation. That hand, on whose pierced palm is graven the unknown number of His redeemed, holds a sceptre, which, extended, and touched by faith, gives both life and law to the believer. Let us "walk in the fear of the Lord" Christ! Let us "kiss the Son, lest He be angry!" And let those of us who, lately, in the skirts of a noble army of His more loyal, or more enlightened, subjects, have rallied for the rights of His crown—and who, unfeignedly scandalized by the prevailing opposition or unfaithfulness to them, have felt as if the pure and passionate loyalty of England's old church-martyrs, or even of Scotland's twice-chosen martyr-church, had kindled its altar-fire on *our* hearts—dear brethren, let us bear to be reminded of what the most ardent in this holy controversy are just in the greatest peril of forgetting; that the first and dearest of all the crown-rights of the Redeemer, and that, in the disregard of which ecclesiastical theory and national enthusiasm would alike be a "flattery" and an offence to Him, is His claim on each one of us for a *personal* submission—in repentance, in faith, in holiness—to the laws, and to the grace, of His government!

(3.) More briefly, on the *nature* of "the reign of God," as re-established in the souls of men.—It *pre-supposes* their formal reconciliation to Him by the blood of the Cross, the free pardon of all their past traitorous rebellions against Him, and the renewal of their forfeited right of access to His gracious presence. For a rebel, unreconciled to His favour, would be *unconciliated* to His future service. Besides that he would not be in a judicial position to render an acceptable obedience, while yet answerable for past sins, and under the custody and curse of the law—the *spirit* of bondage were fatal to the very impulse and principle of obedience, which is a trusting love. They only are freed from the dominion of sin, who are no longer "under the law," but "under grace." They only "serve God in righteousness and true holiness," who can serve Him "without fear," their "conscience being purged from dead works," and that, simply by the applied "blood of Christ." They only are "translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son," who "have redemption in Him," not provisional merely, but appropriated, actual, and assured—"even the forgiveness of sins." "I will run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge my heart." This is a vital truth of Evangelism; omnipresent in the *system* of the holy Apostles Paul and John; and, after ages of comparative obscuration, brought out with surprising luminousness, as well as with unweariable energy, by John Wesley in the last century, and by the greatest living master of philosophic theology in this. In just the simplest formula that we can cull, at the moment, from the volumes of the latter: "It is not a regeneration originating with himself, that has reconciled the believer unto God; but *it is a sense of this reconciliation that has regenerated him*." And again: "That we may be able to love God, we must *first* know that God has loved us. We cannot harbour this affection so long as there is the suspicion and the dread of *a yet unsettled controversy* between us and God. Peace with our offended Lawgiver is not the fruit of our love, but of our faith; and faith, if it be a reality, worketh by love. We have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord; and we love much when we know that our sins are forgiven us."* Yes! and, loving, we are born of God; and, born of God, we "enter into," or "receive," His heavenly kingdom, and begin to keep His commandments.—This kingdom properly *consists*, however, in the complete prevalence of righteousness over sin in the hearts and habits of the regenerate, through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. It is not more true that the Father rules administratively by the Son, than that the Son rules operatively and efficiently *in* His people by the Holy Ghost. Sent forth from Christ's throne on high, He then enthrones Christ *objectively*, so to speak, in the understanding and heart of each. And "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes them free from the law of sin and death."

"Then grief expires, and pain, and strife;
'Tis nature all, and all delight":—

for "the kingdom of God" is "His righteousness," and, consequent on "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."—Exterior to this kingdom in the soul of man (which is the central and favourite sphere of the Saviour's government), and in various relations and degrees subsidiary to it, are other provinces of influence, wherein He claims the sole supremacy. The VISIBLE CHURCH is called "the kingdom of God," and, with an emphasis which we have not room to expound, the kingdom of GOD ONLY. "The kingdoms of THIS WORLD" also are, of right, and in reversion, (though none of them have yet properly become), "the kingdoms," severally, and as such, "of our Lord and of His Christ." And does it need to be argued, that the same fealty which binds "kings," and "nations," and constitutional states, to "fall down before Him," to "serve Him," and "to bring presents unto Him," forbids them, especially *on the indecent pretext of this very service*, to modify or invade His laws? And, once more, UNIVERSAL CREATION is Christ's empire. Happy for the world! the Supreme power and providence are both in *Mediatorial* hands; and there are "tender mercies" at this moment brooding "over all" its unbanished rebels! Happier for "the Church, which is His body!" Her "Head" is high "over all things;" and *that* eye—it looks along and watches over her whole path through future time; and that nod—it beckons legions of angels to her aid, and awes her adversaries into submission. "Zion, thy God reigneth," for thy safety and consolation, "in all the earth." "Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises: for God is the King of all the earth; sing ye praises with understanding!"

(4.) But, to return to Christ's interior kingdom in men's souls—it has its *duties*, as well as its powers and privileges. There are two classes of the former connected with a personal enjoyment of the latter. The first class regards our qualification for becoming Christ's subjects; the second, the regulation of our behaviour as such. To all who have not yet received the kingdom, the call of "the Preachers" is, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; nay, it is *among* you; repent ye, and believe the Gospel." And to all the children of the kingdom, the counsel of the same men, in their capacity of "pastors and teachers," is such as this: "'Walk worthy of THE LORD, unto all pleasing, ... giving thanks unto the Father, who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son." So "say they unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."

2. And, such being the purport of their message, can it be needful to descant upon its *Character?* Is it not in the highest degree welcome and attractive? Are not these "good tidings;" yea, "good tidings of good," of "peace," of "salvation"? Alas! the bulk of mankind regard them with a very different sentiment. They are at a loss to perceive in what the attraction consists. Real Christianity in any view is not congenial to them; but under the name of *rule* it is actually repulsive and unpopular. Let it be set before them, in certain moods, as "a treasure to be desired," or "a feast of fat things," or a state of "liberty" from ceremonial bondage, or, in short, a religion of promises, privileges, and consolations; and their worldly imagination may associate with it some agree-

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* Dr Chalmers' Lectures on Romans, and Tron Sermons.

able ideas, though still their heart and will are slow to appropriate its benefits. But, "the *Gospel* of the *kingdom*"—the good news of the reign of God in the soul; of His reassumed absolute dominion over its understanding, its belief, its meditations, its choices, its motives, its universal movements—His unsparing treatment of the world as an enemy, and of the world's idol-god as a murderer, and of nature as a tyrant, and of *self* as a *robber*—His imposition of a "yoke," and of a "cross"—His connection of discipline and of suffering with recompense, and even with final salvation—the Gospel of the kingdom!—it is a hard saying, who of them can hear it? *They* see no beauty in holiness; no subject of gratulation or desire in their propensities being repressed, their will broken, or their reason prostrated before the throne, or condemned at the tribunal, of Revealed Truth. Alas! they love sin; they are "friends of the world;" they are "taken captive by the devil," not only "at his will," but equally with their own; they *feel* no chains, save those of occasional religious restraint; and so far, therefore, from hailing Christianity as emancipation, or its government as a blessing, they accustom themselves to the most dishonouring and abhorrent impressions of it, as fatal to freedom of spirit, to cheerfulness of temper, and to a full use and enjoyment of life.

But oh! to souls whom God's good Spirit hath chastened, and undeceived, and made to groan under the bondage both of the flesh and of the law, the proclamations of the reign of grace are good tidings! *We* recognise the whole procedure of Christianity as one of the purest benevolence. Its first step, the embassy of reconciliation; the very assurance of God's *willingness*, instead of at once proceeding to extremities of justice, and destroying us for our sins, to meet millions of poor, broken-down rebels more than half-way between heaven and hell, in our own bad world, and in our own abject nature, even in the Person and at the Cross of His Incarnate Son, and, having there pronounced our pardon, to resume His paternal rule over our ravaged and unhappy spirits;—then, the infallible tendency of that rule to rectify or remove every *cause* of deep-felt unhappiness, to pacify the conscience, to calm and harmonize the passions, and to give universal "rest unto the soul," by bringing all its energies and affections under the sway of holy love;—and, furthermore, the many collateral blessings of His kingdom; the privileges of the visible Church, the endearments of a special Providence, and the assurance of future glory;—all, all proclaim our Saviour's mercy. We rejoice, then, that He is both our Conqueror and our King: we account "His yoke easy, and His burden light;" His "law" one "of liberty," and His "Cross, whereby the world is crucified unto us, and we unto the world," the one worthy theme of our glorying: and, in our estimation, they "that say unto Zion, Thy God reigneth, bring good tidings"—they "publish peace"—they "bring good tidings of good"—they "publish salvation!"

3. Mark the *Method* of their ministrations.

They "*bring*" these tidings to myriads, who, but for the Divine provision of a stated Ministry, would never have received them. They "*seek*," that they may "save, that which is lost." They go forth, clothed with no light authority, and sustained by more than ordinary promises, to evangelize all nations. For, "having reconciled *them* to Himself by Jesus Christ," (and no unsaved man was ever yet commissioned to preach salvation to others), "God hath given to them the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God, in Christ,"—*not hath* reconciled, that is, simply, restored to favour, but—"is" in course of so "reconciling, the world unto Himself," *man by man*, as he "repents and believes," on the gracious plan of "not imputing their trespasses unto them," and for the infinitely affecting reason, that they *have been* imputed to, and borne by, His Blessed Son.

But, more than this, they "*publish* salvation." This seems to denote their direct, earnest, and, in the Lord's name, authoritative *offer* of that salvation to all, to whom they have made it known; their pressing it, while they yet preach, on the acceptance of their fellow-sinners; their bold, pointed, pungent, searching, importunate appeals to the conscience; their solemn claiming of every heart, *there and then*, for "the Lord that bought" it, and pleading for its consent and surrender. They not only "testify," but "exhort;" not only "teach," but "preach," invite, entreat, expostulate, woo, warn, and even lovingly rebuke, and tremblingly and with tears denounce. They are not amateur lecturers on Christianity, but constrained "ambassadors for Christ; *as though God did beseech you by them*, they pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God! Accept His mercy on His own terms. "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

(*To be continued.*)

DEATH-BED OF CALVIN.

(From Beza's Life of Calvin.)

Calvin spent the remainder of his days, until death, in almost constant prayer. His voice, indeed, was interrupted by the difficulty of respiration; but his eyes, which retained their brilliancy to the last, uplifted to heaven, and his serene countenance, were certain proofs of the fervour of his devotion, and of his trust and confidence in God. He often in his prayers repeated the words of David: "Lord, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it;" and at times those of Hezekiah: "I did mourn like a dove." Once also I heard him say: "Thou, Lord, bruisest me; but I am abundantly satisfied, since it is thy hand." His doors must have stood open day and night, if all had been admitted, who, from sentiments of duty, were desirous to see him; but as he could not, from difficulty in speaking, direct his discourse to them, he requested they would rather pray for him, than be solicitous about paying their visits. Often, also, though I always found him glad to receive me, he was very scrupulous respecting the least interruptions thus given to the duties of my office, so sparing was he of the time which he knew ought to be spent in the service of the Church; and his conscientious feelings, lest he should give the smallest trouble to his friends, exceeded the bounds of moderation. Such was the manner of comforting both himself and friends, until the 19th of May, when we ministers were accustomed to meet relative to the censure of morals, and to take a friendly meal together two days before Whitsuntide, and the celebration of the Lord's supper. He expressed a wish that the common supper should on this day be prepared at his house, and rallying his little strength that remained, was carried from his bed to the adjoining chamber, when he said: "I come to see you, my brethren, for the last time, never more to sit down with you at table." Such was the commencement of one of the most solitary repasts we ever took. He then offered up a prayer, took a small portion of food, and discoursed with us at supper in as cheerful a manner as his weakness permitted. Before supper was fully finished, he ordered himself to be carried back to the adjoining chamber, and addressing the company with a distinctly smiling countenance, said: "This intervening wall will not prevent me from being present with you in spirit, though absent in body." His prediction was fulfilled, for from this day he always lay in an horizontal posture, his small body, except his countenance, which was very little changed, being so much emaciated that breath only remained. On the 27th of May, the day of his death, he appeared stronger, and spoke with less difficulty; but this was the last effort of nature, for, about eight o'clock in the evening, certain symptoms of dissolution suddenly manifested themselves. When one of his domestics brought one of the brethren and me, who had only just left him, this intelligence, I returned immediately with all speed, and found he had died in so very tranquil a manner, that, without his feet and hands being in any respect discomposed, or his breathing increased—his senses, judgment, and in some measure his voice, remained entire to his very last gasp—he appeared more to resemble one in a state of sleep than death.

Thus this splendid light of the Reformation was taken from us with the setting sun. During that night, and the following day, great lamentation prevailed throughout the city; for the Republic regretted the want of one of its wisest citizens, the Church deplored the death of its faithful pastor, the College sorrowed for such an incomparable professor, and all grieved for the loss of a common parent and comforter bestowed upon them by God himself. Many of the citizens were desirous to see him after he was dead, and could with difficulty be torn from his remains. Some strangers, also, who had come from a distance with a view to see and hear him, among whom was the very distinguished English ambassador to the French court, were very desirous to see only the body of the deceased. At first, indeed, they were admitted; but afterwards, because the curiosity was excessive, and it was necessary to silence the calumnies of enemies, his friends considered the best plan would be to close the coffin next morning, being the Lord's-day; his corpse, as usual, having been wrappêd in a linen cloth. At two o'clock in the afternoon, on Sunday, his body was carried to the common burying-place, called Plein Palais, without extraordinary pomp. His funeral, however, was attended by the members of the senate, the pastors, all the professors of the college, and a great proportion of the citizens. The abundance of tears shed on this occasion afforded the strongest evidence of the sense which they entertained of their loss. According to his own directions, no hillock, no monument, was erected to his memory; on which account I wrote the following epitaph:—

"Why in this humble and unnoticed tomb
Is Calvin laid—the dread of falling Rome?
Mourn'd by the good, and by the wicked fear'd—
By all who knew his excellence revered;
From whom ev'n Virtue's self might virtue learn,
And young and old its value may discern?
'Twas Modesty, his constant friend on earth,
That laid this stone, unsculptured with a name;
Oh! happy turf, enrich'd with Calvin's worth,
More lasting far than marble is thy fame!"

He lived fifty-four years, ten months, and seventeen days, and spent half of this time in the sacred ministry of the Gospel. His stature was of the middle size; his complexion dark and pale; his eyes, brilliant even till death, expressed the acuteness of his understanding. His dress, neither highly ornamented nor slovenly, was well suited to his singular modesty; his victuals were so moderate that they were very far removed from the pride of luxury, or the littleness of parsimony; his diet was very sparing, since during many years he took only one meal a-day, assigning the weakness of his stomach as the cause. He lived nearly without sleep. His power of memory was almost incredible; so that he could immediately recognise, after the lapse of many years, any whom he had only once seen; and though he had been frequently interrupted for many hours while in the act of dictating, he would, without being reminded, forthwith resume the thread of his subject; and never forget, though overpowered by an infinite multiplicity of business, such things as it was important for him in his ministerial character to know. His judgment was so sound and exact on all subjects, that his decisions seemed almost oracular; nor do I remember an instance of any error being committed by those who followed his advice.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

[The following lines are from the pen of Mrs M. S. B. Dana, and were founded on the following passage of Jewish history: "It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner: The lambs were separated from dams, and enclosed in a sheep cote, with only one narrow way out; the lambs hastened to join the dams, and a man placed at the entrance, with a rod dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying, Let this be holy." Hence, says God by his prophet, "I will cause you to pass under the rod."—*New York Recorder*.]

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked brilliant and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous Love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe;
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on the heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh! sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there!
But I saw, when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy—
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
But the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven, he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

I saw when a father and mother had leaned
On the arms of a dear cherished son,
And the star in the future grew bright in their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the star-light of Love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of Fancy were sweet;
But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care,
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world—
'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God—
"I love thee, I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

MEDUSA.

BY THE REV. DAVID LANDSBOROUGH, STEVENSTON.

Where is the person who has ever walked on the sea-shore, who has not observed what is commonly called a sea-jelly? These sea-jellies are very much at the mercy of the winds and waves; and after a breeze they are often seen spread on the shore; and as they show no symptoms of life when they are out of the water, many see them without supposing that they ever had life. But when we see them floating in a quiet creek, it is evident that they live, and enjoy the life that God has given them. Their gelatinous body is a flattish hemisphere; and they move through the waves by gracefully contracting and expanding their body, like the folding and unfolding of an umbrella. By naturalists they are ranked among the *Acalepha;* and they derived this learned Greek name from a property which many of them possess of stinging like a nettle. Bathers often learn this by painful experience. When they fall in with a large *Scoudre* (the Scotch name), and get entangled among its long envenomed threads, they find themselves in a most unenviable predicament. I have known ladies so much stung, that, what with pain and what with fear, they were in a fever, and had to send for medical aid. Only a few of them have this stinging property; and it is probable that it is bestowed on the few for the defence of the many, as they are all supposed to say, "Touch me at your peril." Many serpents are harmless, but as others of them are exceedingly poisonous, the whole race are hated and shunned as venomous reptiles, and as kindred of the serpent that had so much share in Adam's fall. The only one of the sea-jellies that I know to be possessed of the stinging talent is the large brown *Scoudre* so common on our shores.*

We had seen several beautiful sea-jellies this morning, chiefly those of a bluish-white colour, with violet markings above; in some, a cross; in others, four circles. There is a pretty kind which I have occasionally seen in Arran, about the size of a large orange, of a buff colour, and more hemispherical than the commoner kinds. We saw them best from the deck of the steamer, before starting from Lamlash, and when the vessel stopped for a little in Brodick Bay. We doubt not that they got the name of *Medusa* from the circular fringe of tentacula proceeding from their margin, bearing some resemblance to the *Gorgon's* head, with its ringlets of serpents.

There was one discovered by my son David, which was quite new to us, and, from its minuteness, probably known to few. We took it home, and put it in a tumbler of sea-water, that we might better observe its structure and its graceful evolutions. I would have attempted to describe it, but glad was I, soon after we had seen it, to find this done to my hand by one who is acknowledged by the best judges to be *facile princeps* in the scientific world, as a graphic describer of nature — Mr Hugh Miller — best known among men of science as the author of the truly interesting work on the "Old Red Sandstone," but better known to our countrymen in general as the talented editor of the "*Witness.*" Nothing escapes his scientific eye; and from his "*Summer Rambles*" I learned that he had about the same time discovered it when aboard the *Betsey*, off the Island of Eigg. He speaks of two—one scarcely larger than a shilling, "another still more minute" (ours, I think, about the breadth of a sixpence), "and which, presenting in the water the appearance of a small hazel nut of a brown-yellowish hue, I was disposed," he says, "to set down as a species of Beroë. On getting one caught, however, and transferred to a bowl, I found that the brown-coloured, melon-shaped mass, though ribbed like a Beroë, did not represent the true outline of the animal: it formed merely the centre of a gelatinous ball, which, though scarcely visible even in the bowl, proved a most effective instrument of motion. Such were its contractile powers, that its sides nearly closed at every stroke behind the opaque centre, like the legs of a vigorous swimmer; and the animal—unlike its more bulky congeners, that, despite of their slow, persevering flappings, seemed greatly at the mercy of the tide, and progressed all one way — shot, as it willed, backward, forward, or athwart.". The transparent tumbler gave me this advantage in observing it, that I could use a magnifying lens when it approached the side of the tumbler. Notwithstanding this advantage, it was some time before I observed the true form of the animal, as Mr Miller's excellent description had not then been published. The transparent ball that rose above its body was so very pellucid, that it was a good while before I observed it all. It rose to a considerable height above the buff-coloured body of the animal; and it was elegantly shaped, like the fine crystalline shades often placed over stuffed birds, or artificial flowers, or miniature figures formed of pure alabaster. The finest crystal vase was clumsiness itself when compared with it. It was fine as the transparent soap-bubble blown out of a pipe; and we doubt not that, like this bubble, it would have been iridescent, had it been so placed as that the sun could have shone on it. Delicate as its fabric was, the vigour of the little creature was very remarkable, and has been well compared to the efforts of a strong swimmer, as it alternately contracted and expanded its pellucid organization. The margin of its mouth had a close fringe of brownish *tentacula*. By the aid of the lens I could observe that they were drawn in when the body was contracted, but that at every stroke they were protruded like forked lightning, or like tethered serpents, darting or flashing forth, till they were larger than the whole body of the animal.

Though I am not much acquainted with the classification of the Medusæ, I think that this tiny *Gorgonette* should probably be ranked in the genus *Thaumantias*, as it bears some resemblance to *Thaumantias Thompsoni*, which I found some years ago at Milport, and which is figured, I think, in the "Annals of Natural History." When I conjectured that in favourable circumstances it would be iridescent, I did not remember that *Thaumantias* was one of the names of *Iris*, the rainbow; but this renders it probable that the name was given because of iridescence.

In looking at this little Medusa, with its semi-invisible gelantinous canopy, and comparing it with others of its kindred, we could not help thinking of the beautiful soap-bubble balloons we had lately seen, which, though in some respects alike, in others differed from each other. Those formed in the usual way, by air breathed from the lungs, which had lost part of its oxygen, and had got in its place some carbonic acid, were evidently heavier than the atmospheric air into which they were launched from the bowl of the tobacco-pipe; for so soon as they had lost the impulse given them when they were disengaged, they showed a downward tendency, and, after a few windings, came down to the ground. Another was formed in the same manner, with this difference, that it was filled with hydrogen gas, which had been collected in a bladder; and thus, being lighter than the atmospheric air, it rose beautifully, and soon fastened itself on the ceiling of the room in which the experiment was performed.

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* The threads retain their virulence after they have been separated from the animal by the force of the waves. When I was in a boat one day near Ardrossan, I grasped, as it was carried past by the tide, what I thought was a rare and beautiful purple *Alga*, but I very speedily let go my prize. Major M——, who was alongside of me, next grasped it as it passed him; but in a moment dashed it back into the sea. We looked at each other, and, notwithstanding the smarting of our fingers, laughed on finding that we had both greedily caught a Tartar—*disjecta membra Medusæ*.

This reminded me of what Captain James Craig had told me, on giving me a beautiful little specimen of a kind of porcupine fish, which he got off Ichaboe. Seeing many of them swimming round the vessel, he caused one to be hauled up in a bucket, and laid hold of it with his hand; when, blowing itself up like a ball, and erecting its spines, with which it was as closely covered as a hedgehog, it soon caused him to rue his temerity. He contrived, however, to hand it to the mate, who very quickly slipped it, without warning, into his neighbour's hand; and it passed thus from hand to hand, till all were convinced that it was less *uncannie* to grasp a stout Scotch thistle, or to handle an urchin, than to have anything to do with this well-armed little African sailor.

Will my juvenile friends forgive me should I say, that by balloons and *Medusæ* I am reminded of "young men and maidens," and should I try to read them a short lesson? Has not "God made of one blood all the nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth?" Has he not "fashioned their hearts alike?" And yet, with a common origin, and a common nature, and great similarity in many respects, is there not in other respects a striking dissimilarity? Take a given number of the young of the same age, of the same rank, and with the same privileges—how often does their history prove as different as day and night! Some are fair, but frail, floating or fluttering about for a little in great beauty, and with some promise; but they are unsound at the core; they seek not to get quit of the stony heart which they carry about with them: they have consequently a tendency to descend, and, like our carbonated bubble, they fall lower and lower, till they mingle with the dust. Others are like the massive *Medusæ*, without energy, or effort, or aim. They swim with the tide; they allow themselves to be driven about and tossed by every wind and wave; they think not of the breakers ahead, though they are constantly nearing them; and a life of aimless ease soon terminates in utter ruin. Others are like the great stinging *Scoudre*—intent on evil, and capable of inflicting it. See you a person of this description, my young friends? Flee from him; *habet fœnum in cornu*"—"he has a wisp on his horn," showing him to be vicious, given to push and gore. Shun him as you would the pestilence.

Another class there is, puffed up with self-conceit, aiming at great things, but, from want of ballast, unable to execute them. How aspiring is that little hydrogen bubble! It mounts high; but it carries little up, and it brings less down. Chemists tell us that hydrogen is the lightest of all ponderable substances. Vanity is lighter. Unhappy they who have their head full of it. They remind us of the aspiring youth in Heathen mythology, whose ambition it was to drive for a day the chariot of the sun, but, having neither strength nor skill to guide the wing-footed steeds, and leaving the beaten track, he perished in the daring enterprise. They recall also to our remembrance another ancient fable, written when foxes spake, and players on the stage not only personated fictitious characters, but wore a false face—a mask, sometimes with finer features than those it covered. In those days of yore Reynard found a fine mask. He looked at it with surprise and admiration; but happening to turn it over, and finding that it was light, light, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, not in Latin, "*Fronti nulla fides*"—"there's no trusting to looks,"—but in pure ancient Greek, which, as his interpreter, we must render into English, "What a beautiful head!—but it has no brains!" Had this *gash* fox understood Scotch, we doubt not he would have said, "It's very bonny, but, alas! it is *toom!*"

But we must close with the little *Medusa* with which we started; which, unless it has been known and named before, we may not improperly name, in honour of its Scotch discoverer, *Thaumantias Milleri*. It was less than any around it; but, endowed with spirit and innate vigour, it evidently rejoiced in the exercise of its power, and seemed not only the most active, but the most happy of the whole. It was delightful to see this little crystal bell putting forth a miniature giant's strength, and, instead of yielding to the adverse tide, bounding at will through the opposing waves, in companulated beauty.

And is not *it* the representative of a class? Yes, of a noble class—the excellent ones of the earth, whom God has ennobled, giving not mere talent, but energy, generated and sustained by grace. We honour talent; but mere talent may dishonour the possessor of it. Even genius may perish amidst its own deceitful coruscations; but grace burns, not with a flickering blaze, but with a steady flame—the fire of holy zeal for God's glory, accompanied with the kindly warmth of brotherly love. It gives elevation to the mind, and heavenly strength to human efforts. He who is rich in grace is "always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as he knows that his labour shall not be in vain in the Lord." It has been quaintly said respecting one of this class, "The sun stood still when he was not busily employed in his Master's service." In trying circumstances it exalts what might have seemed an ordinary character into one that is extraordinary, in doing or in suffering, converting the natural timidity of female loveliness into the warrior's courage or the martyr's endurance; or giving to the man whose life has been spent amidst the useful arts of peace, that heroic firmness of Christian principle which mighty kings may not be able to imitate; and which raises above the fear of man, that worketh a snare. Bernard Palissy, to whom France was indebted in the sixteenth century for the introduction of the manufacture of enamelled pottery, was one of the most extraordinary men of his time; in his moral character displaying a high-mindedness and commanding energy altogether in harmony with the reach and originality of conception by which his understanding was distinguished. "Although a Protestant, he had escaped, through royal favour, from the massacre of Bartholomew; but having been soon after shut up in the Bastile, he was visited in his prison by the king, who told him, that if he did not comply with the established (Popish) religion, he should be forced, however unwillingly, to leave him in the hands of his enemies." "*Forced!* sire," replied the brave old Huguenot—"*forced!* this is not to speak like a king; but they who force *you* cannot force *me*. I can die." And he did die—not by the sword, nor by the axe of the headsman, which, comparatively, would have been merciful, but by lingering imprisonment in the dungeons of the Bastile, from which he was not delivered, till, in the ninetieth year of his age, death set him free!

THE CONDITION OF THE LABOURING CLASSES IN PALESTINE.

BY JOHN KITTO, D.D.

The information on this interesting subject which may be gleaned from the Scriptures is very scanty of definite facts, although there are general statements conveying the impression that the labouring population rarely experienced the want of necessaries, and enjoyed a fair amount of comfort, except when the regular current of the national existence was obstructed by scarcity, or disturbed by war.

From the parable of the householder and his labourers in Matt. xv., we learn that the rate of wages for field labour in the time of Christ was one denarius by the day. This is reckoned as equal to sevenpence halfpenny. The wages of agricultural labour in Syria, before Mehemet Ali became master of the country, was considerably less than this in nominal, but probably about the same in real value; and although there was a great rise in all kinds of wages under the Egyptian rule, the prices of commodities rose in more than an equal proportion, and the labouring man was not better, nor indeed so well off, upon the higher than he had been upon the lower rate of wages. The comforts which he could secure upon his higher wages were, therefore, not greater than those which his previously lower wages would provide; and this explanation is necessary, because the information on which our statement proceeds was obtained while the higher rate of both provisions and wages existed—being that which is embodied in the report on the commercial statistics of Syria, rendered to the Government by Dr Bowring in 1840.

From a careful consideration and comparison of circumstances, we strongly incline to think that the current rate of wages for field and other labour in Syria bears very much about the same proportion to the price of provisions as it did in the time of Christ; and therefore that the sevenpence halfpenny of the Jewish labourer at that day went quite as far, in the purchase of food and other necessaries, as the wages now obtained in the same country: and if so, we shall see, in the condition of the present Syrian labourer, no bad representation of that of the labouring population among the ancient Hebrews.

Then, bearing in mind the temporarily enhanced rate of wages and cost of commodities, the following may be taken as exhibiting the rate and proportion of expenditure to one of the labouring classes:—

Food, . .	£7 to £8	sterling.
Clothing, .	3 to 4	"
Lodging in towns,	2 to 4	"
Lodging in country,	1 to 2	"

This makes the rate of expenditure vary from £11 to £16, and the same proportions were exhibited when both wages and prices were lower than at the time this estimate was made.

On this expenditure, the condition of the labouring population in Syria is described as easy and good, comparatively with that of the same classes in England. They feed on mutton (at about twopence halfpenny the pound) several times in the week, bread daily, sometimes rice pillaus, and always bulgur pillaus. Bulgur is a preparation of wheat, husked and bruised or half ground, after being moistened and dried. These pillaus are lubricated either with butter or oil, and are very palatable and satisfying. They have also curds and butter-milk, cheese, eggs, olives, various dried fruits, and a large variety and abundance of vegetables, besides herb-roots, turnips, and radishes preserved in brine or vinegar, and cucumbers and capsicums in vinegar, for winter use.

Their clothing is not very coarse. The fine climate allows them to wear light cotton, and other similar apparel; and in the short winter they are generally well covered. Their lodging is good. Generally every family has a separate house, or set of rooms. The cost of this varies with the locality; but lodging generally is cheap in Syria, compared with most other countries.

It should be observed that this statement with respect to food, clothing, and lodging, embraces the labouring classes in general, and is not limited to husbandmen. Some artisans earn twice as much, and a few thrice as much, as the field labourer. Smiths, stone-cutters, carpenters, painters, tailors, and saddlers, are the trades whose wages are highest. These and other trades probably have the same relation in ancient times as now to agricultural labour. And there is sufficient reason to think that the labouring classes generally among the Hebrews were quite as well off as their successors in the Promised Land; and their food, clothing, and accommodation not materially different in quality or kind.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE LAMB.

(FOR PARENTS.)

The only child of two thoughtless parents died. The parents became on this account, not only sorrowful, but disposed to question the goodness of God. They even petulantly inquired of their minister, how it could be possible that a God of love could have dealt so hardly with them as to take their only child. To this question the pastor promised a reply, and he gave it:—

"You would know from me why God has taken your child from you? Well, then, he is determined to have from your family at least one member in heaven. You parents would not prepare to enter into heaven; and if that child of yours had been allowed to remain, you would also have prevented it from going thither. Hear, further, a parable. There was a good shepherd, who had prepared costly fodder in his fold for his sheep, but the sheep would not enter. He gave himself much concern to induce them to enter, but they always retreated farther backward from the open door. Then he took a lamb from the flock, and dragged it in; and behold, the parent sheep ran in after it! The good Shepherd is Christ; the open fold is heaven; the lamb, your child. Have ye the hearts of parents? Prepare to follow your child. It has been taken from you on purpose to allure you to the skies."

THE DYING MAN AND THE THIEF.

A QUEER old humorist lived in a little old cottage in the outskirts of our village. He had travelled much in the East, and had made money as a merchant in Smyrna. Being a native of our parish, and a bachelor, he came to close his mortal chapter where it began. I need scarcely say that, like so many of his class, he was fidgety, testy, and troublesome, but a lover of fair play—withal, warm-hearted, and benevolent. At bottom, too, he was a thoroughly religious man. He and I were getting on uncommonly well together, when, greatly to my sorrow, he took ill and died, only a few months after we had become acquainted. An odd incident befell him on his deathbed; and I must relate it, as illustrative of his character.

A thief made his way into the cottage one midnight, and entered his dying chamber to steal; for he was counted rich as a nabob. There was a light burning in the room. "What do you want, friend?" was the testy demand of our disturbed old gentleman. "Your money and your jewels," said the thief. "Oh! you are there, are you? Very well. Just look at these old legs of mine (thrusting out his emaciated members from beneath the bed-clothes); nay, lay hold of them—feel them—so, you must be perfectly convinced in your own mind now that I cannot go into the next apartment, where my money is. Come, then, take me on your back, and carry me there." Saying this, the old chap, dying though he was, actually rose and got out of bed. The thief drew back, with a look of ghastly surprise. "Hark ye! son of woman born," continued the old gentleman emphatically, as he sat him down on the front of the bed, and raised his fore-finger with warning solemnity; "I am far on my way to eternity, and you are coming on behind me. You are here to steal certain trash of mine. Come, now, you must do better than that. Draw near. Here is this bald old heart of mine. Stand forward. Reach me now your thievish hand into this inveterate bosom of mine. Oh! do but steal, rob, plunder from it covetousness, lust, anger, and every other lingering bad passion, and send me lighter on my way. Oh! do this, and you shall have all my gold. You shake your head—you cannot. Here, then, friend—I am anything but heavy—you must take me on your back." The thief could not stand this. He fell down on his knees, and begged the old man's forgiveness. "Are you really in want?" asked the eccentric invalid. "I am," was the reply; "but I deserve to be so, for I have been dissipated and idle; but I think I am a changed man." "Take this key, then," said our dying friend; "open my desk in the next room there (pointing to the door); you will find a purse of gold in it—bring it to me." The thief did so. "Take that," said the worthy humorist, and he served out his gold liberally into the thief's trembling hand. With tears in his eyes, the poor penitent again fell on his knees, and craved a blessing on the dying man. He was about to retire. "Nay, friend, you must help me into my bed first," said the old gentleman; "it is anything but reasonable that I be raised up at midnight in this sort of manner." Accordingly, the thief lifted the old man up in his arms, and put him into the bed. "Now, brother worm," said the queer but wise old patient, "I asked this last piece of service for your own good as well as mine. You will be nothing the worse for having felt the weight and worth of an armful of poor, sinful, dying clay. It will help you to keep in mind your good resolutions. Christ be with you! In his own gracious words, 'Go, and sin no more.'"—*The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village.*

TOO LATE FOR CHURCH.

SOME people are always behind-hand in everything. It is their habit. They sit up late at night, and rise late in the morning, especially on the Sabbath; and it is ten o'clock before they are aware of it. The bell rings, and then they are in a great hurry; but after all do not get to the place of worship till the service has commenced. They meant to have been in season, but something happened to detain them; and so something almost always happens, and *will* happen, till they put their clocks a quarter of an hour forward, or resort to some other expedient to quicken their dilatoriness. Viewed in every light, this is a great fault. In all ordinary cases, families can be punctual on the Sabbath if they please. Even when the mornings are shortest, and they live several miles from the church, by making suitable arrangements and rising early, they can be in good season, as many such families always are. If it is our duty to attend public worship at all, it is a duty to be in our seats when the exercises commence. How can our thoughts be collected, and our minds suitably composed, if we do not enter the house till the middle of the psalm, or till the first prayer is half through? What right have we to expect that God will meet us with a blessing, if we do not punctually meet him in the place and in the way of his appointment? Will he wait for us when we are stupidly lagging behind the time; or will he withdraw his presence and withhold his blessing? Those who can say with David, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord," will never be late if they can avoid it. It is a great fault—a grievous sin. Emphatically is it great and grievous, when families come in late, and march with their rustling silks up the broad aisle, to draw all the eyes of the congregation upon them. Is this an uncharitable supposition? We fear not. We have known persons who *seemed*, at any rate, to court this sort of notoriety—who were so far from making it a part of their religion not to disturb others in their devotions, that it was a matter of calculation not to come in till the whole congregation was seated and ready to receive them.

TRIFLING WITH CONVICTIONS.

YOU that are at any time under convictions, O take heed of resting in them! Though it is true that conviction is the first step to conversion, yet it is not conversion—a man may carry his convictions along with him into hell.

What is that which troubleth poor creatures when they come to die but this—I have not improved my convictions; at such a time I was convinced of sin, but yet I went on in sin in the face of my conviction; at such a sermon I was convinced of such a duty, but

I slighted the conviction; I was convinced of my need of Christ, and of the readiness of Christ to pardon and save; but. alas! I followed not the conviction.

My brethren, remember this—slighted convictions are the worst death-bed companions. There are two things especially which, above all others, make a death-bed very uncomfortable:—

1. Purposes and promises not performed.
2. Convictions slighted and not improved.

When a man takes up purposes to close with Christ, and yet puts them not into execution; and when he is convinced of sin and duty, and yet improves not his convictions, O this will sting and wound at last!

Now, therefore, hath the Spirit of the Lord been at work in your souls? Have you ever been convinced of the evil of sin—of the misery of a natural state—of the insufficiency of all things under heaven to help—of the fulness and righteousness of Jesus Christ—of the necessity of resting upon him for pardon and peace, for sanctification and salvation? Have you ever been really convinced of these things? O then, as you love your own souls, as ever you hope to be saved at last, and enjoy God for ever, improve these convictions, and be sure you rest not in them till they rise up to a thorough close with the Lord Jesus Christ, and so end in a sound and perfect conversion. Thus shall you be not only almost, but altogether a Christian.—*Mead.*

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER A SLEEPLESS NIGHT DURING SICKNESS.

How welcome shines the morning light
Within the casement clear,
As, after dull and tedious night,
It comes arrayed in colours bright,
The sick man's couch to cheer!

. . . . . .

O thus, when life is ebbing fast,
Lord, leave me not forlorn!
But as my night of woe rolls past—
That night of sin and pain the last—
Upon thy suffering servant cast
Beams of *eternal morn!*

"CHRIST IS MINE."

Many of our readers must have heard of the gentleman who took a friend to the roof of his house to show him the extent of his possessions. Waving his hand about, "There," said he, "is my estate." Pointing to a great distance on one side, "Do you see that farm? Well, that is mine." Pointing again to the other side, "Do you see that house? That also belongs to me." In turn, his friend asked, "Do you see that little village out yonder? Well, there lives a poor woman in that village who can say more than all this." "Ah! what can she say?" "Why, she can say, Christ is mine!" Indeed she was the richer of the two.

"How vain a toy is glittering wealth
If once compared to Thee?
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?
Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone."

ABSOLUTION.

If a man be truly a penitent, the promise of God renders his absolution certain. If not, though a priest may pronounce him absolved a thousand times, his guilt remains. It is the sole prerogative of God to give repentance and remission of sin. The priest can do neither. The man who relies upon the absolution of a priest, is like an imprisoned and condemned malefactor, who in the night dreams that he is released, but in the morning finds himself led to the gallows.

Fragments.

Money.—A philosopher has said, "Though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer."

Worldly gifts cannot bear up the spirits from fainting and sinking when trials and troubles come, no more than headache can be cured by a golden crown, or toothache by a chain of pearl.

Earthly riches are full of poverty.—*Augustine.*

Why we Pray.—We do not pray to inform God of our wants, but to express our sense of the wants which he already knows. As he has not so much made his promises to our necessities as to our requests, it is reasonable that our requests should be made, before we can hope that our necessities will be relieved. God does not promise to those who want that they shall "have," but to those who "ask;" nor to those who need that they shall "find," but to those who "seek."—*Hannah More.*

Now! now!—As it is never too soon to be good, so it is never too late to amend; I will, therefore, neither neglect the time present, nor despair of the time past. If I had been sooner good, I might, perhaps, have been better; if I am longer bad, I shall, I am sure, be worse. That I have stayed long time idle in the market-place deserves reprehension; but if I am late sent into the vineyard, I have encouragement to work: "I will give unto this last as unto thee."—*Warwick.*

We should never estimate the soundness of principles by our own ability to defend them, or consider an objection as unanswerable to which we can find no reply.

Inconsistent Profession.—To have an orthodox belief and a true profession, concurring with a bad life, is only to deny Christ with a greater solemnity.

Faith the result of a Renewed Will.—Men must love the truth before they thoroughly believe it; and the Gospel has then only a free admission into the assent of the understanding, when it brings a passport from a rightly-disposed will, as being the great faculty of dominion that commands all—that shuts out and lets in what objects it pleases, and, in a word, keeps the keys of the whole soul.—*South.*

Heart Depravity.—Human nature is like a bad clock—it may go right now and then, or be made to strike the hour; but its inward frame is to go wrong. —*Adam.* Striving against nature is like holding a weather-cock with one's hand: as soon as the force is taken off, it veers again with the wind.—*Ibid.*

Licentiousness.—The freedom of some, is the freedom of the herd of swine that ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and were drowned.—*Jay.*

Faith.—When Latimer was at the stake, he breathed out these words: "God is faithful."

THE MISSION, THE TRIALS, AND THE CLAIMS, OF THE EVANGELICAL MINISTRY.

A Sermon.

BY THE REV. W. M. BUNTING, LONDON.

(CONTINUED.)

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him, that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!—Isaiah lii. 7.

II. In the exercise of this ministry, faithful "Men of God" encounter some PERSONAL HARDSHIPS AND HUMILIATIONS. These, however, the Prophet presents under so veiled and modest an aspect, that we shall do no more than just glance at them. Nor is it needful; for "ye know what manner of men" your Ministers are "among you, for your sake." In carrying the good tidings abroad, their 'feet are upon the mountains:' they traverse, so to speak, a rough, difficult, dangerous, and wearisome road; and the effects of such a course of life are not seldom painfully apparent. We sorrowfully allow that many, who assume what is called "the Sacred Profession," incur but little inconvenience by the rigidness of their fidelity to it. We gratefully acknowledge, on the other hand, that the most suffering servants of Christ and His Church have their daily helps and solaces, as well as the prospect of a great reward. Still, the general proposition is affectingly true, nor would any pious or honourable mind *desire* to lessen its force—that the Evangelizing and Pastoral Office, (especially in some Communities,) has, when consistently sustained, its peculiar and its inseparable trials.

Were we to touch, however delicately, any one string, what heart would not vibrate in quick and intelligent sympathy?

1. Should we touch on the *Spiritual* exercises of Ministers,—whom would not the words remind, for instance, of daily conflicts with undestroyed, though subdued, sinful nature, ever threatening to break out in pride, selfishness, uncharitableness, unbelief, and the like, in all their subtle and changing forms? Of either a harassing sense of insufficiency, or an ensnaring tendency to self-confidence? Of the felt danger of envy in some circumstances, and of arrogance or assumption in others? Of a constant and a conscious liability to mix up animal passion or personal motives, with inspired religious feeling, both in the pulpit and out of it? Of the temptation to substitute a *critical* for a *devout* daily use of the Scriptures, and to mistake fervour and elevation in public exercises for a heart right with God? Of the deadening effect on frail minds of a necessary professional familiarity with the same routine of sacred studies and services; unless it be counteracted by almost *painful* habits of watchfulness and private devotion? Of the misgivings, or positive disgusts, excited by contact with certain fanatical abuses, or profane counterfeits of religion, more easily detected than dealt with? Of disappointment, (itself apt to become selfish and sordid,) at the want of ministerial success? Of frequent most acute trials of temper, and that in situations of most serious responsibility? Of not infrequent exposure to still more fearful forms of temptation; particularly in seasons of sociality, or physical exhaustion, or that insidious relaxedness of mind, which is the common reaction of intense public excitement? In a word, who cannot understand, and sympathize with, a solemn habitual *anxiety*, often wrought up into a distressing fear, on the points of personal character, the welfare of the work of God, and the anticipated final appearing of "every one of us," at once with his soul and his surrendered ministry, "before the judgment-seat of Christ"? O brethren! such considerations appeal, not so much to your generous feelings, as to your piety and brotherly consideration. "Pray for us;"—not less frequently than you are wont to do for our physical vigour, our acceptance, or our usefulness; but *more* frequently *for our personal holiness*, our power day by day to 'crucify fleshly affections,' as well as 'lusts,' our support under spiritual depressions, and our excelling in all sanctity and virtue. 'Behold, we are, according to your wish, in God's stead;' yet, oh! remember, 'we also are formed out of the clay.'

2. Or should we touch on the *Temporal* mortifications of the Ministerial lot in most Churches, —you would think, for instance, of long hours of toil and exposure, frequently embittering those of after rest and retirement: for Christ's

messengers must "endure hardness;" must be "in journeyings often;" must *labour*" *in* the word and doctrine"—both in studying and teaching the truth; and must be "instant in season and out of season;" with much abstinence, and slight and rare recreation. When not actually straining all their strength to lift high the healing Cross, they must be seen bearing it about on their shoulders, in readiness for the next opportunity,—yea, and, if they would win souls, must be heard singing under their blest burden.

You would remember, too, that your Ministers are, for the most part, poor men, and experience the usual inconveniences of comparative privation. It has in their case, however, some peculiarities, and some aggravations. It is the tax of their entire self-devotion to the service of GOD and man; a "calling," for such it is, which forbids them, if the Church be but able to afford them a simple subsistence, to 'entangle themselves with the affairs of this life,' or grow rich by its honourable enterprises. Again, the constant claims of Christ's household on their time and care will seldom allow them either to economize or to enjoy what they possess, to superintend domestic education, to luxuriate in domestic love, or to husband their scanty savings for the future necessities of the widow and the fatherless. And, once more, the casualties of their station create unusual wants, and require a larger private outlay; while the *spirit* of their station prompts them to "spend," as well as "be spent, for" the poor of their flocks, and the cause of GOD, often beyond their ability: not to say, that the delicacy of their relation to certain parties, both in and out of trade—(who boast themselves Christians, and *not* "law"-ridden Israelites, in whom is no guile—though their *own* system is by no means without its beggarly elements)—lays open many a generous and gentle-minded pastor to resistless and ruinous imposition.

To hard mental or bodily labour, and to straitened finances, your candour would not omit to add frequent ill-health; with its incidents of pain, languor, and nervous irritability, or depression. Adverse as these sensations are to the comfort and even energy of an unremitting, and in many cases *unpensioned*, service,—they often intrude during its active discharge, are often occasioned or aggravated by it, and must often be uncomplainingly endured in deference to its imperious requirements. Nor could your thoughts visit the sick-room of one, who has once and again visited *yours* in more than thought, without some sense of "the shadow of *death*;" for what else but its projected and forewarning shadows are frailty, affliction, and morbid gloom? Lives so spent as, in these urgent and unmerciful times, "GOD's" true-hearted "Men" *must* spend them, (unless under special advantages of temperament or location), may be expected to wear apace. They are "in deaths oft;" graves gape at every step of their way; and what wonder, if they stumble into one of them—as in the instance of the Missionary, or the Methodist, Ministry—long ere they have numbered their "threescore years and ten"? Fellow-messengers! we track our course across "the mountains" by the footprints of some of our predecessors, but by the burial-mounds, or the bleached bones, of others; and, if We follow, it should be in the solemn and devoted spirit of Thomas, "Let us go, that we may die with" them,—or of Paul, "I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand"!

In estimating the external trials of Christian Ministers, you will be reminded, beloved brethren, by the supposed peculiar allusion of the Prophet, of their diversified defects, infirmities and often *mean appearance in society*. Some of them betray defects of practical judgment others of intellectual energy, or refinement others of natural sensibility, or ardour; others of original or acquired strength of character; while others, again, are found wanting in the comparative trifles of rhetoric, melody or power of voice, a commanding person, an impressive physiognomy, or a graceful gesticulation; or, out of the pulpit, in polish, or perhaps openness, of manners. We have known the absence of these, with now and then a touch of what was positively unpleasing — though amounting to no more than a little dust on "the feet," or a little disorder in the dress, or a slight awkwardness in the gait, or deformity in the person, of a King's messenger—we have known them quite enough to make the preaching and presence of many a holy and benevolent man not only uncourted, but distasteful. Hence have grown up, in some unsanctified, and *secretly unhappy*, professors—(unhappy, because still dependant on these very men for guidance and comfort in "the cloudy day")—those frivolous prejudices and dislikes, which, we should all be warned, just in proportion as they lessen the influence of our Ministers, *are spiritually injurious to ourselves.*

III. "But ye have not so learned Christ." You acknowledge that you owe to His servants A TENDER AND RESPECTFUL CONSIDERATION

R THEIR INFIRMITIES, IN DEFERENCE TO THEIR LLING AND CHARACTER. "How *beautiful* are e feet of him, that bringeth good tidings!" rusting that such is your sentiment, we pre- sme to ask from you a threefold manifesta- on of it.

1. In the first place, you will habitually and refully guard against an *opposite* treatment, or pinion, of faithful Ministers, because of their metimes humiliating circumstances, or exte- or. Ashamed of them because of *these*—you ould not be! Why, they owe them, probably, their love for *you*, and their zeal to bring you ood tidings! Instead of grasping at the world, r spending life in the cultivation and indulgence f purely literary tastes, or even burying their inistry and their souls alive under heaps of cholastic lore, they prefer, and they profess, to tudy the *Bible*, and the *heart*, to preach repen- ance to sinners, and to watch over the Churches f Jesus Christ. Ashamed of them because of these—impossible! As soon could you spurn from your door the famished and supplicating soldier, because disfigured with the scars and fractures incurred in defending you and your country from aggression, plunder, and bloodshed. As soon could you refuse to take the hand of an honest artisan, because tanned and hardened with the drudgery of preparing for your accommodation the comforts and luxuries of life. As soon could you deride the physical infirmities, the deranged intellects, and the premature decay, of the men, whose midnight-labours in the study, or the senate-house, have enriched your literature, or matured your political Constitution. Almost might you reproach an Apostle with his "thorn in the flesh," or a Confessor with his prison-attire. Nay, might you not be ashamed of HIM, who was cradled in a manger, 'had not' in lonely manhood where to lay His head,' was arraigned and condemned as a felon, and was "crucified between two thieves"? But no—"Blessed is he whosoever is not offended in Me"! For "surely He hath borne *our* griefs, and carried our sorrows." "How beautiful were the feet of Him," who, not only brought the Gospel of our salvation from the very lips of Eternal Mercy, but "by Himself purged our sins," and obtained for us a plenteous redemption! How sacred His passion! How glorious His shame! How precious the blood of His Cross!—Now, remember the words of the Lord Jesus, addressed to His chosen Ministers,—"He that despiseth *you*, despiseth Me." But 'despise' not "the *least* of these.' 'Let no man despise their youth,' if comparatively young they be; yet, "let the elders be counted worthy of double honour." Lives there the man, who can despise spent old age, or overtaking poverty, or a sickly frame, or a sorrowful spirit, or even waning pulpit attractions, when associated with a still healthful, experienced, and spiritual ministry? Execrable inhumanity and ingratitude! "Beloved, we are persuaded better things of you." Deal by such men, speak of them, feel towards them, elders or not, as *Scottish* Christians, and those most worthy of them in sister-churches, are reputed to have ever done—and as their services and sacrifices deserve. *For you*, or for your brethren up and down the world, they resign much, risk more, travel far, toil hard, are in some instances strangers at their own fire-sides, in no few instances go in mean clothes, and live on coarse food; and, after exhausting their strength and spirits in the zeal of the Lord's house—either sink early into the sepulchre, leaving their wives widows, or their widow-mothers childless—or else live to bury almost all their kindred and companions, and to see the once verdant village-church-yard covered all over with the hoof-prints of the pale horse of Death, until, amidst the multitude of graves, their own is with difficulty found, and scarcely affords depth of earth sufficient for their shrunk and lone remains. And *this*, we blush to add, often without any competent provision, while they survive, for the comfort of declining years,—and always with more or less of the forlorn feeling, not only of 'poor old men,' but of laid-aside, unserviceable, "supernumerary," Ministers! Said I, despise not such men? I say rather, reverence them; honour their humiliation; think the better of them for every token and trace of self-denial. Venerate that brow, bearing, in almost legible lines, the faithful transcript of the Church's chequered and troublous history—that voice, broken with *publishing* to you the "good news from a far country"—that hand, tremulous and faltering, as if with having been "all the day long stretched forth" to gather men to GOD—that step, tottering, even now, under other and heavier burdens than its own! 'Beautiful be the feet of them that preach,' while yet the clods at the grave's edge are crumbling and giving way under them, the long-loved 'Gospel of peace!'

2. Secondly, bear *their* burdens, who bear the Lord's, and yours. Do this by continual prayer on their behalf; by 'standing up for them against the workers of iniquity,' and working *with* them in every righteous and useful undertaking; and by a systematic contribution, ac-

cording to your ability, but for conscience' sake—for the love of the Master—'in the name of the prophets'—not only towards the support of those who, with your own approval, still "*labour* among you," but towards the alleviation of a hallowed old age, when they are worn out, and so domestic pressures and anxieties, when they 'gather up their feet' to die. On whatever branch of Christ's One Church you are honoured to bear fruit, be forward to sustain those resources, whether produced by a generous literature, or by direct appeal, which are at once the temporal and spiritual joy of "the husbandman." In more ways than one, they will "abound to *your* account." No Church-scheme of this age is more signally *just* to man, or more certain of acceptance with God, than that now nearly consummated by the Free Church of Scotland,—and consummated chiefly through the self-devotion of a beloved Brother, whose name her late fiery trial has burnt in upon the heart of her every minister, member, and friend,—by which she proposes, having first built up her broken altars throughout the land, to rekindle a *hearth-fire* in the neighbourhood of each, for those who serve and have suffered for them. May God perfect the success of that scheme, and Himself have all the glory!

3. Above all, in the last place, compensate them for their personal sacrifices by receiving their official message. Give them "the joy," for which, in lowly and distant imitation of their Adored Master, they 'endure the cross,' and 'despise the shame.' O! 'hear them gladly.' Some commentators understand the text to represent the *people*, to whom the messengers are sent, as standing on the highest mountains of their country, and looking out for their arrival. Hence the exclamation of the Prophet: "How beautiful," or gladdening, to those thus elevated and expectant, "are the feet" the first distant appearance, "of him that bringeth good tidings! Thy watchmen"—they who have been on the watch for him—"shall lift up the voice, with the voice together shall they sing!" Christian hearers, realize this refreshing imagery. *Look out for* the "Preacher;" value and desire his instructions; anticipate every Sabbath and every sermon with delight; oft as Christ's "peace" is "published" and assured to you, let your spirits sing for joy; and as 'we preach, so do you believe.' Alas! many there be, who, while they acknowledge, how beautiful are the feet of the messenger, and even the words of the message, will not 'believe' and 'obey' the one or the other. Romans 10 ch., 15, 16 v.; Ezekiel 33 ch., 30, 31, 32 v.) They have just the same sort of feeling under the preaching of the Gospel, by a man of persuasive address, as under the enchantment of a well-executed sacred song, or recitative, on the same subject. Now, in the name of God, who will judge you, and of Christ, who shed out the blood of His broken heart for your reconciliation, *have done* with trifling about serious things! It is no musical or poetic passion, that we ask from you; it is no merely personal complacency towards your Ministers, that we yearn to elicit; but "the obedience of faith" towards their Gospel, and towards their God. 'Believe our report'—embrace our Saviour—'have Him to rule over you'—esteem His rule a "good thing," yea, a "great salvation"—break league with all His enemies—cast yourselves on His merits, and obtain His mercy—and

> "So shall you bless His pleasing sway,
> And, sitting at His feet,
> His laws with all your hearts obey
> With all your souls submit."

And *so* shall 'ye be our rejoicing, and we yours, in the day of the Lord Jesus.' To Him be glory and dominion for ever. Amen!

ON THE NEW PLANET ASTRÆA, AND THE HARMONY OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

When the celebrated Kepler was a very young man, and began to speculate on the harmony of the solar system, he attempted to discover if there was any regular proportion observed in the size of the orbits of the planets. Having failed in this attempt, and finding that there was an extraordinary distance between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, he supposed that a new planet existed between these two;* but even with this assumption, he did not succeed in discovering any regular progression in the distances of the planets.

Nearly a century ago, the ingenious M. Lambert of Mulhausen, suggested the probability of a planet existing between Mars and Jupiter; and in the year 1772, Professor Bode of Berlin, published his celebrated Law of the Planetary Distances, which depended on the existence of such an undiscovered planet. This curious law will be understood, if we place in a row the following numbers, each of which is double of the one which precedes it:—

0 3 6 12 24 48 96 192

If we now add four to each of these, we shall have the following series of numbers, which represent, with tolerable accuracy, the relative distances of the planets from the Sun.

4	7	10	16	28	52	100	196
Mercury	Venus	Earth	Mars		Jupiter	Saturn	Uranus

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* Brewster's *Martyrs of Science*, p. 208.

Now, if there be any truth in this law, or any physical reason for its existence, there either must have been, or must still be, a planet between Mars and Jupiter, at the distance corresponding to the number 28; and if there are any other planets yet to be discovered beyond the orbit of Uranus, which is very probable, they will be placed at the following distances :—

Nos. . . .	192	384	768	1536	3072	&c.
Distances	196	388	772	1540	3076	&c.
	Uranus	Supposed new planets				

So strong had become the conviction that a planet did exist between Mars and Jupiter, that Baron Von Zach had ventured to calculate its probable elements, and *twenty-four* astronomers formed themselves into a society in the autumn of the year 1800, for the express purpose of discovering this new planet. M. Schroeter of Lilienthal, well known by his accurate maps of the Surface of the Moon, was the president, and Baron Von Zach, astronomer to the Prince of Saxe Gotha, was the secretary to this association; and the members engaged to observe, with the greatest care, every star visible through their telescopes, within the limits of the zodiac. A year had scarcely elapsed before a new planet was discovered between *Mars* and *Jupiter*, occupying the very place which corresponded with the distance 28 in the preceding series of numbers,* and, what is equally singular, the discovery was not made by a member of the association!

This great discovery we owe to Joseph Piazzi, astronomer to the King of Naples at Palermo. When he was observing the stars on the 1st of January 1801, he noticed one in the field of his telescope which had a different aspect from all the rest, and, as it changed its place, and had a very dense atmosphere, Piazzi regarded it as a comet. He continued to observe it till the 2d of February, having on the 24th January sent an account of his discovery to Oriani, La Lande, Bode, and Von Zach, and informed them that he had observed it stationary, and retrograde in the short space of ten days. From this information these astronomers drew the conclusion that the new body was a planet; and all Europe was excited by the intelligence. M. Gauss of Brunswick computed the elements of its orbit, and the astronomers of England, France, and Germany strove to rediscover it. Piazzi himself had been obliged to discontinue his observations by a dangerous illness, and it was not till January 1802, that the planet was rediscovered by Dr Olbers of Bremen. From gratitude to his patron the King of Naples, Piazzi gave the name of *Ceres Ferdinandea* to the new planet. The king ordered a gold medal to be struck in honour of Piazzi; but the modest astronomer requested that the sum intended for this purpose should be expended on the purchase of an equatorial instrument for his observatory.

Soon after the rediscovery of *Ceres*, on the 28th March 1802, Dr Olbers discovered a *second* new planet, to which he gave the name of *Pallas*. Its magnitude was nearly the same as that of *Ceres*, not exceeding 200 or 300 miles in diameter; but what was at first almost incredible, its distance from the Sun was nearly the same as that of Ceres, being 27.9, a number almost identical with 28, the place where a new planet had been expected.

In the course of other two years, a *third* planet was added to the solar system by M. Harding, astronomer at the Observatory of Lilienthal, near Bremen; and, strange to tell, this planet also was situated at nearly the same distance from the Sun as its two predecessors, namely, at a distance corresponding with the number 26½.

Confounded with this superabundance of planets, in a region of the solar system where one only was expected and desired, astronomers hitherto devoted to observation, began to speculate respecting the cause of such extraordinary results. Although *one* planet only was required to fill the void, and give harmony to the solar system, yet the *one* actually discovered was so small, that it destroyed the harmony in the magnitude of the planets, though it established a harmony in their distances. The *two* additional bodies, equally small with the first, became a new source of perplexity, and stamped, as it were, a character of disorder upon the system of the world.

In this dilemma it occurred to Dr Olbers that these *three* small planets *were fragments of a larger one;* that this planet had been burst by some internal convulsion; and that as all the fragments had diverged from one common centre, there ought to be two nodes in opposite points of the heavens through which they should all sooner or later pass. Having found that these nodes should be in the constellations *Virgo* and the *Whale*, and that it was in the last of these that Juno had been discovered, Dr Olbers examined, thrice every year, these two constellations, till on the 29th March 1807, he discovered in the constellation *Virgo*, a *fourth* small planet, to which he gave the name of *Vesta*, whose mean distance from the Sun corresponded with the number 22½.

If these *four* planets are the fragments of a larger one; if a planet has been burst in pieces by an internal force, powerful enough to overcome the mutual attraction of the fragments, we can scarcely doubt that other fragments of different sizes have been projected into space, the larger ones revolving round the Sun in the vicinity of the principal fragments, and the smaller ones at a greater or a less distance, or probably drawn into the sphere of attraction, of the Earth, or any other planet that happened to be nearest to the place of explosion. Adopting this view of the subject, Sir David Brewster, in a paper read to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1808 or 1809, endeavoured to show that aerolites or meteoric stones, which so frequently fall from our atmosphere, are the smaller fragments of this burst planet, which may have been revolving in space till they were precipitated upon our globe.* This speculation, which was considered as a very extravagant one at the time, has received much countenance from the periodical fall of fireballs, shooting stars, and aerolites at two periods of the year; and Baron Humboldt† actually ranks among the bodies of the solar system "a host of very small asteroids, whose orbits either intersect the orbit of the Earth, or approach it very nearly, and give occasion to the phenomena of aerolites and falling stars."‡

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* The exact mean distance of the new planet is 27.65.

Since these views were published, they have received new support from the discovery of a *fifth* planet, belonging to the same group of asteroids which revolve between Mars and Jupiter; and it is highly probable that many new fragments will be detected when more powerful telescopes are directed to the heavens, and when astronomers shall have undertaken a more thorough examination of the smaller stars in the region of the zodiac. This new planet, to which the name of *Astræa* has been given, was discovered on the 8th of December 1845, by M. Hencke of Driersen, in Prussia, a gentleman who was once connected with the Post-office in that town, but who, having a great passion for astronomy, has, during the last fifteen years, been making himself acquainted with the relative positions of the zodiacal stars, for the very purpose of discovering another fragment of the burst planet.

On the 8th of December, M. Hencke observed, between two stars of the ninth or tenth magnitude, and marked on the Berlin maps, a star of the ninth magnitude, not marked on the maps; and being familiar with that part of the heavens, he was certain that it had moved into its present position. In letters to Professor Encke and Shumacher, announcing the fact, he expressed his conviction that the star was a new planet. It has, accordingly, been observed by astronomers in various parts of Europe; and it has been placed beyond a doubt that it is a *fifth* member of the group of asteroids revolving between Mars and Jupiter. The following are its elements, as given by Encke :—

Epoch of mean longitude, 1846, Jan.	0 days, 0 hrs. 89° 32′ 12″
Longitude of Perihelion, .	214° 53′ 7″
Longitude of Node, . .	119 44 37
Inclination of Orbit, . .	7 42 8
Eccentricity, . . .	0 207 993
Time of Revolution round the Sun,	4 yrs. 3 m. 21 days.

The time of revolution is about twenty-three days less than that of Juno, and its mean distance from the Sun 26.39—a little less than that of the same planet.

Such of our readers as have a tolerably good telescope will have no difficulty in obtaining a sight of this interesting body, from the following table of its position for the next month :—

	Right Ascension.	North Declination.
1846, March 22,	75° 54′ 8″	19° 35′ 19″
" " 30,	79 20 22	20 11 12
" April 7,	82 59 30	20 41 52
" " 15,	86 49 50	21 6 32
" " 23,	90 49 30	21 24 31

In contemplating the strange phenomenon of *five* small planets moving round the Sun in interlacing orbits, and filling up a blank space in the solar system, and in explaining this phenomenon on the supposition that the five bodies are the fragments of a larger planet that has been rent in pieces, and exploded by an enormous force in its interior, the mind does not at first welcome the idea that the harmony of the solar system has been thus established. While we observe around us everything in a state of transition and decay—the mightiest of man's works crumbling into dust, and even his own physical and moral nature in a state of degradation and ruin—we are apt to look to "the everlasting hills" as enduring memorials of divine power, and still more to the system of the world to which we belong, as the type of stability and permanence. But this idea has no reasonable foundation. The perturbations in the planetary are as great and numerous as those in the moral world, and there are elements of decay in our system which forebode its eventual dissolution.

We are not entitled, however, to regard great convulsions in the natural world as proofs of defective harmony, either in planets or in systems. The hurricane cleanses the tainted atmosphere through which it rages; the flood cleanses the polluted channel over which it sweeps; and it was by great convulsions in the heart of our own globe, that might have burst it in pieces, that its stratified crust was broken up into mountains and valleys, and hill and dale; and that the gold and silver, the metals and the fuel, the gems and the precious stones which had been hidden in its bowels, were thrown up to the hand of man, that he might collect and employ them. Forests of gigantic growth were buried in the earth, and cycles of organic life were necessarily entombed, before this beautiful globe was ready for the reception, and worthy of the admiration, of its intellectual occupants. We cannot venture to conjecture what great purpose has been, or is to be, accomplished by the bursting of a planet. The race that may be allowed to discover it will doubtless feel and acknowledge its wisdom. We who are permitted but to see the fact must content ourselves with the lesson, not unworthy of being learned, that we have already seen, in the planetary system, a proof of that mighty agency by which "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; and the earth, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up."

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* See Edinburgh Encyclopædia, article Astronomy, vol. ii., p. 641; and Ferguson's *Works*, vol. ii., Astronomy, p 96

† *Kosmos*, or Survey of the Universe.

‡ He also describes them as moving singly in closed rings, or in multitudes like a stream.

B.

WHO ARE THE DEAD?

O! mourn not for the early blest,
Called from a world of care away,
And gathered to her blissful rest,
In the bright realms of sunless day!

The more her innocence and worth
Combine to make her memory dear,
The fitter seems her flight from earth
To that far purer, happier sphere.

Shall we, in selfish sorrow cold,
Mourn when the Shepherd, in his love,
Takes from his lower earthly fold
Another lamb to one above?

In *this* some danger needs must dwell—
Around it spoilers seek their prey;
But *there* we know that all is well!
For nothing can that flock dismay.

Or shall we mourn so sweet a flower
Appeared to blossom—but to die,
Because in this, its earthly bower,
Its charms no longer greet our eye?

Look up, with Faith's meek eye serene,
Beyond the grave's dark, chilling gloom,
And there that flow'ret shall be seen
Unfolding in immortal bloom.

The heavenly Gardener shall we blame,
Who hath transplanted it from sight,
And, knowing best it fragile frame,
Placed it where storms can never blight?

Mourn not for her! but rather mourn,
Since there our sorrow cannot err,
For some who yet on earth sojourn,
That gladly would change lots with her.

Mourn rather for the LIVING DEAD!
Than for the *seeming dead*—who LIVE!
These need no tears our grief can shed;
But *those* far more than we can give!

There are who live but in the *name*
Of what the world as LIFE declares!
O doubt not these more truly claim
Our tears—more deeply still our prayers!

For *them* let tears and prayers be rife,
That He who still is, as of old,
The Resurrection and The Life!
May such with pitying eye behold.

But mourn not for the early blest,
Called from a world of care away;
And gathered to her blissful rest,
In the bright realms of sunless day!

BARTON.

FRAGMENTS FROM A MINISTER'S DAY-BOOK.

THE INFIDEL.

SOME years ago, on a bright day of summer, I was visiting a few neglected families in the district. I entered the house of one who was a stranger to me. I saluted the family frankly, and was received coldly, though not with incivility. It was the house of a mechanic, and there seemed no tokens of poverty or want. The husband was rather a young man, under thirty, I should suppose, and in good health. His manner was distant—almost supercilious.

He was lying at ease upon his bed after his mid-day meal, waiting till his dinner hour should expire, and busily engaged in reading. After a few general remarks, during which he did not lay aside his book, I asked its name and nature. After some hesitation, as if a little ashamed, he answered that it was a *novel*.

"Do you read no other than such?"

"Oh, yes; many others."

"Of what kind," we asked, for he seemed unwilling to speak freely.

"I read books of mechanics, and sciences, and useful information."

"Do you ever read your Bible?"

"No!" This negative he uttered in a peculiar tone, and with a peculiar sort of expression, bordering on a sneer, as if he neither read nor believed it. I understood his meaning at once, and asked why he never read it.

"There's no philosophy in it," he replied.

"What do you mean by philosophy?" I asked, thinking that he was using a word at random which he did not understand.

"I mean," said he, "that which explains the reasons of things."

From the way in which he said this, I saw at once that he was really a more intelligent man than I was inclined at first to suppose him, and resolved to speak to him accordingly. I thought it best not to irritate him, by asking what philosophy there was in a novel, but simply remarked that I thought there was more real philosophy in the Bible than he imagined.

"For instance," I said, "does not the Bible give us the best information about God?"

"No," he replied; "I get this best from nature and from the works of creation."

"But the works of nature can only tell you about the *mind* of God, not about his *heart*. They tell you about his power and wisdom, but not about his love. A watch may show me the watchmaker's skill and ingenuity, but it cannot tell me anything about his feelings or his temper. Now, creation shows me the wisdom of God, but not his kindness and grace. Yet it is upon the state of God's heart and feelings that our happiness entirely depends. Is not this the true philosophy of things?"

"Yes," he replied, "I dare say it is."

"Well, it is just the philosophy of the Bible."

Resolved to carry on this point which he himself had started, I asked again of him: "How are we to know the *heart* of God? for until we know this, it is plain that we cannot be happy?"

"I do not know," said he, "except from creation."

"But it is plain, on your own admission, that creation can tell us nothing about the heart of God. Where, then, are we to find this information, which we need so much, and which is so indispensable to our happiness?" He was silent—his philosophy failed him.

"Is it not plain," said I, "that such information as I speak of can only come from God himself? He only knows what he is and feels; and he only can tell us of it. Now, is not this true philosophy?"

He admitted that it was, but made no remark.

"Well, the Bible professes to be the book which is intended to give us the needed information about God. It professes to tell us what are the feelings in the heart of God towards us. Would it not be worth your while to study it for this end?"

He assented, but said something about "evidence."

"Those who have studied it most declare that there is as much evidence for its being the Word of God as for creation being the work of God. In these circumstances, would it not be well to inquire? Would not this be true philosophy? You say you would like to know what are the feelings of the God that made you towards his offspring; and would it not be worth while to see if you might not get in the Bible the best and most authentic of all information upon the subject—that which comes from himself?"

He again assented, and seemed touched, but said nothing.

"Besides," said I, "if that source of information fail you—if you find the Bible to be untrue—then, if you are in earnest, you will go directly to HIMSELF. You believe him to have made those mighty works around you. You believe that he hears and sees you, though he himself is unheard and invisible. Now, will you not, then, go to himself, and ask him to teach you? Do you think that he who made you would be unwilling to tell you about himself? or, at least, would it not be worth your while to *try?* Would not this be true philosophy?" He was silent, though he seemed interested. I arose, and took my leave. Unexpectedly he was called away to a distance, and I never saw him again. What were the fruits of that conversation I know not.

We have more philosophy upon our side than Infidels are willing to allow. The above anecdote, which is a literal fact, and not a mere imaginary picture, may assist in showing our readers where the true philosophy lies.

What a universe, if there were no God! The body without the soul, or the world without the sun, would be nothing to this. Surely even Atheists, if they are sincere and earnest, must feel that Atheism is a system of gloom. It must have cost them many a sigh before they could come to the conclusion that there is no God; and their life must be a life of depression and sorrow—as that of outcasts who have discovered that they are without a father, without an inheritance, and without a home. May they not well say: "Oh! we wish there had been a God, an all-wise, all-powerful, all-loving one, to have cared for us, and filled the void of our aching bosoms with his love; but since we have ascertained that there is none, we will go mourning all our days." This is true philosophy.

In like manner, what a world were this of ours, if there were no Bible! That there should be a God, and yet no revelation of his will—no communication between him and his creatures—no intimation of his purposes and desires—how incredible! how unphilosophical! That God should make us, and then cast us off, and refuse all intercourse with us, how impossible! And then how sad if such be the case! The very thought of such a calamity would be enough to solemnize and sadden the soul. To know that there is a God, and yet have no fellowship with him, never hear his voice, or taste his love, or learn his will—to look up to the azure heavens, and say: "God is there, but he will not speak to me; he will not tell me about himself; he will not let me hear one word concerning all he is doing, and devising, and thinking: God is there, but he will not tell me how I may be happy; he has given me life, but he will not show me how that life may be a blessing; he shows me the material world around me, but he will not show me the spiritual world within and above me, with which alone my soul can have sympathy—how sad! how awful! Better not to be at all, than to have an existence so totally severed from him who made me, and made with such amazing capacities for being happy or wretched." What a struggle it must have cost the Infidel, if he be sincere, to come to the conclusion that there is no Bible. The thought must sadden all his days. Next to the Atheist, of all men he should be the most sorrowful; for what darker cloud can overshadow a creature's days than the thought that the God who made him treats him as an outcast, and refuses to hold communion with the being that he has made? Surely this is true philosophy. It is the philosophy of instinct—it is the philosophy of feeling—it is the philosophy of the intellect—it is philosophy such as no man can shake off. If there be no Bible, everything is darkness, mystery, and sorrow.

"'Tis the darkness of darkness,
The midnight of soul;
No moon on the depths
Of that midnight shall roll!

NOTES ON WESLEYAN-METHODISM.

BY DR JOHN B. BENNETT.

Editor of the "Watchman," London.

(Continued from page 281.)

THE adoption of field-preaching had been one breach of *Church order*, and the formation of religious societies—within the Establishment, yet not subject to its ecclesiastical authority—another; a third and important step in the course of "*irregularity*," was the employment of preachers who had not received Episcopal ordination. Thomas Maxfield was the first of these. Mr Wesley had authorized him, during his own absence from London, to pray with and advise the society; and when he heard of his beginning to preach, he hastened back to silence him. But his mother—whose views had been indisputably *high-church*—said, "John, you cannot suspect me of favouring readily anything of this kind; but take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as certainly called of God to preach as you are." On hearing Mr Maxfield preach, and learning what fruits had resulted from his efforts, Mr Wesley "submitted to what he believed to be the order of God." Here, as in many other instances, he acted on the principle that, however he might value ecclesiastical order in its own place, he would regard the salvation of souls as the object of paramount importance. The plan of an *itinerant* ministry was now instituted, the country being divided into "circuits," to each of which two or three "travelling preachers" were appointed, under the direction of the annual "Conferences," the first of which assembled in London in 1744. Even then the ultimate separation of the societies from the Established Church was contemplated as not improbable, and a resolution to this effect was adopted : "We do, and will do, all we can to prevent those consequences which are supposed to be likely to happen after our death; but we cannot, in good conscience, neglect the present opportunity of saving souls while we live, for fear of consequences which may possibly, or probably, happen after we are dead." The Wesleys and their assistants, therefore, laboured on in the face of opposition from the press, from the pulpit, and from, in not a few instances, the brutal violence of infuriated mobs, instigated—sometimes actually led on—by clergymen. The erection of separate places of worship became indispensable, the churches of the Establishment being closed against the Wesleyans, and thus yet another step towards Nonconformity was taken. The publication of books and tracts was employed with vigour, both in defending the system against the numerous attacks by which it was assailed and diffusing information. Indefatigably as John Wesley travelled and preached, he yet found time to be a voluminous writer. In 1778 he established the periodical then called "The Arminian Magazine," which he conducted while he lived, and which is still continued by the Conference, on an enlarged plan, however, under the title of the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine."

While the system was spreading in England, its influence soon extended far beyond the borders of that country. Mr Williams, one of the preachers, crossed over to Ireland, and began to labour zealously in Dublin. Ireland was at that time in a state of lamentable gloom as to its religious condition. A death-sleep seemed to have come upon what had been evangelical in its Protestantism, and the mass of the people were the unresisting and unreasoning vassals of Rome. Mr Williams' efforts were crowned, however, with encouraging success; and in 1747, Mr Wesley himself visited the island, and was immediately followed by Mr Charles Wesley. As might have been expected, they encountered fierce opposition both in that and in their numerous subsequent visits. Romanist mobs thirsted for their blood, and the grand jury at Cork once represented Charles Wesley and several of the preachers as persons of ill-fame, rogues and vagabonds, and common disturbers of his majesty's peace," praying that "they might be transported." The work prospered notwithstanding. Circuits and societies were formed. Many nominal Christians were led to seek the power of godliness, and not a few were converted from Popery. A native ministry was raised up, from the ranks of which the early Wesleyan itinerancy in England itself was recruited by such men as William Thompson (the first president of the English Conference after Mr Wesley's death), Walter Griffith, Thomas Walsh, and Adam Clarke. A foundation was laid for operations which have since extended widely, not only through the regular circuit ministry, but by an Irish mission (instituted in 1799, and having as one of its first agents the well-known and indefatigable Gideon Ouseley), by mission schools (instituted in 1823), and by other arrangements, especially suited to the wants and circumstances of that interesting portion of our empire. To these, however, we shall have occasion to refer again.

As early as 1744, Mr Wesley had a correspondence with the Rev. James Erskine, from which he learned that several pious ministers and others in Scotland rejoiced in the success of his labours, notwithstanding the difference of their sentiments on some points. Perhaps, in these days when Christian union engages so much attention, the readers of the *Treasury* will not grudge the space occupied by the following extract from Mr Erskine's letter :—

> Are the points which give the different denominations (to Christians), and from whence proceed separate communities, animosities, evil-speakings, surmises, and, at least, coolness of affection, aptness to misconstrue, slowness to think well of others, stiffness in one's own conceits, and overvaluing one's own opinion, &c., &c.—are these points (at least among the far greatest part of Protestants) as important, as clearly revealed, and as essential, or as clearly connected with the essentials of practical Christianity, as the loving of one another with a pure heart fervently, and not forsaking, much less refusing, the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some was, and now of almost all is?

Subsequently, however, much prejudice was excited against Mr Wesley in Scotland, by the republication of Mr Hervey's "Eleven Letters," with a strongly worded preface by Dr Erskine. He (Mr Wesley) had three times visited Scotland; and preaching only upon the fundamental truths of Christianity, had been received with great affection. The societies had increased, and several of his preachers were stationed in different towns. But the work referred to produced in the minds of many Calvinists a horror of Wesleyan theology, as a heresy which it was a bounden duty to contend against with all earnestness. But this, after a time, subsided; and in subsequent visits to Scotland, Mr Wesley was favourably received; at Perth the freedom of the city was conferred upon him. We believe, however, that, on the whole, Scotland has not proved as congenial or productive a field for Wesleyan effort as the southern part of the kingdom, although there are several thousands of attached members in the societies there. It would lead us from our present purpose to enter upon any investigation of the probable causes to which this may be attributed.

To *Irish* Methodism belongs the distinction of having sown that seed which has grown up into the great tree that now extends its branches so widely over America. Philip Embury, a local preacher from Ireland, having settled in New York, began to preach there, and, in 1766, succeeded in forming a society. Other Wesleyan emigrants from England and Ireland followed, and pursued a similar course. In 1769, the Conference sent out two of its preachers, Messrs Boardman and Pillmoor, to take charge of the societies. From this time the work proceeded with great rapidity, the plan of itinerancy being found especially adapted to the wide-spread settlements of a new country. The progress has up to the present been steady; the Methodists have become, as to numbers, the leading religious body of the Union; and the annual increase is very great. After the termination of the war of independence, Mr Wesley constituted the American societies into a Church, having within itself all the ordinances of Christianity. Of his right as a presbyter to ordain to the full work of the ministry (including, of course, the administration of baptism and the Lord's supper), he entertained no doubt. The "apostolical succession" he regarded as a fable that no man ever did or could prove. "If any one is minded," said he, "to dispute concerning diocesan Episcopacy, he may dispute; but I have better work." Again: "Lord King's 'Account of the Primitive Church' convinced me, many years ago, that bishops and presbyters are the same order, and consequently have the same right to ordain." Unquestionably he regarded all those whom he had *set apart* to the work of the ministry as duly ordained, although, in England, he restrained them from administering the sacraments, "not only for peace' sake," as his motives were explained by himself, "but because I was determined, as little as possible, to violate the established order of the National Church to which I belonged." He removed this restraint, however, in the cases of America and Scotland; in the former, because the American Methodists could no longer remain a society attached to a colonial Establishment which had then ceased to exist; and in the latter, because the closing of the English Establishment did not reach to it. It is plain, therefore, that when, in after years, the Conference adopted the administration of the sacraments in the societies generally, they did not introduce a *new* principle, but simply carried out a principle laid down by their founder, just as, we have no doubt, *he* would have done, had he lived to their day, and been placed in their circumstances.

The *missionary* operations of Wesleyan-Methodism commenced, properly speaking, at the Leeds Conference, 1769, when, on an occasion already noticed, Mr Wesley asked, "Who will go to help our brethren in America?" and Messrs Boardman and Pillmoor responded to the call. The cause of Wesleyan missions, however, received its great impulse through the devoted, unwearying, and self-sacrificing labours of Dr Coke, a clergymen of the Church of England, who attached himself to Mr Wesley as "a son in the Gospel." As we shall again advert to the present state of the missions, it may be enough that we should here indicate their progress as exhibited in a brief extract from Dr Alder's work on "Wesleyan Missions" (as they were in 1842):—

> In addition to the places previously occupied in America and the West Indies, missionary operations were commenced on the continent of Europe as early as the year 1791, on the African continent in 1711, and in Asia during the year 1814. Australasia was first visited by a Wesleyan missionary in the course of the following year; and Polynesia, where the word of the Lord has been so eminently glorified, in 1822. It will be seen from this statement, that the field in which the labourers of this society are employed, is emphatically THE WORLD. On the shores of Sweden and the Upper Alps; at Gibraltar and Malta; on the banks of the Gambia, at Sierre Leone, and on the Gold Coast; at the Cape of Storms; in Ceylon, and on the shores of Southern India; amongst the colonists and aboriginal tribes of Australia; in New Zealand, the Friendly Islands, and Fugee; on the islands of the Western as well as the Southern Hemisphere; and from the Gulf of St Lawrence to the far West, the agents of the Wesleyan Missionary Society are found. To all these places, to a portion of the people by whom they are inhabited, to man in all these regions, the British Conference has sent the Gospel of salvation, since the question was asked, in 1769, "Who will go to help our brethren in America?"

It was upon the 2d of March 1791—three years after the death of his brother Charles—that John Wesley rested from all his labours, leaving impressed upon the memory and hearts of his followers the sentiment to which, in his last hours, he gave frequent utterance—"*The best of all is, God is with us!*" Many years previously he had considered the importance of making provision for the stability and government of the Connexion after his removal; and in 1784, the desired settlement was effected by the enrolment in Chancery of a legal instrument, called "A Deed of Declaration," in which one hundred preachers, mentioned by name, were declared to be "the Conference of the people called Methodists." By means of this deed a legal description was given to the term "Conference," and the settlement of the chapels on trustees was provided for; so that the appointment of preachers to officiate in them should be vested in the Conference, as it had heretofore been in Mr Wesley. The deed also declares how the succession and the identity of the Yearly Conference is to be continued, and contains various practical regulations. The wisdom of this deed has been tested and proved in many instances. Various attempts have been made to set it aside; but its validity has been confirmed by the highest judicial authorities. If there be any provision in it to which loyal adherents to Methodism object, it is that which forbids the appointment of a minister to the same chapel for more than three successive years, and thus binds the itinerant plan in perpetuity on the Connexion. Some think that it would have been better if more liberty had been allowed in this matter; but, as a whole, the deed has proved of the utmost importance and practical worth.

It may be in place to give here a statement which will show the progress of the body since the death of the founder. In 1791, when Mr Wesley died, the number of circuits in the United Kingdom was one hundred and fifteen. The present number is four hundred and eighty-two. The number of members in connection with his societies in Europe, America, and the West Indies, was eighty thousand. At the last Conference the numbers were, in Great Britain, three hundred and forty thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight; in Ireland, twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-six; and on the foreign mission stations, ninety-nine thousand six hundred and nine; making the total of members under the care of the British and Irish Conferences, four hundred and sixty-eight thousand three hundred and thirteen—a total which is largely exceeded by the number of Methodists in America, and which, of course, does not include the members of the different bodies that, from time to time, seceded from the Old Connexion. The entire number of preachers then was three hundred and twelve; the present number of ministers and preachers on trial, connected with the British and Irish Conferences, is one thousand six hundred and eighty-five. Such has been the progress of Wesleyan-Methodism during that first century of its existence which, in 1839, was celebrated so remarkably by special devotional exercises, and by a liberality of *special* contribution (the Centenary Fund having nearly amounted to a quarter of a million sterling), which we may, perhaps, be permitted to say, all things considered, was without precedent, and would have been without parallel, but for the late noble munificence of the Free Church of Scotland.

A summary of the doctrines believed and taught by the Wesleyans, and some account of their peculiar religious services, will form the subject for our next paper.

CHEAP PUBLICATION SCHEME.

John Knox's Select Practical Works—Rutherford's Trial and Triumph of Faith—Traill's Sermons—Dickson's Practical Writings—Fleming's Fulfilling of the Scriptures—Memoirs of Mrs Veitch, Mr Hog, &c., &c.

THIS is one of the marvels of a marvellous age. Six volumes of the richest practical divinity, by men known to all Christendom, and containing eighteen hundred pages of letterpress, for six shillings!

It is an old saying, that a bad or stupid book is dear at any price; and, tried by this rule, there are many of the cheap publications of our day which those who purchase will find dear enough. We heard lately of a young man who had become a subscriber to a cheap series of tracts published at London, but who, in his experience, found them very dear. He was the son of respectable parents, and had been well trained; but the weekly reading of these tracts, in which violence was offered to all the sanctions of religion, and sometimes even to the decencies of morality, was his ruin. His eye fell so often upon oaths, that the dislike, or even horror, with which he had been taught, both by his parents and his conscience, to regard them, was soon blunted; and shortly he even began to swear a little for himself, till, after a few months, swearing became a habit, and a habit so strong that he could scarce wish a friend well without an oath. He read in another tract a very pleasant story of Continental village life, in which the Sabbath was introduced as the most delightful day of all the week, because on it the villagers had their picnics and parties, and excursions on foot, or perhaps by railway, and, in the evening, dances on the green. It seemed all so cheerful and inviting, that he thought he might do worse than join a company of friends who spent their Sabbaths much after the same fashion; and accordingly he left off attending church, and on one day took a sail down the river, and on another ran out by rail to Windsor or down to Brighton, coming home, almost always half-tipsy, by the last train. His parents saw the sad change, and, being godly people, were much grieved. But he "would none of their reproofs;" and because they sought to advise and sometimes restrain him, he left their house, and went into lodgings, with one of his Sabbath-desecrating companions. By him he was further corrupted—initiated, indeed, into all manner of vice; and, as the consequence of all, he—the once well-principled and promising youth—is now a convict at a penal settlement. He became dishonest—was detected and banished. His father is since dead, and his poor mother was, at the time when the sad story was told us—three months ago—not expected to survive him long. In all probability she, too, is by this time bowed down to the grave. And all this owing, in the first instance, to these cheap tracts.—Only a penny a-week they were, but surely they were too dear. The honesty, the happiness, the peace, the character of a young man ruined; his immortal soul, if God prevent not, lost; and the grey hairs of his parents brought down with sorrow to the grave—neither a penny nor a world would be an equivalent for this.

There are other cheap publications not so outrageous, nor, in their effects, so certainly or speedily ruinous, but still often much too dear. We refer to those which, although moral enough in their character, at least, containing nothing positively immoral or offensive, do yet studiously exclude from their pages all reference to the requirements and advantages of religion. They give sketches of history, interesting in their way, and faithful; but it is history without God—without any, even the slightest, reference to the workings of that Providence by which all its events are ordered and arranged. Personal narratives also are given; but they contain experiences altogether destitute of Christianity, and without any hint of the evils incident to its absence. Many pleasant stories also have we read in their pages—stories portraying sometimes the highest earthly happiness, and sometimes the deepest affliction—and it would be untrue to deny that we have often been delighted with them, often saddened, often, it may be, improved; but still they are stories in the happiness of which religion is sedulously prevented from having any share, and the afflictions of which religion is never called in to soothe or to sustain. They are written, in fact, not only as if religion were not the highest concernment of man, but as if there were no such thing as religion at all. Now, while we are no advocates of that sentimental piety which, in writing a history, would superinduce a sermon at every second sentence, or as, in some instances we have seen, would, in writing travels, intersperse every page with hymns, it is, at the same time, clear that an entire and systematic exclusion of all reference to the things of God and of eternity from such publications is fraught, to the reader, with effects most deadening and destructive. A man who, by regularly perusing such publications, sees God put out of his own world, will not long seek to have him in his own heart. Indeed, it is to be feared that one great cause of the spiritual apathy by which the masses in our day are characterized is just the vast extent to which this worldly and godless literature has been carried on and encouraged. And with such an issue the "cheapest" literature is surely too dear.

It is a pleasant thing to find, however, that Christian enterprise is now being stirred up to fight the enemy in this matter with his own weapons; and that magazines, tracts, and publication schemes, conducted on really sound and Christian principles, are so numerous, and so fully qualified, both in talent and cheapness, to obtain and preserve popular favour and support.

The scheme named at the head of this short paper was, we believe, the first of the kind which was started, and is a truly admirable and deserving one. We have spent portions of many Sabbath evenings very pleasantly, and we trust profitably, in reading several of the works which have been issued under its auspices. They are not void of denominational peculiarities, but the great burden of their thought and teaching is Christ. They are evidently the productions of men of masculine minds, and deal of divine truth with a strength and spirituality of thought — a vigorousness of expression — a power of scriptural and experimental illustration—a holy earnestness of application and appeal, which need not fear comparison with the same features of the practical divinity of any Church, or of any age. One cannot but feel, while reading any one of these volumes, that he is in the hands of a master—of a man who knows thoroughly of what he is speaking—who is acquainted with the truth of God in all its length and breadth, and who knows also the human heart, as far as man *can* know it, in the depths of its deceitfulness; and the effect on the reader, if he possess even ordinary natural feeling and susceptibility, cannot fail of being impressive. Prefixed to each volume is a memoir of the author, by the editor of the series. These memoirs enhance not a little the value of the works. They are written with great piquancy and vigour, and give the reader a vivid idea both of the men whose lives they sketch, and of the times in which they lived, and by which their characters and currents of thought were so largely moulded.

THE HOPE OF THE WICKED HOPELESS.

It is a strange impudence for men to "trust and hope in God," who are in perfect hostility against him. Bold fellows go through dangers here, but it will not be so hereafter. "They turn to me the back, and not the face; yet in their trouble they say, Arise and save us." They do it as confidently as if they never had despised God; but they mistake the matter—it is not so. "Go and cry," says he, "to the gods whom ye have chosen." When men come to die, then they catch hold of the mercy of God; but from that their filthy hands are beat off; there is no help for them there, and so they fall down to the pit. A holy fear of God, and a happy hope in him, are commonly linked together. Behold the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him—upon them that hope in his mercy.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

THE ONE LEAF.

There was once a caravan crossing, I think, to the north of India, and numbering in its company a godly and devout missionary. As it passed along, a poor old man was overcome by the heat and labours of the journey, and, sinking down, was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him, and, kneeling down at his side, when the rest had passed along, whispered into his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and with a great effort succeeded in answering, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin!" and immediately expired with the effort. The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer, and, in the calm and peaceful appearance of the man, he felt assured he had died in Christ. "How, or where," he thought, "could this man, seemingly a Heathen, have got this hope?" And as he thought of it, he observed a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the corpse, which he succeeded in getting out. What do you think was his surprise and delight when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the 1st chapter of the First Epistle of John, in which these words occur? On that page the man had found the Gospel.—*Children's Missionary Newspaper.*

THE UNBELIEVER IN A STATE OF CONDEMNATION.

A Sermon.

BY THE LATE HENRY DUNCAN, D.D., MINISTER AT RUTHWELL.

"He that believeth on him is not condemned: but *he that believeth not is condemned already*, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."—JOHN iii. 18.

THIS is a part of the remarkable conversation of our Lord with Nicodemus, in which he teaches the necessity of being born again. In the verses immediately preceding, he shows how wonderfully God has manifested his love to man in giving his only begotten Son for the salvation of our fallen world; and then, in the words of the text, he proclaims the utter condemnation of all who refuse to believe in him. If we believe, then we are born of the Spirit; that is to say, we become new creatures—new as to our sentiments respecting our own character and responsibilities—new as to our views of happiness and longings after immortality—new as to our knowledge of God and the love which we ought to cherish toward him. But there is another view which we are required to take of our condition. We are to consider not merely what is to become of us in the event of our believing in Christ, but what we are by nature, and what we must remain if we do not believe. And this is the view presented in that part of the text to which I propose to direct your particular attention: "He that believeth not is condemned already."

It would have been more pleasant to me to speak to you on the first part of the verse—on the happy state of those who believe; but I have not come here to-day to speak smooth things to you. I have come to arouse you; for I fear many of you are yet in a state of condemnation.

This implies two things:—

1st, That all who do not believe in Christ lie under condemnation.

2d, That through Christ alone may this condemnation be removed.

I. That all who do not believe in Christ lie under condemnation, is clearly proved by numerous passages in Holy Writ. Sometimes it is asserted generally as the condition of the whole family of Adam, as when it is said: "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."—Rom. v. 12. And again: "We were by nature children of wrath, even as others."—Eph. ii. 3. More frequently, however, this doctrine appears in a somewhat different form, as connected with the rejection of the offer of salvation through Jesus Christ. Thus it is said by our blessed Lord himself: "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."—John iii. 36. And still more expressly, perhaps, in the language of the text: "He that believeth not is condemned already."

Observe, dear brethren, the force of these solemn words: "The wrath of God *abideth* on him!" and, "*condemned already!*" It is not on the last day that the condemnation of sinners is suspended. It is not at the final judgment that the wrath of God is to reach them for the first time. In one sense, their condemnation is already past. The wrath of God "*abideth*" on them. Even now they are in this awful state. They are "born in sin" and are "under condemnation." Unless their natural condition come to be altered by grace, the wrath of God must continue to abide upon them, and they must finally "perish." Now consider what these plain declarations imply. "Condemnation!" this is a dreadful word—even when it refers merely to the sentence of an earthly judge. A condemned criminal is doomed, perhaps, to suffer an ignominious death. He is remanded to prison, that in his miserable cell he may prepare for the gallows. Death stares him in the face, and its horrors are aggravated by the thought of his guilt. Had he but followed some honest calling he might still have been free and prosperous—happy amidst his family and friends—useful, respected, honoured. But now how different! Few, short, and miserable, are the days allotted to him. He must forfeit his life to the violated laws of his country, and his memory shall rot. This is condemnation! Can that man experience hope, or enjoyment, or ease? Must not the very domestic affections which might have cheered his heart become bitterness to him? His wife and children—where are they? What are they doing? Can they think kindly of him who has ruined them? Are they not cursing him in their hearts?—This is to be condemned by the law of man; but far, far more miserable is it to be condemned by the law of God. Yes! ye who neglect the great salvation, it is more miserable *far*, if you but knew it. But you are bold and senseless, and you hug the chains that bind you down in the condemned cell of your original and acquired estate. It is more miserable still, just because you know it not! Ah! if you knew it, you would ask pardon of God, and you would obtain it. How awful, to see a man wallowing in wretchedness, and turning everywhere for relief *but in the right direction*—everywhere *in vain!* to see a man ready to perish amidst a raging flood, and recklessly turning away from the hand that is stretched out for his deliverance! And such is the state of misery in which those are "already" sunk who are under *spiritual* condemnation—slaves of the world—slaves of their own passions—slaves of Satan, and they know it not!—who, while they join with their fellow-criminals in brutal mirth and folly, hate and avoid those who would open their eyes and bring them deliverance!

There are many points of resemblance between him who is condemned by an earthly, and him who is condemned by a heavenly judge. If banishment be the lot of the one, banishment is also the lot of the other. The man who is condemned by human laws was happy *once*. So was Adam in a state of innocence. Paradise was his home—his Creator was his friend—within and around him all was beauty, and sunshine, and joy. But he rebelled—he was condemned—he was banished! Then what a change took place!—a change in the dire effects of which all his posterity are involved! Every impenitent sinner is to be regarded as banished from the presence of God, his best, his only friend—banished from the beauties and delights of Eden—banished to the barren wilderness, where all is blighted with a curse—where his food is unblest—where hatred rages—where wickedness abounds—where the heart is dark, the faculties enslaved, and he himself "sold under sin." He labours, but it is "in the fire," and in chains, without any profit, any enjoyment, any hope. If he looks back to a state of innocence, it is but to increase despair. The way is guarded by a fiery sword. Paradise, if he could regain it, would be no garden of bliss to him; for his whole moral and spiritual nature has undergone a change, and consequently its enjoyments would to him be weariness and pain. His affections are of the earth, earthy—all blighted, low and grovelling, as the very place of his banishment itself.

But instead of exile, the sentence of condemnation may be *death*. And is there not here, too, a resemblance to the condemnation under which the soul by nature lies. The sentence pronounced on our first parents was: "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Under this sentence all their children lie. Over every man death *temporal* asserts its right to reign. The moment we are born we are on a journey to the grave. We are mortal ourselves, and all are mortal around us. Mortal are the objects we cherish—mortal the friends we love. Decay and death are written on everything that lives. The flowers bloom only to die. The trees spread their branches only to fall beneath the tempest. The birds fail from the air, the beasts from the forest; and man, the lord of them all, "cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down." Nay, "there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and the tender branch thereof will not cease;" but "man lieth down, and riseth not; till the heavens be no more they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep." But what is *temporal* compared with *eternal* death? Under this condemnation also man labours. His soul survives his body; but it is only to suffer a second and far more terrible death—a death that *lives*, that "abideth" like the curse. He is cut off for ever from heaven—from the society of the just made perfect, of the holy angels, of God the Father, Christ the Saviour, and the Holy Spirit the sanctifier. He is sentenced to a miserable existence among condemned spirits, "where their worm dieth not, and their fire never shall be quenched." While they remain on earth, then, the condemned only await their final and appalling doom. They exist, indeed, but they exist in a prison-house. Their sentence hath gone forth. Every day, every hour, is bringing them nearer and more near to final judgment. Then how awful shall be the voice of Him who sitteth on the great white throne: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Ah! brethren, will not the misery of that sentence be aggravated by the recollection of means neglected and grace abused? You might have obtained heaven, but you have preferred earth. The Father has called you—the Son has died for the very chief of sinners—the Holy Spirit has offered you his aid—the ministers of the everlasting Gospel have been commissioned to invite you "without money and without price;" but all perhaps in vain! To be condemned! O my beloved friends, think of it—lay it seriously to heart! To live under the frown of the Holy One!—to lie down and rise up and labour all the day long with out the Father's blessing!—to have the heart always pressed down under the intolerable weight of the curse of God, so that fulness of bread cannot satisfy you, so that ease cannot give you rest, so that the pursuit of enjoyment cannot give you security or peace! Compared with *your* case, how blessed was that of Daniel when the mouth of the lions' den closed upon him!—how blessed that of Paul and Silas when the wounds of their stripes were festering, and their feet fast in the stocks!—how blessed that of the martyr Stephen while the stones fell in showers around him, bruising and breaking every limb of his body! Daniel trusted in God—Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises to God—Stephen saw the heavens opened, and he was enabled to lift up the prayer: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." But what can *you* do? You have cast away your only hope of reconciliation. Ah! *why* have you rejected the Fountain of living waters?

How sad your condition if you are just so far awakened that the very name of a seared conscience should alarm you, and that to bid you pray seems as if it were to mock you! How sad, if you know just enough of your condemnation to make you fear to approach God—just enough, and no more, to make you wish to forget him—to induce you to deny him, to rebel against him in your hearts, and to call him a hard master! This is misery! But there is a greater misery still. When you have succeeded in all your wishes—when you have hardened your hearts and shut your eyes against the truth—when you can live in God's world and be insensible to his presence—when you can go down to destruction without an effort to save your souls. This is the misery of miseries—this is to be condemned! And why, dear brethren, why is this the greatest of miseries? I reply, Because it is *hopeless*. As long as you know and feel that you are under condemnation, there is hope for you. Conscience is the voice of God speaking in the soul. While you hear, while you listen to that voice, though it be unwillingly, hope has not altogether ceased to shed its radiance on your path. You are still within the reach of the appointed means. But O! if you have succeeded in stifling the voice of conscience, how near are you to everlasting perdition! Yet who may limit the mercy of Him who sent his Son to die upon the cross? It may be that sovereign grace may visit even an enemy and a blasphemer—it may be that the grace which touched the heart of Paul the persecutor may reach even the very wretch who seems to have sold himself to the wicked one. Yes! my beloved friends, that grace is all-sufficient; but the promise is only *to those who seek it with all their heart.* "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near; let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him turn unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." I should now proceed to consider, as I proposed, in the second place, *that through Christ alone can this condemnation be removed.* But this, with what remains, shall form the subject of another discourse.*

RUSSIA AND THE GREEK CHURCH.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON., A.B., EDINBURGH.

I HAVE been induced to select Russia and its religion as the subject of some statements and reflections, partly because I feel it to be a comparatively untrodden field, and partly from a conviction, which subsequent investigation has only served to deepen, that the degree of interest in the religious condition and prospects of Russia generally existing in this country, is very strangely disproportioned to the overwhelming magnitude of the subject.

In more than one respect, however, I place myself, by this selection, at serious disadvantage. The information supplied by either native or foreign writers regarding the ecclesiastical condition of Russia is scanty, and what *has* been supplied is, in many cases, seriously deformed by silly legend and superstitious fable. Moreover, the Russian Church displays no splendid roll of martyrs—no death-struggles between truth and tyranny—no voice of devoted and inextinguishable energy stirring up its multitudinous tribes and tongues to life, and proving itself too mighty and awful for the fiat of despotism to crush it. It is different with Western Europe: its states and kingdoms look back upon a Reformation rich in glorious remembrances, in noble characters, in faithful testimonies, in heroic martyrdoms, in blessed and undying fruits; indeed, the most splendid and profoundly interesting page in the history of every kingdom in the West, is that which records its Reformation-struggles. But the Russian Luthers and Calvins have yet to arise—the revival and purification of the Eastern

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* The above was the last sermon preached by the venerable and lamented author, of whose life and labours we expect to be able shortly to present a sketch to our readers. He was summoned to depart from the scene of forty seven years of faithful labour, without discoursing on the other part of the text, as he had intended.

Churches have yet to be enacted and recorded. The natural consequence is, that there can be little history where there have been few great events; and very imperfect development of character where there have been no overwhelming impulses, or great crises to draw it forth. There is magnitude in the Russian annals, but seldom sublimity; there is colouring, but not pictorial effect. In short, my subject must draw its chief interest rather from its intrinsic importance, than from outward attractions—from its prospects, than from its history. But looking at it in this light, its interest is truly overwhelming.

To prove this, let me call the attention of the reader, in the present article, to a few introductory details respecting the territorial extent, the population, and social relations of the Russian Empire.

About the fifth century, a horde of those tribes called Slavi or Slavonians, having advanced eastward from the banks of the Danube, established themselves in those regions which stretch along the borders of the Dnieper, where they built the city of Kief, and formed it into their capital. These laid the foundations of the Russian monarchy.

It is believed that another tribe of the same people had, about the same period, settled still farther to the east, in the province of Novgorod, where they founded the city still known by that name, as their metropolis. Nor is it improbable that other tribes, following their example, formed themselves into other principalities; at all events, we find various Slavonic princes uniting their arms, and carrying their conquests, and extending their territories northward to the shores of the Baltic.

This extension of territory, however, proved in their case, as in that of mightier nations, the means of their subjection. Along the coasts of the Baltic there lived a piratical people called the Varages or Varagians—supposed to form a part of those Scandinavian tribes who, under the name of Danes and Saxons, successively made themselves masters of England. Having been employed by the Novgorodians as mercenary auxiliaries to repel the encroachments of neighbouring states, they succeeded; and pushing the advantage which their bravery and energy had thus gained them, they reduced the Slavonians themselves to subjection, settled in the country around Novgorod, and reducing the various principalities or tribes under one government, proclaimed *Ruric*, their leader, king. This event took place about the year 860, and from this period the Russian monarchy dates its birth.

It does not consist with *our* object to trace the farther history of this kingdom from its cradle on the banks of the Dnieper to its present colossal magnitude, when, through vast accessions of territory, by war, intrigue, and diplomacy, it has in three centuries multiplied its extent more than twenty fold, and now casts its dark shadow over nearly half the world. Nor is it for us to do more than remind our reader of what every thoughtful observer of events must have discovered for himself, that Russia, ever retaining with iron tenacity what she has already acquired, only waits the convenient hour for absorbing Turkey within herself, while she advances with steady and stealthy step upon our own Indian territories, not content to sway the regions beneath the frigid, but aiming also at the most splendid dominions under the torrid zone.

Suffice it to mention, that even at the present moment the empire of Russia extends, in one connected territory, from the frontiers of Germany and Prussia and the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia, eastward to the sea which separates Asia from America. She thus embraces nearly one-half of Europe, while all the north of Asia is her own. The islands which border on the arctic circle own her sway; while, passing beyond Behring's Straits, we trace her sceptre over considerable regions of the north-western territory of America. Losing herself towards the north in the impenetrable polar regions, where nothing but eternal winter disputes her empire, Russia extends her sway southward to those sunny climes where the vine is owned and cultured as a native of the soil. How vast an empire! Even to this hour we speak of China with a sort of vague and mysterious sense of magnitude, but the whole of China does not equal two-thirds of Russia; while the Roman Empire, even when it had reached the culminating point of its greatness, did not embrace more than one-fourth of the territory that now owns the awful authority of those ukases which pass from the winter-palace of the Czar.

This enormous territory is inhabited by a population of about sixty-three millions — a population including in it people of many tribes and tongues; the commercial German on the Baltic shores — the rude Tartar tribes — the wandering Circassians—the Caucasian mountaineers—the dwarfish Kamtchatkans and Esquimaux—

> "And on his sledge
> The Laplander, that nightly marks the bear
> Circling the pole; and those who see the flames
> Of Hecla burn the drifted snow; the Russ
> Long whiskered, and equestrian Pole,"—

and all these increasing at a rate that equals that of any other country in Europe. Even to the eye of a mere politician or statist, what an overwhelming interest thus encircles Russia! but who that looks at man with the intelligence and interest of a Christian—as an apostle, as an angel, as Jesus Christ looked at him—in other words, who that invests him at once with the grandeur of immortality, and the peril of impious revolt from God, does not anxiously inquire, What are the religious condition and prospects of this vast empire? Is Russia leavened with the Gospel in its renovating, elevating, ennobling, life-giving power? Do her people walk in the liberty of truth and holiness? or do they bow down under a superstition to which little more than the name of Christianity belongs? We shall endeavour to reply to some of these questions in our next paper.

PICTURE OF THE FLOOD.

(*From "Sacred Mountains," by Rev. J. T. Headley.*)

Noah, whose head was whitened by the frosts of six centuries, laid the foundation of his huge vessel on a pleasant day, when all was serene and tranquil. The fields were smiling in verdure before his eyes; the perfumed breezes floated by, and the music of birds and sounds of busy life were about him, when he, by faith alone, laid the first beam of that structure that was to sail over a buried planet. When men, on inquiring the design of that huge edifice, were told its purpose, they could hardly credit their senses; and Noah, though accounted by all a very upright and respectable man, became a jest for children. As the farmer returned at evening from the fields, and the gay citizen of the town drove past, they christened it "Noah's Folly." Those more aged and sober shook their heads wisely, saying, "The old man is mad." Even the workmen engaged upon it laughed as they drove the nails and hewed the planks, yet declared they cared not, as long as the foolish old man was able to pay. Still the ark went up, and the day's wonder ceased to be talked about. When it was finished, and curiosity satisfied, it was dismissed from the mind as a passing folly.

Yet I have sometimes wondered what people thought when they saw the beasts of the field and the forest, and fowls of the air, even the venomous serpent and the strong-limbed lion, coming in pairs to that ark. This must have staggered them amazingly, and made the ark for a while a fresh topic of conversation. At length, the patriarch with his family entered—the door was shut in the face of the world, and he sat down, on the strength of a single promise, to await the issue. That night the sun went down over the green hills beautiful as ever, and the stars came out in the blue sky, and nature breathed long and peacefully. In the morning the sun rose in undimmed splendour and mounted the heavens. Deep within the huge structure, Noah could hear the muffled sound of life without. The lowing of herds came on his ear, and the song of the husbandman going to his toil, and the rapid roll of carriage wheels as they hurried past, and perhaps the ribald shout and laugh of those without, as they expended their wit on him and his ark together. To say nothing of the improbability of the event, the idea was preposterous that such a helmless, helpless affair could outride a wrecked world. Thus day after day passed on until a week had gone by, but still the faith of that old man never shook. At length the sky became overcast, and the gentle rain descended—to Noah the beginning of the flood—to the world a welcome shower. The farmer, as he housed his cattle, rejoiced in the refreshing moisture, while the city never checked its gaiety or the man of wealth his plans. But as the rain continued day after day, and fell faster and fiercer on the drenched earth, and the swollen streams went surging by, men cursed the storm that seemed determined never to break up. The lowlands were deluged; the streams broke over their banks, bearing houses and cattle away on their maddened bosoms. Wealth was destroyed and lives lost, till men talked of ruined fortunes, famine, and general desolation; but still it rained on. Week after week it came pouring from the clouds till it was like one falling sheet of water, and the inhabitants could no longer stir from their doors. The rich valleys that lay along the rivers were flooded, and the peasants had sought the eminences around for safety. Yet still the water rose around them, till all through the valley nothing but little black islands of human beings were seen on the surface. Oh, then, what fierce struggles there were for life among them! The mother lifted her infant above her head, while she strove to maintain her uncertain footing in the sweeping waters; the strong crowded off the weak, as each sought the highest point; while the living mass slowly crumbled away, till the water swept smooth and noiselessly above them all. Men were heard talking of the number of lives lost and the amount of wealth destroyed, and that such a flood had not happened in the remembrance of the oldest man. No one yet dreamed of the high grounds being covered—least of all the mountains. To drown the world, it must rain till the ocean itself was filled above its level for miles, and so men feared it not, and sought for amusement within doors till the storm should abate. Oh, what scenes of vice, and shame, and brutality, and revelry did that storm witness in the thronged city; and what unhallowed songs mingled in the pauses of the blast that swept by!

But at length another sound was heard that sent paleness to every cheek, and chained every tongue in mute terror. It was a far-distant roar, but faint and fearful, yet sounding more distinct and ominous every moment, till it filled the air. The earth trembled and groaned under it, as if an earthquake was on its march, and ever and anon came a crash as if the "ribs of nature" were breaking. Nearer, and louder, and more terrible it grew, till men, forgetting alike their pleasure and their anger, rushed out in the storm, whispering "The flood! the flood!"—and lo, a new sea, the like of which no man had ever seen before, came rolling over the crouching earth. Stretching from horizon to horizon as far as the eye could reach, losing itself, like a limitless wall, in the clouds above, it came pouring its green and massive waters onward, while the continual and rapid crash of falling forests, and crushed cities, and uptorn mountains, that fell one after another in its passage, and the successive shrieks that pierced the heavens, rising even above the deafening roar of the on-rushing ocean, as city after city, and kingdom after kingdom disappeared, made a scene of terror and horror inconceivable—indescribable. "*The fountains of the great deep were broken up.*"

But the last cry of human agony was at length hushed—ocean met ocean in its flow, and the waves swept on without a shore. Oh, what a wreck was there! the wreck of two thousand years, with its cities, its cultivated fields and mighty population. Not shivered masts and broken timbers, the wreck of some gallant vessel, were seen on that turbulent surface, but the fragments of a crushed and broken world. It was a noble wreck—splendid cities and towers, gorgeous palaces, gay apparel, the accumulated wealth and luxuries of twenty centuries strewing the bosom of the deluge, like autumn leaves the surface of some forest stream.

But amid the sudden midnight that had wrapped the earth, and the frenzy of the elements, and utter overthrow and chaos of all things, there was one heart that beat as calmly as in sleep—one brow over which no breath of passion or of fear passed; for in the solitary ark that lifted to the heaving billows, the aged patriarch knelt in prayer. Amid the surging of that fierce ocean his voice may not have been heard by mortal ear, but the light of faith shone round his aged form, and the moving lip spoke a repose as tranquil as childhood's on the bosom of maternal love.

The patriarch's God ruled that wild scene, and Noah felt his frail vessel quiver in every timber, without one tremor himself. Upborne on the flood, the Heaven-protected ark rose over the buried cities and mountains, and floated away on a shoreless deep. Like a single drop of dew this round sphere of ours hung and trembled—a globe of water in mid-heaven. I have often wondered what the conversations were during the long days and nights that lonely ark was riding on the deep. As it rose and fell on the long-protracted swell, massive ruins would go thundering by, whole forests sink and rise with the billows, while ever and anon an uptorn hill, as, borne along by the resistless tide, it struck a buried mountain, would loom for a moment like some black monster over the waves, then plunge again to the fathomless bottom. Amid this wreck and these sights, the ark sailed on in safety. How often in imagination have I pictured it in the deluge at midnight! To a spectator, what an object of interest it would have been. Round the wide earth the light from its solitary window was the only indication of life that remained. One moment it would be seen far up on the crest of the billow, a mere speck of flame amid the limitless darkness that environed it, and then disappear in the gulfs below, as if extinguished for ever. Thus that gentle light would sink and rise on the breast of the deluge, the last, the only hope of the human race. Helmless, and apparently guideless, its wreck seemed inevitable; but the sea never rolled that could extinguish that star-like beam that told where the ark still floated. Not even the strong wind that the Almighty sent over the water to dry it up, driving it into billows that stormed the heavens, could sink it. Though it shook like a reed in their strong grasp, and floundered through the deep gulfs, it passed unerringly on to the summit of that mountain on which it was to rest; and at length struck ground and ceased its turbulent motion. Noah waited a week, and then sent forth a raven to explore the deep. Though the waters still swept from mountain to mountain, the myriad carcasses that floated on the surface furnished both food and resting-place, and he returned no more. He then sent forth a dove. It darted away from the place of its long confinement, and sped on rapid wing over the flood, now turning this way and now that, looking in vain with its gentle eye for the green earth, and at last turned back towards the ark of rest. The tap of its snowy wing was heard on the window, and the patriarch reached forth his hand and took it in. The fierce pantings of its mottled breast, and its drooping pinions, told too well that the earth gave no place of repose. But the second time it was sent abroad it returned with an olive leaf in its mouth, showing that the earth had risen from its burial, and was sprouting again in verdure. Then the patriarch went forth with his family, and stood on Mount Ararat, and, lo! the earth was at his feet, but how changed! Cut into gorges, which showed where the strong currents swept, and piled into ridges, it bore in every part marks of the power that had ravaged it. Noah and his family were alone in the world; and he built an altar there on the top of the solitary mountain, and lifted his voice in prayer, and the Almighty talked with him as "friend talketh with friend," bidding him go forth and occupy the earth. And as the flame of the sacrifice rose from the mountain top, bearing the patriarch's prayer heavenward, the promise was given that the earth should never again be swept by a deluge, and, lo! God's signet-ring appeared in the clouds, arching the man of God, and shown as a warrant that the covenant should never be broken.

Baptized by the flood, consecrated by the altar, illumined by the fine fresh rainbow, Mount Ararat stood a *sacred* mountain on the earth.

WHY SHOULD I WISH TO DIE?

"For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better."—Phil. i. 23.

Why should I wish to die?
'Tis true, the heav'nward way is rough—
Thorns round my footsteps lie—
But is not Christ's imparted strength enough?
And shall I grudge the tear
Wrung forth by sorrows here,
When soon, how soon! His hand shall wipe it off?

Why should I wish to die?
Is there no work for me to do?
Swiftly the hours pass by—
For the great task my moments seem too few;
Then shall I wish them o'er,
Since I can ne'er restore
One parted day, and bid it dawn again?

Why should I wish to die?
This is my only time to prove
Faithful to One on high—
Lifting the cross to show him how I love;
For he will ne'er demand
Such evidence at my hand
When I repose beneath his smile above.

Why should I wish to die?
Would I so soon from conflict flee?
My thrice repeated cry
Still meets the word: "Is not my grace for thee?
'Tis all to bring thee low—
To prove thee—make thee know
Thou art undone, unworthy but for Me."

Why should I wish to die?
True, death's a calm untroubled thing;
But long I thus may lie
Ere life revisit me as dew of spring—
Ere resurrection-light
Break lustrous on my sight,
And Jesus bid my dust "awake and sing."

Oh! it is not to shun
The thorns that hedge the heav'nward way—
No wish my task were done,
That makes me long dove-like to flee away!—
No sickly sigh for rest
On earth's soft, dreamless breast
That makes me watch the closing of the day;

But my heart-love is gone
To Him whom yet I have not seen;
Whose glory I have known—
On whose meek breast e'en now I fondly lean;
And I would see his face,
And, sinless, taste his grace,
Where flesh and weakness come no more between.

His smile makes earth look dim—
There's none that I desire beside;
And though 'tween me and him
Dread Dissolution rolls its sullen tide,

I burn that stream to ford
That parts me from my Lord;
It cannot whelm me, since my Saviour died.

Jesus! Immanuel!
Before I see thee as thou art,
My soul must brave the swell
Of waters that are chilling to the heart!
Yet, when I feel thee near—
When gleams of heav'n appear,
How can I help desiring to depart?

February 25, 1846. A. R. C.

FRAGMENTS FROM A MINISTER'S DAY-BOOK.

THE BACKSLIDER.

She seemed to be first awakened when only about fourteen or fifteen. She had been a very regular and attentive Sabbath scholar for two or three years. During that period there had apparently been no spiritual impressions—nothing save attention and a quiet, modest deportment. Her appearance was winning and gentle, and many noticed and loved her.

She was first aroused, I believe, under some sermon, but both the text and the substance I have alike forgotten, though I think she mentioned them to me. Her convictions seemed sharp and deep. Sometimes, when she came to speak with me, she would shake all over with a sort of nervous tremor. She spoke simply, and though perhaps not very freely or fully, yet she said enough to let me into the state of her soul at that time. She was neither ignorant nor stupid, and seemed to understand what she said. I have no reason to suppose that there was the slightest wish to profess what she did not feel; in truth, she had no temptation to do so. She was a member of a very ungodly family, from whom she met with no encouragement, but the most profane opposition. She had nothing to gain by coming to me and professing what she did; and, besides, her conduct at that time was altogether consistent, and marked by sincerity and simplicity. Many things about her tended to make her case an interesting one.

I remarked also, at this time, that she was anxious about the souls of others. One striking fact of this kind I remember well.

There was an orphan girl, poor, uneducated, ungodly, who stayed in the flat immediately below. One afternoon Mary had persuaded her to accompany her to church, where she was very deeply impressed. That same evening they spent some time together in prayer. A day or two after Mary brought her to me as being concerned about her soul—seeking rest and finding none. She seemed very much in earnest, and told me of the dreadful thoughts she had of a coming hell and a coming eternity on that night when she was first awakened. I spoke to her and prayed with her, but what has been her conversation since that I know not, as she soon left. I fear her goodness was as the morning cloud and the early dew. She was in earnest at the time, but earnestness is not conversion; anxiety about the soul is not coming to Christ. It is not said, If you be in earnest you shall be saved; neither is it said, If you be anxious about your soul you shall inherit the kingdom. No: except ye be *converted*, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom. It is the coming to Christ that saves us—not the mere wishing or desiring to come. How many stumble at this point! How many perish at the very threshold of the city gates! With how many is conviction only like the lightning-flash at midnight, which leaves behind it a deeper gloom than before!

For some time after this Mary continued much the same as hitherto—quiet and consistent. I never had full evidence of her really being in Christ, though there were many striking things which gave me much hope. She never became a communicant; and I did not urge her to this; for she was still young, and, besides, I was not fully satisfied of her conversion.

It was not long, however, till I noticed a change for the worse. She began to absent herself from the Sabbath school. Her attention in church was not what it used to be. Once or twice my eye caught her trifling with some companions who were sitting beside her. Then I noticed a change in her dress. Formerly she was neat, but nothing more, in this respect; now she was gay and showy. Her deportment also changed. Instead of quiet modesty, there was boldness and forwardness in her look and manner, which proclaimed the sad change which had taken place. She never came to see me any more, but kept most studiously aloof from myself and her teacher.

But I could not allow her thus to backslide without an effort to reclaim her. I sought her out. I went to her house. Once or twice I could not find her. But once I did find her in her own house, and twice I met her in the street. Her gay dress saddened and shocked me. But I at once addressed her on the subject of her apostasy. The first time she was considerably melted, and promised to come again and call upon me with a book of mine, of which, for a long time, she had had the loan. This promise she never fulfilled. The second time I met her she was much more hardened. She was quite civil, and did not appear to take ill the words of solemn warning which I spoke to her; but she was evidently unmoved. Every trace of her former impressions had faded away. "She refused to be ashamed."

After that I heard of her several times, but the accounts were all sad. She went from sin to sin; and I believe she is now a wretched wanderer in the streets of E——. May she yet be plucked as a brand from the burning! May the Seeker of the lost yet seek and save her! She is yet young. She cannot be above nineteen or twenty. May she have days given her to repent, and not be cut off in her iniquity!

But what a warning! O that those who are impressed under the hearing of the Word would lay such a case to heart! See how far one may go and not be converted; see how near one may come to the gates of the kingdom, and yet never enter in; nay, see how one may go up to the gates of the kingdom, and look in, and be moved with the sight of the surpassing glory, and yet turn round, go back, and hasten down to hell! Some years ago, I remember a young woman came to speak with me about the things of eternity. She was a stranger. Her agony of mind seemed overpowering. Her whole body trembled—her voice shook—her tears ran down. Her fear was lest she should miss the way and come short at last. In her anguish, she laid her head down upon the table by which I was sitting, and as she sobbed aloud, she cried out in a tone I cannot forget, "I've gone to the kirk, I've gone to ministers, I've gone to prayer-meetings, and maybe I'll not get to heaven after all."

Awake, thou that sleepest! Up and run! It is for thy life—it is for eternity—it is for heaven! No lingering—no halting—no looking back! "Seek the Lord while he may be found." Make sure of Christ. Make sure of an entrance into the kingdom!

NOTES ON WESLEYAN-METHODISM.

BY DR JOHN B. BENNETT,

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II.—THE DOCTRINES AND THE DEVOTIONAL SERVICES OF THE WESLEYAN-METHODISTS.

Mr Wesley repeatedly declared, that the doctrines which he held and taught were those contained in the Articles of the Church of England; for, with many others, he understood the 17th Article in a sense compatible with belief in the redemption and possible salvation of the whole human race. It may be enough, then, to state, generally, that the Wesleyan-Methodists agree in the common faith of orthodox Protestant Churches respecting such truths as the inspiration and supreme authority of the Holy Scriptures, and the right of every man to read them and judge of their meaning for himself; the existence of three co-equal and co-eternal persons, Father, Son,[*] and Holy Ghost; in the unity of the Godhead; the true Divinity and real humanity united in the person of Christ; the properly sacrificial and atoning character of his death; his exaltation, and abiding priestly intercession and kingly rule; the certainty that he will come again to judge the quick and dead; the resurrection of the body; and the eternity of the torments of the lost as well as of the happiness of the saved. We shall thus have a little more room to state the Wesleyan views on some points on which they are, or are thought to be, peculiar. There is no difficulty in ascertaining them. They are to be found in recognised publications, especially in Mr Wesley's fifty-three Discourses (first published in four volumes in 1771), which, together with his Notes on the New Testament, are referred to in the trust-deeds of the chapels, as containing the standard doctrines of the Connexion. And it may be observed here, that *perspicuity* was one of the most distinguishing characteristics of John Wesley's style, both in preaching and writing; so that no reader of ordinary intelligence who fairly examines his works, can be at a loss to know his meaning. It is only by supposing that such fair examination has been neglected, that we can account for the strange misconceptions of his opinions which have sometimes been entertained.

1. Original Sin, and Human Depravity and Helpllessness.—The views on this subject held and taught by the Wesleyan-Methodists, cannot be more clearly stated than in the following extract from one of the Catechisms (No. II.) published under the direction of the Conference.

> *Ques.* Wherein consists the sinfulness of that state into which man fell?
>
> *Ans.* It consists in the want of original righteousness, and the corruption of his whole nature, which is commonly called original sin, together with all actual transgressions which proceed from it.
>
> *Ques.* In what consists the misery of that state into which man fell?
>
> *Ans.* All mankind being born in sin, and following the devices and desires of their own corrupt hearts, are under the wrath and curse of God, and so are made liable to the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell hereafter.

And Mr Wesley was accustomed to express his views in such language as this: "In Adam all died—all human kind—all the children of men who were then in Adam's loins. The natural consequence of this is, that every one descended from him comes into the world spiritually dead—dead to God, wholly dead in sin, entirely void of the life of God—void of the image of God—of all that righteousness and holiness wherein Adam was created. Instead of this, every man born into the world now bears the image of the devil, in pride and self-will; the image of the beast, in sensual appetites and desires."[*] The Wesleyans, then, hold that fallen man, thus totally depraved, is utterly unable to move towards God and Christ, or to take any step towards his recovery, "without the grace of God preventing him, that he may have a good will, and working with him when he has that good will."

2. The Atonement, its Extent and Consequences.—The Wesleyan doctrine is, that the atonement was co-extensive with the fall; not merely that the sacrifice of Christ was sufficiently meritorious to be, had God so willed it, a full and complete propitiatory offering for all the sins of the whole world, but that it truly and actually *was* offered for every human being. Christ thus becoming, as Mr Wesley expressed it, "another common head of mankind, a second general parent and representative of the whole human race." This they call *free* grace, as extending freely to all. They believe that, through

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[*] It is well known that Dr Adam Clarke, although a firm believer in the Deity of Christ, yet denied that the title "Son" had reference to his divine nature; and, indeed, conceived that in restricting its application to "the holy person or thing born of the Virgin by the energy of the Holy Spirit," he was erecting a bulwark against the Socinian and Arian heresies. But a safeguard against the promulgation of this opinion from Wesleyan pulpits has been provided. Every candidate for the Wesleyan ministry is now, in the course of his examination on doctrines, distinctly questioned as to his belief in the *Divine and Eternal Sonship* of the Lord Jesus.

[*] Sermon on "The New Birth."

e atonement and mediation of the Saviour, measure of grace—grace enough to enable m successfully to seek for more grace—is ven to every man; but that this grace may resisted, and *is* resisted, until it is quenched, all who persevere in sin and unbelief. This ads us to notice the Wesleyan doctrine on,

3. Moral Liberty.—Here we shall avail ırselves of the statement of Mr Wesley's ews given by his friend and fellow-helper, the ev. J. W. Fletcher of Madeley:—

> As a consequence of the doctrine of general re-emption, Mr Wesley lays down two axioms, of which e never loses sight in his preaching. The first is, at *all our salvation is of God in Christ*, and there-re *of grace;* all opportunities, invitations, inclina-ion, and power to believe, being bestowed upon us f pure grace, grace most absolutely free. And so r I hope that all who are called Gospel ministers agree with him. But he proceeds further, for econdly, he asserts with equal confidence that, according to the Gospel dispensation, *all our damnation s of ourselves*, by our obstinate unbelief and avoidable nfaithfulness; as we may "neglect so great salvation," desire to be "excused" from coming to the feast of the Lamb, "make light" of God's gracious offers, refuse to "occupy," bury our talent, and act the part of the "slothful servant;" or, in other words, "resist, grieve, do despite to, and quench the Spirit of grace" *by our moral agency*.

4. Justification.—The definition in the authorized Catechism already referred to, is: "Justification is an act of God's free grace, wherein he pardoneth all our sins, and accepteth us as righteous in his sight, only for the sake of Christ." This justification, Wesleyans assert, is by faith alone. It must, indeed, they say, be preceded by *repentance*, which is described in the Catechism as "a grace of the Holy Spirit, whereby a sinner, from a sense of his sins, and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, doth, with grief and hatred of his sin, turn from it to God, with full purpose of, and endeavours after, future obedience." But although a sinner must be a penitent in order to his acceptable exercise of justifying faith, yet it is not repentance, in whole or in part, but faith, and faith alone, that justifies. Mr Wesley is very explicit, both in his assertion of the doctrine of justification by faith, and in his description of the faith which justifies. "That justification," he says, "whereof our Articles and Homilies speak, signifies present forgiveness, pardon of sins, and consequently, acceptance with God, who therein declares his righteousness or justice, and mercy, by or for the remission of sins that are past (Rom. iii. 25), saying, 'I will be merciful to thy unrighteousness, and thine iniquities will I remember no more.' I believe the condition of this is faith (Rom. iv. 5, &c.); I mean, not only that without faith we cannot be justified, but also, that as soon as any one has true faith, in that moment he is justified. Faith, *in general*, is a divine, supernatural evidence or conviction of things not seen, not discoverable by our bodily senses, as being either past, future, or spiritual. *Justifying* faith implies not only a divine evidence or conviction that 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself,' but a full reliance on the merits of his death—a sure confidence that Christ died for *my* sins—that he loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*. And the moment a penitent sinner believes this, God pardons and absolves him." With reference to the *origination* of this faith, Mr Wesley affirms, "that it is the gift of God. No man is able to work it in himself. It is a work of omnipotence." And again, he says, "No merit, no goodness in man precedes the forgiving love of God."

Distinct from justification, and *in order* subsequent to it, yet conferred at the *same time* with it, are, according to the Wesleyan theolgy, the blessings of adoption and regeneration.

5. Adoption and the Witness of the Spirit.—The Catechism defines adoption as "an act of God's free grace, whereby, upon the forgiveness of sins, we are received into the number, and have a right to all the privileges, of the sons of God." The justified man, then, being adopted into the heavenly family, it is his privilege, the Wesleyans hold, to have the testimony of the Holy Ghost, as the "Spirit of adoption," bearing a clear and unequivocal testimony to this all-important fact, and so filling him with peace and joy. They regard this witness not as an indirect or reflex evidence, afforded by the man's experience of the "fruits of the Spirit", in his heart or life, but as directly borne, and as necessarily antecedent to the testimony of the believer's own spirit, inasmuch as before we can have a consciousness of loving God, we must really love him; before we can really love him, we must be assured that he loves us; and the assurance of his love can be communicated only by the Spirit. . . . . Of the nature of this "witness," which is made so prominent in Wesleyan preaching, Mr Wesley says: "It is hard to find words in the language of men to explain the deep things of God. Indeed, there are none that will adequately express what the Spirit of God works in his children. But, perhaps, we might say (desiring any who are taught of God to correct, soften, or strengthen, the expression), by the 'testimony of the Spirit' I mean an inward impression on the soul, whereby the Spirit of God immediately and directly witnesses with my spirit that I am a child of God; that Jesus Christ hath loved me and given himself for me; that all my sins are blotted out, and I, even I, am reconciled to God. I do not mean hereby," Mr Wesley adds, "that the Spirit of God testifies this by any outward voice; no, nor always by an inward voice, although he may do this sometimes. Neither do I suppose that he always applies to the heart, though he often may, one or more texts of Scripture. But he so works upon the soul by his immediate influence, and by a strong, though inexplicable

operation, that the stormy wind and troubled waves subside, and there is a sweet calm: the heart resting as in the arms of Jesus, and the sinner being clearly satisfied that all his 'iniquities are forgiven, and his sins covered.'"

6. REGENERATION.—We shall again extract from the Conference Catechism here.

> *Ques.* What is regeneration, or the new birth?
>
> *Ans.* It is that great change which God works in the soul, when he raises it from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. It is the change wrought in the whole soul by the Almighty, when it is created anew in Christ Jesus—when it is renewed after the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness.
>
> *Ques.* What follows from our regeneration, or being born again?
>
> *Ans.* Then our sanctification being begun, we receive power to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ, and to live in the exercise of inward and outward holiness.

We are now led to a doctrine which, perhaps, more than any other in the Wesleyan system of theology, has been made the subject of adverse comment. The reader will anticipate that we allude to the doctrine of

7. ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION, OR "CHRISTIAN PERFECTION."—The Wesleyans believe not only that a work of progressive sanctification is carried forward in the believer from the period of his conversion, but, moreover, that those who seek the blessing by earnest faith, may attain to a maturity of grace which will exclude sin from the heart, and fill it with perfect love to God and man. This attainment is what they call Christian Perfection. But, various mistakes on this point might have been avoided, if Mr Wesley's own statements respecting it had been attended to. For instance, he says: "To explain himself a little further on this head:—1. Not only sin properly so called (that is, a voluntary transgression of a known law), but sin improperly so called (that is, an involuntary transgression of a divine law, known or unknown), needs the atoning blood. 2. I believe there is no such perfection in this life as excludes these involuntary transgressions, which I apprehend to be naturally consequent on the ignorance and mistakes inseparable from mortality. 3. Therefore, '*sinless perfection*' is a phrase I never use, lest I should seem to contradict myself. 4. I believe a person filled with the love of God is still liable to these involuntary transgressions. 5. Such transgressions you may call sins if you please; I do not, for the reasons above-mentioned." The Wesleyans believe that this attainment of "perfect love" may be *at once* realized through faith. In Mr Wesley's "Plain Account of Christian Perfection," he thus speaks: "A man may be dying for some time; yet he does not, properly speaking, die till the instant his soul is separated from the body; and in that instant he lives the life of eternity. In like manner, he may be dying to sin for some time; yet he is not dead to sin, till sin is separated from his soul; and *in that instant* he lives the full life of love." It is added, however: "Yet he still grows in grace, in the knowledge of Christ, in the love and image of God; and will do so, not only till death, but through all eternity."

We naturally pass from this view of the height to which the Wesleyans elevate the standard of *possible* Christian attainment, to notice their belief respecting

8. THE PERSEVERANCE OF THE SAINTS.—They hold that a believer need never fall from grace, but that, on the contrary, he may and should go on from strength to strength. But they also believe that, through temptation and unwatchfulness, he may fall into sin, and not only lose, for a time, but never recover, the favour and image of God.

This part of our subject may be concluded by a few words, stating the Wesleyan doctrine respecting

9. GOOD WORKS.—While the Wesleyans strenuously deny that good works can, in any degree, avail to the justification of the sinner, and that the unjustified man can perform any work that has not in it "the nature of sin," they as earnestly affirm that wherever justifying faith has been brought into exercise, its genuineness will, and must, be attested by the fruit of good works. And while, in anticipating the judgment of the great day, they maintain such feelings as those thus expressed in one of their most popular hymns:—

> "When from the dust of death I rise,
> To claim my mansion in the skies,
> Even then, this shall be all my plea,
> JESUS hath lived, hath died for me!"

they believe that works, as the evidences of faith, will then be inquired into; and, moreover, that good works, springing from lively faith, and performed through love of God, will be requited with a reward, not the less precious because it will be, not at all of debt, but altogether of grace.

We have thus given what we believe to be a correct summary of those doctrines which are either, in some degree, peculiar to the Wesleyan-Methodists, or on which mistakes and misrepresentations have existed as to their opinions. We have thought it the better plan to select and extract passages from authorized documents on the several points, thus letting Wesleyanism speak for itself. This may have caused the statement of doctrines to wear sometimes rather an *apologetical* and *defensive* aspect, scarcely consistent with the impartiality we desire to manifest, so far as the composition of these articles is concerned; but this fault—if fault it be—is made up for by the *authentication* and *verification* of the statements which are thus secured.

A few very brief notices of the RELIGIOUS SERVICES of the Wesleyan-Methodists shall conclude the present paper.

Public Worship.—This, on the Sabbath morning, is commenced in many of the most important congregations, by the reading of the Church of England service, in a more or less abridged form. The Conference has recommended that, when this is not done, the lessons for the day, as appointed in the calendar, should be read. Where this formulary is not used (and, indeed, where it is, only that the subsequent devotional exercises are then shortened), a hymn is sung from a hymn-book compiled by John Wesley, and subsequently much enlarged, of which, however, the compositions of Charles Wesley, of whom the Methodists delight to think as the "sweet singer" of their Israel, occupy a large portion. Extemporaneous prayer follows; then another hymn; then, unless the Church service has been previously used, reading of the Scriptures; then an extemporaneous sermon; and the service is concluded with singing and prayer. With the exception of the Church service, the same order is observed in the evening worship. A prayer-meeting frequently follows, in which several accredited official or private members, under the superintendence of the minister, or some other known and responsible person, engage in prayer.

Watch-Nights.—The custom of holding "watch-nights," originated with the converted colliers at Kingswood, near Bristol, who had been accustomed, when they were slaves of sin, to pass their Saturday nights at the ale-house. They now devoted that night to prayer and praise. Mr Wesley took up the idea, and resolved to make something like their practice general. Watch-nights may be held at any time; but the principal observance of the usage in the Wesleyan Church is on the last night of the old year. Then, prayers, a sermon, exhortations, and the singing of appropriate hymns, are continued until within a few minutes of twelve o'clock. The congregation engage in silent prayer, during the minutes immediately preceding and following the stroke of midnight. Then they arise, and, usually, sing a hymn, well known in the Connexion, which begins—

"Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear."

Prayer closes the service.

Renewal of the Covenant.—This service is held early in the new year—when practicable, on the first Sabbath. It is a renewal of the engagement of the members of the Societies to be devoted to God. A sermon or exhortation is delivered; extracts from a powerful tract, entitled "Directions for Penitents and Believers Renewing their Covenant with God," are read; the officiating minister reads the "Covenant Prayer" from this tract; and the solemn service is generally concluded by the administration of the Lord's supper.

Amongst the peculiarities of Methodism, we must notice *Class-Meetings* and *Love-Feasts.*

Class-Meetings.—Their origin has been adverted to in the preceding paper. Persons "desirous to flee from the wrath to come" assemble weekly to relate to each other their religious experience—to receive from the leader such counsel or admonition as they may respectively require, to pray for one another, and to encourage and stimulate one another in the ways of piety. *Band-Meetings* are class-meetings on a smaller scale as to numbers, comprising usually only a very few persons, and on a stricter plan as to faithfulness in the interchange of mutual reproof or advice.

Love-Feasts are a revival, in a simpler form, and with a more expressly religious purpose, of the *agapæ* of the primitive Christians. The members of society meet, sing and pray together; partake of bread and water, as an indication of kindly feeling; pass some time in the relation of Christian experience, as at class-meetings; and contribute to a collection for the poorer members of the Church. These "feasts of love" generally take place after the quarterly visitation of the classes, when the ministers have personally seen and inquired into the spiritual condition of the members, and have given to those deserving of continued membership, the "*Ticket*," with a text of Scripture printed on it, which is the token of recognition, admitting to those services which are not open to the public.

The ecclesiastical frame-work of the Wesleyan Church—its affairs, and the funds by which its operations are sustained—will form the subject in our next article.

THE POOR COTTAGER'S DEATH.

"I will tell you what I think, sir," said a poor cottager, in reply to a Christian minister, who had been talking to him about the concerns of his soul: "I think God is too merciful to take much notice of what we poor creatures do. May be he will reckon with those who are learned and rich, and who know better than we, who are not scholars; but I do think, if I can only ask him to save me when I come to die, that I should fare very well in the other world, if there be one." "I endeavoured," said the minister, "to show him that though God has made a difference among his creatures in the distribution he has made of his bounty, yet, as sinners, we are on a level in his sight; that he notices alike the conduct of every rational creature; that he has given us a revelation of his will, which shows us the way of salvation by his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ; and that this way of recovery from our perishing state as sinners, is so plain, that even the most unlearned may understand it; and that if he refused to listen to the truth when he had an opportunity of doing so, he would act as wickedly as if he really knew it." "It may be so, sir, perhaps; but I only mean to take care of the main chance, as we country folk say, till I am going to die, and then it may be time enough to see about the other world."

"And so," said I, "you really think that taking care of your temporal interest, and obtaining food and clothing, is the principal thing which man has to do in the present world?" "I think so, and so does a power of other people." "If you had a box," I asked, "which contained a thousand guineas, which would it be best to take care of—the box, which was decaying, or the money?" "Oh, the money to be sure!" "And if you have a soul which must live for ever and ever, and a body in which it lives only for a little while, and will then decay, which should you care for most?" "Ah! sir, that is all very good, I dare say, but we must take care of the body now, that is certain; and the soul must be thought of by-and-by."

I could make no impression on his mind, but retired, praying that He who wept over the impenitent sinners of Jerusalem would be pleased to show this man his folly, and lead him to seek that salvation without the possession of which no man can be saved from the wrath to come.

Several years passed away, when I was one day informed that a man, in breathless haste, had come to say that John Wilkins was dying, and that I must immediately go to see him. I hastened to the cottage, where I found the poor old man with whom I had the conversation I have repeated. He had met with an accident while engaged in his labour, and had just been informed by his doctor that he could not survive it many days. "O sir!" said he, the moment he saw me enter his room, "O sir! my soul is lost!—my soul is lost! Save me, O save me! I am dying—I cannot live;—you must save me! O sir! do save me!"

He was in unutterable distress; nor was it without cause. He had neglected the great concerns of immortality through life, and how could it be expected that he would be happy in the prospect of death! He had neglected the service of that Being who requires us to seek his favour as soon as we have heard of his requirements; and how, then, could he expect to be favoured with joy in the prospect of appearing at his bar! "I cannot save you, John," I replied; "you have been an awful sinner for many years; you have broken the law of God; you have long refused to hear how he could save you. No man or angel could save you; nor can anything short of the infinite grace of the almighty God save you from endless misery." He cried out, "I know it, I know it; but what can I do? Will God anyhow have mercy on me now?"

I sat down, and endeavoured, in the plainest and simplest manner, to explain the way of salvation, by Christ's dying for our sins, to him. I showed him how we had all failed to obey the holy and righteous law of God; that we had done many things which we ought not to have done, and had left undone many things which God had commanded us to perform; that, as the effect of our sins, we had drawn on ourselves the anger of God, who has said: "Cursed be he that confirmeth not all the words of this law to do them" (Deut. xxvii. 26); and that, therefore, we could not by any means make atonement to his justice for the sins we had committed. I then told him that so great was the love of God to poor sinners, that he sent his only Son into the world to publish the holy law, and to die, that sinners by him might be saved; and I assured him that even the greatest sinner, who believed our Lord Jesus Christ, and placed his hope of salvation on him, as the only and all-sufficient Saviour, might enjoy the eternal blessings of his mercy. He listened with eagerness to the communications I made, and to the prayers I offered on his account; but whether his entire neglect of all the means of grace previously might not have prevented his being able to understand the way of salvation, I am unable to say; it is certain, however, that every effort I could make seemed to be but of little use in penetrating his understanding. In a day or two he died, and was called before "the righteous Judge of the whole earth."

The awful prospect of this poor man's future state has often been to me a source of much anxiety. At times, I have indulged a hope of meeting him before the throne of God, as a trophy of the grace of Jesus, shown at the last hour; but far oftener have I feared that his long rejection of the mercy of Christ only prepared him for the torments of hell. It is true, he appeared to repent of his past sins; but it might have been only the fear of future punishment, rather than grief of heart on account of offending a holy and gracious God. What a warning! Oh, sinner! repent now—even now, while it is called to-day—lest, when death comes, you bind your bands too strong.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE ALTOGETHER LOVELY.

AUGUSTINE'S prayer was: "Lord, give me thyself!" And in this spirit the believer is ready to exult: "Whom have I in the heavens but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. The Lord himself is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup; thou maintainest my lot. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage. I will bless the Lord who hath given me counsel." Surely the whole world cannot weigh against the comfort of being able to let all go and look up: "Thou art my portion, O Lord." For, unless his perfections should moulder away, and leave him a destitute and indigent God, it is impossible that his people can be impoverished. This portion, however, can never be enjoyed, even by a child of God, unless He who is the essence of it be supreme in the soul—not only above all, but in the place of all. Other objects may be subordinately loved; but of none but Himself must we say: "He is *altogether lovely*."—*Rev. C. Bridges.*

PRAYING TO SAINTS.

THE rich man cried out and said, "Father Abraham, have mercy upon me!" There was a time when he might have prayed to the God of Abraham, and have found mercy; now he dares not approach that God, whom in his life he had neglected; and he addressed a creature, who has neither power nor authority to dispense blessedness. This is the only instance mentioned in Scripture of *praying to saints;* and to the confusion of the false doctrine, which states it to be necessary and available, let it be remembered, that it was practised only by a *damned* soul, and that *without any success.—Adam Clarke.*

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

LEIGHTON thus wrote on hearing of the death of a child: "Sweet thing, and is he so quickly laid asleep? Happy he! Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying. Tell my dear sister, that she is now so much more akin to the other world; and this will be quickly passed to us all. John is but gone at an early hour to bed, as children use to do, and we are undressing to follow. And the more we put off the love of the present world, and all things superfluous, beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down."

REPENTANCE.

BY THE REV. DAVID KING, LL.D., GLASGOW.

F we inquire what is meant by *repentance* mong evangelical Christians generally, the term may be found nearly equivalent in their appreension to *penitence* or contrition for sin. Repentance, as so understood, stands distinguished rom remorse, which partakes more of an appalling nature, viewing God as unpacified and implacable, and filling the mind with a horrible misery. It is also distinguishable from regret, which is a milder term, expressive commonly of minor concern, and which, besides being moderate in degree, may have respect to mere consequences of conduct apart from its intrinsic hatefulness.

Many have entertained views of the Christian virtue now under consideration differing widely from those above stated, and also from one another. The Church of Rome has confounded *penitence* and *penance;* and numbers, without subscribing to a Papistical creed, have conceived of repentance as essentially bitter in its character—a mental misery which the hapless transgressor must both inflict and endure—a present purgatory, the hidden flames of which must be fanned by the spirit on which they prey, as a painful but indispensable preparation for spiritual joy. Recoiling, perhaps, from these stern conceptions of the subject, some of late days have passed to an opposite extreme, and have maintained that *sorrow for sin*, instead of being the whole of repentance, is *no part of it* whatever. The word, they have argued, denotes in the original, *change of mind*, by which they seem to understand mere change of opinion: and, therefore, brokenness of spirit, they assure us, cannot be one of its constituents, though following after, as one of its sequences.

Another interpretation, distinguishable from all the foregoing, has been ably advocated—that scriptural repentance is equivalent to reformation of conduct, and that the sorrow which it implies for former misconduct is a secondary matter at most, and not the principal idea suggested by the language.

These discrepancies of opinion have been noticed, not to create any doubtfulness about ascertaining the truth, but to stimulate earnestness and diligence in seeking it where alone it can be discovered. "*Unless ye repent, ye shall perish.*" Such is the solemn asseveration of Him whom we call Lord and Master; and can we be in truth his servants, or can ours be that repentance which averts perdition, if we despise the announcement, and so utterly despise it as to take no pains for ascertaining its import? Let us not be unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is. His will is to be learned only from his Word, and not from the suggestions of ingenious speculation; for genuine repentance is a scriptural grace, and we must find in Scripture itself the true account of its nature. We apply ourselves, then, to determine the scriptural signification of the term repentance. There are two words so translated in the New Testament. One of them occurs seldom, and is used with considerable latitude of meaning. It is employed in a good sense, as when the Jews (Matt. xxi. 32) are censured for not *repenting*, that they should believe on the Baptist; in a bad sense, as when Judas (Matt. xxvii. 3) is said to have *repented*, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver, and thereafter to have hanged himself; and in a sense that may be called indifferent, as when Paul says to the Corinthians (2 Cor. vii. 8), "Though I made you sorry with a letter, I do not repent, though I did repent."

The other word which our translators have rendered *to repent*, occurs often in the New Testament. It is always employed in a good sense, invariably representing the repentance which it denotes as a religious duty; and it is of this word we speak in the following observations.

It has been stated to mean, as we have already remarked, 'change of mind;' and this is no doubt a fair enough translation, if we view the mind as inclusive of the heart. Strictly, it represents a person as otherwise minded *afterwards;* that is, on reconsidering his conduct. The question, then, arises, If repentance be a change of mind, in what does that mental change consist? It will be readily perceived that we cannot, by a direct act of the will, make the mind, as to its *essence* or *powers*, different from what it is; nor does the work of the Holy Spirit properly consist in annulling certain faculties, and creating others. The signification, then, is, that we are to change our minds *in relation to certain subjects;* in other words, we are to ponder them seriously, and thus become otherwise and more justly minded concerning them. To put the case more explicitly, we may lay down the proposition that—

Repentance denotes a change of mind in relation both to evil and to good.

It may be useful, for the sake of illustration, to divide this twofold statement, and consider its different parts successively.

First, then, repentance involves a change of mind in relation to evil. To exclude the idea of mere opinion being hence altered, while feeling remains unaffected by the process, I think it may be of some moment to prove satisfactorily that repentance, as a change of mind in relation to evil, comprehends sorrow for sin. The accuracy of this sentiment must be judged of by its consistency with Scripture, by collating it with those scriptural passages in which the term repentance occurs. We are informed (Matt. iii. 1, 2) that "*in those days came John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying, Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.*" This was the sum of the Baptist's preaching; and, as an exemplification of its success, we are told of many (verse 6) who were baptized of him in Jordan, "*confessing their sins.*" Now, when repentance was the duty enjoined, and confession of sin was the ostensible compliance with the injunction, these seem to be associated in the record as expository of one another. We are told (Matt. xi. 20) that "*then began Jesus to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done.*" He subjoined that "*had such mighty works been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in dust and ashes.*" But dust and ashes were not put upon the head to bespeak mere change of notion, or visible reformation: they were the appropriate emblems of deep, sorrowing, and self-abasing humiliation. We find our Lord saying (Luke xvii. 3, &c.) "*If thy brother trespass against thee rebuke him, and if he repent forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent, thou shalt forgive him.*" This passage I regard as very decisive of the point at issue. It would be a waste of time to show that repentance in this connection means anything else, or anything less, than a sorrowful acknowledgment of one's fault: and so often as this satisfaction shall be rendered, the offended party is ordered to forgive. We learn (Acts viii.) that when Simon Magus had manifested blasphemous impiety, Peter said to him (verse 22), "*Repent therefore of this wickedness.*" Did this repentance import any change of mind as to sin, short of deep-felt sorrow for it? Certainly not; and if so, such sorrow belongs to repentance.

It would be easy to adduce more citations of kindred character, but further multiplication of them appears superfluous. These may suffice to excite our marvel that the love of paradox could be carried so far as to induce any to denude repentance of all penitence, in opposition to such Biblical testimonies, as well as the general sense of the Christian Church in all ages.

Secondly, Repentance denotes a change of mind in relation to what is good.

It may be admitted that this view of the subject, though by no means expressing the whole duty, is too much overlooked. In speaking of repentance, persons are too apt to think of penitential grief exclusively, and are led by this misapprehension into great practical dangers. They are tempted to suppose that affliction of the soul separately, and by itself considered, constitutes a virtue; that to be troubled about sins, and to repent of them, are one and the same thing; and that this mental penance is all the mental change which they require to undergo. Whereas they must repent of wickedness in such a manner as to practise repentance *towards God.* There must be a turning of mind *from it to him.* Where the one of these is genuine, the other must attend it; and, indeed, they portray the same frame of soul directing its contemplation to different objects. When we come to loathe evil, we must, in the nature of the case, love its opposite. Proportional to our abhorrence of evil will be our admiration of good, and more especially of the God of goodness; so that, deprecating what we once esteemed, and esteeming what we once deprecated, we inhabit a new world; "all things are changed, and all things become new."

Some have taken exception to such an exposition of repentance as being twofold, and therefore complex, and as placing its constituent ideas in a false order. It calls upon sinners, they say, to change their minds first in relation to sin, and then in relation to the Saviour; while an afflictive sense of sin cannot be experienced before looking to Christ; and a just view of him, instead of coming after contrition, is the grand and only source of genuine self-abasement. In reply we repeat a former observation—that the two views which have been offered of repentance, denote but one frame of mind. We do not first sorrow for ı, and then come to Christ; we sorrow for ı *in coming* to Christ. A person does not first avel from the east, and then towards the west; the act of doing one he is doing both; and he that repents is coming to Christ, and he at comes to Christ is repenting. If the change mind as to evil and good should be distinıished at all, the changes are co-temporaneous ıd reciprocally affect each other. Just views sin enhance our estimate of the Saviour, ıd just views of the Saviour cause sin to ppear more exceeding sinful. An humbling nse of demerit quickens our application to e blood of sprinkling, and when we have ashed there, we abhor the iniquities more ıan ever that could not be washed elsewhere; nd the saying comes to be fulfilled: "Then ıalt thou remember and be confounded, and ever open thy mouth any more for shame, hen I am pacified towards thee for all that ıou hast done."

Having endeavoured to give the full view of criptural repentance, it may be proper to dd, that a change of mind as to evil, or, in ther words, true sorrow for sin, seems to be he predominating idea which it expresses. 'or as to the other element—a change of mind n relation to good—that change partakes of he nature of faith, and is commonly enforced n an associated command to believe the Gosel. Accordingly, we have seen that repenance is more specially and emphatically idenified with confession of sin, or that frame n which penitence has subdued pride, and which shuns not to avow its condemnation of itself. We need not wonder at this ascendant place being assigned in Scripture to the principle of contrition. It is an amiable property, even as exemplified in subordinate and social relations. A kind parent may exercise severity towards an obdurate child, but that parent has little of parental feeling who can see his child subdued into tearful acknowledgment of wrong, and inflict severities still. To take a homely but illustrative instance. "You shall stand there yet two hours," said a pious mother to an offending child, who had been stationed for his offence on the domestic pillory. "Oh, I have done wrong," said the child, "and if you will only forgive me, mother, and not be angry with me, I will stand here all day." Such a simple saying, from its touching expressiveness of a becoming grief, not only disarms rigour at the time, but ever after endears to the heart the amiable penitent from whose lips it has proceeded. Even a just judge would experience great difficulty, though he found it an imperative duty, to punish a criminal who afforded unequivocal evidence of true sorrow for his crime. Had Pilate passed by Calvary when the contrite malefactor was vindicating his own terrible punishment, and heard him say, "We indeed suffer justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds," it is supposable that the Roman governor might have felt disposed to relieve the sufferer. But, at all events, a greater than Pilate was there, who heard the words, and was moved by them, and who, in evidence that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law, and that a broken and contrite spirit will not be despised by him, replied, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

Penitence, I have said, is amiable in whatever relation it may be exhibited. But while we should all confess our faults one to another, or, in other words, each his offences to the person offended against, still penitential confession to God is pre-eminently becoming, because pre-eminently binding. We have sinned against the Creator so much more than against our fellow-creatures as to warrant the comparative ejaculation—"Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and in thy sight done this ill." The majesty of God also demands a profound obeisance, to which fellow-men, from their meanness, can have no title. Generally speaking, it is a false consequence that indisposes to own faults, even to each other; and many a time when dignity is consulted, by concealing and equivocating, the end would be far better gained by following an opposite line of conduct, and unfeignedly admitting. The ingenuousness of acknowledgment often obliterates the impression of misdemeanor, and even elicits the admiration awarded to moral greatness. But while there may be a semblance of ignominy in one creature making confession to another, there can be no pretence of this relatively to the Creator. In this case, also, there is undoubted condescension, but it is not with us—it is with God. He humbleth himself when he beholds the things that are in heaven, and how much more when he listens to the accents of a sinner that repenteth! In a word, there is none good as God, and the goodness of God leadeth us to repentance! His clemency is indicated by the very opportunity of repenting. Were he not gracious, there would be no place for it: it would be wholly and for ever hid from his eyes. They have sadly misapprehended repentance who have classed it with irksome service rendered to a hard task-master. It is not the homage which a serf pays to his despot, or the victim of war to an imperious conqueror, or the deluded idolater to imaginary gods, whom an accusing conscience has armed with fury. It is the homage paid to benevolence—paid by a heart which benevolence has melted—an acknowledgment of transgressions disclosed to the transgressor's own view by the light of divine love shed abroad upon his soul. Perhaps it may seek vent in tears, but they are such tears as purify vision, and even while filling the eye, sparkle with joy—brightening the moral landscape like clear shining after rain. Let not sinners, then, be alarmed at the call to repent. Let them hail it as a joyful sound, a benignant proclamation from a dishonoured Lord, that he is slow to anger and willing to forgive.

To repent, is a duty which we are bound to perform. It does not follow that the performance of this duty by us excludes the aid of divine influence. We are required to turn, which is another form of the command to repent; and lest we should decline compliance, as impracticable, we are told that God will pour out his Spirit upon us, and make known his words unto us. In promising to send the Comforter, our Lord also foretold that he would convince the world of sin, and we have seen that a conviction of sin belongs very essentially to the nature of repentance. The account which has been given of this grace harmonizes with the representations which the Scriptures furnish of the work of the Holy Spirit. We repent when we change our minds on subjects of eternal interest, so that the understanding is enlightened and the heart is renewed; we thus change our minds on these subjects when we apprehend the truth respecting them; and we apprehend the truth when the Spirit takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto us. We are sanctified by the Spirit, and a belief of the truth; by the Spirit as the agent, and a belief of the truth as the instrumentality by which he works; and a sinner, in repenting, exemplifies that moral transformation, which in sanctification is more and more advanced, till we all come in the unity of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Difficulties of a metaphysical character might be raised on this subject of divine influence, as on most other subjects, and not less on those of common life and every-day experience, than the leading articles of Christian doctrine. But whatever solution of these intricacies argumentation may afford, let us seek experimental evidence that God's requirements and promises happily coalesce. Let us engage the appointed means of spiritual renovation, and implore the aid of God's Spirit, to give the means effect. As we look on truth illumined by the Spirit of truth, we shall change our minds with regard to it, no longer spurning it as fabulous or offensive, but under its moulding influence, hating what it reproves, and loving what it commands; and this mental change will constitute a repentance not to be repented of—a change of mind never to be regretted.

LUTHER'S ONE IDEA.

BY MRS HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It is a remarkable fact that we noticed the other day, in turning over the fine volume of De Witt's edition of Luther's Letters, that every one of them, to whomsoever addressed, and on whatsoever subject, bore over the top the inscription

JESUS.

We are informed that this habit was peculiar to himself, and was not common to other writers of the period; and connected with facts in his history, it is very affecting. Luther, like all great Reformers, was a man of one idea; but that one idea was not what historians have generally supposed—it was not civil liberty, nor liberty of opinion, nor opposition to forms, nor any abstract love of truth; but the one idea was—Jesus—Saviour. No human being ever felt with deeper anguish what it was to *be lost*. Language cannot have a more terrible earnestness than that wherein he has described the death-agony through which he passed when he felt his sins, and the majesty of God, and the desperate hopelessness of any effort to approach him, or bring his fallen nature up to that immeasurable height of purity. "It was all over with me," he says; "the sin of my nature tormented me night and day—there was no good in life; sin had taken possession of me—my free will hated God's judgments—it was dead to good; anguish drove me to despair—nothing remained but to die and sink to hell." "Let them threaten me with banishment and death, with the torture and the stake," he says in a later letter, "what is all this to me? it all makes no impression on me, it is all the *merest trifle* to the agony I endured in my religious life before I found a Saviour." Now, to a soul in this state of religious anxiety, the whole Catholic system is one great and gloomy barrier standing between it and its Redeemer. Luther struggled like a giant; he fought as for life, and broke through the dark obstacle, and found a Saviour—he found, he embraced, he believed, he felt, he knew that he was saved, and he felt it with a joy as mighty and overwhelming as had been his anguish. Thenceforth there was to him but one mighty idea—SALVATION and a SAVIOUR.

When, late in life, he was complimented on the wonderful courage and energy he had showed in conceiving and carrying on the great enterprise of civil and religious reform, he seemed lost in thought for a time, and then said: "Strange, I never thought of any of those things; all I wanted was salvation, *salvation*, if salvation were possible."

And having found Jesus, he proclaimed him; and when he saw the Catholic Church putting anything in place of Jesus, he tore it down; and when he found, to his amazement, that the whole Catholic establishment was not accidentally but *designedly* standing between the simple, common people and their Saviour, and meaning still to stand there, then it was that he undertook to fight the whole Church.

Historians have dilated on the incredible courage that Luther showed in thus relying on himself in the face of the world, but his courage is all accounted for in this one passage of Scripture: "I have set the Lord always before me; because he is on my right hand, I shall not be moved."

When on his way to the Diet at Worms, he stopped at Erfurt, and crowds flocked to see the doomed man, alone and helpless, marching onward, to all human view, to certain and horrible death—the church was crowded to overflowing; and at this time, when, like Jesus, he was going up to Jerusalem, or, like Paul, was bound in the spirit, knowing nothing, except that in every city bonds and afflictions should abide him, of what did he speak? Of Luther, and Luther's trials, and Luther's dangers—of Charles, of the pope, and princes of the empire? No, none of these; nor yet of civil liberty and rights of conscience. Hear his text: "Then the same day at evening, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came JESUS, and stood in the midst, and said unto them, Peace be unto you! and when he had so said, he showed them his hands and his side;" and the whole discourse was a simple and pathetic illustration of this truth, that the presence of Christ, and the remembrance of his sufferings, is the Christian's support in times of affliction and danger.

When forsaken by all his friends, and threatened with instant destruction by his enemies, he writes: "But in regard to their threats, I have nothing to say to my friends, but that sentence of Reuchelin's: 'He who has nothing fears nothing, for he can lose nothing;' property I have none, and desire none; fame and honour, if I have had them, the destroyer has now entirely destroyed; one thing only remains—a feeble body, worn down by constant labour; and if by force or fraud they take this away, they may, perhaps, make me poorer by an hour or two of life. It is enough for me that I have my sweet Redeemer and Saviour, my Lord Jesus Christ, to whom I will sing as long as I have my being."

It ought to be known that the great body of Luther's preaching was not controversial, but consisted of such plain, practical efforts to lead the weak and ignorant to a Saviour, as would befit a city missionary of our own times; for "when I preach," said he, "I preach not for learned men and magistrates, of whom there are but few; but for the poor, the women, and children, and servants, of whom there are some thousands." Might not some modern ministers derive a useful hint from this?

It would seem to be a time now, when it is necessary for every minister and private Christian, like Luther, to inscribe the name of JESUS on every effort, and set him always before them. *Preaching Christ*, has in these days become a phrase for anything which a man chooses to say in the pulpit. A man preaches on the differences between Old School and New, and that is preaching Christ. If he preaches all sorts of philosophical speculations, that is preaching Christ. If he preaches on temperance, moral reform, anti-slavery, and all the various outworks, *that* is preaching Christ; in short, if he preaches at all, he is preaching Christ, of course.

But preaching Christ, according to the apostolic sense, is preaching the *person*, the *individual*, CHRIST JESUS as he is in himself, as he is in his adaptation to the wants of every human creature. It is preaching so as to produce a vivid, constant impression of the *present* reality of Christ, and his present activity in the affairs of the world. One sermon a-year on the character of Christ, a philosophical exemplification of the rationale of the atonement, an occasional dash at some historical fact in the life of Jesus, will not do it. There is given in the Evangelists the most noble, the most inconceivably beautiful ideal, far beyond the poet's dream, far beyond anything the highest human ideality ever hoped; and this vision of beauty and glory it is the minister's duty to reproduce, and make real and vivid on every mind in his audience. He must measure his success by this question, "How much *reality* and personal power among my people do I give to Christ?" And as no one can reproduce the enchantments of art, but one who has been himself enchanted, who has gazed whole days, who has lingered on every line and lineament, marked every tone of colour and tremulous vibration of shade; so no one can reproduce Christ who has not seen him, *felt* him, and been thrilled to the heart's depths by his loveliness, and with whom he is not, as with Luther, *the one idea*, so that over every effort, of whatever kind, it should be the strong impulse of his heart to inscribe the name JESUS.—*New York Evangelist.*

PRAYER.*

There is what, rising from the earth,
Can pierce beyond the sky;
The lightning from the dark cloud cast,
The whirlwind travels not so fast,
As *it* ascends on high.

How, in a twinkling, from the earth
It to the heaven has gone!
Not long a suppliant at heaven's gate
Which opens wide, it passes straight
Unto Jehovah's throne.

Swiftly to that bright messenger
The seraphim, that dwell
In light before Jehovah's face,
Dividing their bright ranks, give place
Till it its mission tell.

Tell me, what messenger of grace
It is that cleaves the air,
To heaven, through heaven's gate, to the throne,
With speed so swift and sure has gone?
'Tis prayer—believing prayer.

And tell me from what heart it went?
From yon poor troubled one,
With manifold temptations worn,
With manifold afflictions torn,
So feeble and fore-done.

I saw the light fade from his eye—
How quick his spirit fell!
When Satan, striding 'thwart his path,
At his poor head, with bickering wrath,
Hurled the hot bolts of hell!

Long toiled the sore assailed one
In the unequal fight:
Foiled many a blow, and many a dart
Took on his shield, which else his heart
Had pierced with poisoned bite.

How swiftly sped that prayer on high!
As swiftly speedeth down
A gracious answer from the Lord,
O faithful ever to his word—
The tried and faithful One!

Bright were its rainbow wings, and ah,
How joyfully it came!
And breathed fresh life into the heart;
Fresh vigour wrought through every part—
Re-knit the weary frame!

The baffled foe has fled; with joy
The saint pursues his way;
Soon shall his journey lead where death
Opens for him a joyful path
Into eternal day.

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* From "Songs for Wayfarers," by the Rev. J. C. Fairbairn, Allanton. A little book, full of instruction and refreshing for Zion's pilgrims. The "Songs" are, many of them, quaint, but all vigorous and expressive.

CILIOGRADES AND SEA-WEED.

BY THE REV. DAVID LANDSBOROUGH, STEVENSTON.

Under the last part of this general title I might have a wide range, seeing that it might be understood to comprehend one of the most interesting departments of botany; but instead of availing myself of this privilege, I mean, on the present occasion, to keep within very narrow bounds, and to speak only of one rare *alga*. And before attempting to describe it, as our gleanings in Arran are very near a close, I shall take the liberty of mentioning another *Ciliograde* or *Beroë* which was discovered in Arran. In the month of July, when my daughter M—— was on a visit to her friend Miss R——y, at that time residing in Arran, they fell in with a *Beroë*, some specimens of which were as large as a common-sized lemon. I was sorry that I was not of the party, but I had not long cause of regret, for the succeeding week, when my young people were bathing at Saltcoats, they fell in with a squadron of them, and having captured some, they brought them home for my inspection. "Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord. . . . . . Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." It would be paying them a poor compliment, were I to rest their filial attentions on nothing better than their capturing of *Beroës;* and yet, as I have little time myself for strolling on the shore, I count it some advantage to have occasionally younger eyes and hands at work for me. When they were younger than they are now, a penny was promised for every new shell or sea-weed, &c., they found on the shore; and when new ones became rare, the premium rose to sixpence. This I thought one of the cases in which bribery was not corruption. For some weeks after this the *Beroës* in fine weather were found in considerable abundance. I brought some of them home, and putting them in sea-water, in a jar, I had the pleasure of observing their movements. The largest one we observed here was three inches in length, by about one inch and a-half in diameter. It was very beautiful—much more magnificent than the *Beroë ovata*. In shape, it resembled an antique pitcher contracted at the neck, with a graceful revolution, or turning back at the brim. It did not permanently retain this shape, however, for it could vary it at will. The shape which it more generally assumed was that of a clasp purse, rounded at the base, and somewhat truncated at the mouth. They were of various sizes, from the size of a lemon, a little truncated above, to the diminutive size of a lady's thimble. Being in general much larger and heavier than the *Beroë ovata*, they are more likely to attract attention; and yet I never heard of their being observed on our coast before. As I knew that some fine *Beroës* had been found on the Irish coast, I sent a figure of this one to Mr William Thompson, Belfast, who showed it to Mr Patterson, Belfast, who has written very scientifically on *Beroës*, and who kindly sent me his interesting publications; but as it was new to both these gentlemen, Mr Thompson forwarded the figure to Professor Edward Forbes, London, who informed us that it was *Beroë cucumis;* and that he had found numerous pecimens of it that season in Lochfine, and had pent two whole days in the examination of them. As it is a rare animal, I may give a short description of it. It is gelatinous, like the sea-jellies, and holow inside, like a pitcher. The whole body has a tinge of pink, and the eight ribs closely set with cilia, are beautifully adorned, having on each side an edgng like fine crimson lace. In the larger specimens, this lace-work was studded with little orange oval-shaped bodies, like little grapes, attached by a capillary peduncle. When the *Beroë* was at rest, they rested; but when the cilia began rapidly to play, and the current of water, mixed at times with air bubbles, to rush through the tubes of the ribs, then all the little orange bodies were in quick motion, as if dancing to the music of the spheres; or, believing in fairies, as our forefathers did, one might have fancied that they were lace-bobbins, moved by nimble, invisible fairy hands, weaving the beautiful lace edging with which they were intermingled. Professor Forbes, however, says, as I had conjectured, that they are the eggs attached to the placentary membranes; and I doubt not that they are thus shaken by the motion of the cilia, that when fully ripe they may thereby be detached.

But why should I attempt to describe this animal, when, having been found by Dr Maccartney, on the shore of Kent, so good a description is given in my *Vade-mecum*—Professor Fleming's "British Animals?" I shall subjoin part of it: "This most elegant creature is of a colour changing between purple, violet, and pale blue; the body is truncated before, and pointed behind; but the form is difficult to assign, as it is varied by partial contractions, at the animal's pleasure. I have represented the two extremes of form that I have seen this creature assume. The first is somewhat that of a cucumber, which, as being the one it takes when at rest, should perhaps be considered as its proper shape. The other resembles a pear, and is the figure it has in the most contracted state. The body is hollow, or forms internally an infundibular cavity, which has a wide opening before, and appears also to have a small aperture posteriorly. The posterior two-thirds of the body are ornamented with eight longitudinal ciliated ribs, the processes of which are kept in such a rapid rotatory motion, while the animal is swimming, that they appear like the continual passage of a fluid along the ribs," &c.

As it is not likely that I shall return to the *Beroës* again, I have been tempted to subjoin some information respecting two of that tribe, so well described by Mr Patterson, in the papers he so kindly sent me. They are distinguished from the *Beroës* that have come under my observation, by having tentacula. The first bears a considerable resemblance to one described by Professor Fleming in his "British Animals," under the name of *Pleurobrachia pileus*. Mr Patterson points out in what respect his differs from *Pleuro. pileus*. His, to which he has given the name *Cydippe pomiformis*, was found by him in considerable abundance at various times, near Larne, in the county of Antrim. It had not before been recorded as British. From Mr Patterson's description, which is ably and tastefully written, it is evident that it is a creature of great beauty and elegance. Its form, as its specific name implies (*pomiformis*, apple-shaped), is more globular than either (*Beroë ovata* or *Beroë cucumis*. Its consistence, and also its movements by cilia (hence *ciliagrade*), were pretty much the same; but what most obviously distinguished it from the genus *Beroë*, was that it had two tentacula—one from each side—which, when extended, were five or six times the length of its body. These tentacula were of great beauty, being beset with delicate hair-like cilia, diverging like branchlets from the main stem; at times, indeed, rolled up like beads, but at other times moving gracefully, like the tentacula from which they sprang. The tentacula themselves were not always visible, as on any alarm, they withdrew with a sudden jerk into their sheath-like tubes, in which they lay concealed till the alarm was over, when, as they wheeled onwards, rising and falling at pleasure, they exhibited in great perfection their locomotive powers, and displayed in the sunshine the splendid iridescence of their colouring.

Another thing remarkable in them was their seeming insensibility of pain. An active little *Medusa* having laid hold on one of them, before they could be separated, it had cut out from the side of the *Cydippe*, a segment of a circle extending to more than a third of its breadth and fully two-thirds of its length. Did the *Cydippe* die, when three ribs with their gelatinous clothing, were thus like a crescent cut out of its body? No such thing. During four days that it was afterwards kept, it continued to career through the jar, and seemed as active and happy as before it met with the seemingly ruinous mutilation! When any of them happened to be shattered by the storm, the principle of vitality continued in the fragments. And when one of the fragments was clipped into small pieces, the cilia on the smallest *bittock* persisted in their rapid movements for a night and a day after an operation which might have seemed as deadly as if performed by the scissors of the Fates.

Mr Patterson describes another *Ciliograde* which he had the pleasure of discovering, and to which he has given the name of *Bolina Hibernica*. It comes near the shape of *Beroë ovata;* but it had four tentacula, which were very beautiful—sometimes erect like the ears of a horse, and at other times hanging down like the ears of a lap-dog. The only thing I shall advert to respecting the *Bolinæ* is their phosphorescence. When about thirty were put into a glass jar, and the water agitated, the whole contents of the vessel became so completely lighted up as to render all the adjoining objects for a moment visible. On stirring them round, they were seen like lamps suspended in the water. "It was impossible to behold these bodies of innocuous flame floating amidst the brightness which they themselves diffused, without feeling that to convey an adequate idea of their beauty would be a task more fitted for the imagery of the poet than the language of the naturalist."

The rare sea-weed to which I alluded at the commencement of this article, was *Gloiosiphonia capillaris*, which was on this occasion found by my son David, in a rock-pool not far from Corrie, being the only known habitat of the plant in Scotland, except, one. It is rare in Ireland, and still more rare in England. A year or two ago it had been found by me in Saltcoats Bay. I had observed it at low-water, in a little channel betwixt two rocks, as I was retreating with all convenient speed, lest I should be circumvented by the returning tide, as I had been some days before. In my haste, I snatched only a small portion from a large plant of it growing on a bed of shale, thinking that it was some common thing, with rather an uncommon aspect. On floating it in fresh-water, spreading it on paper, and exposing it to the air, it changed in a short time from a dull brownish-red to a fine bright crimson. I then found that it was not an old friend with a new face, but an *alga* of great beauty, which was new to Scotland, viz., *Mesogloia*, now *Gloiosiphonia capillaris*. Next season it was found in considerable abundance in the same locality, in shallow water; but from being too much exposed to the light, or to some other cause, it had lost much of its fine crimson colour. My son, by wading into deep water and catching the plants with his toes, got fine specimens, which, on being plunged in fresh-water, and then exposed to the air, assumed the rich crimson hue.

If some can find sermons in stones, and good in everything, may not we extract lessons even from *weeds!* The prescribed address of a certain order of monks in meeting each other is: "*Il faut mourir, mon frere;*" and the regular response is: "*Oui, mon frere, il faut mourir!*" The "*il faut*" (the *must*) shows that Death naturally is anything but welcome. But since he *will* come, however unwelcome, and since he *may* come at an inconvenient season, when we are ill prepared for receiving him, should we not consider whether it may not be so ordered that death, instead of being met with reluctance, may be hailed as the harbinger of a blessed change? This very *alga* which has been under our consideration, when living in its submarine habitation, is but an ungainly weed; and when torn from its native rock, and exposed to the air, after being plunged in fresh-water, death ensues. Yet it is only then that its worth appears. Then only it becomes permanently beautiful, when it is clothed in the unchangeable loveliness of death. If death is to make a change for the better on thee, gentle reader, instead of saying mournfully, "We *must* die," are you not ready to say, "I would not live alway"—"willing rather"—yea, "having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." It was a mystery hid from ages, how the merciless king of terrors might be converted into a friend—how, by dying, the happiest and loveliest of human beings may become for ever unspeakably more happy and lovely. The mystery is over—the secret is divulged. The Volume of Inspiration reveals it. If thou believest in Jesus, the change which death effects is unspeakably for the better. The earthly house of this tabernacle dissolves; but thou shalt have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. "Thou shalt hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on thee, nor any heat; but he who is in the midst of the throne shall feed thee, and shall lead thee to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from thine eyes."

PICTURE OF A PILGRIMAGE.

(*From Cheever's "Pilgrim in the Shadow of the Jungfrau Alp."*)

EINSIEDELN constitutes the very head-quarters of the worship of the Virgin Mary. All day long, if you come into the region as we did, nigh about the season for the great annual worshipping festival or Virginal levee, you will meet pilgrims on the roads in every direction hurrying thither, or returning from the shrine; old men and robust peasants, maidens and little children, troops of old women telling their beads and repeating their prayers, as they tramp along the wet road, as if praying for a wager. What an intense, haggard zeal is depicted in some of their countenances! Their lips move, and they do not look at you, but hurry on undistracted from their great work; for they probably have a certain number of *aves* to repeat, or perhaps a bead roll of prayers so constructed, that if they miss one, they must go over the whole again from the beginning.

And is this religion? Is it *taught* for religion by beings who have heard of Jesus Christ, and of the Sacred Scriptures, and of the character of God? Is this the influence of the Virgin Mary upon the soul? Do men expect thus to climb to heaven? Pass on to the great building, the spacious Temple of the Virgin, and you will see. It is a vast and guady church within, a stately structure without, enshrining a black image of the Virgin, almost as black as ebony, which some believe came miraculously from heaven, as fully as ever the Ephesians believed in the heaven-descended character of the image of their great goddess Diana. This singular shrine is frequented by multitudes of penance-doing people, who go thither at the impulse of their anxious half-awakened consciences, under guidance of their priests, to deposit their offerings, perform their prayers, and quiet their souls with the hope, by Mary's help, of escaping unscathed both hell and purgatory.

The multitude of pilgrims is sometimes prodigious. When the anniversary festival of the miraculous consecration of the shrine comes on the Sabbath, it lasts fifteen days, and is a great collective jubilee. From every quarter the pilgrims flock, as to the opened gate of heaven. Here they may have pleasure by the way commuted for by light penances, or by the pilgrimage itself, indulgences for future pleasure, and pardons, unlimited, for sin. From the year 1820 to 1840, the number of pilgrims annually has been at an average of more than one hundred and fifty thousand. This vast concourse of strangers keeps the town and parish of Einsiedeln in a thriving business of inn-keeping, merchandise, and various light manufactures for the "Star of the Sea," the "Queen of Heaven." As of old the Ephesians made silver shrines for Diana, and by her worship got their own wealth, so the Einsiedelners make images, shrines, and pictures for Mary, and by this craft maintain a thrifty state. Around the great church in front and on each side, as well as in the village, are rows of stalls or shops for the sale of books, beads, pictures, images, and a thousand *knicknacks* in honour of the Virgin, and as a portable *Memoria Technica* of her worship. The pope's letter in her behalf makes appropriate display among all these treasures, and as it were fixes their value, just as the pontifical stamp coins money. It makes one's heart ache to see the mournful superstition of the people. Indeed the whole establishment of the Virgin in the Romish worship is one of the most prodigious transactions of spiritual fraud, one of the vastest pieces of forgery and speculation, in the history of our race. It is a great South Sea bubble of religious superstition, by which thousands make a fortune in this world, but millions make shipwreck of their souls for ever.

The pope and the priesthood are joint stockholders of a great bank in heaven, which they have reared on false capital, and of which they have appointed Mary the supreme and perpetual directress. So the pope and the priests issue their bills of credit on Mary, and for the people the whole concern is turned into a sort of savings' bank, where believers deposit their *ave marias*, their pilgrimages, their penances, their orisons and *acts of grace*, receiving now, for convenience in this world, drafts from the pope, and expecting to receive their whole reversionary fortune from Mary in paradise. If this be not as sheer, pure, unsophisticated a form of Paganism as the annals of Heathen mythology ever disclosed or perfected, we are at a loss to know what constitutes Paganism. The artful mixture of the Gospel scheme of redemption, and reference to it, in this Marianic system, makes it, if not a stronger poison, a far more subtle and dangerous delusion for the mind.

The Romish scheme, as here demonstrated, is a system of mediators and courts of appeal, which puts the soul as far as possible from the Great Mediator, and prevents all direct access to the fountain of a Saviour's blood. Here we have the pope accrediting the saints—the saints interceding with Mary—Mary interceding with Christ. The system in general, and Einsiedeln in particular, with the legendary literature and litanies connected with it, constitutes a great development of the common faith and literature of the middle ages, the idea of which, examined not in the common mind, but only in a few great intellects, has been in some quarters so applauded, even by professed Protestants. Ages of faith, forsooth, where true faith was rendered almost impossible, and all the life of the soul was one vast superstition!

In front of the great Einsiedeln Church there is a fountain with fourteen compartments or jets, at one of which the common people say and believe our Saviour drank, though when, or how, or by what possibility, it would puzzle the stanchest Judæus Apellas to tell. If this place were Sychar, nigh to the parcel of ground which Jacob gave to his son Joseph, or even if Einsiedeln were on the way to Egypt from the Holy Land, such a legend were more possibly accountable and admissible; but here in the Alpine Mountains, on the way from Schwytz to Zurich, no man can imagine how such a tradition came about. And yet the poor people believe it. I saw a peasant with the utmost gravity and reverence taking fourteen drinks in succession, in order that he might be sure he had got the right one; and probably all the more ignorant pilgrims do the same. Simultaneously with him, a flock of geese were drinking round the fountain, but with much more wit, to save the trouble of going the circuit, they dipped their splashing bill-cups in the reservoir below, into which all the fourteen jets pour their streams together, being sure that the contents of the sacred one must necessarily be there also.

And do you really think that a goose has so much sense? Do *you* think a *man* can have so much *folly?* I would answer: Which ought to be the greatest marvel—that a goose should conclude, since all the jets fall into the pool, that there can be no one jet the water of which is not there, or that a man should have so much sad and blind credulity, as to believe that Jesus Christ once drank there, and that if *he* drinks at the same jet, his *soul* will be benefited? Which, I ask, ought to be the greatest marvel? Is it not a folly almost incredible, almost equal to the mad enthusiasm of the tunic-worshippers at Treves, "Holy Coat, pray for us!" And what is to be said of a religion which, instead of endeavouring to cure people of their ignorance, just takes advantage of it, enshrining and maintaining in state every absurd phantasm that a frightened superstitious brain can coin? It is the veriest trickery, worthy of a Turkish santon, a religious jugglery, not half so respectable as that of Jannes and Jambres to cajole the common uneducated mind in this manner. And it passes one's comprehension how educated men, in other respects upright and honest, can connive at the cherishing of such lunacies among the people.

It is not merely the nature of these things as a curious system of superstitions that we wish to look at. The philosophic traveller desires to observe, and is bound to observe, their effect upon the character of the people—the manner in which they take hold of the mind—the sort of atmosphere which they form around the common heart and life of the multitude. This is one of the most curious and instructive investigations in all a man's journeyings in Europe, especially when he comes upon an enclosure into which the light and influences of the Reformation have never penetrated, and where Romanism, not having come in contact with systems or controversies that might shake the faith of its votaries, may be sounded in its depths in the souls invested with it. There is too much of a disposition to set down a Protestant traveller's notes on the Romish system as he sees it to the score of bigotry or religious prejudice. This is both unfair and unwise; for it tends to make travellers neglectful of observing the workings of foreign religious systems, or restricted and uncandid in giving their impressions to the public. There is nothing that a traveller ought to watch more closely, or report more fully and fairly, than the nature of these two things, religion and education, among the people where he journeys. What should we say if M. D. Tocqueville, in writing of us in America, had abstained from all notices and remarks on our religious system, because this would have rendered his book obnoxious to some, and distasteful to others, and might have injured its popularity and acceptableness? A man travels in Europe blindfold, who either does not observe, or neglects to record, the workings of the great religious system, or who sees it, not in its effects on the whole character of the people, or on common minds, but only in its festival ceremonies in gorgeous cathedrals. It is to be feared that many persons look upon Romanism only with the outward eye, and only in its outward observances, without attempting to trace its progress and its influence on the mind and in the heart.

I purchased and brought away with me several of the little images of the Virgin, which are sold in countless quantities for the use of worshippers. They look very much like the portable images of the household gods of Egypt, which I obtained several years ago while travelling in that country. They may lie on the same shelf in a man's cabinet of curiosities. And what a curious concatenation, after four thousand years, which brings the idolatry of the earliest Pagan system and that of the professedly Christian system, at the two extremes, so singularly together! Looking at these two sets of images, which a man may carry side by side in his trousers pocket, it is difficult to believe that there was one particle more or less of superstition and idolatry in the use of the one than of the other. For a poor peasant now may be as complete and unconscious an idolater of his "Star of the Sea," with the rude image which he carries in his pocket, or about his neck, as the ancient Egyptian peasant ever was of his Isis or Osiris. Indeed, the idolatry, whatever it be, which comes after Christianity, must, in some respects, be worse than that which preceded it.

I gathered likewise several of the little tracts issued at Einsiedeln concerning the Virgin, the shrine, and the pilgrimage, constituting the catechisms of the people, and revealing, better than anything else, the water-courses, so to speak, of the superstition in their hearts. One of these consists of Litanies for the invocation of the Virgin, with an incredible number and repetition of her titles, and accompanying prayers and supplications to her in all hours and circumstances of danger and distress, from the first moment of temptation to the hour of death and the day of judgment, with a depth of earnestness and even anguish of soul, that exhausts all the religious sentiment of our fallen nature. "O Virgin, Mother of God! in all our pains and tribulations come to our aid, and we will love and bless you to all eternity. Amen."

Another of these tracts consists of an ancient song upon the miraculous dedication of the Holy Chapel of the Virgin, which is said to have been visibly consecrated by our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of his most holy mother, the 14th of September, of the year 948. To this is added a long prayer to be said before the Holy Chapel or the Holy Image of our Lady, and a shorter prayer to be said before a portable image, by those who cannot serve the Virgin at her grand altar at Einsiedeln, for which last prayer two hundred days' indulgence are gained by gift of the pope. Three *pater nosters* and three *ave marias* answer instead of this prayer for those who do not know how to read. Then follows a prayer to St Meinrad, the first worshipper of the image, and a martyr in the chapel, addressed in the prayer as the *mignon* or dear one of Mary. St Meinrad is called upon to intercede with the "Almighty Mother, and to obtain for devout penitents the pardon of their sins, and the preservation of their bodies from all dangers, and their souls from damnation. In the supplication to the Virgin, the soul is represented as fleeing from the wrath of God, to be protected by her in the day of judgment; and the sinner renders up his last sigh into her hands, that his soul may praise her for ever in a blessed eternity.

O wide, and sad, and powerful delusion! To all this variety of expedients, to all these successive ranks of spiritual lawyers, men run with costly fees in their hands, rather than straight to Christ! All this stately apparatus of ages—altars and images with men adoring them, crosses on the garments, crosses about the neck, crosses by the road-side, and pilgrims kneeling at them; while the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, stands by unnoticed, and the voice, "Come unto me!" is never heard.

A SOUL SAVED.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that."

It was in the spring of 1827 that a good woman called on me, and said Mr —— was very ill and wished to see me. I had been suffering the whole day from illness, and really felt disqualified to go into a sick-room. I therefore begged the good woman to ask the Rev. Mr ——, the curate, to go. The next morning she called again, told me the clergyman had been there, but that the sick man was not satisfied, and would be glad if I would step over to see him. This affair greatly surprised me. I had known him for many years as a High Churchman, and a thorough-paced man of the world, who paid no regard to the Sabbath, and hated religious people. I considered it, of course, my duty to go, and the parable of the ten virgins came with power into mind. Well, I thought, here is a fulfilment of that part, "Then said the foolish, Give us of your oil." I entered his chamber, and found him indeed very ill. He looked at me with a vacant stare, which seemed to say, You know something which I ought to know, and wish to know, but I am ashamed to tell you how ignorant I am. I endeavoured, as he was an aged man, to treat him with respectful tenderness, and to convey instruction to his mind without putting him to confusion by asking questions which he could not answer. I learned that he could not read a word, although he had carried on a considerable business, and gained a decent property. He said, "When I was a boy, there were no Sabbath schools, and my father sent me to work all the week, and I had no opportunity to learn. I have felt the want of it a long time; but never so much as since I have been ill." "Then," I said, "as you cannot read the Bible yourself, you must take it on trust from others." He seemed to think there was a great deal to be learned and to be done before he should be fit to die. This was the impression uppermost in his mind, and I found him as teachable as a little child. I asked him if he felt himself a sinner? "Yes," he said, "I do feel myself to be a very great sinner; but I fear I do not feel it so much as I ought." "Can you pray?" "A very little," he said; "I ask God to forgive me, but I do not know whether I pray right." I replied: "It is a great mercy that God hears short prayers, if they come from the heart; and that the Bible gives many instances in which short prayers have been heard." I said, "You can say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" To my surprise, he clasped his hands together, and with great fervour cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Finding this prayer congenial to his feelings I continued, "Lord, save me, or I perish. Create in me a clean heart. Teach me thy way. Take away all iniquity, for Christ's sake." He repeated all I said, and after reading a portion of the good Word to him, and praying with him, I left him, encouraging him to try, when he was alone, to carry up his desires to God in those short sentences I had mentioned to him. "Yes," he said, "I will, I will try."

I saw him again in the evening of the same day; the interview of the morning had excited in my mind a deep interest on his behalf. I found that he had been praying at intervals through the day, and his wife told me that since I had visited him his temper seemed quite altered; that he was calm, and thankful for everything, whereas before nothing was right. I mentioned some texts of Scripture to him, and said, "They are in the Bible." I was much struck with his reply, "Yes, I dare say they are; I believe they are." Poor man! he had never read them, and never would. As his time seemed likely to be short, I confined my instructions to the three great points—man's ruin by sin; redemption by Christ Jesus; and regeneration by the power of the Holy Ghost.

His understanding was opened much more rapidly than I had expected. He felt himself a sinner, and that all about him was defiled; he bowed to the doctrine that man is born in sin, and that by nature he was evil, and only evil; he felt the truth of God which declares, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the Book of the Law to do them," and that he was under that curse—"that the wages of sin is death," and that his sins deserved all the wrath which God had threatened. When I told him that God had addressed sinners in such language as this: "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord," &c.; and again, that he had said, "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth," &c.; he was filled with admiration. "How good! how merciful!" he exclaimed. "Ah!" I said, "you did not know what precious things the Bible contained." "O no," he said, "I never desired to read before, but now I grieve that I did not learn to read. I might have read these good things myself." I then spoke to him of the person, glory, and sufferings of the Lord Jesus, and that this wonderful and glorious person died for sinners. "O what precious blood must that be which he shed! This blood cleanseth from all sin. Can you trust in Christ's blood to redeem your soul?" "Yes; I hope I can." I said, "If you believe—'he that believeth shall be saved.' Do you understand what faith is?" I found he was not prepared to answer, and therefore said, "Just now I mentioned to you, 'As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner,' &c.,—you think that is in the Bible?" "O! yes; I am sure it is." "But you cannot read—how can you be sure?" "You told me so, and I am sure you would not deceive me." "Then," I replied, "you believe I speak the truth: that is faith in me; but the great point of that text is, 'As I live, *saith the Lord*.' To believe what God speaks, is faith in God; and that alone can relieve you. God has said that there is no hope for any sinner out of Christ, but that every sinner may be saved by casting the burden of his sins on Christ. When you, seeing that you cannot save yourself, flee to Christ, and trust wholly to him for salvation, you believe on him." I asked him if he had ever heard that declaration of the Lord Jesus, "Ye must be born again; except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God?" He did not know that he had. "Yet this is as true as the promises." I endeavoured to show the nature and necessity of this change, and the Lord was pleased to give him so quickly to understand and desire it, that I could not but hope the good Spirit was indeed working on his mind. I said before he was as teachable as a little child, and I could not but believe that the same Spirit which imparted a teachable mind, communicated understanding to the simple.

He looked for my visits more than for his necessary food or medicine, and I was constrained to witness the most unequivocal and unbounded evidence of love in one to whom, before, I should scarcely have given credit for natural affection. Such wonders grace can do!

During the last interview I had with him, I took some pains to obtain satisfaction as to his views and feelings. I mentioned to him the dying testimony of an aged Christian: "I know in whom I have believed," &c. I explained that passage to him, and endeavoured to set before him the near approach of that hour in which his soul would be separate from the body, and stand before the judgment-seat. After a short time I said, "Now suppose you were just dying, in full possession of your reason, and with those views of the value of your never-dying soul, and the unutterable importance of trusting it in safe hands. You are anxious to leave your earthly property in safe hands, but what is that compared with your soul? Do you know any being to whom, if dying, you could commit your soul?" With an expression and manner which spoke far more forcibly than words, he replied, "To the Lord Jesus Christ." "Yes," I said, "take fast hold of that; and remember the words of the dying martyr: 'Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit.'" He looked up towards heaven and said, "Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit." I said, "Farewell! I am going from home for a few days, and perhaps I may never see you again; but I shall think of you when absent, and commit you to the Lord Jesus, and though you will not see me, Jesus will be near, and he alone can help, and save, and bless you." He expressed his thankfulness for my attention to him, and said he never was happy before he knew these things. On my return, I found he was gone into eternity; that the few days he lived after my departure, he had been calm and resigned; and that he held fast hold of that truth, "Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit," and that these were almost his last words.

O blessed Gospel! that can thus suit the desperate condition of a poor guilty creature. O blessed power of the Spirit! which can rise above all obstacles, and convey life and light, and peace and joy, to a ruined, guilty, ignorant, miserable man!

JOHN NEWTON'S TABLE-TALK.

I TRIED to make crooked things straight, till I have made these knuckles sore, and now I must leave it to the Lord.

If I want a man to fly, I must lend him wings; and if I would successfully enforce moral duties, I must advance *Evangelical motives*.

I should have thought mowers very idle people, but they work while they whet their scythes. So devotedness to God, whether it mows or whets its scythe, still goes on with its work.

My course of study, like that of the surgeon, has principally consisted in walking in the hospital.

My principal method of defeating heresy, is that of establishing the truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares; now, if I can fill it first with wheat, I will defy his attempts.

A Christian in the world is like a man who has a long intimacy with one who, at length, he finds out was the murderer of his father, and the intimacy ceases.

We are surprised at the fall of a famous professor; but in the sight of God that man was gone before—it is only we that have now discovered it.

The devil told a lie when he said, "All these things are mine, and to whomsoever I will shall I give them." For if he had the disposal of preferments, you and I, brother C——, should soon be dignitaries.

If an angel were sent to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity, but perhaps a cripple in the poor-house, whom the parish wish dead, but humbled before God by far lower thoughts of himself than others think of him.

If two angels came down from heaven to execute a divine command, and one was appointed to conduct an empire, and another to sweep a street, they would feel no inclination to change employments.

I have many books that I cannot sit down to read. They are indeed good and sound, but, like halfpence, there goes a great quantity to little amount. There are silver books, and a few golden books, but I have one book worth more than all, called the Bible; and that is a book of bank notes.

CHILDREN—THE LESSONS WHICH THEY TEACH.

Poor children! they bring and teach us, human beings, more good than they get in return! How often does the infant, with its soft cheek and helpless hand, awaken a mother from worldliness and egotism to a whole world of a new and higher feeling! How often does the mother repay this, by doing her best to wipe off, even before the time, the dew and fresh simplicity of childhood, and make her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as *she* has been.

The hardened heart of the worldly man is unlocked by the guileless tones and simple caresses of his son; but he repays it in time, by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks, and hard ways, and callous maxims which have undone himself.

Go to the jail, to the penitentiary, and find there the wretch most sullen, brutal, and hardened—then look at your infant son. Such as he is to you, such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was soft and delicate—that rough voice was tender and lisping—fond eyes followed him as he played—and he was rocked and cradled as something holy. There was a time when his heart, soft and unworn, might have opened to questionings of God, and Jesus, and been sealed with the seal of Heaven. But harsh hands seized it, fierce goblin lineaments were impressed upon it, and all is over with him for ever!

So of the tender, weeping child is made the callous, heartless man—of the all-believing child, the sneering sceptic—of the beautiful and modest, the shameless and abandoned; and this is what the world does for the little one.

There was a time when the *Divine One* stood on earth, and little children sought to draw near to him. But harsh human beings stood between him and them, forbidding their approach. Ah! has it not been always so? Do not even we, with our hard and unsubdued feelings—our worldly and unscriptural habits and maxims—stand like a dark screen between our little child and its Saviour, and keep, even from the choice bud of our hearts, the sweet radiance which might unfold it for paradise? "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," is still the voice of the Son of God; but the cold world still closes around and forbids. When of old, the disciples would question their Lord of the higher mysteries of his kingdom, he took a little child and set him in the midst, as a sign of him who should be greatest in heaven. That gentle teacher still remains to us. By every hearth and fire-side, Jesus still sets the little child in the midst of us!

Wouldst thou know, O parent, what is that faith which unlocks heaven! Go not to wrangling polemics, but draw to thy bosom thy little one, and read in that clear, trusting eye the lessons of eternal life. Be only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is done! Blessed shalt thou be, indeed—"a little child shall lead thee!"

PEACE AT HOME.

It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house, a cheerful house as a warm house, an orderly house as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weaknesses, as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as well as each other's health; each other's comfort, as well as each other's character? Oh! it is by leaving the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that so many houses are unhappy. It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous and forbearing, and patient in a neighbour's house. If anything go wrong, or be out of time, or disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show that it is not felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not to design: and this is not only easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home, but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic society. A husband, as willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in his neighbour's house, and a wife, as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family, as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy. Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim about allowances for temper. It is worse than folly to refer to our temper, unless we could prove that we ever gained anything good by giving way to it. Fits of ill humour punish us quite as much, if not more, than those they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain to give them up, than would be requisite to avoid them.—*Philip.*

CHRIST AND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. HORATIUS BONAR, KELSO.

"I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed."—GEN. iii. 15.

CHRIST and the world are *opposites*. They are not merely *different*, but they are as utterly opposed to each other as day is to night—as heaven is to hell. The one presents a perfect and irreconcilable contrast to the other. "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial?"—2 Cor. vi. 14, 15. All, then, who belong to Christ must be totally opposed to those who belong to the world. They are not only different from the men of the world, but they are utterly opposed to them; they form a contrast so marked and so decided, that any union between the two is impossible. "Ye are from beneath; I am from above: ye are of this world; I am not of this world."—John viii. 23. "We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness."—1 John v. 19. Their principles are not the same, their motives are not the same, their feelings are not the same, their prospects are not the same, their tastes are not the same, their habits are not the same, their joys and sorrows are not the same, their hopes and fears are not the same!—all, all are different. As the feelings, the tastes, the joys of angels, are different from those of devils; so are the feelings, the tastes, the joys of the saints, different from those of the men of this world. The prince of this world and his subjects are at one. "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do."—John viii. 44. It follows, then, that if the world be at one with Satan, it must be the enemy of Christ and of all that are his. It is of great importance to fix this truth in the mind, as many, if not all, of the mistakes of men on the subject of conformity to the world have arisen from overlooking the impassable distinction, the irreconcilable contrast, between Christ and the world, as well as between all who are Christ's and all who belong to the world.

If, then, ye are on Christ's side, you must consider that your posture is one of entire *opposition* to the world. You must remember that there must be no compromise and no concealment of your opposition to the world. There must be no alliance, no half-measures, no truce with the world. There must be open warfare. Christ expects this from you. He expects you to come out of the world.—2 Cor. vi. 17. He expects you to be quite different from the world.—Rom. xii. 2. He expects you to be crucified to the world.—Gal. vi. 14. He expects you to oppose the world.—James iv. 4. He expects you to testify against the world.—John vii. 7. He expects you to overcome the world.—1 John v. 4. He expects you to be, in all things, exactly what he himself was in the world.—1 John iv. 17. These things Christ expects from all who are called by his name. He expects that you will always, on all occasions, and in all society, take his side, not the world's. And as Christ and the world are enemies, you must choose a side. You cannot remain silent—you cannot remain neutral. Wherever your Saviour went, he always testified for his Father, and he expects you to do the same for him. Followers of the Lamb, will ye not do this? Will ye shrink from this? Will ye be ashamed of the cross—afraid to avow your Master? What! Is the world's friendship so precious, that for it you would be content to lose the friendship of your beloved Lord? What! Are the world's smiles so attractive, that for them you can forego the smile of your Father? Are the world's pleasures so sweet, its glories so dazzling, that for them you would fling away the joys of the kingdom—the glories of the unfading crown?

But what is the world of which we speak, and of which so much is spoken in Scripture? It is called by various names. It is called the seed of the serpent—the children of the devil—children of wrath; in short, it is composed of all *unconverted* men. All who are not saints, holy ones, Christ's flock, Christ's disciples, the elect—all who are not born again, belong to the *world*. It is, then, against the principles, the habits, the pleasures, the lusts, the sins of these, that we are to testify. The "course of this world," as the apostle calls it, we are to renounce, and the life and conversation of all who walk according to that course we are to condemn. We are to keep ourselves unspotted from the world—to hate even the garments spotted by the flesh; we are not to touch the unclean thing, lest thereby we should be ourselves defiled, and countenance sinners in their sin. Even if we get no harm ourselves, yet if we, by partaking, encourage a sinner to go on in any amusement which, however innocent in itself, is yet leading him to neglect higher concerns, then that is *sin* to us, and we are, in some measure, guilty of a fellow-sinner's blood.

But let us speak more at large of the world's amusements and pleasures. They are such as suit the tastes of carnal, unconverted men. And what would we think of a Christian who had any sympathy in these tastes? Is not the fact of a man's *relishing* the world's pleasures a sufficient proof that he belongs to the world, and that he is no Christian? Is not the fact of a man's having *a taste* for the theatre, or cards, or balls, a sufficient proof that his tastes are those of the world, and not those of Christ—that he is, in truth, an *unconverted* man, or, at the best, a miserable backslider? But it is said they are innocent amusements. Innocent! And will a man, calling himself a Christian, dare to say that he will spend hours, ay, even one hour, in that of which all that can be said is, that it is innocent? Dare a Christian do anything which is not *profitable*, in some way, either to himself or to others? Innocent! These amusements are just Satan's wiles to lead souls to forget eternity. Is it not an awful truth that, at this moment, thousands and tens of thousands of souls are, by these very amusements, led luring on to perdition, blinded to their immortal welfare? Innocent! They are the means employed for expelling God from the affections, and keeping him out of the soul. Are not these pleasures, innocent as they may be called, just the flowers which Satan strews in the sinner's path to adorn the way to hell? What a handle Satan does make of the word *innocent!*—thereby showing us that it is in the *apparent innocence* of these amusements that the deadly poison lies. Were they openly noxious, they would not really be so pernicious and so fatal. The seeming harmlessness is the fatality of the spell!

In no case does Satan so completely triumph as when he can get professing Christians to countenance the world in their amusements. Then the poor, deluded world is hopelessly ensnared. Its only hope was, that Christians would lift up their voice against its vanities, and thereby save it from ruin. Satan's fear was, that some bold Christian voice would sound an alarm, and mar his deadly plot. But now his triumph is complete! His endeavour to ruin souls has been fearfully seconded. And by whom? By one who names the name of Christ. And there is yet worse than this. Satan has sometimes persuaded not only private Christians, but *ministers of the Gospel*, to sit down by the world's side, and take part in its pleasures. This is the consummation of his hellish craft. A minister of Christ going to the theatre, attending balls, or sitting down to cards with the world, against whom he is called to testify! What would an apostle say to this? For any Christian, or Christian minister, to countenance the world in that which is leading them away from God, is to share in their sin and to be guilty of their blood.

But is it wrong to engage in a thing which is not of itself decidedly sinful? In answer, we would say, that even admitting that some of these amusements are not actually in themselves sinful, yet

1. A thing which is harmless in itself, becomes sinful when it excludes things of greater moment, and more immediate concern. The world's pleasures do this, and are, therefore, to be condemned.

2. A thing may not only be harmless, but even lawful, and yet we may have no *time* for it. Other things may have a stronger claim upon our time. When our time is limited, we are not to consider what is merely lawful, but what is of most importance. The concerns of our souls must, therefore, occupy our first attention. Till they are fully settled, we are not at liberty to attend to any things whose only claim is that they are harmless. It is a positive sin to engross our attention with lower things, while higher things are unsettled. It is, therefore, a positive sin, in any one, to follow the world's pleasures till he has made sure of the salvation of his soul. This consideration supersedes much vain arguing about the fancied innocence of worldly pleasures. A Christian has no *time* for it, even had he the *taste*. And if a Christian has no *time* for it, how much less has a man of the world—an unpardoned sinner!

3. Any amusement which is decidedly *the world's amusement*, ought to be avoided by a Christian. Even if it were harmless, even if he had time for it, yet the fact of its being the world's favourite amusement is enough to make a Christian willing to forego it. Card-playing and dancing are instances of this. Even were they innocent, yet since the world has appropriated them, a saint ought not to indulge in them. Touch not the unclean thing. Love

not the world, neither the things of the world. Garments *spotted by the flesh* are to be hated.

These things may be helpful in settling the minds of some who are too apt, from circumstances, to be led away from their stedfastness and circumspection. In these days we need "to walk in wisdom towards them that are without"—we need to manifest to all around what a Christian really is.

There is too little tenderness of conscience—there is too much conformity to the world—there is too little close walking with God—there is too much compromise of our principles as saints; hence the necessity for being called upon to "watch and to keep our garments." And it may be, that the Spirit may bless these few abrupt remarks for leading some to ask if they are really living separate from the world—if they are really acting and speaking as witnesses for Christ before a crooked and perverse generation.

THE PROFLIGATE'S DREAM.*

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

What are dreams? To this question, so often so earnestly asked, there never yet has, most probably never will be, a satisfactory answer given. It is one which seems most particularly to rouse the *inquisitiveness* of human nature, and has, accordingly, drawn forth from a thousand minds a thousand speculations and hypotheses. Some clever and ingenious—many more inanely silly than ever was *dream* of a half-wakened idiot.

To these I have no intention of adding one, good or bad. I am content to observe, that while Judgment sleeps, Imagination wakes; and relieved from the surveillance of her staid sister, she revels amidst the inexhaustible stores of ideas which she finds in the mind; and seizing these in heterogeneous handfuls, she thrusts them into her kaleidoscope, and then forces the helpless and unresisting soul to gaze at the sometimes gorgeous and bewitching, sometimes hideous and appalling, scenery she has thus created.

Who can wonder if, amidst the interminable combinations thus produced, a little truth should sometimes mingle? or if, in the endless wheelings of the phantasmagoria, they should occasionally assume the attitude of the future, as well as of the past? Nay, which of us, whose mental vision is bounded to each successive point of our own existence, shall venture to assert, that these combinations are not at times *permitted*, if not ordained, by "Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being?"

Whether my readers shall think these ideas confirmed or otherwise by the following dream, I do not know—nor, in very truth, do I much care, since it is not for the purpose of supporting any preconceived theory that I relate it here, but merely as a most uncommon instance of continuity of purpose and of imagery in a dream, and a graphic force of delineation, that might almost suit it for the subject of a drama; and let my readers rest assured that the dream *was dreamt*, and that the descendants of the *dreamer's* relatives are among the most wealthy and respected families in Glasgow.

About ninety years ago, there was in Glasgow a club of gentlemen of the first rank in that city, for the meetings of which card-playing was the ostensible cause and purpose; but the members of which were distinguished by such a fearless and boundless excess of profligacy, especially in the orgies of this Club, as to obtain for it the cognomen of "*The Hell Club.*" They gloried in the name they had given or acquired for themselves, and nothing that the most unrestrained licentiousness could do to merit it was left untried.

Whether the aggregate of vice be greater or less in the present age than in the one gone by, I am not prepared to decide; but of this I am certain, that among the upper and middle ranks of society, it is forced to wear a more decorous disguise; for assuredly, in this our day, habitual drunkenness and shameless license dare not prank themselves forth in the eyes of all beholders, as if they thought they derived a glorious distinction from conduct too degrading for the brute creation. Still less would such men be now unhesitatingly received into the best society—that of cultivated, refined, and virtuous women—as if they were indeed the "fine fellows" they chose to call themselves.

Perhaps it may be that vices—those diseases of the soul—run a round, like the diseases of the body; and some rage with virulence in one age or period, and die away only to give place to others that succeed to their devastating prevalence and energy.

But I have wandered from the Club. Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held a grand annual Saturnalia, at which each member endeavoured to "outdo all his former outdoings" in the united forms of drunkenness, blasphemy, and unbridled license. Of all who shone on these occasions, none shone half so brilliant as Archibald Boyle. But, alas! the light that dazzled in him was *not* "light from heaven," but from that dread abode which gave name and energy to the vile association destined to prove his ruin—ruin for time and eternity!

Archibald Boyle had been at one time a youth of the richest promise—possessed of the most dazzling talents and most fascinating manners. No acquirement was too high for his ability; but, unfortunately, *there was none too low for his ambition!* Educated by a fond, foolishly indulgent mother, he too early met in society with members of the "Hell Club." His elegance, wit, unbounded *gaieté de cœur*, and versatility of talent, united to the gifts of fortune, made him a most desirable victim to them; and a victim and a slave, glorying in his bondage, he very quickly became. Long ere he could count twenty-five as his years, he was one of the most accomplished blackguards it could number on its lists; even his very talents—those glorious gifts of God—but served to endow him with the power of being more exquisitely wicked! What to him were heaven, hell, or eternity? Words, mere words, that to him served no purpose, but to point his blasphemous wit, or nerve his execrations! What glory to him, *the immortal spirit!* was there, equal to that of hearing himself pronounced "the very life of the Club!" Alas! there was none; for the moment the immortal spirit so far forgets the Giver of its immortality as to plunge headlong into the midnight of vice, its moral vision becomes so distorted, that its deepest degradation is hailed as its utmost glory, even as the wretched lunatic devours the most revolting filth, and calls it a delicacy!

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* This most remarkable narrative, from the pen of a lady whose contributions have enriched several periodicals, was published some years ago, and, we have reason to believe, has, in several instances, been blessed to the awakening of hardened sceptics.

Yet, strange to say, while all within—all in the empire of that heart "out of which are the issues of life"—was thus festering in corruption, he retained all his very remarkable beauty of face and person, all his external elegance and fascination of manner; and more extraordinary still, continued an acknowledged favourite in the fairest and purest female society of the day.

One night, or morning, on retiring to sleep, after returning from one of those annual meetings of the Club, to which I have already alluded, Boyle dreamt that, mounted as usual upon his famous black horse, he was still riding towards his own house—then a country seat embowered by ancient trees, and situated upon a hill now built over by the most fashionable part of Glasgow—and that he was suddenly accosted by some one, whose personal appearance the gloom of night prevented his more than indistinctly discerning, but who, seizing the reins, said, in a voice apparently accustomed to command, "You must go with me." "And who are you?" exclaimed Boyle, with a volley of blasphemous execrations, while he struggled o disengage his reins from the intruder's grasp; *That* you will see by-and-by," replied the same oice, in a cold sneering tone, that thrilled his ery heart stream. Boyle plunged the spurs' owels deep into the panting sides of his hitherto nfoiled and unfailing steed. The noble animal eared, staggered, and then suddenly darted orward with a speed that nearly deprived his rider of breath and sensation; but in vain, in vain! fleeter than the wind he flew—the mysterious, half-seen guide, was still before! Agonized, by he knew not what, of indescribable horror and awe, Boyle again furiously spurred the gallant horse. It fiercely reared and plunged—he lost his seat, and expected at the moment to feel himself dashed to the earth. But not so; for he continued to fall—fall—fall—it appeared to himself with an ever accelerating velocity. At length, this appalling rapidity of motion abated, and to his amazement and horror, he perceived that his mysterious attendant was close by his side. "Where," he exclaimed, with the frantic energy of despair, "where are you taking me—where am I—where am I going?" "To hell," replied the same iron voice, and from the depths below, sullen interminable echoes repeated the sound so familiar to his lips, so stunning *now* to his scared and conscience-smitten ear.

"To hell," onward, onward, they hurried in darkness, rendered more horribly dark by the conscious presence of his spectral conductor. At length, a glimmering light appeared in the distance, and soon increased to a blaze; but, as they approached it, instead of the hideously discordant groans and yells he expected to hear, his ears were assailed with every imaginable sound of music, mirth, and jollity. They soon reached an arched entrance, of such stupendous magnificence and beauty, that all the grandeur of this world seemed in comparison even as the frail and dingy labours of the poor earth-born mole. Within it, what a scene! No amusement, no employment or pursuit of man, is there to be found on earth, which was not going on there with a vehemence which excited his unutterable wonder.

There the young and lovely still swam in the giddy mazes of the midnight dance. There the bounding steed still bore his far more brutal and senseless rider through the excitements of the goaded race. There the intemperate still drawled, over the midnight bowl, the wanton song or maudlin blasphemy. There toiled the slaves of Mammon, and, grinding their bitter task of seeking THROUGH ETERNITY for *useless* gold! confessed that their insatiate thirst of it on earth had indeed been but the apprenticeship of hell! And there the gambler plied his endless game: while, as if in utter mockery of their unremitting toil, there sparkled and blazed around such a flood of gem-like light, and all that we, poor children of the dust, call magnificence, as for a time quite dazzled and confounded his senses.

He at length perceived that he was surrounded by those whom he had known on earth, and knew to have been long dead, and each one of them he saw pursuing the employment or object that had engrossed their time here—time *lent them* to prepare for a far different scene!

Suddenly observing that his unearthly conductor had disappeared, he felt so relieved by his absence, that he ventured to address his former friend, Mrs D——, whom he saw sitting, as was her wont on earth, absorbed at loo. "Ha, Mrs D——! delighted to see you; d'ye know a fellow told me to-night he was bringing me to hell!—ha, ha! If *this* be hell, I can only say it is the most *devilish* pleasant place I ever was in—ha, ha! Come now, my good Mrs D——, for auld langsyne, do just stop from your game for a moment, rest, and ———." "*Chaperon me through the pleasures of hell,*" the scoffer would have said; but with a shriek that seemed to cleave through his very soul, she exclaimed, "REST! there is NO rest in hell!" and from interminable vaults, voices as of many thunders prolonged and repeated the awful, the heart-withering sound, "THERE IS NO REST IN HELL!"

She hastily unclasped the vest of her gorgeous robe, and displayed to his scared and shuddering eye, a coil of fiery living snakes—"the worm that never dies"—*the worm of envy, spite, and malignity towards our fellow-men*—wreathing, darting, stinging, in her bosom; the others followed her example, and in every bosom there was a hell-devised punishment. In some he saw bare and throbbing hearts, on which distilled slow drops, as it were, of fiery molten metal, under which, consuming, yet ever unconsumed, they writhed, and palpitated in all the impotence of helpless, hopeless agony. And every scalding drop was a tear of hopeless anguish, wrung by selfish, heartless villany, from the eye of injured innocence on earth.

In every bosom he saw that which we have no language to describe—no ideas horrid enough even to conceive; for in all he saw the full-grown fruit of the fiend-sown seed of evil passions, voluntarily nourished in the human soul, during its mortal pilgrimage here; and in all he saw them lashed and maddened by the serpent-armed hand

"Of Despair;
——— For hell were *not* hell
If Hope had ever entered there!"

And they laughed, for they had laughed on earth at all there is of good and holy. And they sang—profane and blasphemous songs sang they! for they had often done so on earth, at the very hour God claims as his own—the still and midnight hour! And he who walked among them in a mortal frame of flesh and blood, felt how inexpressibly more horrible such sounds could be than ever was the wildest shriek of agony!

"These are the *pleasures* of hell," again assailed his ear, in the same terrific and apparently interminable roll of unearthly sound. He rushed away; but as he fled, he saw those whom he knew to have been dead for thousands of years still employed as they had been on earth, toiling through their eternity of sin; their *choice* on earth became their *doom* in hell!

He saw Maxwell, the former companion of his own boyish profligacy, mounted on a steed fleeter than any of earthly mould, still pursuing the headlong chace. "Stop, Harry! stop, speak to me! O rest one moment!" Scarce had the words been breathed from his faltering lips, when again his terror-stricken ear was stunned with the same wild yell of agony, re-echoed by ten thousand thousand voices: "THERE IS NO REST IN HELL!"

He tried to shut his eyes; he found he could not. He threw himself down, but the pavement of hell, as with a living and instinctive movement, rejected him from its surface; and, forced upon his feet, he found himself compelled to gaze with still increasing intensity of horror at the ever-changing, yet ever-steady torrent of eternal torment. And this was hell!—the scoffer's jest—the byword of the profligate!

All at once he perceived that his unearthly conductor was once more by his side. "Take me," shrieked Boyle, "take me from this place; by the living God, whose name I have so often outraged, I adjure thee, take me from this place!"

"Canst thou still name his name?" said the fiend, with a hideous sneer; "go then; but—*in a year and a day*, WE meet, to part no more!"

Boyle awoke; and he felt as if the last words of the fiend were traced in letters of living fire upon his heart and brain. Unable, from actual bodily ailment, to leave his bed for several days, the horrid vision had full time to take effect upon his mind; and many were the pangs of tardy remorse and ill-defined terror that beset his vice-stained soul, as he lay in darkness and seclusion, to him so very unusual.

He resolved, utterly and for ever, to forsake "The Club." Above all, he determined that nothing on earth should tempt him to join the next annual *Saturnalia*.

The companions of his licentiousness soon flocked around him; and finding that his deep dejection of mind did not disappear with his bodily ailments, and that it arose from some cause which disinclined him from seeking or enjoying their accustomed orgies, they became alarmed with the idea of losing "the life of the Club," and they bound themselves by an oath never to desist till they had discovered what was the matter with him, and cured him of *playing the Methodist;* for their alarm as to losing "the life of the Club" had been wrought up to the highest pitch, by one of their number declaring that, on unexpectedly entering Boyle's room, he detected him in the act of hastily hiding a book, which he actually believed was the Bible!

Alas! alas! had poor Boyle possessed sufficient true moral courage, and dignity of mind, *not* to have hidden the Bible, or whatever other book he chose to read, how different might have been the result!

After a time, one of his compeers, more deeply cunning than the rest, bethought himself of assuming an air of the deepest disgust with the world, the Club, and the mode of life they had been pursuing. He affected to seek Boyle's company in a mood of congenial melancholy, and to sympathize in all his feelings. Thus he succeeded in betraying him into a much misplaced confidence as to his dream, and the effect it had produced upon his mind. The result may readily be guessed. His confidence was betrayed—his feelings of repentance ridiculed; and it will easily be believed, that he who "hid the Bible" had not nerve to stand the ribald jests of his profligate companions on such a subject.

I cannot trace the progress, and would not, if I could. Suffice it to say, that, virtuous resolutions once broken—prayers once offered, *voluntarily* called back by sin from the throne of Heaven—*all was lost!* yet not lost without such a fell struggle between the spirit of good and of evil as wrung the colour from his young cheek, and made him, ere the year was done, a haggard and a grey-haired man!

From the annual meeting he shrunk with an instinctive and shuddering horror, and made up his mind *utterly to avoid it*. Well aware of this resolve, his tempters determined he should have no choice. How potent, how active, is the spirit of evil! How feeble is unassisted, *unprayerful* man! Boyle found himself, he could not tell how, seated at that table on that very day, where he had sworn to himself a thousand and a thousand times nothing on earth should make him sit!

His ears tingled, and his eyes swam, as he listened to the opening sentence of the president's address: "Gentlemen, this is leap-year, therefore it is *a year and a day* since our last annual meeting!"

Every nerve in Boyle's body twanged in agony at the ominous, the well-remembered words. His first impulse was to rise and fly; but then—*the sneers! the sneers!*

How many in this world, as well as poor Boyle, have sold their souls to the dread of a sneer, and dared the wrath of an almighty and eternal God, rather than encounter the sarcastic curl of a fellow-creature's lip!

He was more than ever plied with wine, applause, and every other species of excitement, but in vain. His mirth, his wit, were like the lurid flashes from the bosom of a brooding thunder-cloud, that pass and leave it all darker than before; and his laugh sounded fiendish even to the evil ears that heard it.

The night was gloomy, with frequent and fitful gusts of chill and howling wind, as Boyle, with fevered nerves and a reeling brain, mounted his horse to return home.

The following morning the well-known black steed was found, with saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing on the road-side about half-way to Boyle's country-house, and a few yards from it lay the stiffened corpse of its master!

ON DEATH.

It is a *solemn* thing to die—
To sever every earthly tie;
To watch the blooming cheeks grow pale;
To mark the sinking vigour fail;
To count the pulse, which, faint and slow,
Tells of the closing scene below;
To feel eternity draw nigh—
It is a *solemn* thing to die!

It is a *fearful* thing to die
The death of a sinner's agony—
A prayerless heart—no voice to plead—
Thick darkness, and no hand to lead;
To see beyond the open grave
No star of hope—no arm to save—
No ear for his despairing cry—
It is a *fearful* thing to die.

It is a *blessed* thing to die—
To know no sin, no tear, no sigh;
To pass into a world of light,
Where faith itself is lost in sight;
To leave a world of pain and strife;
To find an entrance into life;
To see our Saviour eye to eye—
It is a *blessed* thing to die.

ANON.

ABRAHAM'S TREE.

BY JOHN KITTO, D.D.

In the 10th chapter of Genesis we read, that after Abraham had parted from Lot, he moved his camp to various parts of Canaan, and at length settled, as it proved, for a considerable period "among the terebinths (or as some make it, "the oaks") of Mamre," near to Hebron.—Verse 18. The word rendered here by "terebinths," is unhappily given as "plain" (margin, "plains") in the authorized version. Again, at the commencement of the 18th chapter, we read "the Lord appeared to Abraham among the terebinths of Mamre," where the common version again has "plains." It is clear that trees are intended; and the only question among the learned is, whether they were oaks or terebinth trees. The general opinion of Hebrew critics is for the latter; and with this we concur, but without deeming the matter so clear as to preclude the possibility of oaks being intended. Among these trees it is manifest that there was one with which Abraham's own tent was more immediately connected, and it must have been conspicuous and remarkable; for the patriarch invites the three angels, who visited him in the guise of wayfaring men, to repose themselves "under *the tree;*" and we are afterwards told that "he stood near them under *the tree*, and they did eat."—Gen. xviii. 1, 8. This tree is brought forward more prominently by Josephus. In speaking of Abraham's abode here, he intimates that the tree, which he calls an oak, was so distinct and important, that it could be, and was, indicated definitely as "the oak Ogyges" (Antiquities, i. 10, 4); and further on he designates it, in connection with the visit of the gels, as "the oak of Mamre." In this he follows Septuagint, which also call the tree an oak. In history of a long subsequent age, speaking of the cent of Simon of Gerasa upon Hebron, the histon points out the great antiquity of the city, and tes, that about six stadia from it, was to be seen a ge turpentine tree, commonly repeated to be as old the creation of the world.—De Bell. Jud. iv. 9, 7. does not intimate whether he supposed it the me as Abraham's tree; but the probability is that, he had just before been alluding to the residence Abraham there, he intended to indicate the tree hich was in his time regarded as the tree of the triarch. It is true that, as we have before seen, had called Abraham's tree an oak, and that which here speaks of is a terebinth. But this confusion the terms oak and terebinth reigns in all the counts of Abraham's tree, from the earliest reports wn to our own time. This arose probably from e doubt which still exists, whether the original ebrew word means an oak or a terebinth; and in the rly notices this is so perplexing as to create a susicion that were there actually two great trees in and bout the first centuries of the Christian era—one an ak, and the other a terebinth—the rather as one set f traditions rests the claim of the tree to veneration pon the ground of its marking the residence of Abraam, and the place where he entertained the angels; hile another pretends that the tree grew from a taff which one of the angels left sticking in the round. These two traditions are so irreconcilable, f understood in reference to the same tree, that it eems next to impossible that one of them should ave arisen while the other existed; but they are uite intelligible if two trees are understood. Without attempting to settle this point, we may proceed to state, that the early ecclesiastical writers afford several notices of Abraham's tree, which they tell us was in their time, and long had been famous for a great fair, or gathering of merchants—the greatest in Palestine. It was at this fair, under the tree of their great ancestor, that the captive Jews were, after the war of Hadrian, offered for sale in such great numbers that the market was glutted, and, as had been predicted by one of old, "no man would buy them."—Deut. xxviii. 68. The tree also became the scene of superstitions so gross, and so strongly tending towards idolatry, that in the time of Constantine the Government interfered to correct these abuses. This was accomplished by Eusebius, the celebrated bishop of Cæsarea, who is the first Christian writer who speaks distinctly of the tree and the traditions connected with it. Jerome mentions it several times, and in such a way as to require some attention to reconcile his statements. In one place he speaks of it incidentally, as still subsisting; but in another, he says that it had perished in the time of the Emperor Theodosius. These two contradictory passages are reconciled by another, in which he informs us that "the cellulæ, or little rooms, of Sarah, which were her nursery for Isaac, and the *vestiges* (vestigia) of the oak under which Abraham saw the day of Christ and was glad," were still in his time visited as objects of veneration. It is probable that these remains of the ruined tree did not last much longer, and that the honourable traditions connected with it were transferred to some other large tree that grew hard by. Now, after some interval, we find ecclesiastical writers and travellers speaking of Abraham's tree as still existing and flourishing. The old confusion of names is still kept up—some speaking of it as an oak, and some as a terebinth, but usually the latter. This, in the case of those who actually saw the tree, we can only account for, by supposing that, being diffident of their botanical knowledge, they called it by the name given to Abraham's tree by the authorities on which they chiefly relied; and preferably a terebinth, because the Vulgate gives that name to the tree of Mamre. That which now exists is an oak; but still of a species sufficiently different from those familiarly known to most Europeans to make them hesitate to contradict the authorities which pronounced Abraham's tree to have been a terebinth, which would be still more difficult to those who believed, as was generally the case, that the tree was identically the same that flourished over Abraham's tent. What is the age of the present tree cannot, with any certainty, be said. It is, undoubtedly, the same which travellers have, for many centuries past, spoken of as the tree of Abraham; as, from its great size, and the slow growth of the species, it is not improbable that the tree may be the immediate successor of that of which Jerome speaks. This is an antiquity sufficiently venerable; and we incline to think that it cannot be far from the site of the former tree; because there is, close by it, a well with which the name and memory is also connected; and wells are more durable even than trees.

Until our own day few travellers had visited Hebron for more than one hundred and fifty years, and those few who had been there furnished no satisfactory notices of Abraham's tree. Now, however, that Hebron is again visited, the activity of modern research, and the exactness of modern observation, have supplied ample information on the subject. Full descriptions have been supplied; the species has been accurately determined; and a fine print in Borrer's "Journey from Naples to Jerusalem," exhibits the tree itself before us in all its noble proportions.

The tree stands at the head of a fine open valley, which extends north-west of the town, from which it is rather more than a mile distant. Large trees of any kind are very rare in this part of the country; and Dr Robinson declares that he hardly saw another like it in all Palestine, and certainly not anywhere south of the Plain of Esdraelon. The trunk of the tree measures twenty-two feet nine inches around the lower parts. It separates almost immediately into three large boughs or trunks, and one of these again into two. The trunk is twenty-five feet nine inches in girth at the point where the branches separate. The spread of the branches is, in one direction, eighty-nine feet, and in another eighty-three feet in diameter. Such dimensions are calculated to attract attention in a country where large trees are so uncommon; and they certainly do constitute what would anywhere be considered as a magnificent and remarkable tree. Oaks of larger dimensions, however, exist in our own country,[*] but not of the same species. As to the species, Dr Robinson calls it *Quercus ilex;* but Mr Borrer, who submitted to competent examination a specimen which he brought home, found it to be the *Quercus gramuntia*, or holly-leafed grammont oak. This species is only known in Britain, as a small and struggling tree; but in Spain, which is regarded as its native country, it often attains to very noble proportions. It is a species that grows very slowly, which indicates that the particular tree of Mamre may be of much greater age than would be claimed for oaks of as large, or even much larger size, of kinds more quick in growth. Still, the celebrity of a tree is only from the time of its becoming great; and it would be perilous to assign to this tree any higher antiquity than might belong to the successor of the one mentioned by Jerome. Dr Robinson says that it is still in a sound and thriving condition; but this is denied by Mr Borrer, who "observed with sorrow, that time was working its destruction, for a hole in the trunk betrayed its hollowness."

The oak of Abraham stands alone in the midst of the field, and as the ground beneath it is grassy and clean, with a well of water near, a more beautiful spot for recreation and refreshment can hardly be found in that country. Travellers like to rest under the oak, and families sometimes come out from the city to spend the day beneath the shade of its branches. One of the liveliest passages of Dr Robinson's somewhat heavy book, is that in which he describes a party of this kind. It is also interesting, as a picture of Oriental manners, and from the contrast which the mind involuntarily draws between this scene and that which once took place under a similar tree in or near the same place. Yet it is not all contrast, for there are some points of analogy, which render it still more interesting:—

"About eleven o'clock, we went out to pay our respects to Elias and his family, under the great oak. . . . . . . There we found them spending the day, and enjoying themselves beneath the wide-spreading shade of the noble tree. The party consisted of himself, his wife, her sister, a young woman of about eighteen, their little son, four or five years old, a young man, one of the secretaries of the Government of Jerusalem, and two servants. They had brought with them a rope, and suspended it as a swing from the branches of the tree. The two men were lounging at their ease upon carpets, smoking, and occasionally tasting 'arak,[†] which was presented in a small shallow bowl. A fire was kindled not far off, at which the mistress and servants seemed to be engaged in cooking; while the sister and child were playing and swinging. We took our seats upon the carpets; pipes were offered, and 'arak presented and tasted freely by the others; coffee was not brought. The guest joined in the sports of the sister and child; pursuing each other, swinging, laughing, and romping.

"After about an hour, a servant came from the town, bringing a warm breakfast in a tray upon his head, thickly covered over with large thin sheets of the common bread of the country. Soon after came the wife's mother, who had remained at home to prepare the food. She was mounted on a fine grey mare, which, while yet at some distance, took a start, and came up the field and steep banks at full speed, the lady sitting on both sides, and exhibiting no mean skill in Eastern horsemanship. She was an active, lively, elderly woman, and seemed to be the life and soul of the whole family. We joined the men in breakfasting by ourselves; after we had finished, the women sat down apart at some distance. Such is Oriental custom even among Christians. These females, and especially the elder, were not wanting in intelligence, though they had never been taught to read. They wore no veils, and exhibited no particular shyness before strangers. They were, however, from Damascus; where the Christian females are understood to enjoy more freedom than in many other parts of the East. We spent here a couple of hours, and then returned to our tent."

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[*] The Fairlop Oak, for instance, was thirty-six feet in girth, at three feet above the ground.

[†] A kind of brandy.

DUTY TOWARDS A PASTOR.

1. RECEIVE your pastor, not as an idol to be worshipped, but as a messenger to be heeded; not as an immaculate angel, but as a man of like passions and infirmities with yourselves. Few ministers are faultless, even in a liberal sense of that term; none perfect. Be not slow to cast the soft mantle of charity over his failings. It is not uncommon, indeed, for great virtues and shining abilities to be connected with some marked constitutional defects. Pray the more earnestly for him you love. But spoil not the object of your attachment with unseasonable adulation. Dr Lowth, in a dedication to the "Most Reverend Father in God, William, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, and Metropolitan, and one of his Majesty's Honourable Privy Council" (such are the titles rendered), holds this language in the dedicatory preface to his Commentary on the Book of Daniel: "This might afford me a proper occasion to draw a parallel between *his* (Daniel's) and your Grace's accomplishments," &c. This is an extreme specimen of the fulsome adulation with which ministers are often saluted. It is stretching to a painful tension that beautiful precept: "Esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." Does not this rather inculcate a commendatory state of mind, than authorize its positive expression to a man's face?

2. Pray daily for your pastor. In all the range of intercession, there is not a more needy subject. Did Paul himself, with all his splendid gifts and graces, beg Christians to pray "that utterance might be given to him, that he might open his mouth boldly," and is your pastor less needy?

3. Shut your ears against disparaging remarks on his character and performances, especially if they fall from lips habitually censorious. Some men are always in a complaining mood. To such take the contrary mood. Speak of his good qualities, and you convey a delicate reproof to your friend, who must, *per force*, consent, and thus contradict and condemn himself. He may even think better of his pastor.

4. Are you a parent? Let all you say and do in your family, touching and towards your pastor, strengthen him in the affections of your children, and of all others in your house. One unguarded expression may work irreparable injury in their minds. What *father* or *mother* says comes to them with the

force of law, especially if it fall in with the naturally evil tendencies of a child's mind.

5. No mortal man can satisfy the domestic thirst for pastoral visitation. Do not, therefore, complain of him for not coming oftener, who has one hundred and ninety-nine other families to visit, besides duties to the sick, the poor, the recently dead, and the newly afflicted, to say nothing of the numerous institutions of the age, which require a kind of ubiquity in a man that can be only in one place at a time. When the pastor comes, waste not a word either in apologies or complaints. The former lower you in his estimation, and are worse than the original offence, if any you have committed. The latter, if directed, however gently, against him, discourage him from coming again. "I thought you was never coming," says a pleasant lady. "I really supposed you had entirely forgotten us," exclaims another. Yet these may have been most frequently visited. Expel not the children from the room when the minister comes, for fear they will mortify you. If they have been taught to behave at family prayer, and at other times, they will show their good breeding, and be quiet now. It is your business to ask the pastor to pray. For the want of this invitation many a man, though improperly, has made a prayerless visit. If there are servants, give them the privilege of being present. Some pastors are very diffident. Put them at ease, and help them in every suitable way. They will appreciate your kindness, and come again. If any of your family are seriously impressed, let him know it, and be thou serious too. Let thy conversation be holy, not trifling, nor even common-place, at such a time. No efforts can be too earnest to save a soul.

6. If it be possible, always be in your place, not only in the church, but at the prayer-meeting. These punctual ones are the true supporters and encouragers of the pastor. He loves to see them present, as much as he is troubled to think of them as absent.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN BODILY DISEASE AND SIN.

BY THE REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, SALTON.

> "He cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses."—MATT. viii. 16, 17.

IN this passage there seems, at first sight, to be a confounding of things which materially differ. The thought is very apt to present itself, when glancing hastily over the words, that the application which the evangelist makes of the prophecy he quotes from the 53d chapter of Isaiah is not only beneath, but somewhat beside its proper meaning; and that it was evils of a far worse kind than the pains and sicknesses of a mortal body which Christ was predicted to come, and actually did come, to bear in our room and stead. Hence it has been imagined by some divines, not very strict in their views of inspiration, that the evangelist merely accommodated the words of the prophet to the occasion of Christ's healing the sick; while others have thought that there was a kind of first, though very low and imperfect fulfilment of them in that work of Christ, without prejudicing thereby the much higher fulfilment they received in his atoning death. If we view the subject in the light in which Scripture itself presents it, we shall find no great difficulty in seeing that the prophet and evangelist are entirely at one, and that it is only men's hasty, partial, and superficial views which incline them to think otherwise, by seeking to divide what God has inseparably joined.

It is not necessary, neither is it our purpose, to enter into a close examination of the words of the prophecy; but it is not unimportant to mention that the evangelist, in quoting them, departs from the Greek translation, which was then in current use, and gives another, which, of course, must have been intended to present a more exact and faithful copy of the original. Now, if we look simply to the words of Isaiah, it may seem doubtful whether by the things to be *borne* and *carried* were meant bodily or spiritual evils, though the first of the two expressions is commonly used of bodily troubles, and the second denotes pains or sorrows generally. When the evangelist, however, puts "sicknesses" or "diseases" for this second and more general expression, the fair and natural conclusion is, that *bodily* things are meant in both expressions. No doubt, "sickness" is sometimes used in other languages, as well as our own, of spiritual disorders; but it is not commonly so used, and never unless, from the connection or otherwise, we can easily understand such to be the case. So that whatever learning might be employed to establish a different sense for the prophet's words, and a good deal has sometimes been employed, we have in the very meaning the evangelist puts upon them, to say nothing of the application he makes of them, plainly his authority, which is that of the Spirit of God, for asserting that it was bodily infirmities, and bodily pains or sicknesses of which the prophet spake.

But then, since these infirmities and sicknesses were described as *ours* by the prophet, and by the evangelist are regarded as, in part at least, belonging to the diseased who came to Christ to be healed, the question arises, How could they with propriety be said to be borne and carried by Christ? Do these expressions merely intimate that they were simply removed by Christ, like a burden lifted up and taken out of the way? We might say so, perhaps, if we had only the words in our own language to look at; but those in the original are more express, and cannot fairly be understood of anything but a taking personally upon one's self. They represent the Messiah as in a manner removing the infirmities and pains in question from the shoulders of others, whose they properly were, and placing them on his own. But how could this be said of the Messiah in regard to the bodily diseases of his people? How could it properly be said, even of those he healed in the days of his flesh, which he merely removed from the persons affected with them by the word of his power? And when they are spoken of as personally borne and carried by Christ, are not those bodily diseases regarded as if they were actually one with the spiritual evils, the sins, which Christ did indeed take upon himself, that he might bear the penalties due to them?

Unquestionably, it is somewhat in this light that they are regarded; but *that*, on purpose, not by mistake, as if things essentially different and disconnected were thrown together—as if what could with propriety be affirmed only of the one were incorrectly spoken of the other. But to see the matter in its true light, we must take a look below the surface, and especially keep distinctly in view the connection between disease and sin, as unfolded in other passages of the Word of God. That there was a very close connection between them under the Old Testament dispensation, so that the forgiving of the sin and the removing of the outward trouble or affliction went hand in hand, is clear to all who have given the least attention to the subject. And hence such prayers of the Psalmist as this: "Look upon mine affliction and my pain, and forgive all my sins;" and such Psalms as the 6th, which implore, at the same time, deliverance from the Lord's hot displeasure, and the removal of severe outward distress. But we are entirely mistaken if we suppose such a connection belonged only to the Old Testament state of things, or speak of the views and feelings to which it gave rise as peculiarly Jewish. In the days of our Lord there were certain misapprehensions among the Jews upon the subject, which he undoubtedly sought to correct, and in particular, the idea that every great calamity was to be regarded as the judgment of Heaven upon some special, heinous crime; so that persons visited with more than ordinary troubles must have been sinners of the most flagrant kind. Hence, in reference to the question of the disciples concerning the man that was born blind, whether he or his parents had sinned, that such a calamity was inflicted on him, the reply of our Lord was: "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." There had been no sin, in the sense understood by them; that is, no particular, heinous iniquity, on account of which the visitation of blindness had been sent, though still his blindness, being a disorder, an evil, was an undeniable proof that he was by nature "a child of wrath even as others"—"conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity." With the same view, also, did Jesus shape his reply to the persons who reported to him the case of the Galileans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices, charging them not to suppose these greater sinners than others, or even than themselves, but to consider that unless *they* repented they should likewise perish. This very charge, however, implies that they were all sinners, and sinners to such an extent that calamities of the kind mentioned were no more than their deserved portion. But this thought, implied there, was more distinctly brought out on another occasion by Christ, when he exhorted the impotent man, whom he found and restored to health beside the Pool of Bethesda, to "go and sin no more, lest a worse thing should come to him;" plainly teaching that he had already suffered *because* he was a sinner, and that if, after the wonderful deliverance wrought for him, he should now addict himself to the ways of sin, he might expect even a heavier visitation than that from which he had been delivered. Nay, on another occasion again we find Christ proceeding a step further still in pointing out the connection between the diseases of the body and the sin of the soul, when he addressed the paralytic that was let down upon a couch before him, with the words: "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee." For there he views the disease and the sins as in a manner one lump—deals with them as inseparably linked together; so that the one being removed, the sins being forgiven, the disease must of necessity disapppear too—the righteous God who, to mark his displeasure of sin, had sent the disease, could not but remove it again, when the sinner was forgiven his iniquity.

Now, it is precisely this connection between suffering and sin—this, and nothing more, nothing else—that the evangelist seeks to indicate, when he describes Christ's healing of diseases as a fulfilment of the prophecy: "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." It is true that the prophet there delineates the Messiah as the surety and substitute of guilty men—as bearing in his afflicted, sorrowful, and suffering condition, the plain manifestations of God's displeasure; these, however, as due to us, not to himself—the deserved punishment of our sins. He sees the Messiah as a personification of disease—a plague-stricken man of sorrows, because the fearful load of human guilt met and concentrated itself in him. But that he did thus take upon him the burden of man's guilt, to suffer and atone for it, afforded a reason, the only valid reason, why he could interfere, either with sin itself to pardon it, or with the bodily evils and distempers which were its consequences and signs. These bodily evils and distempers are the visitation of God on account of sin—a part of the revelation of his righteous testimony against it; and he who can put forth his hand to remove the visitation can be none other than he who has taken upon him, and is able to satisfy for the sin itself; while doing the one, he was giving substantial proof that the other was sure of being accomplished. In short, it was simply because he came to suffer in the room of men what was due to their sins, that he could remove from men any portion of the sufferings which their sins had brought upon them.

Though there is truth, therefore, it is not by any means the whole truth, which is here expressed by Calvin, when he remarks: "In the miracles which Christ performed by healing men's bodies he gave a specimen of the saving benefit which he brings to our minds, and hence Matthew transfers to the symbol what properly belonged to the matter and truth itself." The cures Christ effected upon men's diseased bodies were doubtless the symbols of the cures he specially came to effect upon their distempered souls. None but the blindest hearts could fail to perceive this. For all Scripture testified of Messiah as coming to do the work, not of a bodily physician, but of the great restorer of a fallen world; so that the bodily cures he performed could never have been intended to stand by themselves; they must have been designed to be symbols of something higher and better—and symbols, too, that should have been the more easily understood by the men of that generation, as they were accustomed from their childhood to symbolical instruction, and were constantly taught to look ough the outward circumstances and relations of body to the internal and spiritual ones of the l. In this point of view, every subject of disease rist restored to health proclaimed his purpose to olish the curse of sin—his mission to seek and to e that which was lost.

But still something more than this is implied in the claration of the evangelist, even that there was an ual fulfilment of those words of the prophet in the raculous cures performed by our Lord upon men's dies. It as much as affirms that he had already ibly entered, to some extent, upon the work of our liverance, and that, along with the removal of those dily diseases, he was carrying away, as he had arged himself with, the sins of which they were e fruits and indications. An exchange is denoted, th by the prophet and the evangelist, between hat is ours and what is Christ's—only with this fference, that the prophet more immediately refers its effect on Christ, and the evangelist to its fect on us. Christ comes into the world with l our transgressions laid upon him; and therefore, sorrow and suffering, even unto death, are the ages of sin, these in their most appalling and aggravated form must be gathered into his condition -all that is properly ours in that respect must be- ome his. This is the representation of the prophet. nd the application made of it by the evangelist imply teaches that, as Christ, at the time referred o, had begun to manifest himself to Israel by the emoving of what was properly ours—the evils and istempers which were the offspring of sin—he thereby clearly showed that he had entered on the work of ur redemption; not merely taught, as by so many ymbolical acts, the higher blessings we had reason to expect—salvation from sin itself—but that he was even now actually grappling with the mighty evil, and so far making it his own, since only on the ground of his substitution for our guilty souls could he have interfered to remove the disorders, which were the just fruit and recompense of our sins. He lifted off from men's shoulders the guilt of sin with its attendant evils, because he had taken both upon himself, and in his own person would bear the mighty load.

Perhaps a question may now present itself to the minds of some as a kind of objection to what has been said—that if the diseases and troubles of the body are thus closely connected with sin, why were such things then, or why are they now visited only upon some? why is not every unforgiven sinner stricken with disease? The answer is to be sought wholly in the forbearance and mercy of God, to which alone it is owing that even the wrath to the uttermost has not already fallen upon us. Those who suffered the visitation of sore disease in our Lord's time, or who now suffer it, could have no reason to say that worse things had happened to them than their sinful condition deserved; nay, it would well become them to say, How much more still might be laid upon our loins, if we got the full desert of our iniquities? And those who have either comparatively escaped such visitations, or have experienced them, and again been delivered from them, are only the more called to magnify the grace and loving-kindness of God as passing by the transgressions, and healing the backslidings of his people. O that this goodness of God were not abused to make us insensible to the greatness of our sins, and forgetful of the fearful judgments which they have exposed us to inherit! And O that all the pains and disorders in our bodies, and the troubles and calamities in our condition, were sanctified to make us feel the exceeding sinfulness of our sins, as well as their inherent bitterness to our souls, and lead us the more earnestly to apply to the good Physician, who alone can cure the hurt they have produced in our condition!

ADVICES TO A MOTHER.

(From a Letter from Dr Griffin to his Daughter.)

THE influence of a mother upon the manners and salvation of children, especially the latter, is probably greater than that of all other created beings united. On you, then, it chiefly depends, under God, what your children shall be in both worlds. If you lose your authority over them, you lose, of course, the chief part of your influence, and then your children lose the choicest means which God has appointed for their happiness here and hereafter. If you once form such habits of management as to lose your authority, you never can regain it; for not only your own habits will stand in the way, but the confirmed habits of depraved and untamed children, who will no longer brook restraint. The present is your forming period. Two or three years to come will settle the question unchangeably (especially if the habits are wrong), whether you are to have a government which will form your children to honour, and glory, and immortality, or one which will leave their corruptions to take their natural course. God will certainly hold you answerable for those young immortals, and for the distinguished talents which he has given you for their benefit. If you have any piety, my dear child, let it be brought to this bearing. Make the management of your children the object of your most anxious exertions, and the subject of your agonising and unceasing prayers.

I have not time to go into a full treatise on family government, but will lay down the following rules for your daily and prayerful examination:—

1. Exercise your authority as seldom as possible, and instead of it employ kind persuasion and deliberate reasoning; but when you exercise it, make it irresistible.

2. Be careful how you threaten, but never lie. Threaten seldom, but never fail to execute. The parent who is open-mouthed to threaten, and threatens hastily, but is irresolute to punish, and when the child is not subdued by the first threat, repeats it half a dozen times with a voice of increasing violence, and with many shakes and twitches of the little culprit, will certainly possess no authority.

3. Avoid tones and gestures expressive of agitation for trivial matters indicative of no depravity, and indicating only the heedlessness or forgetfulness of children, or perhaps nothing more than is common to all young animals—a love to use their limbs. In all such cases the tones should be kind and persuasive, rather than authoritative; and the severity and even the gravity of authority should be reserved exclusively for cases of disobedience or depravity, or for the prevention of serious evil. A perpetual fretting at children for little things will inevitably harden their hearts, and totally destroy parental authority and influence. There never was a fretting parent, who often threatened and seldom performed, that had a particle of efficient government.

4. Establish the unchanging habit of not commanding a child but once. Cost what it may, break the child down to obedience to the first command. And when this is once done, if you are careful never to let disobedience escape punishment of some kind or other, and punishment that shall be effectual and triumphant, you will find it not difficult to maintain your absolute authority.

WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

The world looks upon some of their families coming out like a fresh blooming flower in the morning; their cheeks covered with the bloom of health; their step bounding with the elasticity of youth—riches and luxuries at their command—long bright summer days before them; the world says, There is a happy soul. God takes us into the darkened room where some child of God lately dwelt. He points to the pale face where Death sits enthroned—the cheek wasted by long disease—the eye glazed in death—the stiff hands clasped over the bosom—the friends standing weeping round, and he whispers in our ears, "Blessed are the dead!" Ah, dear friends, think a moment, whether does God or you know best? .... It is a happy thing to live in the favour of God—to have peace with God—to frequent the throne of grace—to burn the perpetual incense of praise—to meditate on his word—to hear the preached Gospel—to serve God—even to wrestle, and run, and fight in his service, is sweet. Still God says: "Blessed are the dead." If it be happy to have his smile *here*, how much happier to have it without a cloud *yonder!* If it be sweet to be the growing corn of the Lord *here*, how much better to be gathered into his barn! If it be sweet to have an anchor within the veil, how much better ourselves to be there, where no gloom can come! "In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." Even Jesus felt this: God attests it. "Blessed are the dead."—*M'Cheyne.*

PRIDE IN DRESS.

A FABLE.

A little boy and girl were once seated on a flowery bank, and talking proudly about their dress. "See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I have got; what a fine blue jacket and trousers; and what a nice pair of shoes; it is not every one who is dressed so finely as I am!"

"Indeed, Sir," said the little girl, "I think I am dressed finer than you; for I have on a silk hat and pelisse, and a fine feather in my hat; I know that my dress cost a great deal of money."

"Not so much as mine," said the boy, "I know."

"Hold your peace," said a caterpillar, crawling near in the hedge; "you have neither of you any reason to be so proud of your clothes, for they are only second-hand, and have all been worn by some creature or other, of which you think but meanly, before they were put upon you. Why, that silk hat first wrapped up such a worm as I am."

"There, Miss, what do you say to that?" said the boy.

"And the feather," exclaimed a bird perched upon a tree, "was stolen from, or cast off by one of my race."

"What do you say to that, Miss?" repeated the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds nor worms."

"True," said a sheep, grazing close by, "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were yours; and, as for your hat, I know that the beavers have supplied the fur for that article; and my friends, the calves and oxen, in that field, were killed, not merely to get their flesh to eat, but also to get their skins to make your shoes."

See the folly of being proud of our clothes, since we are indebted to the meanest creatures for them! and even then we could not use them, if God did not give us the wisdom to contrive the best way of making them fit to wear, and the means of procuring them for our comfort.—*Cobbin.*

SCOTCH SABBATHS.

I have heard many curious stories illustrative of that veneration with which the Sabbath is regarded in Scotland. Let me mention one or two. A geologist, while in the country, and having his pocket-hammer with him, took it out and was chipping the rock on the way-side, for examination. His proceedings did not escape the quick eye and ready tongue of an old Scotch woman. "What are you doing there, man?" "Don't you see? I'm breaking a stone." "Y'are doing mair than that: y'are breaking the Sabbath."

Another old woman's inquiry of one who, on the Sabbath-day, passed her on the road, singing as he went, was equally characteristic. It was very brief. "Songs, man, or psalms?" Now, I am well aware that many readers will at once say, "What ultra-severity!" and will be only able to see something absurd and ridiculous in these sayings. Others, among whom I readily number myself, will view them in a light altogether different—as apt, amusing, and characteristic, no doubt, but as most valuable testimonies to the strong religious feeling of the people, and to that habitual decision with which many among them carry out those scriptural principles, regarding the observance of the Lord's-day, which they have imbibed in their childhood, and put into practice from Sabbath to Sabbath during the course of their lives.—*Trench.*

POWER OF THE BIBLE.

The mother of a family was married to an Infidel, who made a jest at religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I one day asked her how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. This was her answer: "Because, to the authority of a father, I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent, that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit any fault, did they perform any good action, I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you."—*Adolphe Monod.*

THE BELIEVER'S AFFLICTIONS; HIS PROSPECTS; THE INFLUENCE OF THE ONE UPON THE OTHER; AND THE STATE OF MIND REQUISITE TO THE EFFICACY OF THAT INFLUENCE.

BY RALPH WARDLAW, D.D., GLASGOW.

III. The *third* thing we were to consider is of the deepest importance and interest, namely, THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE BELIEVER'S AFFLICTIONS AND HIS PROSPECTS—THE INFLUENCE OF THE ONE UPON THE OTHER.

In the conclusion of our former paper, we remarked, that it would have been no small matter, had the afflictions only been to be *followed* by the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It would have been much had there been no more than this; much to have been assured that, when all the troubles of earth came to a close, they were to be succeeded by "fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore"—by all the glory and blessedness of the heavenly state. But in the apostle's representation there is something more than this. There is a *connection* between the two—an *influence* of the one upon the other. The afflictions are not only to be followed by the glory—they *work it out for us*. What, then, is the nature of the connection and influence thus expressed? How is it that the affliction works the glory? The answer to these questions is of no light moment, considered in its practical bearings; embracing, as it does, the Lord's ends in the trials of his people, and the use, consequently, which it is the duty of his people to make of them, and to seek the grace necessary to their successfully doing so.

On this essential part of our subject, then, let it be observed:—

1. *Negatively*—the afflictions do *not* work out the glory on any principle of mere *compensation*. My meaning will be at once understood, when I have mentioned the parties whom, in making the observation, I have in my eye. There are not a few persons to be found, especially among the poorer classes of society, who, when they are labouring under the pressure of severe hardships, suffering many and pinching privations, and, in the midst of these, assailed perhaps with personal disease and domestic bereavement, appear to found their expectations of happiness in a future world on no other ground than that of their sufferings in this. The secret impression is in their minds, and they flatter themselves into a persuasion of its truth, that a good and a just God will not allow them to be sufferers in both worlds; that they are getting their share of want, and grief, and trouble now, and that it will be made up to them hereafter. And in proportion to the amount and variety of their tribulations on earth, is the confidence with which they rest in their hopes of heaven. Now, how sincere and deep soever the compassion we may feel for the destitute and distressed, we must not suffer them, without faithful and affectionate warning, to cherish such a delusion; for a delusion, beyond all question, it is—an utter delusion. It is not according to their *conditions and circumstances* in the present world, that the states of happiness and misery awaiting men in the world to come are to be apportioned to them; it is according to their *characters*—the *principles* by which, in whatever conditions and circumstances, they have been actuated, and the *conduct* in which these principles have been practically evolved. In determining on which side of the impassable gulf they are respectively to have their place, and in what proportion they are to endure the misery on the one side of it, or to enjoy the happiness on the other, the question will be—not, were you rich, or were you poor? —were you healthy, or were you victims of disease?—were your circumstances prosperous, or adverse?—but, what were you in principles and in character?—were you believers in Christ, or unbelievers?—were you renewed in the spirit of your mind, or unrenewed?—were you spiritual, or worldly?—or, in the terms of our present passage, to be hereafter illustrated, were you of those who "looked at the things which are seen and temporal," or of those who "looked at things unseen and eternal?" It was not, let the reader remember, because Lazarus was poor, and outcast, and afflicted, and because the rich man was wealthy, and prosperous, and well-clothed, and well-fed, that the one went to heaven, and the other to hell. It was not because Lazarus had "received" on earth "his evil things," that he was afterwards "comforted;" nor because the rich man had received "his good things" that he was afterwards "tormented:" but because, amidst his poverty and

privation, Lazarus was a child of God; and because the rich man, in the enjoyment of his abundance, lived without God, a child of the devil. Had the characters of the two been reversed—had the poor man been the reprobate, and the rich man the saint, there would have been a corresponding reversal of conditions in the other world: Lazarus would have "lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torment;" and the rich man would have been "carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom"—from his sumptuous table on earth to the better and more permanent feast of heaven.

There is, however, one description of sufferings which, when they are endured from evangelical principles, in humble-minded faith, and love, and self-renouncing reliance on mercy through the great propitiation, our divine Master himself has engaged, in a certain sense, graciously to *compensate*. He says (Luke xviii. 28–30), in answer to the implied question of Peter: "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." Here is compensation—gracious compensation; not the reward of merit, but the expression of approving love. The assurance of it is held out as an encouragement not to shrink in the hour of trial, but to hold on and hold out to the end—to be "faithful unto death." If the reader will compare with our Lord's words, the manner in which Paul writes to the Hebrews (Heb. x. 32–37), to the Romans (Rom. viii. 17), and to Timothy (2 Tim. ii. 8–13), he will find good reason for thinking that, in looking at his "light and momentary afflictions," and contrasting them with the "eternal weight of glory," and considering the *connection between them*, the apostle might have such assurances of his Master in mind, and such feelings of confidence in their fulfilment as, in the passages referred to, he himself expresses. It was that Master who was allotting to him his "afflictions;" and he had pledged himself that no one of his servants should endure them cheerfully and perseveringly on his account without a gracious recompense. All the promises in the epistles to the Seven Asiatic Churches "to him that overcometh," are in the same spirit, and proceed on the same principle; and so, too, does the ravishing description of the final rest and blessedness of those who "come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. vii. 14–17. In this way, then, not in the way of compensation for mere suffering, independently of faith and character—nor in the way of merited compensation even for faith and character themselves—but according to the gracious engagements of the Lord to his faithful servants—the afflictions "were working out the glory." As surely as they were faithfully endured, they would be faithfully rewarded. But,

2. The "afflictions" may be considered as "working" the glory *by the power of contrast*. This is a natural principle. It is founded in our constitution. Every day, amidst the changes of our earthly lot, we are sensible of the truth of it. The poet has said: "Sweet is pleasure after pain." He might have expressed the sentiment even more strongly. After the long-continued endurance of severe pain, ease itself—the mere cessation of the pain—becomes positive pleasure. In proportion as the toils of the day have been heavy and exhausting, the labourer feels the sweetness of his evening rest. In proportion as his campaigns have been long, and harassing, and perilous, the soldier feels the sweetness of returning peace. In proportion as the voyage of the mariner has been one of storm, and danger, and dread, of sunless days and starless and sleepless nights, and toilsome and tedious conflict with contending elements, does he enjoy the haven of security and repose. In proportion as his disease has been protracted and severe, does the patient appreciate the blessing of recovered health. Thus will it be with the believer when he reaches heaven. Jesus himself, "for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross and despised the shame;" and when, on the termination of his sufferings, he entered into that joy, and was "made exceeding glad with God's countenance," can there be a doubt that the remembrance of the agonies of Gethsemane and Calvary contributed to the "fulness of the joy," and gave zest and exquisiteness to the "pleasures at God's right hand!" And thus, too, it is said of believers: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, *that they may rest from their labours;* and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13. They "*hunger no more, neither thirst any more.*" "God," with a Father's hand, "*wipes away all tears from their eyes.*" And then—

"The more we toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be."

contrast between the bitters of earth and sweets of heaven will make the sweets the eter. The darkness of earth will add bright- to heaven's cloudless sky. The warfare the perils of earth will enhance the enjoy- t of the peace and security of the paradise ve.

. That which, from the connection, the stle had principally in his eye, appears to e been something still more direct and posi- , namely, *the present influence of afflictions, a part of the means of promoting the believer's ness for the coming glory.*

I have said that this is the sense of the rds most immediately indicated by the con- t. I refer to the connection with the pre- ing verse: "For which cause, we faint not: : though our outward man perish, *the inward n is renewed day by day:* FOR our light afflic- n, which is but for a moment, *worketh us,*" &c. This connection leads us, naturally d evidently, to consider the "affliction" as orking the glory," by its contributing to this enewal of the inward man." This renewal the same thing with the progressive advance the soul in holy assimilation to God, in like- ss to him in his purity and in his love—in that meetness to be partakers of the inheritance the saints in light," for which, elsewhere ol. i. 12), this same apostle "gives thanks to e Father." Sinners, by the quickening energy the Spirit, are "born of God." By the con- nued supply of the same energy—the energy the indwelling Spirit—the spiritual life thus gun is maintained, and carried on to its per- ction. But in this the Spirit operates by eans. Of those means the chief are—the ord, the ordinances, and the providential ealings of God; and, among his providential ealings, his *discipline* especially. Many a time this design and this effect of discipline re- rred to in the Scriptures. See Isa. xxvii. 9; leb. xii. 9–11; Zech. xiii. 9; Lam. iii. 37–41, &.

Salutary discipline is thus a part of our God's ise and gracious system of paternal treatment, hich it would not be safe for us to be without. t is by means of this discipline that he weans s from the world, and from the excesses of ttachment to the things of time and sense; hat he draws our affections and desires more o himself, and to the "things that are unseen nd eternal"—thus fixing our hearts more where our treasure is; that he increases our spiritual-mindedness, introduces more of the spirit of heaven into our souls, while we are on our way to it, purifying us for his service here, and for his holier and higher service there. Who is there, among the children of God, that has not had experience of the benefit of affliction, who has not had reason to adopt the Psalmist's language: "It has been very good for me that I was afflicted"—"Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but now I have kept thy law!"

And when the afflictions of life have these effects, they may truly be said to "work for us the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." They are at once the means of keeping us from that apostasy by which we should forfeit and lose it—preventing us from allowing the world to supplant it in the affections and desires of our hearts; and, at the same time, of fitting us for the final possession and enjoyment of it. Yes, Christian reader, when we reach "the better country, even the heavenly," after all the conflicts and sufferings of the wilderness through which we pass on the way to it, and look back on all that way in which the Lord has led us, to bring us to final possession, we shall see our afflictions in their true light. With the mental vision purged of every obscuring film, and freed from every deceptive influence, we shall discern wisdom, and faithfulness, and love in every one of them; and the largest amount, it may be, of all these in those of them which were the most difficult to bear, the most mysterious and perplexing, the hardest for faith to reconcile with the kind and gracious assurances of our covenant God, while we sojourned below. We shall be made fully, gratefully, delightfully sensible, that all of them, in their respective places and times, and ways and degrees, have been made to answer the one end of "working for us the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

And when we are thus put in possession of the glory, and find it indeed such as "eye had not seen, nor ear heard, nor had entered into the heart of man to conceive," we shall duly estimate the value of whatever has been made to contribute to the safe and full attainment of it. It will be little pleasure for us to reflect on the world's prosperity, associated as the reflection will be with the remembrance of its having been our chief temptation to forget and depart from God—the occasion of defectiveness and deadness in the functions of the divine life—the heaviest weight and hindrance to our souls in their progress heavenward. While, on the contrary, we shall strike our loudest and liveliest notes of praise for those trials which, sent in the loving-kindness and faithfulness of our heavenly Father, were the means of a timely counteraction of the world's fascinations, and of "turning our hearts back again" when they were in danger of "forsaking the fountain of living waters, and hewing out for themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, which could hold no water." How widely different will be our estimate of afflictions then, from what it is ever so apt to be now! The retrospect will fill us with "wonder, love, and praise;" and as memory retraces the steps of our journey, we shall see reason for the erection of many an *Ebenezer* where, at the time, we least thought of rearing any such memorials. The most notable of those "stones of help," and those on which the inscriptions of commemorative gratitude should have been the most deeply and legibly graven, we may then see, ought to have been reared at the very spots where the severest of our trials overtook us—where we were made to drink most deeply of the waters of Marah.

Let the afflicted among God's children be comforted *now*, when they think of the gracious design of their trials. Let them connect the trials with the prospect of the "weight of glory." Let them, with all earnestness, seek that they may be efficient means of their progressive "renewal in the inward man," and thus of their growing "meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light." In all the disciplinary strokes of his rod, their heavenly Father, who, when he "toucheth them, toucheth the apple of his own eye," is training them for himself and for heaven.

THE DEATH KNELL IN THE COUNTRY.

—— Island, *January*, 1846.

My Dear Friend,—We die in the country as well as in the city. The foot of Time crushes our flowers and breaks the dry branches. We have fears for the lost; and what is different from your city customs, we all follow the dead of the village to the grave-yard, and all weep over that last place of rest wherein we lay our friends. None die unknown—no funeral ever passes along the street unheeded. I have stood often on one of your corners, and watched the long train of hired carriages following the hearse, and have felt that indescribable shudder which accompanies the thought that that hearse-pall may hide a form I knew and loved—that under the coffin-lid a hand lies nerveless that has grasped mine in manly affection. But here we are so bound to, and so dependent upon one another, that we cannot spare one from the circle without looking long and sadly on the vacant place. For years afterward we never pass the house from which a friend has been carried to "the house appointed for all the living," without thinking that it looks cold and deserted. The very door has an unused look, and the windows are not cheerful as they were once. The dog on the step seems sad, and when we try the gate it swings heavily and with such a sound as it never used to have.

But we have one custom which belongs essentially to the country, and which I think you know nothing of. It is this: Our church bell tolls when any person in the village dies. Not long ago we were walking in the woods, about a mile from home, when we heard the bell. It was mid-day, and we knew it to be the announcement of a death. Two persons in the village were sick—one a young lady, the other an old man. We all know who is sick among us, and who likely to be called from our little number. We were a merry party that day in the woods, gathering the bright berries of the Wintergreen, and a long laugh of gladness was interrupted by that solemn sound—each one ceased suddenly, and turning toward the village, sat down on a rock, or the moss at the foot of a tree, and in silence awaited the conclusion. It ceased at length, and we sat motionless. Again the bell tolled. Ten quick strokes, and a pause. Again; we counted seventeen, eighteen—we breathed slowly, for the next stroke was the age of our lovely friend, who had lain many days with her eyes closed and her heart beating heavily with fearful distinctness. Nineteen. We bowed our heads—twenty! Shall I say it?—yes, we rejoiced. The stroke that brought joy to our ears fell heavily on the souls of others, and its sound sank deeper into those souls than I would dare to speak of. We joyed in their grief. Six times the bell tolled ten, and paused; then, with a slower stroke, as if those latter years had gone on wearily, it numbered seven. Sixty-seven. Good old man! while we were listening to the record of your life, added up by the village accountant in yonder belfry, whose it has been to chronicle the years of our fathers and our brothers for nearly half a century, you were kneeling before the throne of God!

The next Sabbath evening, at sunset, the bell tolled nineteen. I will tell you at some future time of the sunset glories of our island home. That evening the stillness of the day of rest had entered into our souls, and we watched the gathering grandeur and beauty of the west with eyes that looked beyond their fitful gleamings—spiritual eyes that were fixed on the glories of heaven. At such hours, I think, we are best able to realize our proximity to the world of spirits. With the solemn consciousness of immortality—with a firm hope, fixed and sure—with eager heart, clinging to the assurance of salvation through a crucified Saviour—with joyful expectation of the things, now known in part, to be revealed hereafter, we may at such an hour feel the force of the startling idea which, you remember, Tennyson placed in the mouth of the dying May-queen:

"Oh, sweet and strange it seems to me that, ere the day is done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun;
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true!
Then what is life that we should moan—why make we such ado?"

It was with this very thought that I was occupied when that bell's voice reached my ear. It was more musical than usual, the old time-keeper of the village; and, as I listened, it seemed to echo that thought. It told me that she who was with us but an hour ago, was with the Redeemer on high; that her voice so pleasant here was melodious there; that it was but a step, and that a short one, from the cottage near the corner to the mansion which her Saviour had prepared above. It added up her years with a steady, solemn voice. First, it told of her childhood—free-hearted childhood! Then, as it paused at ten, it seemed to be hesitating ere it entered the history of those cloudless years of girlish gladness. Sixteen—and I bethought me of her self-consecration to Christ. Eighteen was a wedding peal, echoed sadly; and O how mournfully, in the close of the story, the last deep sound of that knell!

There are always incidents connected with the death of a villager that are interesting and affecting. We differ greatly from citizens in external appearances, and I have sometimes thought in nature. Never having studied to conceal a feeling or to hide a tear, the gush of grief, which is so frequently seen among us, you know little of, albeit there dwells, doubtless, as deep agony under the constraint of your conventional laws as elsewhere.

I might go on to tell you now how the neighbours came to look at her, and wept; and how mothers brought their children, and lifted them up to the coffin side, and held them there to see her unchanged face, and turned away to explain to the little ones what death is, and why she they loved so must be put in the ground and covered up with sand and sod; and how there was one who never left his place by the coffin-head, day or night, till it was carried to the church and to our quiet grave-yard. Or I might tell you of the gathering in the church; how all the people were there, the young and the old, so that in the village it looked like a Sabbath, and in the church, too, only the crowd was so great; and there, under the pulpit stood the coffin, and every little while a loud sob or a long-drawn sigh broke the silence; and how the choir sang with broken voices, old "Scotland;" and how the minister prayed and wept by turns, and then read that sublime psalm, the 90th, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations," and tried to tell us something about the dead lamb of his flock, but failed by reason of his many tears; and then left the pulpit, and led the way down the aisles, and the congregation stood still till the bier was carried out, and then followed and formed a long procession to the new grave-yard (for the old one is full to overflowing), and to a grave in a grove of oaks; and how, last of all, they crowded to the side of the grave, and gazed into it, and one by one turned away. Then the sexton dropped the first earth on the straw over the coffin-box, and that most mournful of all sounds we ever hear on earth went to the hearts of the mourners standing near, and a smothered wail broke out, and one low moan of a crushed heart.

There are other incidents of the days following a funeral which I might tell you. How the neighbours send in the meals of the afflicted family, thinking they may well be excused from the labours of every-day life for a while; and one kind friend goes and takes charge of the house and family; and the children who have been staying with the neighbours come back, and a host of little matters like this, which you know nothing of in great New York.

But I wrote to tell you of the custom of tolling the bell for death. I like it. Do not you? No one within the reach of that sound escapes the warning. It used to wake the village from sleep sometimes, and that bell-toll at midnight was fearfully solemn. But men who did not like to think of death at any time shrank from it especially in the darkness of night. They said it woke them too mournfully. They couldn't sleep again, or if they did they dreamed horrid dreams, and so they voted night-tolling a nuisance; and now if any one dies in the night, the bell tells us of it in the morning.

I sat down in the belfry, by the bell, the other day, and looked at it. It was an apt illustration of that well-known individual "the oldest inhabitant." It had called the folks to church twice on Sabbath and once in the week, for I don't know how many years. It had rung regularly every 4th of July, and I think the clock hammer had struck every hour of the day and night on its rim for more than twenty-five years. I was beginning to add up how many times the hammer had fallen on that rim, when I thought that the bell had been the faithful recorder of Death's doings in our quiet hamlet for at least one generation. I stooped and looked up into the bell, and there saw the record of those strokes. I couldn't count them. A few I remembered. More were my mother's playmate's in childhood. The bell had a solemn sermon for me. A church bell has always a solemn sound, whether in the call to prayer or the march to the grave-yard.—Yours, &c.

HEAVEN OPENING ON THE SIGHT

Oh! the shadows of earth are fast fading away,
And my soul from her slumber is waking;
I see from afar, all beauteous and bright,
O'er the tops of the mountains, a gleaming of light—
The dawn of the morning is breaking.

Oh! waste not a sigh on earth's perishing joys,
Regret not the scenes that are fading;
For holier and purer the light that I see—
A new world is opening its beauties to me,
As *this* from my sight is receding.

Yet there *are* ties on earth—O so tender and true!
And must not tears fall as they sever?
Oh no! though the knot may be loosened awhile,
Yet the tears that are falling may flow with a smile,
For Heaven will renew them for ever.

Then waste not a sigh on this perishing world,
It is heaven which is opening before me;
And now, that fair light grows more beauteous and clear,
And *now*, the celestial city is near,
And *now*, all around me is glory.

Mrs West.

FRAGMENTS FROM A MINISTER'S DAY-BOOK.

THE FELLOW-PASSENGER.

Strictly speaking, the following narrative does not belong to my own day-book. It has nothing to do with any events which befell myself, or any connected with me. The individual of whom it speaks is one whom I never saw in the flesh, and whose very name I know not.

What I relate I heard from the lips of a brother in the Lord. It is some years ago since he gave me the narrative, and therefore in some places it may be imperfect; but I believe that in substance it is correct.

He was travelling in a stage-coach, and his journey was of some considerable length. Not long after he started, he drew from his pocket a New Testament, and began to read. There was a young man seated opposite to him, whose eye was attracted by the appearance of the book, and by the minister's employment. Shortly after, they entered into conversation; and on learning what the book was which my friend was reading, he took occasion to express his scepticism, and his dislike at Scripture. To have entered into a regular argument with him would have been just to gratify his self-confidence. To have entered on the wide field of the evidences of Christianity, would have been perhaps unsatisfactory; or at least a discussion of this kind would not go deep enough. It might influence his *mind;* but his heart and conscience would have remained untouched!

Many may be here disposed to say, Surely in such a case the minister must have had recourse to the *evidences.* It was the only ground on which he could meet one who denied the authority of the Word. They would say, It is vain to appeal to the Word, for he disbelieves it; it is vain to quote its declarations, for he disregards them all. You must ply him hard with the external evidences; you must convince him that the Bible is the Word of God, and then you may take him up upon more solemn ground. Then you may get at his conscience; but at present it is inaccessible.

So would many reason; and such would have been their procedure. Not so that man of God. He had no contempt for the historical proofs in behalf of the authority of the Scripture; he had no want of confidence in the external evidences as matters of manifest fact; but he felt that these were not his weapons. He had confidence in the Word itself. He believed it to be quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword—a hammer breaking the rock in pieces. He knew that the heart even of an Infidel was not proof against the sword of the Spirit. However seared his conscience might be, still the Word of the living God was able to pierce it.

Accordingly, he resolved to lay aside all human reasonings, however excellent and powerful, and assail his companion directly with the Word itself. Looking up to God for his blessing, and asking the Holy Spirit to send the message home, he told the young man that he was not surprised at his dislike of the Bible, for that book expressly tells us that "the carnal mind is enmity against God."

To this the sceptic answered contemptuously, that he did not believe a word that was in it, and gave still further vent to his abuse.

The minister was resolved to keep by his weapon, and not allow himself, on any account, to be provoked into an argumentative discussion. He replied, accordingly, with all gentleness, that he did not at all wonder at what his companion had said; for the Bible declares that "there shall be scoffers in the last days." This second quotation from Scripture seemed as unsuccessful as the first. The second stroke of the divine sword seemed to fall equally powerless and ineffectual as the first. But he was not discouraged. Again he replied to the young man, that all that he had said did not at all surprise him; for the Scripture had said, that "the natural man discerneth not the things of God, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned."

Still the sceptic remained hardened, returning only replies of similar contempt. After a few further interchanges of this kind, in which the Bible was always appealed to, the young man got rather irritated, dropped the conversation, and lay back in his seat.

No ground seemed to have been gained—no wound inflicted—no impression made; but the man of God felt that he had been using the weapons "which are mighty, through God, in casting down imaginations," and ceased not to hope, but continued in silent prayer.

After the silence of an hour or two, during which the minister continued in the reading of the Word and secret prayer, the young man suddenly started, and asked rather abruptly where one of these books could be got.

Ah! thought the man of faith, the Word has not been in vain; the sword of the Spirit has reached his soul. He immediately replied that Bibles could be had in the town to which they were going, and gave him directions how and where they could be obtained. He added also, that he himself was to preach that evening at such a place, and at such an hour.

The end of their common journey was soon afterwards reached. They parted, and kindly bade farewell to each other.

In the evening the minister went to the place of meeting, where he was to preach, according to appointment. As he was about to commence the service, he saw, to his delight and amazement, the young Infidel enter the house with a Bible under his arm, and take his place among the eager listeners! What a change—from the scoffing sceptic to the attentive hearer and worshipper! All in a few hours!—all through the simple instrumentality of the Word of God, unaided by any human power, but wielded by the Spirit! Truly the Word is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword!

Two things we learn from this narrative.

1. To trust more to the simple Word of God for the conversion of souls, even of the open scoffer. Let us go even against the mightiest Philistine with God's sling and stone. It is enough. Unbelief would snatch up human armour, and human weapons, as more likely to be successful. But Faith says, There is no sword like that of the Spirit—no arrow like one from God's own quiver. Let us try this method more. O for the simplicity of Faith! It is this that honours God, and this that God will honour. A single verse of Scripture in the hand of Faith would be more efficacious than a thousand arguments.

2. To turn the scoffs of the Infidel into an argument for the Bible. "There shall come in the last days *scoffers,*" says the Scripture. And our own day is manifesting most strikingly the truth of this prediction. Scoffers are rising up on every side, uttering defiance against God and his Word. Yet in this very defiance they are only fulfilling the predictions of that Volume whose divinity they deny. They are, in truth, the unconscious witnesses to the world that the Bible is true. Each word of mockery which proceeds from their lips is an additional testimony to that "sure word of prophecy," which, eighteen hundred years ago, foretold what "perilous times" the last days of this sinful world were to witness. It may seem strange, indeed, that the Infidel should be adduced in proof of the inspiration of Scripture; yet so it is. And as we hear of Infidelity extending

elf around, we feel as if all this were only estab-hing us more securely upon the everlasting Rock, d announcing to us, though with hostile lips, how ue and certain that blessed Word is on which our pe is built.

THE NEST AMONG THE GRAVES.*

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

The cloudless sun went down
  Upon a church-yard scene,
And there a quiet nest I mark'd
  Hid in an ever-green,
As wandering 'mid the hallowed mounds
  With velvet verdure drest,
I paused where two sweet sisters lay
  In death's unbroken rest.

There was a marble seat
  Beside that couch of clay,
Where oft the mournful mother sat
  To pluck the weeds away,
And bless each infant bud,
  And every blossom fair,
That breath'd a sigh of fragance round
  The idols of her care.

The unfledg'd birds had flown
  Far from the nest away,
Yet still within the imprisoning tomb
  Those gentle sleepers lay;
But surely as those bright-wing'd birds
  Forsook the sheltering tree,
And soar'd with joyous flight to heaven,
  Such shall their rising be.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE EVIDENCES.

THE MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.

BY THE REV. JAMES TAYLOR, GLASGOW.

Flax is mentioned (Exod. ix. 31) as one of the principal productions of Egypt; and the whole process of its cultivation—laying it out in oblong intersected beds, steeping the stalks after cutting, beating them, and making cloth of the materials so prepared ("fine linen," for which the Egyptians were so famous)—is exhibited in the sculptures in all its minutest and most precise details. The manufacture of linen formed a principal branch of industry to the inhabitants of Egypt. The Prophet Isaiah (xix. 9), describing the misery that was to come on the various classes of the Egyptian population, says: "Moreover, they that work in fine flax, and they that weave net-works (or, as it is rendered, and more correctly, in the margins of our Bibles, white-works), shall be confounded." By "white-works" the prophet evidently means the cotton manufactures. The Jews, like many other nations both of Asia and Europe, derived their supplies of fine stuffs from Egypt. We are told (1 Kings x. 28) that "Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt; and linen yarn: the king's merchants received the linen yarn at a price." And that this linen of Egypt was highly valued in Palestine, is evident from the statement of the "strange woman" (Prov. vii. 16): "I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen of Egypt." The export of these productions of the loom seems to have formed an important branch of Phœnician commerce, for the Prophet Ezekiel (xxvii. 7), in his enumeration of the articles of traffic in Tyre, says: "Fine linen with broidered work from Egypt was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail; blue and purple from the isles of Elishah was that which covered thee." The dresses of the numerous figures, and other draperies painted on Egyptian tombs, exhibit a large variety of qualities, colours, and patterns. Some sorts are so fine and transparent, that every detail of the figures which they envelop is seen with perfect clearness through them—suggesting the idea of fine muslin or gauze; while other qualities of various thickness exhibit, as far as can be judged from paintings, rich and delicate workmanship, and sometimes furnish patterns and styles not unworthy our imitation, and always a brilliancy of colour which we can scarcely rival.*

In the complaint of the murmuring Israelites in the wilderness (Numb. xi. 5), we have an enumeration of various articles of Egyptian cultivation: "We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic."

This passage is especially important, in respect of its bearing on the veracity of the Mosaic history. All these articles of food existed in Egypt in great abundance, and most of them were distinguished for their excellence, and formed the favourite nourishment of the people. "Among the lower orders," says Wilkinson, "vegetables constituted a very great part of their ordinary food; and they gladly availed themselves of the variety and abundance of esculent roots growing spontaneously in the lands irrigated by the rising Nile, as soon as its waters had subsided; some of which were eaten in a crude state, and others roasted in the ashes, boiled, or stewed; their chief aliment, and that of the children, consisting of milk and cheese, roots, liguminous, cucurbitaceous, and other plants and ordinary fruits of the country."

Egypt affords many varieties of the cucumber, and of peculiar excellence. When in season, they are eaten by all classes to an extent which would scarcely seem credible in this country.

The melons are of very great importance in Egypt, and, from their refreshing qualities, would very naturally become objects of general longing in the desert, when the "souls of the people were dried away." "A traveller in the East," says Kitto, "who remembers the intense gratitude which the gift of a slice of melon inspired, while journeying over the hot and dry plains, will readily comprehend the regret with which the Hebrews in the Arabian Desert looked back upon the melons of Egypt." The following account of the use of melons in Egypt is given by

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* Written at the grave of two Christian friends.

* Illustrated Commentary on Prov. viii. 16

Hasselquist: "The water-melon is cultivated on the banks of the Nile, in the rich clayey earth which subsides during the inundation. This serves the Egyptians for meat, drink, and medicine. It is eaten in abundance during the season even by the richer sort of people; but the common people scarcely eat anything else, and account this the best time of the year, as they are obliged to put up with worse fare at other seasons. This fruit likewise serves them for drink, the juice so refreshing these poor creatures, that they have much less occasion for water than if they were to live on more substantial food in this burning climate."

The onions of Egypt were far renowned for their excellence, and are often represented on the monuments. They were a common article of diet in ancient times; and they still constitute almost the only food of the lowest class. "Most of the people of Western Asia are remarkably fond of onions. The Arabs, in particular, have even a childish passion for them, and several of their proverbial phrases express this attachment." The extraordinary estimation in which they were held by the Egyptians we learn from Pliny, who says: "I cannot overpass the foolish superstition of the Egyptians, who used to swear by garlic and onions, calling them to witness in taking their oaths, as if they were no less than some gods."* And Hasselquist says: "Whoever has tasted onions in Egypt must allow that none can be had better in any part of the universe. Here they are sweet, in other countries they are nauseous and strong. Here they are soft, whereas in the northern and other parts they are hard; and their coats are so compact, that they are difficult of digestion. Hence they cannot in any place be eaten with less prejudice and more satisfaction than in Egypt."

Garlic is not now produced in Egypt; but there can be no doubt that it was in great request in ancient times. Like the other vegetables longed for by the discontented Israelites, it is represented on the monuments; and Herodotus expressly says, that in the Great Pyramid there was in his time an inscription recording the expense of the radishes, *onions*, and *garlic* which had been consumed by the workmen during the progress of the undertaking.

The time of the year when fish and vegetables were more particularly used by the Egyptians was the hot season, occasioned by the prevalence of the south winds in April and May; and it is worthy of notice, that it was in the very midst of this parching season that the Israelites longed with such impatience for the cool and refreshing diet which they had been accustomed at such times to enjoy. A striking instance of the urgent necessity for such food to those who had been accustomed to it occurred during the siege of Damietta, in 1218, when many of the more delicate Egyptians, although they had corn in abundance, pined away and died for want of the garlic, onions, fish, birds, fruits, and herbs, to which they had been accustomed.†

These interesting facts throw great light on the sacred narrative, and are sufficient to convince every candid mind of its strict accuracy; but this is perhaps still more strikingly evinced by the mention made of the vegetable which in our version is rendered "leeks." This word, thus translated, occurs in several places in the Old Testament, but in this passage alone is the meaning of "leeks" given to it. In 1 Kings xviii. 5; 2 Kings xix. 26; Job xl. 15, &c., it is rendered "grass." Etymologically, it has the meaning of food for cattle, pasturage, fodder, and is so employed in the passages referred to. The article of food here meant must therefore be appropriately food for beasts, which "leeks" are not.

"But among the wonders of the natural history of Egypt," says Hengstenberg, "it is mentioned by travellers that the common people there eat with special relish a kind of grass similar to clover." The impression which the sight of this makes on those who have travelled much, is very graphically described by Mayr: "A great heap of clover was thrown before the beasts, and a smaller pile of clover like fodder was placed before the master of the house and his companions. The quadrupeds and the bipeds ate with equal greediness, and the pile of the latter was all gone before the former had finished theirs. This plant is very similar to clover, except that it has more pointed leaves and whitish blossoms. Enormous quantities are eaten by the inhabitants, and it is not unpalatable. I was afterwards, when hungry, in a situation to lay myself down upon the fields where it grows, and *graze* with pleasure." Sonnini gives a more particular description, which clearly shows us how the Israelites could, among other things, also look back longingly to the *grass* of Egypt: "Although the helbet of the Egyptians is nourishing food for the numerous beasts who cover the plains of the Delta—although horses, oxen, and the buffaloes eat it with equal relish—it appears not to be destined especially for the sustenance of animals, since the *Carsim* furnishes an aliment better even and more abundant." But that which will appear very extraordinary is, that in this singularly fertile country the Egyptians themselves eat the fenu-grec (the scientific name of this *grass*—its common name in Egypt is helbet) so much, that it can properly be called the food of *men*. In the month of November they cry "Green helbet for sale!" in the streets of the towns. It is tied up in large bunches, which the inhabitants eagerly purchase at a low price, and which they eat with an incredible greediness, without any species of seasoning. They pretend that this singular diet is an excellent stomachic, a specific against worms and dysentery—in fine, a preservative against a great number of maladies. Finally, the Egyptians regard this plant as endowed with so many good qualities, that it is in their estimation a true panacea. *Prosper Alpinus* has entered into long details upon its use in medicine. After so many excellent properties, real or supposed, it is not astonishing that the Egyptians hold the fenu-grec in so great estimation, that, according to one of their proverbs, "Fortunate are the feet which tread the earth on which grows the helbet." Can any candid person doubt that a longing after an article of food so remarkable in itself, and so entirely peculiar to Egypt,

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* Hist. Nat. xix. 6.

† Harmer's Observations, iv. 44.

could only have existed among those who were intimately acquainted by experience with the productions of that country—among persons, in short, placed in the circumstances in which the Israelites are represented as having been placed; and that, consequently, the narrative of the whole transaction bears internal evidence both of its authenticity and of its genuineness?

THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF RUSSIA.

BY THE REV. A. THOMSON, A.B., EDINBURGH.

The established religion of Russia, which is professed by forty-eight millions of her subjects, is that of the Greek Church. About the middle of the tenth century an attempt was made by a princess of a daring and resolute spirit, named Olga, who acted as queen-regent during the minority of her son Sviatoslaf, to introduce this form of Christianity among the Slavonic tribes. The attempt appears, however, to have been followed by a very slight measure of success; and it was not till about the middle of the following century that, by the authority and influence of Vladimir the Great, it was received with general favour by the Russian nation.

The superstition which was thus supplanted by the new faith, appears to have been of the most gloomy, degrading, and sanguinary order. Their " lords many and gods many," were partly borrowed from the Greeks and Romans, and partly from the Scythians, though, in passing into the hands of the Slavonic and Scandinavian tribes, they lost even the poetic elegance of the one, and the rough and savage grandeur of the other. It would scarcely repay the trouble, to trace among the idols of ancient Russian superstition the various objects of Greek and Roman worship, under other and ruder names, such as Mokosh the god of battles, answering to the Roman Mars; and Pozvizd the god of the winds, answering to the Grecian Æolus. The comparison is very elaborately and ingeniously traced by Dr Pinkerton, in his able work on Russia, which is well worthy the attention of those interested in the subject. It may be sufficient to give an idea of the Slavonic superstitions, to describe the manner in which *Perun*, the chief of their deities, the Russian Jupiter, was represented and worshipped. His name very appropriately signifies "the destroyer." His image was composed of different materials, in one feature displaying a grotesque resemblance to the Russ of the present day. His head was of silver; his ears and mustachios of massy gold; his legs of iron, and his trunk of hard, incorruptible wood. In his hand he grasped a thunderbolt adorned with rubies and jaspers. Upon his altar there burnt day and night the sacred fire, watched by the priests of his temple, who, if through negligence they allowed it at any time to be extinguished, were doomed to perish in the flames as the enemies of Perun. The sacrifices of oxen and other animals to Perun were considered comparatively trifling and worthless; his altar most frequently smoked with human blood. The captives taken in war were his most common oblation, and even the children of his worshippers were occasionally immolated to appease his vengeance, or to attract his favour.

Such was the religious condition of Russia onward to the middle of the eleventh century, in which we discover all those repulsive and sickening features that have marked idolatry in all ages and under all climes—folly, degradation, horrid cruelty; and, had I entered into fuller detail, I might have added impurity. These are the characteristics of Heathenism everywhere; the drapery may be changed, but never the deformity; its rites may become more picturesque, but not more benignant or more pure. But if it be true that the worshipper ever becomes assimilated to the object of his worship—if it be true that all idolatry and superstition are but the embodiment and reflection of the evil imaginations and passions of the human heart, that does not like to retain the true God in its thoughts—then must we regard the introduction of the Greek Church into this vast empire, with all the exceptions and qualifications we are hereafter to specify, as an event the magnitude of which cannot be estimated or expressed. Even supposing the direct spiritual benefits which so enfeebled and corrupt a form of Christianity conferred to have been comparatively few, was it nothing to reveal to the mind of such a people the unity, existence, and attributes of the true God? Was it nothing to introduce the arts among those savage tribes, to new-model and refine their barbarous language, and to create for them a literature—blessings which came hand in hand with the new religion? Was it nothing to extinguish those fires which so often burnt with human victims, or to hew down those altars which were so often soaked with human blood?

The gratification we feel in studying the dim annals which record the introduction of Christianity into Russia in the eleventh century, is seriously damped, however, by two considerations, viz., the mode in which it was introduced, and the corrupt form in which it was presented to the people.

In regard to the mode of its introduction, we glean the following facts: Vladimir, the reigning monarch, having been solicited by the kings of various nations to adopt their religion, he determined to act in the most impartial manner. With this view, he despatched persons remarkable for their wisdom and sagacity to the surrounding nations, with instructions to examine the religious tenets and rites of the respective countries, and to make known to him the issue of their inquiries. The report of the deputies was in favour of the Greek Church, the imposing splendour of whose ritual, and the gorgeous decorations of whose priests, as seen in the superb basilica of St Sophia at Constantinople, dazzled the barbarous imagination of the Scandinavian prince, and determined him to embrace the Christian religion, according to the forms of the Greek Church. Having submitted to baptism, his example was speedily followed by his chiefs and nobles, and those, again, by the numerous tribes that bowed to him as their king. It may serve to give some idea of the spirit in which the new religion was both imposed by Vladimir, and received by his subjects, to mention, that having one day issued a proclamation, ordering all the inhabitants of Kief to repair next morning to the banks of the river to be baptized, the people cheerfully obeyed the order, observing, that if it were not good to be baptized, the prince and the nobles would never submit to the ceremony. What ignorance of the heart of man, as well as of the true nature and genius of Christianity, is there in these simple facts. To us, nothing seems plainer than the utter incompetency of mere authority to produce that personal conviction and reception of divine truth which lies at the foundation of all religion. The ukase of a despot may impose a ceremonial, but it cannot renew a character; it may produce a change of form, but it cannot enkindle the inward life. The consequence of such a measure will, therefore, invariably be, the retaining of the spirit of Heathenism amid the forms of a purer faith—a consequence which, after the lapse of centuries, we may trace in many of the customs of Russia, in which the spirit of early Scandinavian superstition, still lifts its front to tell us how feebly Russian society has been regenerated. The efforts of Greek missionaries, who had been labouring in Russia from the ninth century; as well as Vladimir's own character, which, from the time of his adoption of the Christian faith, exhibited, in its humanity and abstinence, a complete contrast to his former life; and, no doubt, we may add the instructions of a clergy among whom there still lingered the spirit of a purer Christianity—these were the more legitimate weapons of proselytism, and even the dim and dusty annals of Russian ecclesiastical history would lead us to believe were followed by truer success.

But supposing the Christian religion to have been propagated in Russia by instruction and persuasion alone—the only instruments which suit its spiritual nature, the only weapons which it owns—still it must be remembered that, as received from the Greek Church, it was most enfeebled and deformed—far different even from the Christianity that was established by Constantine in the third century—far more different still from the Christianity which was preached by apostles, and sealed by the blood of martyrs in the first. If some of the elements of true evangelism still survived in her, the things that remained were ready to die; if the sun was there, it was clouded by the traditions and commandments of men; in some respects, indeed, it found a nearer resemblance to the aurora borealis of those northern climes, shedding no steady radiance—splendid, but fitful, and illuminating the darkness, rather than dispelling it.

At the same time, we have no sympathy with those writers on Church history who, from superficial knowledge, or pure indolence of mind, are accustomed to speak of the Greek Church in the same terms of undistinguishing condemnation as of the Church of Rome. We believe that, in more respects than one, the Churches of the East have not drunk so deeply of the cup of apostasy; that in several features they approach much nearer to the Reformed Churches; and thus present more points on which a zealous and evangelic Protestantism may lay hold, and lead them forth into a fuller liberty, and a more effulgent light. What these are will appear by a brief statement of the leading points of resemblance and of difference between the Greek and Roman Churches. This we shall attempt to give in our next article.

WANDERINGS FROM GOD.

How many and how sad they are! All the sin of our nature, and all the evil that visits us in consequence, comes from wandering from God. Near to God, we are near to light and life; far from God, we are in darkness and death. The soul even of a true Christian may wander from God, and may do it very gradually and imperceptibly. But though the departure from God is easy, the return to him is difficult. The departure is amidst temptations, carelessness, and indulgences in sin; the return is amidst fears, distresses, chastisements, and bitter sorrows. The departure is heedless and without effort; the return is anxious—amidst tears and painful struggles. The departure is *with* our fallen nature; the return is all *against* it. The departure is driven on by Satan; the return is resisted by him, and must be a constant fight with him.

The soul of a Christian sometimes wanders from God, almost without knowing it, and gets at a great distance without knowing how far. It is like a child entering on the open borders of a forest, where at first the path is smooth and agreeable, running beside the plain road, amidst soft grass, all safe, at ease, and quiet. But as the boy runs on, the road is gradually lost sight of, and the path becomes entangled, and the thick woods conceal the light, and the day closes, and all is night, darkness, and terror. So is a careless Christian's heart, going astray from God. The beginnings of the evil are sometimes in very little things, not in sudden and great temptations. But the consequences are sometimes worse than those which sudden and great temptations bring with them. Great temptations, if the soul be suddenly overcome by them, are apt to be succeeded by sudden and great repentance, and renewed watchfulness. But little sins, carelessness and wanderings, grow into a habit without repentance, and the conscience is spoiled of its tenderness, and the heart becomes heavy and hard, and there is sin without sorrow, and darkness almost without knowing that the light is gone. O this is a dreadful case, when the soul has thus gone gradually and insensibly away from God!

When the soul has thus got away from God, its
is all wandering, all earthly. Even its religious
ties are wanderings from God, instead of joyful
l warm approaches to him. All its religious feel-
s decay, and its devout sensibilities grow dim, and
no longer sees God, nor anything clearly in God's
ht. It lives on in darkness, a dark, sad, melan-
oly life; and what is saddest and most melancholy
all, it does not, for a long time, awake to a sense
this darkness, or become uneasy at it, or alarmed
out it, or distressed and troubled because it does
t see God. It may go on thus for many days, if
ternal things are suffered, by God's providence, to
prosperous and quiet—if no calamity falls upon
e household—if the plans of this life and its ordi-
ry enjoyments are not interrupted, it may go on
r many days without the light of God's counte-
nce, and yet not be troubled. The spell and palsy
the world is upon it, the intoxicating atmosphere
the world is around it, is breathed by it, and it
es not feel its need of God, nor how evil and bitter
thing it is to sin against God.

The Psalmist speaks of the common creatures of
od as being troubled when he hides his face from
em: *Thou hidest thy face, and they are troubled.* But
en that have wandered from God are in this re-
pect less sensible than the brutes; they are *not*
roubled at the hiding of God's face—they are not
ven aware that it is hidden. How many a man,
earing the name of Christian, thus goes on through
he world, and goes about the world, with God's
ace hidden from him, because he is wandering from
od, and yet he is all the while quite insensible to
he sadness, the disconsolateness, the darkness, and
nisery of his condition! So much the worse for him
when he wakes up to it; so much the worse for him
when God sends some grievous calamity upon him,
r when his soul stumbles into some dark pit-fall laid
for him by the great enemy. He will be filled with
nguish, when he comes to be filled with his own way.

A man may be a very quiet and prudent stayer at home, and yet may wander far from God. And a man may be so much of a traveller, as to be quite the world's citizen and circumnavigator, and may nevertheless keep very near to God. It does not need a man to go to the planet Saturn, in order to wander from God. A man may never leave his own fire-side, nor his own room, and yet may make fearful journeyings away from God. A man also may be very steady at church, and also at family worship, and yet come not near to God. His habitation may be next door to God's altar, while his soul is far away from God. *Israel hath forgotten his Maker, and buildeth temples.* A man may be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, and yet his heart may be dwelling in the tents of wickedness.—*Dr Cheever.*

PAPAL PRISONS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Recorder*, who has recently visited some of the Papal prisons, gives the following description of them:—

> All these prisons resemble each other in the cruelty, severity, mismanagement, bad food, and horrible tortures prevailing there, by means of which inmates often die in the most excruciating distress.
>
> The condemned prisoners are fastened in pairs by enormous chains on their feet. Their beds are mere plank, without straw or covering. Being chained together at night, as well as all day, only one of each pair can sleep at a time, and then sit while the other takes his place.
>
> Their work is to keep the port and city clean, to carry enormous burdens, and, in short, to perform the most disgusting labours. Political prisoners are treated with still more rigour than the criminals. Always followed by the lagozini, who, at the slightest negligence or transgression, beat these wretched beings with an enormous lash, perhaps because their physical nature is too feeble to endure the severe labours.
>
> There are also separate prisons, kept under a more strict system, for other political offenders, where they are obliged to remain always in one position, either standing or lying down, for months and even years, if they live long enough.
>
> Each bagno has its chaplain, who is always some monk approved by the Government, and keeps them acquainted with the state of the prisoners' consciences. They are obliged to confess once a-month, and, if they refuse, have to bear the infliction of from thirty to sixty blows of a stick. This Russian kind of legislation is even practised with the female prisoners, to compel them to confess crimes.

REPROOFS OF MURMURING.

EBENEZER ADAMS.

EBENEZER ADAMS, an eminent member of the Society of Friends, on visiting a lady of rank, whom he found, six months after the death of her husband, on a sofa covered with black cloth, and in all the dignity of woe, approached her with great solemnity, and gently taking her by the hand, thus addressed her: "So, friend, I see, then, thou hast not yet forgiven God Almighty." This reproof had so great an effect on the lady, that she immediately laid aside her violent grief, and again entered on the discharge of the duties of life.

A HINDU FEMALE.

One day, when Lady Raffles, while in India, was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a favourite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children, or the light of day, and humbled on her couch with a feeling of intensest misery, she was addressed by a poor, ignorant, native woman of the lowest class, who had been employed about the nursery, in terms not to be forgotten: "I am come, because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of everybody? Did any one ever see him or speak of him without admiring him? And instead of letting this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? O lady! leave off weeping, and rather thank God for his goodness."

A HUSBAND.

A lady, who had lost a beloved child, was so oppressed with grief, that she even secluded herself from the society of her own family, and kept herself locked in her chamber; but was at length prevailed on by her husband to come down stairs, and to take a walk in the garden. While there, she stooped to pluck a flower; but her husband appeared as though he would hinder her. She plaintively said, "What! deny a flower!" He replied, "You have denied God your flower, and surely you ought not to think it hard in me to deny you mine." It is said, the lady suitably felt the gentle reproof, and had reason to say, "A word spoken in season, how good is it!"

A MOTHER'S FAITH AND LOVE.

Leclerc was led to the place of execution. The executioner prepared the fire, heated the iron which was to sear the flesh of the minister of the Gospel, and approaching him, branded him as a heretic on the forehead. Just then a shriek was uttered—but it came not from the martyr. His mother, a witness of the dreadful sight, wrung with anguish, endured a violent struggle between the enthusiasm of faith and maternal feelings; but her faith overcame, and she exclaimed, in a voice that made the adversaries tremble, "Glory be to Jesus Christ and his witnesses!" Thus did this French woman of the sixteenth century have respect to the word of the Son of God: "Whosoever loveth his son more than me, is not worthy of me." So daring a courage at such a moment might have seemed to demand instant punishment; but that Christian mother had struck powerless the hearts of priests and soldiers. Their fury was restrained by a mightier arm than theirs. The crowd falling back and making way for her, allowed the mother to regain, with faltering step, her humble dwelling. Monks, and even the town sergeants themselves, gazed on her without moving; "not one of her enemies," says Beza, "dared put forth his hand against her."—*D'Aubigné.*

THE PSALMS.

Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out as services for Israelites, under the Law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry could never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophesy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of Him to whom all hearts are known and all events are known, they suit mankind in all situations—grateful as the manna which descended from heaven, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrancy; but those unfading plants of Paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened, fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who has once tasted their excellences will desire to taste them again, and he who tastes them often, will relish them best.—*Bishop Horne.*

DAMASCUS.

SCENE OF SAUL'S CONVERSION.

We mounted our horses to ride out of the city into the *Ager Damascenus*, where Saul of Tarsus was struck down by God. Passing through the gate of Jerusalem, I cast my eyes up to the top of the wall, and observed that houses were built upon it; near one of them was a walled up portal and wind through the latter of which, Christian tradition s the apostle was let down by a basket, when escaped for his life (Acts); and according to Mo tradition, the reign of Mohammedanism will c whenever a Christian shall enter the city thr the former. Hence it is strongly built up. A q ter of a mile from the gate, on the Jerusalem r we came to a naked ridge of stone, where the is shown on which Saul "fell to the earth, heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, persecutest thou me?" It is as likely to be the spot as any other; and Christians have long c crated it by the burial of their dead. Without walls are seen groups of tents with hundred camels standing near, or browsing in the vi These are the fleets of Damascus, which bring the gold of Persia, India, and Arabia, and take in return, the products of her own looms, and manufactures of England and France.

We traversed at will, sometimes on horseback, streets of Damascus, one of the holy cities of Moslems, and not only were not disturbed in any stance, but scarcely attracted the slightest atten Ten years ago we should have been stopped at gate, and made to dismount and walk, and even t run the risk of being assaulted, perhaps beaten death, if we had appeared in European dress. that time the Christian nations had no consuls th now they are not only represented, but the repres tatives are treated with the highest considerati and all persons under their protection, or subject their respective sovereigns, are free from the law the country, exempt from taxation, and amena only to their respective consulates. The servants subjects of Christian powers have advantages protection unknown to the native citizen. The h of a principal Turk may be struck off without ca at any moment, at the command of the Pacha; wh that of a black Indian street-porter is safe, beca he is the subject of Queen Victoria. This great sudden change with respect to Christians and th commerce was wrought by Mehemet Ali; and n that the five powers have driven him from Syria a restored it to the Porte, the Sultan is obliged to co tinue the same advantages to their subjects resid within the empire. Thus the East is open to t enterprise, the principles, and the religion of t West.—*Observations in the East, by John P. Durb D.D.*

Dr Taylor of Norwich, said to me: "Sir, I ha collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seve teen times, and it is very strange if the doctrine the Atonement, which you hold, is there, and I ha not found it." I am not surprised at this. I on went to light my candle with the extinguisher o Now prejudice from education, learning, &c., ofte forms an extinguisher. It is not enough to bring th candle; you must remove the extinguisher.

Ministers would overrate their labours, if they not think it worth while to be born, and spend te thousand years in labour and contempt, to recove one soul.

I feel like a man who has no money in his pocket, but is allowed to draw, for all his wants, upon one infinitely rich; I am, therefore, at once a beggar and a rich man.—*John Newton.*

SAYINGS OF RUTHERFORD, WITH BRIEF COMMENTS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT M'DONALD, BLAIRGOWRIE.

"*Faith is exceedingly charitable, and believeth no evil of God.*"

How true! providences and probabilities may seem to contradict the promises, but faith never doubts the truth of God, and never puts a harsh construction on his doings. That God cannot lie, and that God will not forsake, are its unalterable convictions. It is on this account that of all graces faith is the most honouring to God, and the most acceptable in his sight. How opposite is unbelief! It is suspicious, and ever inclined to make God a liar. It will believe any one and every one sooner than God. It puts more reliance on the suggestions of an evil heart, and the assertions of an evil world, than on the express statements of the Spirit of truth. Unbelief, on this account, is of all sins the most hateful to God, and the most hurtful to the sinner. Dear reader, be strong in faith, giving glory to God.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."—JOB xiii. 15.

"*Build your nest upon no tree here, for you see God hath sold the forest to Death; and every tree whereupon we would rest is ready to be cut down, to the end we may flee and mount up and build upon the Rock.*"

Creatures and creature-comforts are such trees, feeble and withering at the best, and soon to be cut down. But Jesus is the rock in the clefts of which we may securely and abidingly hide. If we build our nests of joy and peace on the former, we shall and must be disappointed; for sooner or later the hand of the great forester shall lay the axe to the root, and trees and nests must fall together. Some trees may be firmer rooted than others, and may thus flourish longer, but in the end, whether by tempest or by axe, every tree must fall; for "the whole forest is sold to Death." It is only when we build our happiness on Christ that we build surely; for he is not a fading tree, but an enduring rock. The nests built on the clefts of this rock are lasting as eternity. Where, reader, art thou building?

"Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."—COL. iii. 3.

"*I would not want the sweet experience of the consolations of God for all the bitterness of afflictions; nay, whether God come to his children with a rod or a crown, if he come himself with it, it is well.*"

Bitter as affliction often is to the believer, yet it is not so bitter as the consolation under it is sweet. This has been the blessed experience of multitudes—God never smites without *a need be;* and when he smites with one hand, he soothes with the other. He even makes the grace within proportioned to the burden without. To be afflicted is thus not only a needful, but a sweet and gracious thing. To them who are exercised thereby, trials ever yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Fear not, then, child of God, for whether your Lord come with a cross or a crown, if he only come himself, all is well.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes."—Ps. cxix. 11.

"*Courage up your heart; when you tire He will bear both you and your burden.*"

Who does not sometimes tire? Even the strongest saints are liable to faint and grow weary; at least they grow weary *in*, if not weary *of*, their Master's service. But, however much they may sometimes tire, they never altogether sink. And what lightens their burden, and dispels the rising mists of despondency and fear? It is the presence of the Lord—the sustaining hand of him who is the Son of Man, and yet the Son of God. Dear believer, your burden may be heavy, but however heavy the burden, or weak the bearer of it, courage up your heart; for when you tire, he will bear both you and your burden, and he alone. None but Jesus can give the heavy laden rest.

"Wait on the Lord. Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."—Ps. xxvii. 14.

"*You are now alone, but you may have, for the seeking, three always in your company—the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.*"

Solitude is often pleasant. At times we love a calm retreat, either to muse in sorrow, or to rejoice in hope. But solitude is sometimes painful too, especially when caused by afflictive bereavements. It is no little trial, then, to have no one to whom we can communicate our hopes and fears, our joys and griefs. At such a time the heart feels desolate. But let not believers despond; for though alone in appearance, they are not alone in reality. No! the wise, the compassionate Father is with them—the gracious and loving Son is with them—the cheering and sanctifying Spirit is with them; and just for the seeking they will be always with them. With such company, who should feel lonely?

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—MATT. xxviii. 20.

"*Think it not hard, if you get not your will nor your delight in this life. God will have you to rejoice in nothing but himself.*"

God breaks the cistern to bring us to the fountain—he withers our gourds that he himself may be our shade—he puts out the dim taper that we may rejoice only in the light of the sun. Can there be anything hard in this? No; the real hardship would be to get our wills and our delights in this life; for then would this vain world become our all, and Christ and eternity be forgotten. Truly we should be content to have our wills crossed, and our pleasures marred here, seeing that in heaven we shall not only get an infinity and an eternity of delight, but the gratification of our will to the fullest extent. The will of the redeemed shall then be in such eternal harmony with the will of the Redeemer, that whatever they *will* shall be done, and whatever they *desire* shall be granted. Delightful prospect!

"Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."—HAB. iii. 17, 18.

"*Follow him, and think it not hard that you receive a blow with your Lord; take part with Jesus of his sufferings, and glory in the marks of Christ.*"

We must think it neither hard nor strange to suffer with our Lord. Suffering is an unfailing badge of discipleship—a thing to be expected—a privilege to be enjoyed. The disciples of old rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Jesus, and so should we. The disciple is not above his Master. If our Lord himself gave his back to the smiters, and his cheek to them that plucked off the hair, why should it be otherwise with his people! To shrink from the cross is to forfeit the crown.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him; if we deny him, he also will deny us."—2 TIM. ii. 12.

THE PIOUS COBBLER.[*]

THE religion of Christ never appears more lovely and divine than in the fruits which it sometimes produces in the most barren spots, and in the most unpromising soils. The mighty and transforming power which it possesses is less strikingly developed in those who, previously to their spiritual renovation, have enjoyed a degree of moral and mental cultivation, than in those whom it has found in a state of rude and vicious degradation, but whom it has civilized into men, and purified into Christians. Though the divine influence of the Holy Spirit is as indispensable in the one case as in the other, and the heart of the most strictly moral and the most polished needs the same spiritual regeneration as the heart of the most uncultivated and depraved, yet the change is more striking, and the contrast more pointed and interesting in the latter case than in the former; just as the flowery regions encircling the Alpine summits become infinitely more interesting and beautiful from the contiguity of the eternal snows on which they border, and with which they are so impressively contrasted.

Yet it may be safely asserted, that the grace of God in the poor and the wretched does not attract sufficient admiration, though I believe there are innumerable cases to be found among the very lowest, and once the most degraded, class of human society, which furnish illustrious monuments of the power of the Gospel, and which will possibly appear, in the celestial world, among the most conspicuous trophies of the grace of Christ. The conversion of an individual in the higher circles is contemplated with admiration, and published with triumph, partly, it may be presumed, on account of his worldly importance, and partly on account of the rarity of such occurrences; sometimes, too, on account of the influence which such individuals may be supposed to exert, through a gay and wide circle, in favour of the neglected truths and unfelt power of Christianity.

I would on no account detract from the importance, or abridge the *éclât* of such interesting and delightful occurrences. Several such, in modern times, have powerfully illustrated the spirituality and purity of the Gospel—have given confidence and joy to many of the Lord's servants, and are circulating a healthful and happy influence over large portions of society in several parts of the kingdom. But still I may claim attention to a narrative relating to humbler life, promising scarcely less important results, and in itself affording as illustrious a display of the sovereign grace of God as any that modern times can boast.

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[*] From "The Pastor's Sketch-Book." London: 1829. In our third Number we inserted a narrative, entitled the *Missionary Legacy*, and added a note, stating that we were not aware where it first appeared, but had copied it from a foreign journal. We were happy to receive a note soon after from our esteemed contributor, Dr Redford of Worcester, stating that the narrative was originally drawn up by him, and inserted in the same work as that in which the above story appears, viz., "The Pastor's Sketch-Book," which he edited. We think it right to state this to our readers, as we know very many of them were exceedingly interested by the story.

In a part of England where the beauty and fertility of the natural scenery are sharply and painfully contrasted with the deformity and sterility of the moral, only a few miles distant from a very principal road, along which daily passes much of the gaiety and refinement, and not unfrequently also much of the benevolence and piety, of the land, there is a village which the eye of the traveller may detect as he winds up and down the sides of the neighbouring hills—a spot surrounded with the luxuriance of woods and orchards, interspersed with fields of unrivalled freshness, and in the neighbourhood of some of the most lovely eminences our island contains. But fair as the scene has appeared to the sense of successive generations, who have viewed, admired, and enjoyed it, there was everything among its population, morally, to designate it a *desert*, or something far worse than a desert. A Heathen village could scarcely have presented a more appalling scene of vice and brutality than might there have been witnessed. The Sabbath was to them a day of rest from the drudgery of the world, only to seek the more degrading drudgery of sin and Satan.

No Sabbath-school blessed its children—no feet of itinerant evangelists, bringing the glad tidings of peace, were seen upon the mountains—no sympathetic females visited its cottages, or read by the bed-side of its sick and dying poor—no kind hand of passing traveller dropt the hopeful tract. True, it was in some parish, and that parish had a priest, but he, like multitudes of others who take up the ministry as a genteel profession, thought more of the tithes to be gathered into his garner than of the souls to be led to heaven—for them, indeed, no man seemed to care.

In this village there was one—as rude and ignorant as any of his neighbours, as abhorrent from everything like serious religion, and as much estranged from God, as any around him. He bore the not very promising distinction of the *village cobbler*. He had passed considerably the meridian of life, and was fast waning into that state in which ignorance and sin are rendered obdurate by habit, and stiff-necked by age. He had spent many a year in the toilsome duties of his vocation, and had conversed with most of the equally humble and ignorant individuals of the generation around him, but still he knew not God.

His attention was one day arrested by the intelligence, that in a small neighbouring town certain individuals were in the habit of privately meeting to read the Holy Scriptures, and converse together upon their contents. The fact was altogether singular and unheard of. After some meditation, he thought he should like to be present, and he accordingly resolved to go. His resolution was soon carried into effect. He witnessed the humble seriousness of a few pious persons, who met for the sole purpose of hearing the Word of God read. His attention was directed to the reading and examination of that Word for himself. He procured a Bible, and began to feel the influence of truths which had hitherto been utterly concealed from his view. The Sabbath, instead of being spent at the public-house, or in pleasure-taking, or idle and wicked gossip, as it usually is among villagers where no Gospel-sounds salute the ear, was now regularly devoted to this highly laudable and useful object. Month after month he cheerfully took his accustomed Sabbath-day's journey, toiling many a mile to hear the Word of God read, and to join in prayer and praise with a very small band of individuals, nearly of the same rank in life with himself. At length the Word of God took deep hold upon his heart. He became a man of faith and of prayer. His neighbours wondered—his family admired—and angels rejoiced.

How naturally do the genuine principles of Christianity lead the heart to benevolence! He had scarcely himself become a Christian, before he looked around him on his village neighbours, and deeply and inwardly mourned over their wretched and lost condition. But he not only pitied—he asked himself, *What can I do?* He could do but little. He felt unable to teach them, and unfit even to attempt it. Yet he was resolved what to do—and the deed was as *princely* as the principle was divine.

He had saved a small sum of money, the fruit of many years' hard industry, economy, and diligence—the little but comfortable resource for his family in case of his removal, or of himself in case of sickness. This little property he thought would be still better devoted to the building of a small chapel for the service of the village, and he accordingly determined immediately, and unassisted, to prepare an humble building, such as his means would allow, in which he might occasionally hear the Word of God proclaimed to his untaught neighbours. The work was soon effected. Some Christian friends in a neighbouring town engaged to procure a preacher to open the new place of worship. The day arrived—a happy and zealous company of friends met together; and a minister from a distance came to set apart the place for the high and holy use of prayer and praise.

Let my readers, if they can, enter into the joyful emotions of that day—let them conceive the pure and blessed feelings of this humble

Christian, when he saw the building which his own benevolence had reared first opened as a house of prayer for all the people. It was noble and it was lovely—perhaps beyond precedent in modern times. The emotions of this lowly cottager that day might have been envied by a prince, and few of the princes of this world ever did an act so noble and so pious.

Some of the good people who had come to witness the scene, powerfully felt the influence of a zeal so eminent and pure, and voluntarily proposed that they should be allowed, in part at least, to share with him the expense of the erection. They endeavoured to convince him that it was not right for him to bear the whole burden, and that collections would cheerfully be made towards assisting him in this labour of love. But the sacrifice was a luxury to his soul not to be foregone. He had consecrated his little savings to this good work of the Lord, and he was resolved to make it a monument of his gratitude to the Saviour, that might live through succeeding generations.

Still, however, alert in doing good, and glad to find his fellow-Christians willing to contribute of their abundance to aid the village cause, he proposed that they should collect what they thought proper, and devote it to the purchase of a horse for the service of such ministers as they might be able to procure, and who might thereby be enabled more frequently to visit this benighted place. This was accordingly done; and this village now enjoys the regular services of a minister of the Gospel, has its Sabbath-school, and various other means of religious instruction. The effect has been striking and delightful, and the humble individual who has been the instrument of all this good, still lives to witness the blessed fruits of his devotedness, and to enjoy a luxury in his latter days which many of ampler means might have, even to a much greater extent, but which few have magnanimity or piety enough to desire or design.

Some of my readers, in affluent or in moderate circumstances, will no doubt admire the zeal and praise the devotedness of the poor cobbler; but let them think whether they cannot do likewise. The rich may lavish their fortunes in building stately mansions, or elegant villas, for their own use; but how much happier would their *otium cum dignitate* be found, if they would consider the multitudes in our villages, that yet have no place of worship where they can hear the glad tidings of salvation, and who are perishing for lack of that knowledge which, without any painful sacrifice or large privation, might be readily extended to them!

CORRIEGILLS—ARRAN.

BY THE REV. DAVID LANDSBOROUGH, STEVENSTON.

On Saturday, the 13th of June, 1845, after spending five days very pleasantly in the Island of Arran, I found it necessary to return home. As the steamer was not to start till three o'clock in the afternoon, we had still several hours at our disposal, and I thought I could not do better than spend part of the time in visiting an old man at some distance, who had sunk into a state of despondency. Feeling that from the infirmities of old age, he was becoming unable for the work arising from a little ground fo crop, and for keeping a cow, it was arranged that he should live with those into whose hands his little patch of ground had come; but when he had sold his cow, and paid his debts, he found that he had *only a single shilling* remaining. What was he to do? Instead of casting his cares on Him who has said: "Even unto hoar hairs I am he," he pondered on his state, and brooded over his forlorn condition till faith was enfeebled and reason failed, and, driven on by the fiery darts of the adversary, he attempted to destroy himself. Everything was done to comfort and cheer him. All around were kind. The factor gave him a liberal weekly allowance, and sent a person to take charge of him; but all would not do. He became utterly hopeless, regarding himself as a reprobate whose prayers would be rejected, and for whom it was in vain to pray. His abode was more than three miles from Lamlash; but it was one of the finest walks in the island, as in looking back, when about mid-way, Lamlash was seen to the greatest advantage; and on looking forward, the bay and castle of Brodick were lying in beauty before you, with the most magnificent mountain scenery forming the background. I have been told that it resembles the mountain scenery of Skye—thought to be the grandest in Britain.

At this point our path diverged from the public road, and the scene became more sequestered and rural. It was one of nature's halcyon days. The air was calm; the Highland lambkins were racing in merry gambols around the grassy hillocks, or butting at each other in mimic fight. The grasshoppers were chirping amongst the heath; and the lark, though so far up in the sky as to seem little larger than a butterfly, was making the very hills resound with her melodious descant. In such a scene, is it possible to be unhappy? Look at that aged man whom we have now reached, and after a single glance you will say, Alas! it *is* possible. On coming up to the house, I found several hardy Highlanders busily employed in mending their herring nets. An old man stood motionless beside them. His eye was fixed on vacancy, and it was evident that he took no interest in the work. I at once set him down as the person I came to visit, and I was right. I tried to engage him in conversation, but in vain. I asked him to take me into the house, which he did. Finding that he would not enter into conversation, I spoke to him in such a way as I thought, with God's blessing, was best fitted to dissipate the gloom, and to lead him, in Christ's name, to cast himself at the footstool of the throne, asking mercy to pardon, and grace to help. Before I left him I said, "Would you like that we should join together in prayer to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ?" "By all means," was his ready reply, and it was the first sentence I had heard him utter. Bowing down, we raised our cry to Him who can cure all manner of diseases; pleading the merits of that blood which cleanseth from all unrighteousness; and praying for the outpouring of the Spirit, who can cause light to arise in darkness, and who can say to the tempest-tossed soul: "Peace, be still." Whether he who was walking in darkness, seeing no light, joined in prayer, I know not. When I bade him farewell, he spoke not a word; but the feeling manner in which he pressed my hand showed that he was not insensible of the kindness of my intentions.

Dear reader, have you "*sana mens in corpore sano*"—a sound mind in a healthy body? O be grateful for the precious blessing! Who is there so thankful as he ought? I fear that we must all plead guilty. We are often least thankful for our greatest blessings, because they are common and uninterrupted, though these very circumstances should so greatly increase our gratitude. The sun daily rises on the evil and on the good. How many even of the good allow days and months to pass over their heads without ever, from the heart, thanking the Lord for giving the sun to rule the day! I believe they are more grateful for the lesser light that rules the night, because they at times feel the want of it. In the same manner, the most healthy are not unfrequently the most ungrateful for health; and how many, because they never feel Reason staggering on her throne, never thank God for granting to them the continued use of Reason!

How incomprehensible is mental derangement! Lofty genius is often seen to be near akin to madness. Often derangement is accompanied with increased acuteness of intellect; but then it has got a sinister bias—a wrong turn. He "is beside himself;" "he is not in his right mind; "he is not himself;" are expressions that show that a melancholy change has taken place. The person is under a malignant influence that he cannot control. He, in many cases, feels and dreads its approach, and warns those whom he best loves to keep out of his way, and to remove from him the means of self-destruction. "Let not the wise man, then, glory in his wisdom," but let him walk humbly before the Lord, the giver of every blessing, seeking to employ *reason* aright as a precious talent for which he must render an account.

A venerable and pious octogenarian at Lamlash had long known this old man of whom we have been speaking, and wished me to visit him. For upwards of thirty years he had been a member of a prayer-meeting along with him. He had no doubt of the sincerity of his religious profession; and though, under the influence of mental aberration, the enemy had been allowed to prevail, he fondly cherished the hope that the cloud would yet pass away, and that in his right mind, he would yet glorify the Lord.* He had often taken sweet counsel with him in going to the house of God, when the place where they delighted to worship was at what many would have regarded as an impracticable distance. What would our gentle citizens think of a nine hours' walk in going to church, and in returning? And if they would think this rather too much along a smooth pavement, or a well-made road, what would they say if it were over steep hills, and through a wild rugged moor, where there is no path except what is formed by sheep, or by the feet of travellers, and where, in some places, the best path in summer is along the rough channel of a mountain stream, and in winter, when the channel is filled with water, along the rougher banks of the rivulet, through knee-deep heather? It is not a trifle that will keep a pious Highlander from the place where the true Gospel sound is heard. Arran had fully shared in the spiritual deadness which pervaded Scotland in the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century. A time of refreshing, however, came from the presence of the Lord. About 1812, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr Macbride of Kilmorie, there was a great revival. He was a truly pious and devoted servant of Jesus Christ, and God blessed his labours. Many waited on his ministry from all parts of the island. The venerable Christian at Lamlash told me that he and his afflicted friend had for years been in the habit of going to Kilmorie on Sabbath—a walk of nearly four hours; and that after the death of Mr Macbride they were in the habit of attending the Rev. Mr M'Millan, then at Lochranza, about fifteen miles distant, and part of it the most rugged road ever I travelled. Far was he, however, from grudging the toil. He looked forward to the Sabbath with spiritual longing. Thirsting for the Word, he never thought the journey tedious; and though in winter he had often to return by lantern-light, he had been strengthened by the Gospel feast—he had much that was pleasant to muse upon by the way, and he never found himself less fit for labour on Monday because of his necessary journeyings on the Lord's-day. "Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee—in whose heart are the ways of them. Who passing through the Valley of Baca, make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools. They go from strength to strength; every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."

My son had accompanied me, and for the sake of variety we returned by the Corriegills shore. A conchologist might pick up several good things about Corriegills, but there is little to be got in a hurried walk. *Amphidesma compressum*, however, is got at low water—a rare shell on the opposite coast. Some time after this, there was sent to me a bottle dredged not far from this place. It was full of fine black mud, containing some rare *Annelides*, and richly incrusted outside with *Balani*, and various kinds of zoophytes; adhering to which I found *Patella fulva*, a little limpet, that was new to me. We got some beautiful sea-weeds, but nothing that we had not before fallen in with. Among those dredged by us on a preceding evening, there were some rarer Algæ than I at first was aware of. Among some of them that I sent to Mr Ralfs, at Penzance, he was delighted to find, in fine fructification, *Calithamnion seirospermum*,* which is very rare in England, and which had not before been got in Scotland. And among some I sent to Dr Harvey, Trinity College, Dublin, he was not a little pleased to find what he thought was the long lost *Calithamnion interruptum*. If, after strict scrutiny, he is convinced that it is so, a figure of it will no doubt have the honour of a place in his splendid *Phycologia Britannica*, which is now being published in monthly parts.

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* Since I wrote this I have had the satisfaction of hearing that his health is restored, and that he is now in his right mind.

* Since this was written a beautiful figure of it has appeared in Dr Harvey's *Phycologia Britannica*, under a new name—*Seirospora Griffithsiana*.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DECAPOLIS."

RETURNING, one evening, from an occasional service, the driver of the conveyance in which I was riding suddenly pulled up, and said: "Sir, we can proceed no farther. A fire has just broken out, and the police will allow no carriages to pass." I at once alighted and went with the crowd. Help was at hand, and abundant; and therefore all that the bystanders had to do was to take care of themselves and keep out of danger.

The history of the case was soon told. The dwelling was a large and lofty one; and the lower portion of it was on fire. The master and mistress were gone out to spend the evening. The servants could nowhere be found. The neighbours, however, testified that there were five children in that burning house. In less time than it has taken me to write these lines, the fire-brigade had forced the principal entrance with their crow-bars and hatchets, and were rushing in, at the hazard of their lives, to the rescue of the inmates. The dense volume of smoke which issued from the passage the moment the door was opened, was such that an inexperienced hand might have abandoned the effort in despair. The reader will easily imagine that the next few moments were marked by deep and agonizing suspense. The heart of the stranger which, under such circumstances, could remain destitute of emotion, must have been the heart of a stranger indeed. After a brief interval, which at the time seemed tedious, one of the little ones was brought out; then another, and another, and another; and, in each succeeding instance, the crowd expressed their sympathy by louder and yet louder cheers. At last the babe was brought out from the cradle, wrapped up in a blanket; and as the man who was carrying it to a place of safety passed close by my elbow, I heard him shout: "Never mind what happens *now*; the last of the children is out of the fire!"

Years have passed since then; but I have never forgotten those words, and I never shall. In many a pulpit, and on many a platform, have I told the story, and then, addressing myself to the Christian parent, I have said: "*Is the last of your children out of the fire?*"

Such is my reason for introducing the incident now—to entreat the parent to care for his household—to look to the eternal wellbeing of his offspring, and never to remit his anxiety till he is satisfied as to the rescue of every one, not from the fire which only consumes the body, but from that which threatens the soul—their rescue, not from a burning house, but from a burning world.

Alas! how often does it happen that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light! If Christian parents were as anxious to see their sons and daughters the children of God, as others (yea, as they themselves often are) to see them prospering in this life, how different an aspect would the Church present! Rachel would still refuse to be comforted while her children were not; and David would again desire to die for Absalom, his son. Meanwhile, the devoted parent would oftener kill the fatted calf, and as the voice of joy and gladness, heard in the tabernacles of the righteous, excited inquiry as to its occasion, would reply—"It is meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."

THE REFORMERS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

JOHN WICLIFFE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS M'CRIE, EDINBURGH.

How true it is that "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance!" Not that the wicked are forgotten, but "the memory of the just is blessed, while the name of the wicked shall rot." The remembrance of the former is fresh, delightful, honourable, affectionate; that of the latter infamous and offensive. The wicked are remembered in many cases, only from their connection with the righteous; as Sodom is, because "just Lot" dwelt in it. The names of Pilate and Judas are preserved in the Gospel narrative, like dead flies in amber. Herod would not have been so famous in history had he not beheaded John the Baptist, nor is it likely we would ever have heard of "a certain orator named Tertullus," had he not, fortunately for his fame, "informed the governor against Paul." Nor is it meant that all the righteous shall be remembered. Multitudes of them live in obscurity, and after death sink into oblivion. The adage holds true of individuals only, but in such a way as to show that they are remembered for righteousness' sake, because they are identified with the immutable and immortal cause of true religion.

Who has not heard of John Wicliffe? and who, hearing the name, does not associate it with all that is venerable and holy? Five hundred years have elapsed since he flourished, and how few are the names that have survived with his! How vain would be the attempt now to revive the memory of his contemporaries—great as they were in their own day—such as Walter Burley, called the Plain Doctor; or William Occam, called the Singular Doctor; or Thomas Bradwardine, called the Profound Doctor! But who needs to be reminded of the existence of John Wicliffe, called the Evangelical Doctor? We have all heard, it is true, of Geoffrey Chaucer, his fellow-collegian, and of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, his patron. But how shadowy, after all, is the remembrance! The father of English poetry was the author of certain rhymes, which are oftener spoken of than read, and the redoubted duke figured in certain brawls long ago forgotten. But Wicliffe stands out in bold relief from the age in which he lived —"the first discoverer and guide in our blessed Reformation;"—his name is as familiar to us as if he had been our own progenitor, and lived within our own times; it is identified with a living cause, and it will be coeval with Christianity.

We have been favoured lately with a genuine portrait of this Reformer,* and it accords with all our preconceived ideas of the man. That noble countenance, with its venerable beard, looks out on us from the surrounding darkness of the times, and at the distance of five centuries, with all the vividness of a living reality. What benignity in that dark contemplative eye! and yet, viewed in conjunction with that sharp aquiline nose, and that firm-set mouth, with its thin compressed lips, what energy, acuteness, and determination in the whole physiognomy! That is evidently not the man to be trifled with. There is a quiet, but bitter and biting sarcasm in that smile, which speaks of little mercy to the fooleries of superstition, and holds out no quarter to spiritual wickednesses in high places. We can easily conceive the expression which that face would assume when, emaciated but unsubdued by sickness, he was visited by a deputation of friars, who thought their enemy was dying, and would have had him recant what he had written against them; and when ordering his attendants to raise him on his bed, he glared at them with these words: "I shall not die, but live to declare again the wicked deeds of the friars!"

And such, indeed, was Wicliffe. His whole life was spent in warfare with the friars, and the corruptions of which they were the emblems and abettors. Of his early days little can be said, except in the way of conjecture. All we know is, that he was born about the year 1324, at a village near Richmond, in Yorkshire, which some have named Spreswell, and others Wycliffe; that he was early sent to Oxford; and that he distinguished himself there no less by the vivacity of his genius and the extent of his philosophical acquirements, than by his close application to the study of Scripture. Many circumstances concurred to turn the attention of Wicliffe to the abuses of the Church, and contributed to the success of his subsequent exertions to reform them. The merely secular historian may speak of the dotage of Edward III., of the nonage of his successor Richard II., of the mutual enmity between John of Gaunt and the clergy, and of the exorbitant exactions of the popes, with other secondary causes, which were, no doubt, all arranged and overruled to prepare the way for the preacher; but, as honest Fuller remarks, "we must attribute the main to Divine Providence blessing the Gospel, and to the nature of truth itself, which, though for a time violently suppressed, will seasonably make its own free and clear passage into the world." Never, perhaps, had the Church sunk so deep in ignorance and corruption, or the clergy risen to such a pitch of arrogance, as at the time when Wicliffe appeared; but if circumstances were, in some respects, favourable to his success, it must be remembered that there were others equally unpropitious. If some of the nobility were incensed at the overbearing conduct of the clergy, the great mass of the people were disposed to take part with their ghostly oppressors; and it may be mentioned, as an illustration of the superstition and ignorance of those times, that so much had the mendicant friars insinuated themselves into the good graces of the people, that even rich men would, in their dying hours, send to beg an old cloak from them to be buried in, hoping that, thus disguised, Christ would take them for friars at the general resurrection, and admit them as such, without further question, into heaven. It was a quarrel between these mendicant friars and the University of Oxford that brought Wicliffe first into public notice. The particulars of this controversy it concerns us little to investigate at this time of day; it is enough to know that they led Wicliffe to denounce the whole system of monkery. He wrote against them with an ease and elegance unknown in that age, particularly in the English language, of which he is not unjustly considered among the first improvers. "Friars," he said in one of his numerous tracts, "friars draw children from Christ's religion into their private order, by hypocrisy, leasing, and stealing. For they tell that their order is more holy than any other; that they shall have higher degrees in the bliss of heaven than other men; and syne that men of their order shall never come to hell, but shall doom other men, with Christ, at doomsday." And again, falling on these "sturdy beggars" with a staff, which reminds us of that afterwards wielded against the same class by John Knox, he says, that "there were abundance of poor people in the world prior to the existence of the mendicant orders; that their numbers had increased, and were still increasing, while these indolent and impudent beggars, roaming from house to house, took advantage of the piety and simplicity of the people, and were snatching the morsel of charity from the famishing mouths of the aged and infirm; that their vows of poverty amounted to a declaration on their part that they were determined to lead a life of indolence and idleness, and whoever might be hungry, they should be fed at the expense of the community, and riot on the earnings of industrious poverty."

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* We refer to the beautiful engraving prefixed to Dr Vaughan's elaborate "Life and Opinions of John de Wycliffe," as he spells the name.

The reputation which Wicliffe gained by opposing these miscreants, while it raised him to eminence, only exposed him the more to the shafts of malice. He was advanced, in 1361, to be master of Baliol College, and four years after was made warden of Canterbury Hall; but the monks did not rest till they had procured his ejection, and on his appealing to the pope, he was enjoined silence. Fortunately, however, the Court of Rome was now on the eve of a rupture with the English Parliament. Pope Urban had threatened to cite King Edward to his Court at Avignon, for having omitted to perform homage to him for the kingdoms of England and Ireland, and to pay him a tribute of seven hundred marks, which had been yielded through the pusillanimity of King John. The odious claim was strenuously opposed in Parliament, and a monk having attempted to defend it, Wicliffe triumphantly refuted him. This gained him favour at Court; he was made king's chaplain, and John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, taking him under his special patronage, procured for him the living of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, which he held till his death. Before this, he had taken his degree as doctor in divinity, and he was elevated, in 1372, to the chair of theology in the University of Oxford.

During this time, Wicliffe had not concealed his sentiments. In a tract on "The Last Age of the Church," published in 1356, he had freely inveighed against the vices of the clergy, and the usurpations of the pope; but now, as his eyes were gradually opened, by studying the Scriptures and the fathers, he began to strike at the root of the whole system. Though most of his writings were destroyed by the malice of his enemies, several of them are still extant in manuscript, from which it appears that he inculcated the lessons of inspiration on the fall of man, and the consequent depravity of human nature; on the excellence and perpetual obligation of the moral law (among the precepts of which we find him vindicating the sanctity and continued obligation of the Sabbath); on the exclusive dependence of every man, for the remission of his sins, on the atonement of Christ; and for the sanctification of his nature, on the grace of the Spirit. In his professorial lectures, which were read with great applause, he exposed the fooleries of the friars, charged them with holding fifty heresies, and tore off the veil of pretended sanctity which concealed their licentious lives. In 1374, he was employed in an embassy which must have still further enlightened him as to the real character of the Romish Church. The pope had long been in the practice of disposing as he pleased of the dignities and benefices of the Church of England, a large proportion of which were bestowed on Italians and other foreigners, who had their revenues remitted abroad, to the great detriment of the nation. Parliament having frequently complained of this practice, the king issued a commission for taking a survey of all benefices in the hands of aliens; the result of which was astounding. The sum remitted to the pope was calculated to amount to five times the sum paid in taxes to the king. The Parliament, incensed at the discovery, brought in a bill, in which all the plagues, famine, and poverty, under which the nation groaned, were traced to the usurpations of Rome; and in which they bitterly remarked, that "when God gave his sheep to the pope, it was for the purpose of being fed, and not to be fleeced, far less to be flayed." Seven ambassadors were sent by the king to treat with the pope on this sore subject, and the second name on the list of these was that of Dr Wicliffe. These negotiations (which ended in a treaty only made to be broken) were conducted by the pope through his nuncio at Bruges. Though thus prevented from witnessing the corruptions of the Romish See at head-quarters, Wicliffe saw enough, during this negotiation, to confirm his impressions of the pride, avarice, and tyranny of the pope, whom he now boldly denounced as "that proud priest of Rome," "Antichrist," "the most accursed of clippers and persekervers." Nor did he spare the corruptions which prevailed among the prelates, and inferior clergy, speaking of whom he exclaims: "O Lord! what token of meekness and forsaking of worldly riches is this! A prelate, as an abbot or prior, that is dead to the world and the pride and vanity thereof, to ride with fourscore horse, with harness of silver and gold, and to spend with earls and barons, and their poor tenants, thousands of marks and pounds, to maintain a false plea of the world, and forbear men of their rights!"

We may easily conceive that such freedoms would expose him to the resentment of the men whose vices he had so severely lashed, and of the Church whose temporal interests he had ventured to endanger. The monks complained to the pope that Wicliffe had opposed his claim to the homage and tribute of the English nation, and selecting nineteen articles from his public lectures and sermons, as grossly heretical, forwarded them to "his Holiness." The consequence was, that Gregory XI. issued several bulls against him, dated May 1377, and on the force of these he was summoned to appear at St Paul's, to be examined before Simon Sudbury, archbishop of Canterbury, and William Courtenay, bishop of London. It is interesting to observe, that the articles objected to him (omitting some which are clearly exaggerated and garbled) include some of the leading doctrines afterwards more fully brought out at the Reformation. They were such as the following: "That the eucharist, after consecration, was not the real body of Christ, but only an emblem or sign of it; that the Church of Rome was no more the head of the universal Church than any other Church, and that St Peter had no greater authority given him than the rest of the apostles; that the pope had no more jurisdiction than any other priest; that if the Church misbehaved, it was not only lawful, but meritorious, to dispossess her of her temporalities; that the Gospel was sufficient to direct a Christian in the conduct of his life; and that neither the pope nor any other prelate ought to have prisons for the punishing of offenders against the discipline of the Church, but that every person ought to be left at liberty in the conduct of his life." On the morning of Thursday the 19th of February 1376, a splendid convocation or synod was held in St Paul's Cathedral. The archbishop of Canterbury presided, assisted by the bishop of London, and around them sat the other archbishops and bishops, with the dukes and barons of England. An immense concourse of the people had assembled, attracted by the novelty of the spectacle, and the importance of the trial. Before this large and august assemblage Wicliffe was expected to compear, to answer the charges of heresy brought against him. Already the thunders of the Vatican had been heard at a distance, and the bolt of the Papal anathema was levelled at his devoted head. Suddenly the silence and gravity of the court were disturbed by a scene of noise and confusion, which baffles all description. The proud duke of Lancaster (whose passion against the clergy had been recently provoked very high, by one of them having attempted to prove that he was a supposititious child, and not the king's son), having heard that Wicliffe was to appear before the bishops, had determined that if he did so, he would not appear unattended. Selecting four bachelors of divinity to attend the Reformer in the character of advocates, he himself, along with Henry Percy, lord marshal of England, accompanied him with all due formality, to the assembly at St Paul's. On their way, the noblemen exhorted him to keep up his spirits, and not to be daunted before the bishops, assuring him that "they were all unlearned, as compared with him." Arrived at the place of meeting, the crowd was so great that they had great difficulty in making their way through; and Lord Percy, availing himself of his authority as earl marshal, unceremoniously and loudly demanded a passage for his friend the Reformer. Never, perhaps, was culprit led to the bar in so great state, or under such high auspices. The prelates were confounded, and Courtenay, the haughty high-born bishop of London, rising in wrath, cried out, "Lord Percy, if I had known beforehand what masteries you would have kept in the church, I would have stopped you from coming hither." "He shall keep such masteries here," replied Lancaster, with equal indignation, "whether you like it or not." At last they penetrated into our Lady's Chapel, where the court was sitting, and John Wicliffe, according to custom, stood before them, to learn what should be laid to his charge. "Sit down, Wicliffe," said my Lord Percy; "for you have a great many things to answer to, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat." "It is unreasonable," said the bishop, "that one cited before his ordinary, should sit down during his answer. He *must* and *shall* stand." Upon this, an extraordinary scene of mutual abuse and altercation took place between the bishop and the duke of Lancaster. "The bishop," says Fox, "did so far excel in the art of scolding, that the duke blushed, and was ashamed because he could not overpass the bishop in bawling and railing, and therefore fell to plain threatening." "As for you, my lord-bishop," he cried, "you who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down the pride not of you alone, but of all the Prelacy in England." "Do your worst, sir," replied the bishop, speaking through his teeth. "Thou bearest thyself, so brag upon thy parents,"* said Lancaster; "but they shall not be able to help thee; they shall have enough to do to help themselves." "My confidence," returned the bishop, "is not in my parents, nor in any man else, but only in God, in whom I trust—by whose assistance I will be bold to speak the truth." "Rather than I will take these words at his hands," replied John of Gaunt, in a fierce under-tone, which, though intended for a whisper, was overheard by the assembly, "I will pluck the bishop by the hair out of the church!" Enraged that such an affront should be offered to their bishop, by one against whom they had a temporary pique, the London mob attacked the noblemen, and a tumult ensued; after which Wicliffe, who had never spoken a word during the whole occasion, was allowed to depart, untried and uncondemned, with a simple admonition.

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* The bishop's father was Hugh Courtenay, earl of Devonshire.

THE COLLIER'S TALE.[*]

THIS story presents one of the most remarkable exemplifications of the power and advantage of religious education and principle with which it has ever been our privilege to meet. Mr Bridges has, by its publication, rendered a most important service to the cause of practical godliness. We know not a narrative better fitted to arrest the attention of the careless, whether among young or old, and lead them to serious thought. The following is an outline of its extraordinary incidents:—

On a rising ground near the junction of the Musselburgh and Dalkeith Railways leading into Edinburgh, there stood, some years ago, a steam-engine house attached to a coal-pit on the farm of Whitehill Mains, called the High Pressure Pit.

On the morning of Saturday the 9th of March 1839, a crowd of people were seen gathered round the mouth of this pit busily engaged, and all in a state of apparent anxiety and alarm. It turned out, that the night before, thirteen colliers, men, women, and children, had gone down for their ordinary work; but had not been long there when a loud and hollow rumbling noise was heard; the sides of the pit appeared to be giving way; and in a short while, first one and then another fearful shoot of earth, rubbish, and stones, from about midway, came thundering down. The mass fell to the bottom; the pit became choked up to within thirty fathoms of the surface; and the colliers above became aware that thirteen of their comrades, kinsfolk, and friends, were buried three hundred and sixty feet down in the bowels of the earth below.

The alarm quickly spread over the country-side; and numbers came to the spot, animated with a desire to exert themselves to the uttermost for the deliverance of the imprisoned sufferers, who, it was believed, were still alive. The pit was old, and the workings below were extensive. There would, therefore, it was supposed, be a considerable temporary supply of air; and this possibly might be more or less renewed and supplied from a neighbouring pit, called the Back Dean Pit, which had been for a good while abandoned, but which was known to communicate with the other by a long narrow passage, or air-gate as it is called, of nearly a mile in length. One detachment of labourers forthwith descended, in order to set about clearing out the rubbish from the choked pit, and another went to the Back Dean, to establish, if possible, an underground communication between the two pits. These last speedily abandoned their purpose; for so foul was the air in the pit that no man descending from the upper air could breathe it. The others, who were clearing out the choked pit from above, were placed in unexpected difficulties, by the danger of new shoots, which now became apparent; and, therefore, measures were taken to construct a crib, or large wooden drum-like instrument, fitting closely to the shape of the pit, to be let down and lengthened as it descended, so as to fortify the sides of the pit, and make the descent of the workmen safe.

Here again difficulties increased; for the enormous quantity of the rubbish, and the great depth of it, rendered its removal, in time to be beneficial to the prisoners below, almost hopeless. In such circumstances, however, to hope against hope, and to labour in the face of difficulties, or even supposed impossibilities, became duty. . . . . .

By this time, the day being far advanced, the hope of the sufferers' safety had greatly diminished among the parties engaged at the pit mouth, and in some cases had given place to despair, because it was believed that the air below must now be too foul to sustain either light or life. But among the people of the coal villages there was more hope; and all agreed that, at any rate, it was the business of those on the surface of the earth to pray to God, and to wrestle with him for the preservation of those below. Accordingly, it is believed that in very many houses there, Bible reading and praise, and prayer, were much resorted to throughout the whole of that eventful day.

The day rolled on, night came, and no appearance of deliverance came with it. Many speculations were afloat as to the condition of those below. Some pictured them dead in each other's arms; some hoped that more or less of their number might be yet spared, but more indulged in this expectation from a desire than from a belief that it might be so. All felt that every hour, as it passed along, shut up the door of hope more firmly against the buried.

What, then, was the state of these prisoners themselves during this long period of alternate fear and hope, and exertion and suspense above? The question shall be answered in the words of one of their own number, Peter Hay of Millerhill, a man whose character shall be left to be inferred from what he is now to be brought forward to relate of the adventures of that awful night and more awful day. His account was taken down in short-hand from his own lips soon after the date of the occurrence, by the editor of this tract, who desires to adhere to Peter's own words rather than garnish his tale with finer expressions; believing that the simplicity of nature, and the raciness of the primitive vernacular, will prove more effective than all the arts of rhetoric, or decorations of a purer dialect.

Peter first gives an account of the falling in of the pit, and of the consternation which was thereby occasioned; and after stating that they had succeeded in opening the air-gate to the Back Dean Pit (already mentioned), by which they hoped to effect their escape, proceeds:—

"This was glad news, and by this opening (a little one it was) we proceeded till we came to the water's edge. John Reid went to the chin in it. But the air became exceeding bad. It put out four or five of our lamps. It was necessary, therefore, to leave it. Those behind, were told to move back, taking good care of their lights; and we all returned to the High Pressure Pit bottom, and began again to work at the stuff there; and here we continued till the bad air extinguished every light we had at the pit bottom. Still, however, we had light out oure at the place we originally were working at, and that was some comfort to us. We called this our head-quarters, for we always returned to it.

"Well, the women were sitting here, for they did not engage in the clearing of the rubbish; the men only did that. Here we all gathered together, and this place became a kind of Bethel to us; for after we had sat down and become composed, John Nicholson proposed that prayer should be offered up, for they saw nothing but evidently death before them; and he fixed on me to pray. We placed ourselves all down in a composed manner, for I asked them all to be sedate; and so they were, you may believe. There were some among them who knew the Scriptures. Jamieson Bennett, in particular, showed great faith, and was full of the promises. Poor Betsy Campbell was very composed too, but whiles broke out into raptures, saying, 'she should never see her twa bairns mair!'

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[*] Light in Darkness; or, The Collier's Tale. Edited by James Bridges, Esq.

"All, however, were quiet and composed, and we sung the first four verses of the 20th Psalm, and I prayed.

'Jehovah hear thee in the day
When trouble he doth send,
And let the name of Jacob's God
Thee from all ill defend,' &c.

"We then sat and crackit a while, and afterwards sent a deputation to the Back Dean Pit, to see if there was any relief coming from that quarter, for we thought they might get down from above there and work their way towards us by the auld air-gate. But they returned and said they had gone as far as they could for the air, and hallooed and shouted to see if there was anybody coming, but they heard none, and it was concluded that we certainly must die, for we thought the High Pressure Pit was filled to the day-light, and hence that there was no hope.

"A great deal of us were in highly low spirits at this time, because we saw nothing but death evidently before us. We fell a-cracking, however, and it was observed, that 'while there was life there was hope.' Let us rejoice that we have a God that can hear and answer prayer wherever his people are; for though we are shut up in the bowels of the earth, yet he is able to hear us, and he can both hear us and deliver us. He is the same God yesterday, to-day, and for ever, without variableness or shadow of turning. Let us remember the wonderful deliverance he wrought for the Israelites, when, for their escape from the land of Egypt to Canaan, he opened a way for them in the Red Sea; and when there was nothing but insurmountable mountains on both hands, the roaring ocean before, and the enemy pursuing behind—when all refuge seemed to have failed them, and they thought, many of them, that nothing could deliver them, then it was that the very next thing they heard was the Lord speaking to Moses, and saying, 'Speak unto the people that they go forward.' Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Let us not despair. Let us resign ourselves entirely to his will and pleasure. Let us be putting ourselves in a posture fit for death, and, with the highest resignation, submit ourselves to whatever seems to him best for us.

"Now, you must know, that by this time our lights were altogether gone out. The air was too bad to support them. So we were left quite in the dark; and I must tell you that this turned out, as you will see, a happy thing for us, though we liked it not at the time.

"It was then observed, that though we should never behold each other in the face on this side of time, we hoped the next time we met would be in the light of the New Jerusalem, where the sun should never go down, nor the moon withdraw her shining. It was observed,

'No darkness now, no dismal night,
No vapour intercepts the light;
We see for ever face to face,
The highest Prince in highest place.

'This, this does heaven enough afford,
We are for ever with the Lord;
We want no more, for all is giv'n—
His presence is the heart of heaven.'

"We then crackit in respect of our families. It was observed, that desperate as our case was, though they were above they were much to be pitied. And this made us think, that there should be more prayer and praise. So the 121st Psalm was sung:—

'I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made.' &c.

"Prayer was then offered a second time; after which the next topic we conversed on was the three children in the fiery furnace. The power of that God was observed, who changed the element of fire, that it had no power on these three children when they believed and called on his name; and it was concluded, that if He was able to qualify the element of fire so that the smell of fire did not pass on them, and not so much as an hair of their head was singed, he was surely able to make a way of escape for us, dark as our case was.

"Some of the company began then to think, indeed all of us did, that we had not lived lives corresponding to the light that we had enjoyed, with the light of the precious Gospel shining in its brightness amongst us. One of them said, 'Surely if I escape, it will become me to turn over a new leaf;' and every one seemed to feel his own deficiency, and his need of a Saviour. The girls at first cried for hunger; but the hunger wore off. Hunger never touched any of the older ones. We had plenty of water; and it was observed, that the Lord had once made water into wine, and if it was so ordered, he could make that water support us the same as if it was flesh. Let me indeed now say to you, this, after all, was the sweetest and shortest Saturday night I ever passed; and I dare say there never was a more solemn church than was that night at the pit-bottom in the heart of the earth."

Peter, when they were getting weary, repeated a beautiful hymn on the glories of heaven, by which they were greatly refreshed; and during the whole night they prayed and sang praises, committing themselves to the Lord, so that, whether they died or lived, they might be His. We have not space for the insertion of their thoughts and conversations as related in the tract, although we have seldom read anything so intensely interesting—but (not doubting that our readers will purchase the tract for themselves) proceed to the account of their wonderful deliverance. The Lord heard their cry, and opened up a way for them to life. The honest collier thus proceeds:—

"By this time we were beginning again to consider about making another trial, and seeing whether any relief was coming to us from above by the Dean Pit. Three, accordingly, were sent out—myself, Jamieson Bennett, and James Reid. I went first, till we came to the water's edge, and there we sat down and consulted; when it was agreed among us all that we thought the air was better, and, indeed, that it was tolerably good. We had no lights to prove it, but judged only from our breathing, and we were all of this opinion. We therefore agreed to return with the tidings, that there was no relief appearing from the Back Dean Pit, but that the air was better in the air-gate, and that we proposed to make a trial of it, if they all were agreeable. So we returned and told them. But they were refractory and unbelieving. One, indeed, said, he had made up his mind to die where he was, and if any of us escaped with life, we might give intimation to his friends where they would find his body. It was replied, that, to be sure, if we sat there, it was inevitable death; and here the story of the four lepers occurred to be spoken to. If they stood where they were, it was death; if they entered the city, it was still death; if they entered into the camp of the Assyrians, it was but death. We were bound to use every energy while we had breath, for rescuing our lives from destruction, and then to leave the event with God. To sit still there was little else than suicide. If we wished to die, it was our part to buy death at the dearest rate; and we had some prospect of life at the end of the proposed trial.

"It was no wonder that there was some difficulty about trying; for since then, I have seen the place again, and I can truly say, that if we had had light at the time to see the hole into which we had to creep, I scarcely think we would have ventured to go. But, see how good God was! We grieved when our lights went out; but God put them out in mercy, that we might not fear to enter into the narrow places for our life. The loss of our light was just the means of our life.

"So it was agreed that three should make a trial, and the rest follow half-an-hour afterwards. The three appointed to go, were Jamieson Bennett, John Reid, and George Pride. But they would not go without me; so of course four were sent away. Half-an-hour was allowed for removing the obstacles in the way, and making a clear passage. So we four went on till we came to the water's edge. Then we sat down, and prayer was offered to the prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, who heard our cry, and granted our request.

"After prayer, we went into the water. At our very first entrance, we crept on our bellies for perhaps four or five yards; so low was the roof, and all in the dark. Then we proceeded onwards a while with tolerable ease on our feet. The roof had sitten down in the place where we crept, and the water was floating round our mouths; so that we had to turn the back of our heads round, to keep our mouths out of the water. We pressed on and on, however, and with a little more comfort, till we came to a broad flagstone. Bennett and Reid called back, that if they did not get picks, they could proceed no further, for they had got a stone here which lay across the whole way. Well, we had had the good presence of mind the day before to leave two picks on the dry ground, a little distant from the water. So George Pride and I returned and found them, and carried them to Bennett and Reid, and they were enabled to remove the flag in a very short time.

"Just as they got the flag removed, the back parties were making an advance; but they had to stop a little till we were ready. So, all things being clear for the march, we proceeded onward, every one following the other, and aye naming each other aloud as we marched on in our journey, to see if all were on the move. We continued thus on our march, till we met with another disagreeable bit; but it was soon overcome. The rubbish had fallen down, and was raised above the level of the water, and the passage was very laigh. We soon surmounted it, however, creeping on our hands and feet. But there was no water here, and we got through the rubbish, and marched on. After this we came to a place where we walked on our feet; but the water was very high; in some places higher, in some lower. It was sometimes up to our waist, at other times to our shoulders, touching even our chins; and the women had to hing to our necks, and just float and swim as they best might, for it would have drowned them, the young ones at least, to walk. We carried on, however, the best way we could, getting through the water; till we observed that we had left some of the party behind, and I waited till the last came forward.

"By this time I thought that George Pride had found the dry ground, and had escaped away with great joy to the pit mouth; for I cried several times to him, but received no answer. So when the rest came up, and were following me as I thought, I moved up a road or avenue. But it was to my great joy they did not follow me. For I soon found, to my dismay, I had gone wrong. I went over a mass of rubbish just twofold; the road became impassable with rubbish, and the air so extremely bad, that one of my ears gave a loud crack and a ring, and the streamers flew from my eyes, and there was excessive heat. Then, thought I, I am certainly wrong here! However, I must be as cool as possible, for I know there are two ways behind, a right and a wrong; and I have heard of people's brain turning in such situations! So if my brain were to turn, and I took the left road instead of the right, I might just go back the way I had come, and be lost! With as much coolness of mind, then, as possible, I returned backward, and, turning to the right hand, I again went to the shoulder in water; but at last I reached the dry ground. Then I began to feel the smell of sulphur and reek; and as I knew that a lamp hung constantly burning in the Back Dean Pit to help the purity of the air, I thought it must be this that was causing the smoke and smell. I was right, and immediately found myself just where we had so long desired to be, hard by the bottom of the Back Dean Pit; and that, you may believe, was no small comfort unto me!

"To my great joy, the rest were all safe arrived before myself, and they had not missed me at the time, every one was so excited with his own case. For my own part, before I went up the air-gate, I was like a lion for strength; but after I came out, I was weak enough. We found the air extremely bad; our sides blew the same as if we had been running a race, for want of breath; and that made us weak.

"However, we shouted up from the bottom of the pit, and to our great joy we were quickly heard and answered. A bucket was sent down; but, as we were so weakly, a man was sent down with it to help us. So the man descended about half-way down the pit. To use his own words, however, he soon did not know whether he was coming down or going up, and he called to them to take him up, for he was not able to live in the air of the place. We who had come from a closer neighbourhood were able to stand it; but he who had come from the fresh air was not able. So the bucket was again let down, and we were drawn up.

"So we reached the Back Dean Pit head, and again saw the pleasant light of day, about eight o'clock on the Sabbath morning; and my first words were, 'Glory to God in the highest, that I am once more on the earth safe alive!' And glory be to his name I now say, and shall say to the end of my life!"

"WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY."

On one occasion, when the late Rev. W. Blunt was arranging for some charitable measures, he requested a lady whom he thought qualified to undertake some charge in district visiting, or some kindred engagement. She answered him, rather declining the proposal: "My stay here will be probably too short for me to be of use. I do not know that I shall be here three months." His answer was brief, calm, and solemn. "I do not know that I shall be here one." He alluded to his time and life in this present world. She saw his meaning, answered no more, and heartily embraced the work offered her to do. The word of that faithful man, though dead himself, speaketh to us who remain, telling us, that in God's sight time has in reality no remnants, no shreds, no patches to be thrown away; and I fully believe that the habit of speedy and ready application of our faculties is one of the most important acquisitions which can possibly be formed.—*Rev. Francis Trench.*

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.[*]

BY THE LATE REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE, DUNDEE.

There are three very remarkable questions towards the close of the 8th chapter of the Romans:—1. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Paul stands forth like a herald, and he looks up to the holy angels, and down to the accusing devils, and round about on a scowling world, and into conscience, and he asks, Who can accuse one whom God has chosen, and Christ has washed? It is God who justifieth. The holy God has declared believers clean every whit. 2. "Who shall condemn?" Paul looks round all the judges of the world—all who are skilled in law and equity; he looks upward to the holy angels, whose superhuman sight pierces deep and far into the righteous government of God; he looks up to God, the judge of all, who must do right—whose ways are equal and perfect righteousness—and he asks, Who shall condemn? It is Christ that died. Christ has paid the uttermost farthing: so that every judge must cry out, There is now no condemnation. 3. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Again he looks round all created worlds—he looks at the might of the mightiest archangels—the satanic power of legions of devils—the rage of a God-defying world—the united forces of all created things; and, when he sees sinners folded in the arms of Jesus, he cries, Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Not all the forces of ten thousand worlds combined, for Jesus is greater than all. "We are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

The love of Christ! Paul says: "The love of Christ passeth knowledge." It is like the blue sky, into which you may see clearly, but the real vastness of which you cannot measure. It is like the deep, deep sea, into whose bosom you can look a little way, but its depths are unfathomable. It has a breadth without a bound, length without end, height without top, and depth without bottom. If holy Paul said this, who was so deeply taught in divine things—who had been in the third heaven, and seen the glorified face of Jesus—how much more may we, poor and weak believers, look into that love and say: It passeth knowledge!

I would speak of the love of Christ.

1. When it began—in the past eternity: "Then I was by him as one brought up with him: and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him; rejoicing in the habitable part of the earth; and my delights were with the sons of men."—Prov. viii. 30, 31. This river of love began to flow before the world was—from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. Christ's love to us is as old as the Father's love to the Son. This river of light began to stream from Jesus toward us before the beams poured from the sun—before the rivers flowed to the ocean—before angel loved angel, or man loved man—before creatures were, Christ loved us. This is a great deep—who can fathom it? This love passeth knowledge.

2. And who was it that loved? It was Jesus, the Son of God, the second person of the blessed Godhead. His name is "Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace," "King of kings and Lord of lords," "Immanuel," and "Jesus" the Saviour, the only begotten of his Father. His beauty is perfect: he is the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person. All the purity, majesty, and love of Jehovah, dwell fully in him. He is the bright and morning Star: he is the Sun of righteousness and the Light of the world: he is the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valleys—fairer than the children of men. His riches are infinite: he could say, "All that the Father hath is mine." He is Lord of all. All the crowns in heaven were cast at his feet—all angels and seraphs were his servants—all worlds his domain. His doings were infinitely glorious. By him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible. He called the things that are not as though they were—worlds started into being at his word. *Yet he loved us.* It is much to be loved by one greater in rank than ourselves—to be loved by an angel; but O, to be loved by the Son of God!—this is wonderful—it passeth knowledge.

3. Whom did he love? He loved us! He came into the world "to save sinners, of whom I am the chief." Had he loved one as glorious

[*] From Volume of Sermons by the lamented author, nearly ready for publication.

as himself, we would not have wondered. Had he loved the holy angels, that reflected his pure bright image, we would not have wondered. Had he loved the lovely among the sons of men—the amiable, the gentle, the kind, the rich, the great, the noble—it would not have been so great a wonder. But, ah! he loved sinners—the vilest sinners—the poorest, meanest, guiltiest wretches that crawl upon the ground. Manasseh, who murdered his own children, was one whom he loved; Zaccheus, the grey-haired swindler, was another; blaspheming Paul was a third; the wanton of Samaria was another; the dying thief was another; and the lascivious Corinthians were more. "And such were some of you." We were black as hell when he looked on us—we were hell-worthy, under his Father's wrath and curse—and yet he loved us, and said: I will die for them. "Thou hast loved me out of the pit of corruption," each saved one can say. Oh, brethren! this is strange love: he that was so great, and lovely, and pure, chose us, who were mean and filthy with sin, that he might wash and purify, and present us to himself. This love passeth knowledge!

4. What this love cost him. When Jacob loved Rachel, he served seven years for her—he bore the summer's heat and winter's cold. But Jesus bore the hot wrath of God, and the winter blast of his Father's anger, for those he loved. Jonathan loved David with more than the love of women, and for his sake he bore the cruel anger of his father, Saul. But Jesus, out of love to us, bore the wrath of his Father poured out without mixture. It was the love of Christ that made him leave the love of his Father, the adoration of angels, and the throne of glory—it was love that made him not despise the Virgin's womb—it was love that brought him to the manger at Bethlehem—it was love that drove him into the wilderness; love made him a man of sorrows—love made him hungry, and thirsty, and weary—love made him hasten to Jerusalem—love led him to gloomy, dark Gethsemane—love bound and dragged him to the judgment hall—love nailed him to the cross—love bowed his head beneath the amazing load of his Father's anger. "Greater love hath no man than this." "I am the good Shepherd; the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

Sinners were sinking beneath the red-hot flames of hell; He plunged in and swam through the awful surge, and gathered his own into his bosom. The sword of justice was bare and glittering, ready to destroy us; He, the man that was God's fellow, opened his bosom and let the stroke fall on him. We were set up as a mark for God's arrows of vengeance; Jesus came between, and they pierced him through and through—every arrow that should have pierced our souls stuck fast in him. He, his own self, bare our sins in his own body on the tree. As far as east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. This is the love of Christ that passeth knowledge. This is what is set before you to-day in the broken bread and poured-out wine. This is what we shall see on the throne: "A Lamb as it had been slain." This will be the matter of our song through eternity: "Worthy is the Lamb!"

1. O the joy of being in the love of Christ! Are you in this amazing love? Has he loved you out of the pit of corruption? Then, he will wash you, and make you a king and a priest unto God. He will wash you in his own blood whiter than the snow—he will cleanse you from all your filthiness and from all your idols. A new heart also will he give you. He will keep your conscience clean, and your heart right with God. He will put his Holy Spirit within you, and make you pray with groanings that cannot be uttered. He will justify you—he will pray for you—he will glorify you. All the world may oppose you—dear friends may die and forsake you—you may be left alone in the wilderness; yet you will not be alone—Christ will love you still.

2. O the misery of being out of the love of Christ! If Christ loves you not, how vain all other loves! Your friends may love you—your neighbours may be kind to you—the world may praise you—ministers may love your souls; but, if Christ love you not, all creature-love will be vain. You will be unwashed, unpardoned, unholy—you will sink into hell, and all the creatures will stand around and be unable to reach out a hand to help you.

3. "How shall I know that I am in the love of Christ?" By your being drawn to Christ: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Have you seen something attractive in Jesus? The world are attracted by beauty, or dress, or glittering jewels—have you been attracted to Christ by his good ointments? This is the mark of all who are graven on Christ's heart—they come to him; they see Jesus to be precious. The easy world see no preciousness in Christ; they prize a lust higher, the smile of the world higher, money higher, pleasure higher; but those whom Christ loves he draws after

him by the sight of his preciousness. Have you thus followed him, prized him—as a drowning sinner cleaved to him? Then he will in no wise cast you out—in no wise, not for all you have done against him. "But I spent my best days in sin"—Still I will in no wise cast you out. "I lived in open sin"—I will in no wise cast you out. "But I have sinned against light and conviction"—Still I will in no wise cast you out. "But I am a backslider"—Still the arms of his love are open to infold your poor guilty soul, and he will not cast you out.

NOTES ON WESLEYAN-METHODISM.

BY DR JOHN B. BENNETT, LONDON.

III. THE ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS OF WESLEYAN-METHODISM.

The frame-work of Wesleyan-Methodism, regarded as an ecclesiastical organization, may here be best exhibited by a rapid survey of the nature, constitution, and powers of its COURTS, and the objects and operations of its principal INSTITUTIONS.

According to the "Deed of Declaration" of 1784 (already referred to), the CONFERENCE is established as the Supreme Ecclesiastical Court. As this body is composed exclusively of ministers, this may be the most appropriate place, in these papers, for a sketch of the mode of introduction into the Wesleyan ministry.

The recommendation of a candidate must always originate with the chief minister (or "superintendent") of the circuit in which the individual resides. It is *his* duty, in the first instance, to satisfy himself of the young man's eligibility, by private conversations with him, by repeatedly hearing him preach, and by consultation with those most competent to aid him in forming a right judgment. The next step is the nomination of the candidate at the "*Quarterly Meeting*," which includes the principal office-bearers and other leading laymen of the circuit. The questions on which the members of this meeting are called to give their judgment, are three: 1. "Has the candidate *grace*?" that is, is there every reason to believe that he is truly converted to God? 2. "Has he *gifts*?" and, 3. "Has God given him *fruit* of his labours?" If they, by a majority, decide in the negative, the nomination is set aside, at least for that year.[*] If, on the contrary, their judgment be in favour of the candidate, his case is brought before the annual "district meeting," composed of the ministers of the several circuits, comprehended within the bounds of the district, and analogous to the Scottish presbyteries, as the Conference resembles the General Assembly. Here he is examined by the chairman, respecting his personal piety; his knowledge and belief of Wesleyan doctrine; his acquaintance with, and attachment to, Wesleyan discipline; his health; and his freedom from debt, and secular incumbrances. The general rule, from which, but very rare, exceptions have been permitted, is that only unmarried men are received. If the candidate's answers prove satisfactory, the minutes of the meeting (in which these answers are recorded) are transmitted to the next Conference; and, the case having been again investigated by the Conference, it is finally determined whether he shall "be taken on trial." Of those who are accepted, as many as are required to fill existing vacancies are immediately appointed to circuits; the remainder are admitted into the "Theological Institution," or placed on the "list of reserve," from which the president is authorized to supply any vacancies that may occur during the year.

The term of probation is four years, during which the probationer is placed under the superintendence of senior ministers, whose especial duty it is to watch over his religious, intellectual, and ministerial improvement; and at each annual district meeting his progress is inquired into. At the termination of the four years, if recommended by his district meeting, he undergoes his final trials, preparatory to his admission into "full connexion." The candidates are examined privately by the president and a few of the senior ministers. If approved of by them, they are introduced to the Conference, in whose presence they are subjected to another, and usually a lengthened examination. Should the result be satisfactory, they are subsequently brought before the whole congregation (which on such an occasion generally overflows the largest chapel in which the service can be held), and after an introductory statement by the president, as many of them as time will admit, are called on to declare publicly their conversion, their present religious experience, their conviction of being moved by the Holy Ghost to undertake the work of the ministry, and their purposes of future devotedness to God. In a separate service afterwards, they are ordained to the sacred office, by the solemn imposition of the hands of the president, the ex-president, and the secretary of the Conference, and some of the senior ministers nominated by the president. The ordination service employed is that of the Church of England, with such alterations as adapt it to the use of the Wesleyan Church. A charge to the newly-ordained ministers is then delivered by the out-going president; and the administration of the Lord's supper to the assembled ministers at large concludes the services.

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[*] The right of the Christian people to choose their own ministers, or, at least, to have an absolute veto on their election, is thus clearly recognised in the Wesleyan polity; practically recognised in the only way which the peculiarities arising out of the *itinerant* system would permit. No man can possibly be introduced into the ministry until the voice of that portion of the people to whom he is known best—probably the only portion to whom he is known at all—has been distinctly given in his favour. Moreover, when desires are expressed by Quarterly Meetings as to particular appointments, the stationing committee and the Conference treat them with the utmost consideration; and, at all events, the appointment is not to the *perpetual* and *sole* care of a flock, but for a single year at once, and, at the longest, for three years, and to a joint pastorate, shared with one or more other ministers.

There is nothing in the "Deed" to prevent the election of any minister who has been a year or upwards "in full connexion," to be one of the Hundred constituting the legal Conference; but the commonest dictates of prudence would obviously limit the choice to men of mature years and judgment. The mode of election now in operation, the adoption of which was arranged in 1814, is as follows: Three out of every four vacancies are filled up on the ground of seniority; but in every fourth case, the ministers who have travelled fourteen years or upwards, nominate by ballot one of their number (he must have travelled at least fourteen years), and the Hundred are requested to elect the person so nominated as a member of the legal Conference. Ten of the Hundred are chosen by the Irish Conference from its own members. The president and secretary of the Conference are elected in a manner similar to that just described. The secretary may be re-elected to his office for several successive years, as the present secretary, Dr Newton, has actually been; but, by a regulation, made in 1792, and strictly observed since, an interval of eight years must elapse before the same person can again occupy the presidential chair. When the Conference is assembled, the constant presence of *forty* of its legal members is necessary to render its acts valid; but it should be understood, that the legal Hundred cordially admit all the ministers (in full connexion) to equal votes with themselves on every question that comes before them, subject only to limitation in the cases of the elections just referred to, and the final confirmation of the journal of proceedings. The duration of the yearly assembly of the Conference is fixed; it must not be less than *five*, nor more than *twenty-one* days. In the present extended and extending state of the connexional concerns, it would not be possible to transact all the business within this period, were it not for the aid afforded by various committees which meet previously, and enter into details, and originate propositions, which greatly facilitate future progress.

The proceedings of the assembled Conference may be thus generally described: After devotional exercises—the supply of the vacancies in the Hundred—the election of president and secretary, and some subordinate officers—the introduction of the representatives annually sent by the Irish Conference—and the appointment of various committees—attention is directed to the individual cases of the preachers recommended by their respective district meetings for admission to the full work of the ministry, probationers, and candidates for admission on trial. The "death roll" is examined, and the district reports respecting ministers who have died during the year are considered. The ministers are, one by one, without respect of persons, subjected to a disciplinary inquiry. When there are objections, the cases are referred to by special committees, who subsequently report to Conference. Reproof and admonition; temporary suspension from office, with a view to ultimate recovery; and total and final expulsion, are the several exercises of discipline, according to the gravity of the offence. The stationing of the ministers for the ensuing year is then proceeded with; and now that the circuits are so numerous, and the connexional, local, and personal interests which claim more or less consideration are so extensive and diversified, this department of the business would occupy no small portion of the allotted time of the Conference, but that the principal part of it is previously transacted by the "stationing committee." This committee (which is constituted of a representative from each district, chosen by ballot, the president and secretary of the preceding Conference, one of the missionary secretaries, and one of the officers of the Theological Institution) meets sufficiently early to have a plan prepared, which the Conference, having made any alterations that seem expedient, adopts and confirms. The stations having been fixed, the chairmen of districts are chosen by ballot. The number of members in the various parts of the Connexion is ascertained; the reports of the several connexional committees are received and considered; motions, of which previous notice had been given, are discussed; the pastoral addresses of the Conference to the Societies, and the answer to the annual address from the Irish Conference, are read; miscellaneous orders are attended to; arrangements are made respecting the next Conference; and, finally, the "minutes" of the proceedings having been read and confirmed, the annual session is concluded as it commenced (and as all the intermediate sittings were begun and ended)—with solemn prayer.

The District Meeting is the second of the Wesleyan Ecclesiastical Courts. It was instituted immediately after Mr Wesley's death, not so much for the regular transaction of specified business, as to provide against emergencies which might unexpectedly arise between one Conference and another, and which, had Mr Wesley continued alive, would have been submitted to him. Now, however, it has regular and important functions, in several respects similar, although subordinate, to those of the Conference. The Conference possesses both legislative and executive authority; the district meeting is executive only, governed by the laws of the Conference, and subject to a revision or reversal of its decisions by that

t. Its power is also limited to the affairs
he circuits within its own bounds. There
oreover, this difference in its constitution:
en, although they form a most important
esteemed part of the connexional commit-
, yet cannot, according to Wesleyan-Metho-
law, have seats in the Conference; but the
ards of the respective circuits, and the
surers of certain funds, are *ex-officio* mem-
of the district committee during the trans-
on of its financial business, though not at
other sittings.

f the district meetings as now recognised,
are regular, and three occasional. About
months before Conference in each year,
regular *annual* district meeting is held, and,
erally speaking, all the matters relating to
district into which the Conference will
uire are considered and arranged. In the
nth of September, the financial district meet-
is regularly held. This, as its little imports,
chiefly to do with the finances of the several
cuits—ascertaining what the pecuniary de-
nds for the coming year will be, and con-
lting how they may most effectually be met.
e occasional and rare meetings are, the
pecial district meeting," which may be called
r by the resistance of a local (circuit) court
the constitutional administration of discip-
e by the pastor, or by the unfaithfulness of a
inister who betrays his trust and joins with
ctious men in fomenting discord and disloyalty
the societies;—the "*mixed* district meeting,"
hich may be summoned by the trustees,
ewards, and leaders of a society, for the trial
a preacher whom they accuse of immorality,
octrinal unsoundness, or want of ability, and
which *they* may sit and vote, exercising a
-ordinate right with the ministers to judge of
e guilt or innocence of the accused party;
nd the "*minor* district meeting," composed of
ve ministers—two chosen by the accused or
he aggrieved party, and two by the accuser or
he alleged aggressor; these four, with the
hairman of the district, having authority to
ry certain cases in which it does not deem
ecessary to assemble the whole district com-
nittee. From the decision of this *minor* court,
here is an appeal to the regular district meet-
ng; but from the decision of all these inferior
urisdictions there is reserved to all parties the
ight of appeal to the supreme court—the
Conference.

The Quarterly Meeting is a local court, confined to the bounds of one circuit, but within those bounds, highly influential. Its constitution has not been very clearly defined by any official regulation; but it includes, with the ministers, at least some of the trustees, stewards, local preachers, and leaders, and other members of the society, specially appointed to take part in its proceedings. It has no judicial power to try or censure any parties. Its ordinary business is to audit the accounts of the circuit and society stewards—to consider claims on the contingent fund, preparatory to their being laid before the district committee—and proposals respecting the building and enlargement of chapels, in order to their being submitted to the chapel building committee, and contemplated divisions of circuits, and (as before stated) the fitness of candidates nominated for the ministry. The September quarterly meeting has power to suspend, for that year, as respects its own circuit, the operation of any new general rule made by the preceding Conference. The March quarterly meeting has the right to fix upon the ministers whom they desire for the ensuing year, and to request the Conference to appoint them.

The Leaders' Meeting is constituted of the leaders of the several "classes" in a society. It meets weekly. The local powers of leaders' meetings are considerable. They are thus summed up by the Rev. Edmund Grindrod, in his well-digested "Compendium of the Laws and Regulations of Wesleyan-Methodism:"—

> They have now a veto upon the admittance of members into the society, when appealed to in such cases by any parties concerned; they possess the power of a jury in the trial of accused members; without their consent, no leader or steward can be appointed to office or removed from it, excepting when the crime proved merits exclusion from membership, in which case, the superintendent can at once depose the offender from office, and expel him from the society. Without their consent, in conjunction with the trustees of the chapel to which their meeting is attached, the sacrament of the Lord's supper cannot be administered [introduced for the first time] in the said chapel; and the fund for the relief of poor and afflicted members of the society is distributed under their direction and management.

The Local Preachers' Meeting is held quarterly. It is composed of men who are during the week engaged in secular business, but who, under the influence of a love for souls, have felt it a duty to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and have, after due trials, been placed on the local preachers' plan. It is impossible to calculate how much Wesleyan-Methodism owes to the labours of its local preachers. The meeting examines into the official conduct of its members, and considers the qualifications of probationers and new candidates.

The Trustees' Meeting consists of persons, necessarily members of the Wesleyan Church, who have been appointed to hold certain parts of the connexional property in trust, subject to the connexional rules and usages. Their meetings are held in accordance with the provisions of their respective deeds, and its business relates altogether to the execution of their different trusts.

From this notice of the Church Courts of Wesleyan-Methodism, we proceed to take a brief view of its Connexional Institutions.

A DEPARTED CHILD TO ITS PARENTS.

KIND parents! why those tears?
And why those bursting sighs?
No weeping here bedims
Your little loved one's eyes.

The shades of eve, you know,
Were hastening along,
When my freed spirit left,
To soar the stars among.

Yet long before the night
Had drawn her veil around
The home I left below,
A better had I found.

So rapidly the soul
Unbodied takes its flight,
That scarce earth's scenery failed,
When heaven's broke on my sight.

Did not you, mother, see
That bright celestial band
That smiled and beckoned me,
And held the inviting hand?

They let me stay a while,
To hear my mother pray,
And see her close my eyes,
And kiss the unconscious clay.

And then to heaven we flew—
The cherubs led the way;
But my rapt spirit smiled
As joyously as they.

Father! I never knew
'Twas such a place as this—
That heaven you told me of
Was quite so full of bliss.

Oh! there is music here!
The softest, sweetest strains
Float constantly along
O'er these etherëal plains.

List! mother—father, list!
A harp to me is given,
And when I touch the strings,
'Tis heard all over heaven.

And shall I tell you who
Stood ready to embrace
Your little darling one,
In this most glorious place?

'Twas grand-pa—honoured name!
No more with age opprest,
Or toil—for in this world
Are youth and endless rest.

Those hoary hairs no more
Stray o'er his furrowed brow,
But locks of brightest hue
Adorn his temples now.

His trembling voice is changed;
The trace of earthly cares
Is banished from his cheek,
And God has wiped his tears.

And Mary! sister's here;
She has a cherub's wing—
Can reach their loftiest flights—
Their noblest anthems sing.

Dear parents! weep no more
For those you loved so well,
For glories here are ours,
And joys we may not tell.

Oh! live and serve the Lord,
The dear Redeemer love;
Then when you've done with earth,
We'll welcome you above.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

FEW dangers are more formidable to the young than that of forming flattering but pernicious friendships. This is the snare into which I have seen many fall—the rock on which thousands have been destroyed. Many who have left the paternal roof with good principles and good habits, or even with the most promising symptoms of piety, have yielded to the seductions of irreligious friends, or of pleasing connections; and have either been at once turned from the paths of virtue and religion, or have entered into some rash and unwise engagement, which has made the rest of life wretched, and supplied matter for unceasing regret and repentance. The great errors which I have observed in pious young persons, when they are entering upon life, are, their too great confidence in the outside appearance of human friendships; an unwillingness to ask the advice of experienced and judicious friends; and a want of settled principle in the formation of the matrimonial connection. It is in reference to this latter point that I have enjoyed the opportunity of extensive observation, and have in my recollection, at this moment, several instances of the lamentable results to which an unequal and prohibited union between the religious and irreligious has proved introductory. The following narrative may serve as a specimen of a numerous class of cases, and will illustrate to the young reader the extreme peril to the interest both of body and soul, of being guided by the impulse of passion, rather than by sound judgment and scriptural rules.

In my youthful days I was placed by Providence in a large and populous town, where I enjoyed the privilege of attending on the ministry of a valued and venerable minister. In connection with many pious young persons, I was engaged in various designs of usefulness—sometimes in visiting the sick, in teaching schools, in circulating tracts, and itinerating he neighbouring villages. These occupa- is brought me into connection with various ellent and devoted individuals, some of om have passed to their reward, while others, myself, are still sojourning in the wilder- s.

mong these was a youth to whom, on ac- unt of his affectionate disposition and great otedness to the labours of Christian love, I powerfully attracted. We were companions many an errand of mercy. We laboured enuously in the same Sabbath-school. We en penetrated together the haunts of poverty d sickness, and frequently mingled our peti- ns and thanksgivings at the throne of grace. short, I have reason to think that our friend- ip was mutually pleasant and profitable, and at it bade fair to last as long as life. This uth paid an occasional visit, for a few weeks, the metropolis. Here he was thrown into mpany with a young lady, for whom he con- acted a strong regard. Some time passed by fore I became acquainted with the fact. A rrespondence had been opened, and mutual edges of affection offered and received, before discovered either that the connection was alto- ether an improper one, or that any such ac- uaintance had commenced. At last, however, heard the report with grief and astonishment. took the earliest opportunity of inviting my riend to a private walk, when I introduced the ubject, and expressed my concern to know hether he had carefully considered the evi- ence of the young lady's piety, or whether he ad weighed the scriptural injunctions against nsuitable connections in marriage. He con- essed readily that such an acquaintance had ommenced, and that he had no satisfactory vidence of the lady's piety; but alleged, that he ad known people become pious after marriage; hat he could see no great sin in his marrying n unconverted woman, provided he did not himself forsake the ways of God; stating at the ame time his hope, that he should be able to ead his young female acquaintance into the paths of piety. Here, for the present, the matter ended; and I resolved to wait a few weeks, and observe carefully the effect of this new and thoughtless step upon his mind, reserving my main attack upon his resolution for a future period, when I might be better prepared to show the positive evils that must result from the consummation of his purpose, and when I might hope the ardour of his first feelings would have subsided. I accordingly waited a month or two, and then chose my opportunity, and selected two young friends, who, like myself, were intimate with the individual, and were grieved to find into how bewitching and ruinous a snare he had fallen. We had already observed, with deep pain, the decline in his spiritual feelings which had begun to work, and the undermining power of this new attachment, which seemed already to threaten the ruin of his piety. We accordingly obtained an interview, and each, in turn, besought our friend to pause, and listen to our united remonstrances. For hours we pursued our argument, and viewed his case on all sides. He heard us, I cannot say with indifference, but without conviction; and we parted, without any satisfactory evidence, either that the object of his affection was likely to prove a help meet for him, or that he was likely to cast off the guidance of passion, and yield himself to the laws of Jesus Christ.

From this time, as might be expected, our friend avoided our society; declined engaging in those labours of Christian benevolence in which we had formerly been united; and, though he did not forsake the public means of religion, evinced an awful departure from that life and power of godliness which former days had witnessed. The regret felt by his religious connections, who had been interested in his character and labours, was indeed great and general; but it was too evident that an unlawful affection had got the mastery of his heart, and that everything would be prostrated before it.

Time rolled on, and in a few months our friend was united to the object of his choice. She had promised fair, and flattered his hopes upon the subject of religion. All his fears were quieted, under the expectation that after this union, he should certainly be able to draw her to God, and to return himself to the fervour and activity of former days. The union led to the removal of our friend from amidst the circle of his religious acquaintance. He settled in the metropolis—attended a large place of worship, where little notice was taken of him, and no pastoral eye extended over his movements. For a short time he was steady, and his partner conformed; but at length he yielded to worldly temptations—his resolution relaxed, and step by step he began to go back, till worldly amusements and extravagances, together with a rising family, involved him in embarrassments, which he had no means of overcoming. Trouble began to hedge up his way and to make it thorny, but still he returned not to the Lord his God. Ruin in his circumstances soon followed, and with a wife and four or five children he was cast upon the world. Yet, in the midst of these calamities, he continued insensible to the sin of his former conduct, and satisfied with the steps he had pursued. So truly was the Word of God fulfilled in this backslider, he had hardened his neck against reproof—he had refused the instruction of wisdom, and the admonitions of his Christian brethren, and God had given him up to his own heart's lusts. Some Christian friends visited him in his troubles, but they found him neither humble nor well-disposed to retain their friendship. The consequence was an entire alienation in both parties. I have sometimes since thought, perhaps, we did wrong in altogether allowing him to escape from our view. We might have led him to repent, and return to the Lord from whom he had revolted; but, in the immense population of London, we lost sight of him for a considerable period. At length some of his early acquaintances discovered that he had been reduced to the necessity of keeping a public-house. They found him out, visited him, but could make no spiritual impression upon his mind. He had sunk into a state of total apathy, and though he received them in a respectful manner, yet it was too evident that he had totally declined from the ways of God.

Thus was this promising youth reduced from a station of respectability, to a line of life little compatible with domestic comfort, and from the most promising beginnings of a religious course, to an utter abandonment of everything like vital godliness. He subsequently prospered in his worldly circumstances, but appeared to have made shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience.

I have now, for more than twenty years, lost sight of the man "with whom I took sweet counsel, and went to the house of God in company." I have no reason to think he ever rereturned to the fold of Christ. I know not whether he is yet alive, for a wide separation of residence, and other circumstances, have put it out of my power to ascertain. But these melancholy facts have ever lived in my memory, as a warning against the danger of forming improper connections in youth; and should this brief narrative be the means of producing or confirming in any young mind sound and scriptural views of the importance of choosing none but a truly pious partner for life, the end of the writer will be thus far attained.—*From the Pastor's Sketch-Book.*

SKETCHES.

CONVERSION OF A SOCIALIST TEACHER.

A FEW years since Atheism, under the name of Owenism, had become bold in many of the populous towns of the kingdom, and had drawn around its standard a very considerable number of the vicious and ignorant. Some who had grown old in the ways of Infidelity took the lead, and rejoiced to see in most places a revival of their cause by the accession of so many of the young. What joy they could find in seeing them turn from the paths of virtue to those of vice, and from the faith of their fathers and friends to the no-creed of Infidelity, it is difficult to understand—save that wickedness is weak in isolation, and becomes bold by companionship. So it was—rooms and halls of science, as they were called, were opened in various places, and every sort of amusement was employed to draw the ignorant and inexperienced to listen to the missionaries of Robert Owen. Many ministers of religion deemed it proper to point out the delusion and perils of these sceptics. Among the rest, the writer of these lines, seeing hundreds of working men, and with them many of the young and inquiring, led away even on the Sabbath to listen to the pernicious ravings of these false teachers, deemed it a duty to call public attention to the subject, and to endeavour to expose the absurdities of the new system of morals, which, in fact, was a renunciation of all morals, and of all ground on which morality can stand. The announcement drew together a vast concourse of persons of various descriptions. Most of the disciples of Robert Owen in the town, to the number of several hundreds, were present. The service commenced with order and quietness, but the preacher had not entered far into his discourse before an attempt was made to create a riot. A pistol was fired in one of the lobbies of the chapel. Happily the precaution had been taken of placing some policemen to prevent disturbance, and the attempt to frighten the audience within completely failed. The preacher proceeded, and concluded his discourse without any further interruption. On the departure of the assembly, a young man was found opposite the gates of the chapel standing upon a low wall and attempting to address the people. It was soon discovered that he was advocating the cause of Socialism and Infidelity, and inveighing against the preacher. Little attention was paid to him, and he was soon obliged to desist; for two or three intelligent persons encountered him, and very speedily he quitted his post.

About six or eight months after this occurrence, that preacher of God's Word was requested to visit the same young man, who was reported to be exceedingly ill. He hastened to the bed-side of the youth, and found him rapidly sinking under the ravages of consumption. He stated his case to be as follows: He was the son of pious parents, and his father a respectable lay preacher among the Wesleyan-Methodists. He had acquired a tolerably good knowledge of the Bible, but had been seduced into the labyrinths of doubt and scepticism by vicious companions, who had led him into connection with the Owenite lecturers, by whom he had been emboldened and assisted to stand forth as a teacher of their Atheistic blasphemies. In consequence of this entire perversion of his mind from religion, he had forsaken his family and connections, and given himself up to an abandoned and dissipated life. In less than a year the effect of such courses became visible in his constitution, and his conscience had now touched him in the prospect of death. He felt that he had been indeed a great sinner, and had turned out of the paths of righteousness and peace. The minister inquired if he had seen any of his Infidel companions, or if they had come to administer consolation to him in his present afflictive circumstances? He replied that he had sent to them and requested to see them, but not one of them would come near him. He wished to see them, that he might warn them of the wickedness and danger of their Infidelity. But they were afraid to encounter their former companion, now that his principles had wrought his ruin, and he was about to prove their futility in the prospect of death. For many weeks the minister attended upon this suffering and repentant young man, watched the progress of the mighty change which took place, and saw with inexpressible delight the dawn of that hope which cannot make ashamed. The gracious Saviour, it is believed, accepted him as a restored prodigal—friends and neighbours rejoiced over him as a brand plucked from the burning. His last days were spent in a humble spirit of grief for his sins, and of affectionate faith in Him who healeth the broken heart. He died, expressing his hope of acceptance in Christ Jesus. The faith and hope of many were confirmed, and Infidelity was made ashamed; and since that day the cause of *Socialism* has gradually declined in the place. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

RECOVERY OF A BACKSLIDER.

A young tradesman of London, who had been connected, in the way of business, with one of the theatres, and was familiar with many of the actors and actresses, was removed from these scenes of temptation to a comparatively sequestered and retired town, where he was brought under the influence of religion, and in due course received into a Christian Church. For a time he maintained a consistent profession, but at length fell under the power of temptation—returned to his former associations, and was, of course, excluded from the fellowship of Christian people. For some years he abandoned all attention to religion, and gave himself wholly to the amusements and pleasures of the world. In the course of human events he was removed to a distant town, where he was drawn into a wider circle of gay companions. As a tradesman, he became eminently prosperous, and was esteemed a welcome and merry companion in the assemblies that spend their evenings in the inn parlour or coffee-room. It was at one of these evening assemblies, where tradesmen meet to drink, and sing, and discuss politics or town scandal, that an occurrence took place which I am now about to state. An aged man of more than seventy, who had been spending his evening with a party of neighbours, rose to say "good-night," but prefaced his farewell in words to the following effect: "Gentlemen," he said, "I am about to say good-night and good-by, for I am now more than seventy; and, as you know, I have been in the habit for many years of spending my evenings with you and others here, but I think it is now time for me to give this up, and try to prepare for another world. You will see me here among you no more. I wish you all happiness, and bid you farewell;" and with that he departed. A deep impression was produced upon the mind of our friend by this significant address. He soon after left the company, and returned at midnight to his home. But he returned thoughtful and serious. Former scenes and feelings passed through his memory. He thought, "If this aged friend, after spending so many years in this course, feels he is unprepared for death, and gives up such a way of spending time to seek preparation for another world, I think I had better begin sooner, for I am not prepared for death and eternity." Under the influence of these thoughts he retired to rest. But his impressions were yet indistinct and slight, and might have worn off soon, but for a remarkable coincidence of circumstances.

He had a child at school, who was brought home for the midsummer holidays by his tutor that very evening. This person was to pass a day or two at the house; and at breakfast the next morning he stated that he should like to attend a public religious service connected with the opening of a place of worship at some distance; and that as his friend kept a horse and gig, he should feel obliged if he would lend it him, or drive him to the place. His request was well received, and speedily the parties were on their way. The first and second services passed; and as the distance was considerable, these gentlemen were about to order their carriage and return home, but the preacher appointed for the evening service met them, and being from the same town, and knowing something of the tutor, persuaded them, for companion-sake, to stay and accompany him back. They agreed to do so. The preacher took his text: "*Be converted.*" The sermon reached the conscience of the backslider—it brought him to the deepest repentance, and to an unfeigned acceptance of divine mercy. From that hour he has not hesitated to renounce the ways of the world, and to seek his companions among those that fear God. For many years he has been walking in the ways of the Lord, and enjoying the peace and hope of the Gospel—an ornament to the Christian name, and endeavouring, both by his talents and property, to make himself useful in the Church of God. How apparently trivial, and to us fortuitous, are those turning-points upon which the most important events are afterwards found to depend! The wise arrangement of events perfectly independent as to their apparent causes becomes essential to the issue. The parties concerned in them see not to what they are tending—if they did, perhaps, they would labour to counteract or prevent it. But an all-comprehending, all-controlling Providence silently but infallibly pursues its own gracious ends.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

HEROD "sent and beheaded John in the prison." And what did the disciples do?—attempt to avenge his death? No. Sit down disconsolate because their master is taken away? No. They bury the body, and go and tell Jesus. Here, thought I, is the way to find relief when wants oppress, when troubles come.

In all the wrongs we suffer, in all our griefs, in all our sorrows, in all our bereavements, what so proper, so likely to afford relief, as to go and tell Jesus? That is the panacea for the soul. We may safely recommend it to all. None have ever tried it in vain.

We visit the poor. A half-famished group cluster around the parents, while they unbosom to us their wants and their fears. Stern winter is coming on, and they know not how they are to be warmed or to be fed. We may sympathize with them—we may open for them the liberal hand of charity; but these are not enough. We would urge them to go and tell Jesus their wants and their fears. He who had not where to lay his head is the friend of the poor.

We sit down by the side of one burdened with a sense of sin. She is almost sinking in despair. She tells us of the malady of her soul. She has felt the stirrings of the Spirit, but now it is gone. She fears her day of grace is past, that she has sinned it away. Her heart is hard—it will not feel. The promises, so precious to some, meet her eyes, but they do not reach her case. They are no longer for her. Her prayers are not heard. Means do not avail. God has withdrawn. She can do no more. She must perish. Her case is truly sad. But of all we can say and do, this is the sum—go and tell Jesus. We can counsel, we can advise, we can pray, but all that avails you nothing unless you can be persuaded to go to him. Tell him your feelings and your fears with far more minuteness and confidence than you tell any other. He invites you to come. He has an ear that can hear; a heart that can feel; an arm that can save. Go tell him all; peradventure he may yet save you.

And there is the humble Christian, too, who has once enjoyed a sweet sense of forgiven sins. Now he mourns at times for himself: "O that I were as in months past!" Then he mourns for Zion—for the perishing around him—for his own kindred that are out of Christ. Go tell Jesus your desires. Let that sigh fall upon his ear. Let him hear that prayer.

It is winter. We visit the abode of sickness. The husband and the father lies on the verge of the grave. The cold hand of Death is already upon him. He fears not death. The sting of it is removed. But he looks upon the companion of his bosom, soon to be a stricken widow; he looks upon his babes, soon to be orphans; and he fears for them when he has gone. He has not gold or silver, houses or lands, for them to inherit, and he fears how it may fare with them when he can no longer protect or provide. It is parting with them that tries him most. Tell Jesus that, dying saint, and he who has left but this anxious thought may ease you of it before you depart. You may hear him say: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widow trust in me."

Again we visit that abode when the father is no more. He sleeps in the dust of the earth, where the rude blasts reach him not. We would point the bereaved to the only source of consolation. But before we enter, we hear the mild, subdued accents of a female voice in prayer. The place seems holy. The mother has gathered around her her orphan children; she has read the sweet promises of God to such, and now she is at the throne of grace telling Jesus their wants.

And then a sainted mother is called away. The dying conflict has been long and sharp. But it was not for herself—it was for those that God had given her. "Jehovah-jireh—The Lord will provide;" and she finds comfort in the promise. She gives them up.

But the responsibility she drops another must assume. An elder sister must take it up. She has witnessed the burden of the mother's soul, and drank much of the spirit of a mother's love. Her efforts are incessant to be to those thus committed to her, all that a mother had been. She would point them in paths of virtue, and lead the way. But now, for a little, she has stolen away. She is not to be found in the domestic circle. But there is heard a still small voice, like the gentle whisperings of a spirit. It comes from the sister's well-known place of prayer. She has retired with her burden, and is alone, telling Jesus. And when both parents are no more, and I gather around me the orphan group, it is not simply to tell them of the divine promise to take them up when father and mother are removed; it is to urge them to go to Jesus, and, in their own simple language, tell him their loss, and humbly invoke his care. In fine, if the parent or the child, the master or the servant, the minister or the people, the ruler or the ruled, the sick and the dying, or those in the vigour of life, want wisdom, want comfort, want light, want peace, want joy, want better hearts; are they afflicted, or do they mourn; whatever be their state, whatever their wants, let them go and tell Jesus. "Christ and his saints smile and sigh together."—*New York Observer.*

CHILDREN! READ THIS.

The Rev. James M. Wilson, editor of the *Covenanter*, in an obituary notice of his son, who recently died in Philadelphia, in his *seventh* year, among other interesting particulars, says of him:—

So soon as he could read with tolerable facility, which was about the end of his *fourth* year, he commenced the reading of a portion of the Scriptures *daily*, and committed one question, at least, in the Shorter Catechism and a small portion of the Psalms every morning. Having completed the Shorter Catechism, he went on to commit in the same way an analysis of it with the Scripture proofs. He then attempted the Larger Catechism, all of which he could repeat with considerable accuracy, before he was attacked by the disease which terminated in his dissolution. Previously to this time he had committed *seventy-eight* psalms in order, and had read the Bible one and a half times through in his daily course, besides as much more at least in a cursory manner. Nor were these acquisitions at all forced upon him—they were his delight. At the appointed time, he always ran with eagerness to his catechism.

This little boy died before he was seven years old; and when Death came to call him hence, he went with him joyfully.

Boys! girls! is there one of you that would not wish to be like this little boy? But how few of you *are* like him? And why? Is it not because your *heart* is not in your catechisms, and psalms, and chapters as his was? King David said: "O how I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day." He delighted to read God's law, and to meditate on it; and no doubt by meditating on it he had large portions of it on his memory. This little boy was like David. How happy he must have been!—happy in the knowledge of God—happy in his service—happy in his friendship; for God was his friend, and loved him, and watched over him, and soon took him to himself!

Would you wish to be as happy? O then live as near God; have your hearts changed—renewed—made holy. Christ will do this for you through his Holy Spirit, if you take them to him and ask him to do it. Then will your feet run to do his commandments. The Bible—the catechism—your hymns, will all be dear to you, for Christ's sake.

RELIGIOUS REVIVAL AMONG CHILDREN.

The town of Mens has for some time past been blessed with a remarkable revival of religion among its children and youth. It commenced towards the close of the year 1844, and has continued ever since. A good minister of the place, writing to a friend, says:—

I never saw anything equal to it. The Holy Spirit produced in their hearts such a conviction of sin, and such a love of prayer, that it was necessary to have several meetings a-day, in which they prayed and wept incessantly. This movement extended to the surrounding country, reached persons of mature age, revived former converts, and reclaimed backsliders. The labours of the summer season having dispersed the children, and kept others very busy, the work slackened. At present we have meetings every day; but there has been some falling off among the children; nevertheless, I counted the other day, *sixty* persons between the ages of *six* and *twenty-five*, who have held out, and continue to pray. At least the half of this number appear to be strengthened in faith, and give evidence of a sound conversion. This, truly, is a wondrous harvest, which more than fills up the places of the *fifteen* persons who, this year, have died in the faith. There is now less enthusiasm, but more light; the piety is more solid. We hope that, this winter, the Spirit of the Lord will return and breathe upon the Church, and continue his work of growth and increase.

We have had as many as thirty-five meetings in the church, weekly. The Evangelical Society of Geneva has sent us the Rev. M. Breguet, who is of great assistance to us, especially for the country. On Sabbath, in Mens, there are meetings from eight in the morning to ten in the evening. I believe that I have never, in all my life, wept so much as I have done this year; but it was tears of joy. We had moments in which we saw heaven descend into our hearts, with pure delight. Although there are still from *twenty-five to thirty children* who have thus persevered, and who continue to pray in our meetings, even children of six years old, we do not deceive ourselves in relation to them; but the impressions of childhood will not be lost in their influence on a riper age. Among young people of both sexes, piety is more firm and consistent, and among them there has been no falling off. But it is with the children especially that I have passed, and still pass, the happiest moments, and I can affirm that they have taught me many things. I more fully understand that passage now: "Except ye become as little children, ye can not enter into the kingdom." At the infantile, and sometimes sublime, prayers of children, from six to twelve years old, one experiences an irresistible impression—one feels the grace for which supplication is made descending from on high into the soul. In this manner it has happened that a little child has thrown a whole assembly into tears.

One day a Swiss gentleman came to our children's meeting. During the first prayer, having assumed a standing posture at the commencement, he kneeled on a chair, and before the child had finished, he had prostrated himself on the floor, bathed in tears. I might relate to you very interesting traits of our young people, of both sexes; but it seems to me that those which have relation to our dear children will interest you more. A young boy had succeeded in bringing to the evening meeting, in a stable, some of his companions; being on his knees, and having his eye on them, he observed two or three of them slipping through the obscure light towards the door; he ran to bring them back—he was too late—they had gained the door. Immediately he fell on his knees, and weeping, said: "Lord, lead back again my comrades who have deserted!"—A woman, who was still young, and who is just dead, after being confined to bed for a year, without the ability to move, being paralytic, had been in the habit of causing her three children to sing hymns to her; these, a girl and two boys, were from ten to fifteen years of age. The singing soothed her pains. One night, her youngest boy was lying beside her, and at midnight, after praying a long time for his mother, he sang the hymn:—

"In all my sufferings, Lord,
To thee alone I flee," &c.

In the midst of a verse he stopped short—he had fallen asleep; and his poor mother heard him still, speaking in his dream: "Do not weep, mother; you see I always pray and sing."

FIFTY REASONS WHY A SINNER OUGH TO TURN TO GOD THIS DAY WITHOU DELAY.

(*Condensed from Baxter.*)

1. Consider to whom you are to turn—to God.
2. Consider to what you are to turn—to holiness
3. Consider from what you are to turn— from sin
4. Delaying shows you would never part with sin if you might have your own will.
5. What a case you are in while thus delaying.
6. Delaying gives great advantage to the tempter
7. It abuses Christ and the Holy Spirit, who ma leave you.
8. What is it you stay for?
9. The longer you stay, the harder the work wil be.
10. Sin gets victory daily by your delay.
11. Age has inconveniences—youth advantages; therefore, it is folly to delay.
12. More advantage than former ages or other nations.
13. Delaying runs a hazard; life is uncertain—grace is uncertain.
14. It increases your sin.
15. It increases God's anger against you.
16. It may damn the soul and body for ever.
17. Time lost by delays is an inconceivable loss.
18. God has given no time to spare.
19. Consider the greatness of the work to be done.
20. Many perish, and few turn, who wilfully delay.
21. If turning be necessary, the sooner the better.
22. If you will not, you are without excuse.
23. Consider how long you have stayed already.
24. If you have hopes of salvation, is it ingenuous to continue in sin?
25. If you were sure of salvation, you will still suffer loss by delay.
26. How many stay for you, while you delay!—God the Father, Son, and Spirit, angels, ministers, and godly persons.
27. Christ did not delay to die.
28. God did not delay to do you good.
29. When you are to receive any outward deliverance, the sooner then you think the better.
30. Your worldly delights are passing without delay.
31. Worldly business you delay not, as sowing, reaping, &c.
32. You delay not to receive gifts from your fellows.
33. You should wait for God, rather than he wait for you.
34. You will not delay helping a neighbour in an emergency, and you will not help yourself.
35. You deal worse with God than with the devil, for you delay not to do his will.
36. Speedy turning can do no harm, and will never cause repentance.
37. It will grieve you much, if you do ever turn, that you turned no sooner.
38. Has not God a right to appoint the time? and he says "To-day."

39. Dare you say you know better than God when to turn?

40. Quick coming makes you the more welcome.

41. Do with God as you would others should do to you.

42. Delay is a denial.

43. God does not stay for all, as for you.

44. God will not always patiently wait.

45. Delays weary God's ministers.

46. Unspeakable loss you suffer while you delay.

47. You are doing what must be undone, or you are undone.

48. Your conversion will be more grievous—more painful.

49. Delays are contrary to the nature of the work and the soul.

50. If *you* slumber, your damnation slumbereth not.

AN ADVICE.

My son, if ever thou lookest for sound comfort on earth and salvation in heaven, unglue thyself from the world, and the vanities of it; put thyself upon thy Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; leave not till thou findest thyself firmly united to him, so as thou art become a limb of that body whereof he is Head, a spouse of that husband, a branch of that stem, a stone laid upon that foundation. Look not, therefore, for any blessing out of him; and in, and by, and from him, look for all blessings. Let him be thy life; and wish not to live longer than thou art quickened by him; find him thy wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption—thy riches, thy strength, thy glory. Apply unto thyself all that thy Saviour is, or hath done. Wouldst thou have the graces of God's Spirit?—fetch them from his anointing. Wouldst thou have power against spiritual enemies?—fetch it from his sovereignty. Wouldst thou have redemption?—fetch it from his passion. Wouldst thou have absolution?—fetch it from his perfect innocence. Freedom from the curse?—fetch it from his cross. Satisfaction?—fetch it from his sacrifice. Cleansing from sin?—fetch it from his blood. Mortification?—fetch it from his grave. Newness of life?—fetch it from his resurrection. Right to heaven?—fetch it from his purchase. Audience in all thy suits?—fetch it from his intercession. Wouldst thou have salvation?—fetch it from his session [sitting down] at the right hand of Majesty. Wouldst thou have all?—fetch it from him who is "one Lord, one God, and Father of all, who is above all, through all, and in all."—Eph. iv. 5, 6. And as thy faith shall thus interest thee in Christ, thy Head, so let thy charity unite thee to his body, the Church, both in earth and heaven. Hold ever an inviolable communion with that holy and blessed fraternity. Sever not thyself from it, either in judgment or affection. Make account there is not one of God's saints upon earth, but hath a property in thee, and thou mayest challenge the same in each of them; so that thou canst not but be sensible of their passions; and be freely communicative of all thy graces, and all serviceable offices, by example, admonition, exhortation, consolation, prayer, beneficence, for the good of that sacred community.

And when thou raisest up thine eyes to heaven, think of that glorious society of blessed saints who are gone before thee, and are now there triumphing, and reigning in eternal and incomprehensible glory; bless God for them, and wish thyself with them; tread in their holy steps, and be ambitious of that crown of glory and immortality which thou seest shining on their heads.—*Hall.*

"ONE STAR DIFFERETH FROM ANOTHER STAR IN GLORY."—1 Cor. xv. 41.

Divinely blest, the infant soul
 On angel-pinions borne away,
Ere it could feel this world's control,
 Or find the path that leads astray!

But happier far, the veteran saint
 Who lays his long-worn armour down,
And, freed from warfare's hard restraint,
 Receives an amaranthine crown!

While some young warrior grasps that shield
 Which once he bore, and wears that vest;
His warfare done, he leaves the field,
 And enters on his heavenly rest.

So, when of old, to Jordan's wave,
 With stedfast faith, Elisha bore
The mantle that his master gave,
 Elijah's sorrows all were o'er.

D. E. Ford.

Manchester, May 1, 1846.

AN INCIDENT OF EASTERN IDOLATRY.

About twenty-five years ago a "jogi," or devotee, was accustomed to sit under the shade of a tree near the road which leads from this city (Allahabad) down to the river, where the Hindu population went to perform their morning worship and bathing ceremonies. The jogi had a "chela" (a pupil), whom he was instructing in his Shastra (a sacred book.) He laboured much and long, but never succeeded in teaching his pupil to read. When he grew old, and found himself near the close of life, he said to his pupil: "Inasmuch as you are not able to read this book, when I am gone, you had better bury this book by the root of this tree, and come at certain times and *worship the book*—that will be the next thing to having learned to read it. The pupil did so. As the people continued to pass by for months, going and returning from their bathing place, they saw this young man regularly making his puja, or worship, at the root of the tree where the book was buried. They gradually began to turn aside, one after another, to join him. After some time a shrewd shopkeeper of the city perceived that the spot could be turned to account; so he bargained with the landowner for half the profits that might arise from the place, and then erected a temple under the shade of the tree. The worship and celebrity of the place have gone on increasing, and now there is a cluster of five or six temples in a cluster of trees, and a regular concourse of worshippers every Monday morning, especially of the devout Hindu women of the city and surrounding villages, who go there to worship the divinity which is supposed to reside there; and also a concourse of Mohammedan young men, who go to worship—at least to gaze at—them, when they come out from the seclusion of the female apartments, and appear in open day with their best clothes on. And once a year there is an immense concourse of many thousand people, who assemble there to make offerings of fruits and flowers, and pay honours to—they know not what.—*Rev. James Wilson.*

THE THREE WANDERERS.

The church of S—— is beautiful to the natural eye. Small, but neat—carefully kept, and covered all over with a rich veil of ivy, it is the admiration of many a passer-by. In it, however, no Gospel had been preached for at least half a century. The pulpit was occupied, and a weekly sermon read, but no glad tidings to the sinner came from the preacher's lips. Yet the people were satisfied—they had fallen into utter apathy.

But there was one old woman with whom it was in some measure otherwise. She had spent her life in the midst of this death, and for a long time had been equally contented with the rest. About eight or nine years ago, however, she began to have a vague sense of her want. How it arose she knew not, and could never tell; but she felt that there was something wrong both about herself and her minister. What this was she could not explain, or what was likely to cure it. But she *felt* it. Each returning Sabbath made her feel it more; till impelled by this secret, indefinite sense of want, she wandered almost unconsciously one Sabbath morning into the neighbouring town, which was but a few miles distant.

She knew nothing about any of the ministers there; and even though she had known, it would have been of little service, for she scarcely knew the errand on which she had come. "As God would have it," she wandered into my church, and sat down. She listened to the message, and thought it strange. She had never heard the like before, and hardly understood it. She waited and came back in the afternoon, and felt more interested than before. She then returned home, wondering at what she had heard.

During the week conviction of sin took hold of her. The Spirit of God was working deeply in her soul. When next Sabbath returned, she again set out upon the same errand. Light seemed to be rising. Sabbath after Sabbath did she come, and ere long found the resting-place. Since that time she has walked consistently as a follower of the Lamb, during many trials and sorrows.

As soon as she had found the Saviour for herself, she began to tell her neighbours what she felt. One young woman she persuaded to accompany her. Under the first sermon, this girl was arrested and brought under deep convictions. She had never heard the Gospel before, and it came home with mighty power. Ere long, her feet also were led into the way of peace, and she went upon her way rejoicing, "looking unto Jesus."

She was naturally warm-hearted and eager in her temperament. This soon showed itself in her renewed state. She could not refrain from telling what God had done for her soul. And having soon after changed her residence to another village, she sought out some believing ones, and met with them for prayer and fellowship. For four years did she remain the same zealous, affectionate, happy Christian. Many knew and loved her. Even the ungodly wondered at her consistency of walk, and her beaming countenance of love, which spoke of the deep peace within—"peace like a river." She rested simply and confidingly on Jesus; and looking simply at the cross, she was a stranger to doubts and fears. Some attempted to distract and poison her with their theories of "perfection." But she rejected them all, feeling too deeply her own utter vileness to allow her to boast of being free from sin.

About three years ago God smote her with sore sickness. At first she was merely laid aside from work, but not confined to the house. And during this time she went continually about warning her neighbours, and beseeching them to turn to God. She lost no opportunity of telling her friends of Christ, and reminding them of a coming eternity.

But she was soon laid upon a death-bed. While there, all was peace. She had known Christ in the day of her health, and in the hour of sickness he was not to seek. So long as she was able, she still continued to speak to her friends about their eternal welfare; and now she did so with double solemnity and power, as one upon the edge of that eternity for which she besought them to prepare.

To the last her hope was calm and bright, for her eye was upon the Star of Bethlehem. Jesus had been her all in life; and she found him to be her all in death. She was patient, yet she longed to be with Him whom, having not seen, she loved.

I saw her but a short time before her death. Her labouring breath made her but imperfectly heard. She grasped my hand and pressed it tenderly. "You told me long ago," she said, "that it was blessed to die in Christ, and I now find it to be so." After a little, she added, again pressing my hand, "Farewell, till we meet in glory!—farewell!"

About two years before her death, she had been the means of awakening a relative of her own. I remember, one sweet bright summer afternoon, meeting them both together, and as I passed I spoke a solemn word to the careless girl. But then she was impenetrable. She turned away from my warning and that of her believing cousin. But not long after she was brought to a deep sense of sin, through means of the unwearied efforts of her relative. She has since that found "peace with God," and has walked with him consistently as a child of light.

Thus it is that God works. In ways the unlikeliest yet the simplest. All of them worthy of himself—fitted to humble man and to exalt the Saviour. How interesting to trace his marvellous works! He begins with one poor solitary wanderer; that one is made the instrument of calling another; that second is made the means of drawing in a third. And thus the work proceeds. How natural, yet how full of wisdom and of majesty!

Should we not be more deeply interested in scenes like these? Should the outward bustle of political or ecclesiastical affairs and events ever withdraw our eye from such blessed, such heart-cheering narratives? These are the things that gladden angels, and should they not gladden us? And should there not be far more earnest and importunate prayer that God would pour out his Spirit upon the parched fields, that we may not merely have one such scene, but many, nay, thousands? O LORD, REVIVE THY WORK!

JOHN BUNYAN—THE CROSS—THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLIE,

Author of the "Modern Judea," &c., &c.

BUNYAN having fled from the City of Destruction, been pulled out of the miry slough, and drawn back from the burning mount to which he had turned aside, came at length to the gate. Here he knocked, and was admitted. He was now within the gate, but the great burden was still on his back. This presents us with another parallel between himself and his pilgrim.

It will be recollected by its readers, that the allegory, many of whose richest pages are the fruit of Bunyan's own experience, and whose noblest metaphors are but passages from the history of his own soul, represents Christian as not immediately delivered from his burden, but carrying it all the way till he came to where the cross stood. The story would have been differently constructed, in this point, by one less acquainted with the life of grace than Bunyan was. Is not the sinner justified and pardoned in the first moment of his believing? Has he not as full and valid a title to eternal glory when he enters in at the wicket as when he enters in at the celestial gate? Why, then, it may be asked, has not this been attended to in the story which professes to exhibit the symbols of all these great truths? Bunyan has formed his allegory with a juster discrimination. It is one thing to be delivered from the *guilt* of sin, and another to be delivered from the *sense* of sin; one thing to be pardoned, another to enjoy the comfort of pardon. There are some who come into the full possession of this most inestimable blessing in the moment of conversion. Others there are, and these constitute the greater number, who attain the assurance of forgiveness, and the joy that springs from it, only after time has matured their Christian experience, and brightened their Christian evidences. And there is a third class, composed of men naturally of feeble minds and irresolute tempers, to whom Providence has allotted no great trials, nor made to pass through any very severe discipline, and who, in consequence, have acquired but a scanty stock of gracious experiences, and made but slender attainments in the Christian life—a third class, we say, who carry their burden all the way, and never fairly get quit of it till they hear the welcome words at the gate above: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

Bunyan belonged to the second class—that of those who are oppressed by the burden of sin long after it has been forgiven. Still, in this respect, his Master was kind to him above most. He met him at an early stage of his journey, and said to him: "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." And Bunyan truly, when he heard the words, and saw that they came from Him who hung upon the tree, was of good cheer. Not more joyful was Christian on the little eminence beside the cross, when he felt his burden giving way, and saw it roll down into the sepulchre, than the following passage from the little work, "Grace Abounding," exhibits Bunyan in the possession of. This morning, so bright and warm, appeared the brighter that it succeeded a long and dreary night—a night during which his groans had ascended without intermission; his deep spiritual affliction having this one favourable symptom, which to a skilful eye would have indicated most surely the certain arrival of deliverance, however tardy might be its approach, namely, that if he dreaded that his burden should never be taken off, not less did he dread that it should be taken off in any wrong way—that conscience should be pacified by any application but that of the blood of Christ. But the "comforting time," as he terms it, was now come. He heard one preach a sermon on these words in the Song: "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair." "Then I began to give place to the word, which with power did over and over make this joyful sound within my soul, 'Thou art my love, and nothing shall separate thee from my love.' And with that

art was filled full of comfort and hope, and
could believe that my sins could be forgiven
ven, I was now so taken with the love and mercy
d, that I remember I could not tell how to con-
ill I got home: I thought I could have spoken
love, and have told of his mercy to me, even
very crows that sat upon the ploughed lands
e me, had they been capable to have understood
wherefore, I said in my soul with much glad-
Well, would I had a pen and ink here, I would
this down before I go any farther; for surely I
ot forget this forty years hence."

is passage does, indeed, exhibit Bunyan at the
, the glory of Christ shining round about him,
he love of Christ burning within him, and that
casting out fear—causing his burden to fall off.
this morning should never be obscured by
ls, that Bunyan should continue in this joyful
extatic frame during the whole period of his re-
ing life, would have been contrary to all experi-
, and would have been a favour, if favour it can
alled, which could have been enjoyed only in the
of inflicting a loss both upon the Church of God
is day, and upon himself now in glory. Forty
—such was their full number—did Bunyan walk
he clear shining of the cross, and then he began
n to enter into the darkness. Forty days of
ite, and this sorely tried man was called to gird
self for more terrible conflicts than any he ever
waged. Now we shall go down with him into
low Valley of Humiliation.

he descent is not altogether without danger, but
have accomplished it, and are arrived in safety at
bottom. The air of this place is pleasant; the
dow-land on which we are treading, how fruit-
is it! and the low heights that girdle it all around,
green and flourishing do they look; "also how
utified with lilies!" "Some have wished that
next way to their Father's house was here, that
y might be troubled no more with either hills or
untains to go over; but the way is the way, and
re is an end." Why has Bunyan made so sweet
l beautiful a retreat the scene of so awful a com-
? There is a wilderness beyond the Valley of the
dow of Death. Amid its solitudes it would not
re surprised us to trace the scathing steps of the
d, and to meet that horrid form in whose presence
joy dies and all beauty departs; but such an ap-
rance here, amid the verdure, and the fruitfulness,
l the enamelling flowers of this pleasant valley, is
leed unexpected. Yet Bunyan has acted in this
th his usual spiritual discernment, and has con-
ved to embody in this part of his allegory a truth
no little importance, and a lesson of the utmost
gnancy. It is when we are oppressed by gloom
d despondency, caused either by a sight of sin, or
worldly misfortune, or by bodily disorder, that
tan, knowing that we are less able to resist, some-
nes comes in the greatest fury to assault. A little
o we saw Bunyan standing on the shining eminence
the cross. On that blissful spot he could fear
thing—no black cloud, no frowning enemy was in
ght. Satan was too wise to assault him there. But
e has come down from the mount, and is now to walk in the low valley of ordinary Christian life. In taking the steep descent he has, like his own pilgrim, caught one or two slips—lost his footing, in part at least, on the promise of God, and his hold on an offered Saviour—these failings have not escaped the notice of that adversary who continually goeth about seeking whom he may destroy, and before Bunyan has recovered the confidence which his slips have shaken, the destroyer comes upon him with the intent of utterly making an end of him.

The account of this dreary period of his life extends over a great many of the pages of the little work from which we are quoting, and communicates a most affecting interest to them. No one can read it without being convinced that it was this part of his experience which suggested to Bunyan the idea of the combat, and furnished materials for its description. The very words with which Apollyon meets Christian are precisely the form under which the temptation was suggested to Bunyan. As we peruse the passage in question, we feel as if we walked side by side with Christian as he passes on through the valley. With him we descry the first appearance in the distance of the terrible form of Apollyon. With something of the awe and dismay which Christian felt, we behold him coming nearer and nearer, and mark the darkness which gathers over all surrounding objects at his approach. Now he has come up to us, that shape so "hideous to behold." Now we hear his voice, dreadful and terrible exceedingly, as first he questions Christian, then reasons with him, then tries to gain him over by wiles—paints in glowing colours the dangers of the path on which he has adventured, under-rates its rewards, vaunts much of the great things he has done for his servants, and promises graciously that he will overlook all if Christian will but turn and go back; and next upbraids him with the instances of his unfaithfulness to his Prince, and demands of him how he can presume that all this will be forgiven; and then begins to storm and threaten, finding him still unyielding; and at last bursts into a transport of fiendish fury, and swears by his infernal den, that here he will spill his soul. Then there is the rush to arms; then the valley rings with the din of blows; then darts, fiery darts, thick as hail, come showering down from the uplifted arm of the fiend. Now Christian dextrously plies his sword; now covers himself with his shield from the murderous blows of his adversary. But now Christian is wounded in his head, his hand, and his foot, and he gives a little back. Apollyon presses harder upon him than ever. Again the courage of Christian revives; he strikes manfully, and the fiend is obliged to give way. For a whole half-day this dreadful combat is waged. The poor pilgrim fights with the prince of darkness. But now Christian begins to be spent—he sinks—he is down; in his fall he has lost his sword: the fiend stands right over him, and yells out, in the transport of anticipated victory, "I am sure of thee now;" and with that is fetching his last blow, to make a full end of the good man. But Christian is not doomed to die beneath the sword of Apollyon. Where otherwise would be the faithfulness of Christ: "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand?" Nimbly stretching out his hand, he grasps his sword, and withal gives his adversary so deadly a thrust, that the fiend is obliged to fall back, as one who has received his mortal wound. Christian gives a great shout, and with that Apollyon, spreading forth his dragon wings, speeds him away from the scene of his defeat. By this victory, so manfully achieved in this Valley of Humiliation, Christian retrieved the honour he had lost by the slips he had made in his descent thither.

From the symbol we now turn to the exposition. Bunyan did not encounter Apollyon in a visible form; his meeting with him was not less real notwithstanding. It was no shower of literal darts to which he was exposed, from which the brazen shield or the sword of steel might have sufficed to protect him, and which, at the worst, could but have destroyed the body. His soul was buffeted with hellish suggestions and blasphemies. Here is the history of the dreadful conflict, written by the man who fought it; and as we read it we can count every blow that was struck—we can see Bunyan, now down, now up again, holpen by a divine hand, and wrestling manfully as before, till at last, with a great shout, he puts an end to the battle: "After the Lord had in this manner thus graciously delivered me from this great and sore temptation, and had given me such strong consolation and blessed evidence from heaven, touching my interest in his love through Christ, the tempter came upon me again, and that with a more grievous and dreadful temptation than before. And that was to sell and part with the most blessed Christ—to exchange him for the things of this life, for anything. Sometimes it would run in my thoughts, not so little as a hundred times together, Sell him, sell him; against which I may say for whole hours together, I have been forced to stand as continually leaning and forcing my spirit against it. One morning as I did lie in my bed, I was, as at other times, most fiercely assaulted with this temptation, to sell and part with Christ; the wicked suggestion still running in my mind, Sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him, as fast as a man could speak; against which also in my mind, as at other times, I answered, No, no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands, at least twenty times together; but at last, after much striving, I felt this thought pass through my heart, Let him go if he will. And I thought also, that I felt my heart freely consent thereto. O the diligence of Satan! O the desperateness of man's heart!"

"Now was the battle won, and down fell I, as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt and fearful despair. And withal that Scripture did seize upon my soul: 'Or profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright; for ye know, how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.' Now was I as one bound; I felt myself shut up unto the judgment to come; nothing now for years together would abide with me, but damnation, and an expectation of damnation." During this long and, to all but those who have endured similar affliction, inconceivably gloomy period, passages of Scripture would occasionally bring relief for a day or two, but only for this brief space, and then his agony and despair would again return. Satan would tempt him that his sin was greater than any other person had ever been guilty of—that it was the unpardonable sin; and, at other times, that it was vain to pray, and that though Christ did pity him in his sad condition, he could afford him no relief, inasmuch as his sin was not in the number or of the nature of those for which Christ died, and that unless he should come and die a second time he could give him no help. Several years, we say, were passed in these wrestlings with Satan for his soul; at times we see him sinking beneath the terrible blows of his adversary, at others strengthened with a little strength by some promise brought seasonably to his mind. But at last God was pleased to hear his groanings from the height of his sanctuary, and to deliver him from the hand of his strong enemy. That deliverance came in the following manner: "One day," he tells us, "suddenly this sentence fell upon my soul, 'Thy righteousness is in heaven;' and methought withal, I saw, with the eyes of my soul, Jesus Christ at God's right hand; there, I say, was my righteousness." Thus there came to Bunyan, as to Christian, a hand with some of the leaves of the tree of life to heal his wounds. The leaf from the tree was this: "He is made unto us of God wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

"In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard, as I did (it is not for effect that these words are introduced—Bunyan did indeed see it), that yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight: he spake like a dragon. And, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart! I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile and look upward." And so did Bunyan. "Ah! these blessed considerations and Scriptures, were in those days made to spangle in mine eye, so that I have cause to say: 'Praise ye the Lord God in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power; praise him for his mighty acts; praise him according to his excellent greatness.'"

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

BY JOHN KITTO, D.D.

The interesting account in John v. 7, of the miraculous healing by Jesus of the man who had laboured under a hopeless infirmity for thirty-eight years, is introduced by a particular account of the place where this miracle was performed: "Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first

the troubling of the water stepped in was
: whole of whatsoever disease he had."—Verses

From the further account, it appears that the
ıes were thronged with diseased persons desirous
ail themselves of this means of cure; and that
enefit was usually received by those who needed
st—that is, not by the most helpless and impo-
but by those who were strong and vigorous
gh to push down into the water before the others.
ce, the man whom our Lord healed had remain-
ıere a great length of time, waiting his opportu-
but had never secured it; for, being so utterly
ess, some one had always stepped in before

ır object is, not now to illustrate the miracle,
o inquire respecting this pool.

ıe intimations given by that evangelist are, for
unusually precise, and ought to assist us in
gnising the pool among the existing waters of
salem. It may, indeed, have been only a reser-
but even reservoirs have survived the destruc-
of the Holy City; for, being below the level of
ground, they have not been obvious to the over-
ws which have befallen all its superstructures.
ed, it has been remarked by critics, that the use
he present tense by the apostle in speaking of
pool, intimates that it had survived the destruc-
of Jerusalem, and was still well-known when he
te his Gospel, which is generally believed to have
n towards the close of the first century of the
istian era. First, the evangelist gives the situa-
—"At Jerusalem by the sheep market;" then the
ription—"A pool having five porches;" then the
ıe—"Bethesda." Now, we do not read in Scrip-
of any "sheep market," but we do of a "sheep-
" (Neh. iii. 1, 32); and as the word "market"
" gate" are not in the original (ἐπὶ τῇ προβατικῇ),
the former is supplied to complete the sense,
ıy commentators are of opinion that the word
ıte," and not "market," should have been intro-
ed. We are of that opinion; but the matter is
little consequence, for we know that the Jewish
kets were held at the gates, as was, and is at this
in the East, more especially the case with regard
attle-markets, for the convenience of the people
brought them in from the country, and to pre-
t such annoyance to the inhabitants from cattle
ng driven through the streets, as that to which
Londoners are exposed from the presence of a
tle-market in the middle of their city. We,
refore, take the pool of Bethesda to have been
ır to the sheep gate. Now, the sheep gate seems
m the passages in Nehemiah, to which we have
eady referred, to have been on the *north* side of
temple—that is, of its outermost northern wall.
re the Jewish traditions fix not only a gate, but a
ge supply of water required for the sacred services
the temple. Josephus also teaches us to look for
pools in this quarter (De Bell. Jud. v. 11)—the
e forming the fosse of the temple, described also
Strabo, and the other forming the trench of the
stle of Antonia. One or both of these pools have
e name of Struthius, and this name affords some
rther ground of identification. It appears that Struthium is the name of a root, the ashes of which formed a strong alkali, much used in making soap; and the corresponding Hebrew word is translated "soap" in the only passages in which it occurs in the Bible.—Jer. ii. 22; Mal. iii. 2. It is now generally agreed, that Bethesda means "the house of effusion," or "washing;" and it seems, therefore, highly probable that the Greek word used by Josephus was intended as a translation of the Hebrew name.

Now, that which is at present pointed out as the Pool of Bethesda, corresponds to these intimations, so far as they go. It is on the north side of the temple, just under its ancient outer wall, and near to that which is now called the gate of St Stephen, and where there must have been a gate in ancient times. Furthermore, there was a gate on the north side of the temple wall, which may have been the sheep gate; for we cannot be sure whether that gate derived its name from the cattle being introduced into the city or into the temple through it; but as, in any case, it was north of the temple, it could not have been far from the Pool of Bethesda, whether it were a gate of the city or of the temple wall.

That the two pools, or rather the double pool, near the temple, described in the Jerusalem Itinerary of 333 A.D., is the same as that mentioned by Josephus, there can be no doubt; for, although the author does not fix them to the north of the temple area, as neither do Eusebius and Jerome in the same century, yet all these writers agree in their testimony to these pools being the Bethesdas, which we know to have been found by late writers in that situation. This, in substance, may be regarded as the evidence which exists in favour of the present site assigned to the Pool of Bethesda down to the fourth century; since which date an unbroken line of testimony in its favour might be indicated. Other evidence, from probability and from circumstances, will appear as we go on.

One of the twin pools has, however, disappeared, having probably been filled up; but its position can be accurately defined by the language of the Christian writers, and the precise place which the fosse of Antonia must have occupied. Both existed in the time of Eusebius, who says: "The fountain is exhibited even at the present day, in two pools at that place. One of these pools is filled up by the yearly rains, but the other shows its waters wonderfully tinctured with red." That one of the pools is thus stated to have been filled by rain water, would perhaps imply that the other was supplied from a spring; and William of Tyre informs us that this was actually the case; indeed, even so late as the seventeenth century, that accomplished traveller George Sandys states that, into the Pool of Bethesda "a barren stream doth drill from between the stones of the northward wall, and stealeth away almost undiscerned." The most probable account of this small stream is, that, in the filling up of the other pool, which took place before the time of Sandys' visit, the water forced for itself a passage through the ground into the Birket Israil (Israel's Pool), which is the name given by the natives to the present reservoir.

The red appearance of the water in one of these pools, to which Eusebius refers, may possibly have been owing to the cement with which it was lined. But it was taken by early writers for a sign of the use to which it was formerly put, of washing the entrails of the animals offered in sacrifice. Whether thus used or not, the redness could not be thus explained, for, as noticed by Eusebius, it existed long after sacrifices had ceased in Jerusalem.

The situation of the reservoir which now bears the honoured name of Bethesda, has already been generally indicated. It lies along the outside of the present northern wall of the sacred enclosure, of which wall its northern side may be said to form a part. Its eastern end is so near the wall of the city that only a narrow pass lies between them, leading from St Stephen's gate to the great mosque which occupies the site of the ancient temple. The pool is three hundred and sixty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet broad, and seventy-five feet deep to the bottom, besides the rubbish which has accumulated in it for ages. It was obviously a portion of the ancient fosse on this side, of which Josephus makes mention; but this is so far from being an argument against its being the Pool of Bethesda, that it is in fact a circumstance in its favour, according to the intimation already produced from the last named writer. And even those who have lately raised a question on the subject, are constrained to admit that it was also used as a reservoir; for the sides are internally cased over with small stones laid in cement, and impermeable to water. The western end is built up like the rest, except at the south-west corner, where two lofty arched vaults extend in westward, side by side, under the houses which now cover that part. It is probable that these vaulted passages anciently formed the communication with the fosse of Antonia, in which was the other pool now filled up; and at the sametime furnished a passage to the gate of the fort by a bridge over the arches. The vulgar notion which regards them as remains of the "five porches," deserves no attention. The word *στοαί*, indeed, does not mean "porches"—that is, covered places with pillars, where the sick might stand and walk, without exposure to the weather—but cloisters or cells in which the sick might find shelter, forming, it would seem, a kind of bath-house, devoted to the use of such as sought the benefit of the miraculous virtues which the descent of the angel imparted to the waters. From the intimations of Josephus and other Jewish writers, we may judge that there were other chambers for other purposes, adjoining the pool, with cisterns and fountains supplied from its waters. All these have long since disappeared; and the reservoir itself has not, probably, for some centuries, contained any water.

After this, we must regard as trivial the objections which have been urged against the identity of this pool with that of Bethesda. No substantial reason against its claims has been adduced, nor has any more suitable reservoir, within or without the walls, been indicated. The Rev. George Williams, in his recent work on "The Holy City;" and Lord Nugent, in his "Lands Classical and Sacred," have strongly, and we think satisfactorily, re-asserted the old opinion in opposition to recent ill-considered cavils, which allege that it was *only* a ditch to the temple on the north side. This is a gratuitous assumption, for which no reason has been or can be given; and the fact that it was also a fosse, so far from being against its claims, is, as we have seen, highly in favour of them. Besides, if it were only a ditch, what need could there be of making it of so preposterous a width as one hundred and thirty feet, in a town so limited in its space for inhabitants and garrison, or of seventy-five feet to the bottom, where a fall of twenty feet in a wet ditch would have answered every purpose of defence? Nor does it appear why, if it were *only* for defence, it should be a wet ditch at all, where an enemy in possession of its northern bank could so easily have drained it into the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The most common-sense view is that to which all facts and authorities tend—that it did answer the purpose of a ditch to the fortress Antonia, but was *also* for the purpose of a mighty pool or reservoir, to supply that part of the city or the temple with water. And if this were the case, and if it was *a* pool, but not the Pool of Bethesda, it might well excite our surprise that neither in the Bible nor by Josephus is mention made of any other such pool in that direction.

THE AGONY.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows:
it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he put him to grief."
ISAIAH.

HIERARCHIES in heaven paused while adoring—
The golden-stringed lyre of each angel grew mute;
They came to dark earth, and in wonder bent o'er
Him,
Who knelt in deep anguish by Kidron's brook.

Bow'd low 'mong the olives, the night-cloud hung
o'er Him;
No pen can portray what that anguish might be;
With the gory-stain'd picture of Calv'ry before Him,
When He groan'd in Gethsemane, *sinner*, for thee.

The friends of His pilgrimage calmly were sleeping,
While He pour'd those deep sighs in the bosom of
night:
There came one to strengthen while lone He was
weeping—
From heaven a white-winged angel of light.

Ah! cold, cold and pale was that sorrow-marred
brow,
Whence flow'd those His gore-drops that water'd
the sod;
While He wept and He pray'd, *O sinner*, that thou
Mightst be sav'd from the wrath of His Father and
God!

O what words can equal these accents that roll,
So deeply expressive of woe, when He saith
In His agony deep, that His grief-laden soul
"Was exceedingly sorrowful, even to death!"

Then His heaven-lit features an agony wore,
  The which to express every image were faint;
And we, like the Grecian painters of yore,
  Must draw a veil o'er what no mortal can paint.
MISS AIRD.

A THREE YEARS' WOUND.

ONE of my visitors told me one day that there was a woman in her district who was very anxious to see me. She did not belong to my church, but still she wished a conversation, and seemed much in earnest about her soul.

I soon found her out, and found her not unwilling to open her mind to me; though she did this rather awkwardly and unconnectedly, as is commonly the case with those who have had no opportunity of speaking to any Christian friend upon spiritual subjects. She was earnestly seeking counsel, and groping her way to the light; but as yet all was darkness. She was in quest of the resting-place, but had not yet reached it.

She told me that she had been in this state of trouble for nearly three years. She had come to hear me one Sabbath evening, and had been arrested in her carelessness. That night the Holy Spirit had fastened an arrow in her conscience, that since then had been rankling there. Her convictions seemed sharp and deep, though by no means so overpowering as I have often seen them in other cases. Her guilt pressed heavily upon her; her sins were continually rising up within, and obtaining the mastery. She knew not what to do. Forgiveness and deliverance from sin seemed to her afar off, and almost hopeless. She was by no means ignorant or stupid; but to the way of peace and forgiveness she was a stranger. That salvation was through Christ, that rest for her soul was to be obtained only through his cross, she knew; but how this was to become hers, how *she* was to have peace with God, she did not see.

There seemed an insurmountable barrier between her and Christ. She knew he was Jesus the Saviour, but this appeared nothing to her as long as sin had such dominion over her. Her awful unholiness weighed her down. It seemed utterly to bar all access to Christ. She felt as if she dared not go to Christ in that unholy state. She thought herself unfit to deal with him—unfit to receive forgiveness at his hands. She was sure he could not welcome and forgive her so long as she had such a heart of iniquity. She strove to get quit of some of it, that she might come in a better state, and have some hope of being received; but all in vain. She found no relief—her burden was as oppressive as ever.

Her whole idea was, that her unholiness stood between her and forgiveness; that she must be in some measure holy, or at least less unholy, before she could have any hope of pardon. She seemed fixed in this position, and her efforts were like those of one bent upon climbing some steep precipice, who is ever falling backward upon the ground, becoming more and more disabled by each successive endeavour.

She had forgotten "that this Man receiveth *sinners*, and eateth with them." She had forgotten the description which the Pharisees gave of him—a description meant for mockery and contempt, yet still not the less on that account setting forth his true character and office: "He is gone to be guest with a man that is a *sinner*."

I sought to show her this—to show her that it was just her being *a sinner* that fitted her for Christ the Saviour; that it was just as a *sinner*, and as nothing else, that she could be permitted to deal with him, or that he would have any dealings with her; that she could not make herself any better before going to him; and that if she could, she would not need him at all. She followed me as I went along, but said nothing. When, however, I came to show her pointedly that she was actually *reversing* God's way of salvation, by putting holiness before forgiveness, she immediately exclaimed very simply, "That's a weight off my mind."

"But am I not to be holy first at all? Am I to go just as I am at this moment?" said she.

"Yes, just as you are at this moment; for the Son of Man came to seek and save that which was *lost*."

"But is forgiveness really first?"

"Yes, it is first; holiness follows. There can be no holiness till there has been forgiveness first, and forgiveness comes from simply believing the record which God hath given us of his own Son."

This was good news to her weary soul. Her burden seemed to roll from off her shoulder into the tomb of Christ, so that she saw it no more; but, like Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress," went upon her way rejoicing and singing as he did—

"Blest cross, blest sepulchre; blest rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me!"

VISIT TO ARRAN.

(Concluded.)

OUR walk altogether was about eight miles. As the steamer's hour was drawing near, the latter part of it required to be accomplished with all convenient speed. The day was lovely; the sun's beams were more powerful than I ever again felt them during the whole of the summer, so that I reached Lamlash in that semi-parboiled state which I have more than once made some approach to in Arran. Before we reached the quay we passed a considerable number of fishermen, who, having their nets spread on a framework of poles, were making preparation for the herring fishery. We had seen porpoises the evening before, tumbling playfully in the bay, after a satisfactory repast, it is probable, on some hundreds of herrings. The herring gulls (*Larus argentatus*) were reconnoitring on the wing, or diving in the deep. The gannets, or solan geese (*Sula Bassana*), in their exploring excursions from Ailsa Craig, had become aware of the arrival of the wished-for shoals in the bay. They might be seen poised in the air intently on the watch with their wild, keen-piercing eyes, and then dashing perpendicularly downwards, like an arrow from a bow, disappearing for a little among the waves, but soon emerging with their silver-scaled prey in their formidable bills.* The fishermen were making diligent preparation for having a share of the rich spoil. Of late years they have made great improvement on the structure of their vessels. Instead of being of the clumsiest form, both science and taste are now displayed in their formation, so that they are handsome yacht-rigged quick-sailing vessels. Though the vessels are greatly improved, we fear that in some most important respects the fishermen themselves have been retrograding. During the revival, and for some time afterwards, the blessed effects of increased spirituality was felt by sea as well as by land. True religion renews the man, and where the man goes he carries his religion along with him. The Arran fishermen, at that time, might have been an example to all fishermen in the kingdom. When the *take* of herrings is good, it is a delightful thing, in a fine summer evening, to see the vessels issuing from the various stations to which, in the morning, they had retired, and like eagles hastening to their prey, converging towards the place where the booty is to be sought for. Ere the sun goes down a fleet of a hundred sail may, at times, be seen resting on the bosom of some tranquil bay. *Then*, however, it was not the eye only, but also the ear and the heart that were delighted. When the vessels had taken their station, when they had *shot* their nets for the night, and the hum and bustle of business had ceased—the silence that ensued was soon broken by the sweetest sounds. The voice of psalms was heard from every vessel in the fleet. The worship of God had begun. The waters wafted the joyful sound to the land; the hills re-echoed it to the sea; from the sea it ascended to the heavens; and while it added to the joy of happy cherubim, it entered, we doubt not, into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. We wish we could truly state that this pious and praiseworthy practice prevails still. We fear it does not. If it be the duty of Christian men to worship God in their families; and if, at the time of morning or evening sacrifice, in their lawful pursuits, they are separated from their households, if they cannot pray *with* them, surely they ought to pray *for* them. And if a sudden squall during the night should plunge them in the deep, the prospect of death would not be more awful because they had lately, in social worship, committed themselves to Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps, pleading the fulfilment of the promise, that wherever two or three are met together in the name of Jesus, there he will be with them to bless them, and to do them good. And if Jesus, though unseen, be with them to preserve them, surely, when the morning watch arrives, they are not less likely to find that they have cast their net on the right side of the ship, and that it comes up laden with a great multitude of fishes.

At the hour appointed we were aboard the steamer, and soon the paddles began to revolve. We were "homeward bound," and to rightly-constituted minds the sound is pleasant. Unhappy the man who is not happiest at home! and unhappy the minister whose greatest enjoyment is not found in the discharge of his pastoral duties among his own people! And yet the happiness of domestic life and the usefulness of a pastor are not lessened by the occasional inbreak of a short excursion on the unvaried routine of life. When we were fairly out of Brodick Bay, the loveliness of the evening and the scenery recalled the remembrance of another little excursion on a memorable day. When the meeting of the British Association took place in Glasgow, I had the pleasure of being a member, and of receiving a ticket as one of the party to explore part of Arran, and to partake of the magnificent repast given by the Marquis of Douglas to the members, in a pavilion erected for the purpose at Brodick Castle. In coasting the island in the forenoon, Sir Roderick Murchison lectured, as we proceeded, on the geology of Arran. At the repast we had the pleasure of seeing and hearing some of the most distinguished *savans* of Europe. Whilst we were returning by the steamer in the evening, Professor Johnston lectured on chemistry, in connection with geology. When we were a few miles from Brodick, Sir Roderick Murchison said: "I am very unwilling to interrupt Professor Johnston in his most interesting lecture, but I am tempted to request that you will all look back for a moment on the scenery we are leaving behind." The evening sun was gilding the peaked mountains. Goatfell rose in the centre as monarch of the scene, flanked on the one side by the towering pinnacles around Glen Sannox, and on the other by Ben Noosh, and the Holy Isle, and conical Ailsa. The sea itself, under the beams of the setting sun, was like melted gold, while here and there a vessel might be seen with every sail set, as if courting a breeze, and yet lingering as if unwilling to quit the splendid scene. "Gentlemen," said Sir Roderick, "did you *ever* see anything so rich and lovely? M. Agassiz, have you anything more magnificent even in your Alpine Switzerland?" It would have been too much to expect that Agassiz would allow Scotland to carry off the palm from his beloved fatherland, but he came very near it. He said, "It is beautiful!—most beautiful! And you have one thing that in Switzerland we have not—you have the sea!"

IMPRECATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

It must be confessed that, at first sight, they appear cruel and vindictive, irreconcilable with the gentle spirit of piety and religion; and some, unhesitatingly acknowledging them to be indefensible on Christian principles, rest the defence solely on their accordance with the character of the Jewish dispensation; which, say they, did not inculcate that cordial forgiveness of injuries, and even love of our enemies, which form an essential and peculiar doctrine of the Gospel. In this representation the inquirer will not be disposed to acquiesce, when he reflects that the Hebrew Scriptures do forcibly enjoin the duties of forgiving injuries, Exod. xii. 49; xxiii. 4, 5; Lev. xix. 17, 18; Deut. xxxii. 35; Prov. xi. 17; xix. 11; xx. 22; xxiv. 29; Zech. vii. 10; of doing good to enemies, Exod. xxiii. 4, 5; Prov. xxv. 21; Jer. xxix. 7; and of cultivating mutual kindness and good-will, Exod. xxii. 21-24; Lev. xix. 17, 18, 34; xxv. 35; Deut. x. 19; Prov. xv. 17; xvii. 17; xviii. 24; xxvii. 10. David, the sweet Psalmist of Israel, extols and recommends benevolence and mercy, forgiveness and kindness, to enemies, Ps. xv. 5; xxvii. 2, *et seq.;* xxiv. 14; xxxvii. 1, 8, 21, 26; xxxviii. 12–14; xxxix. 1; xl. 1, 3; xciv. 1; ci. 5; cix. 4, 5; cxii. 5, 9; cxx. 6, 7; cxxxiii. 1–3; and his own conduct afforded a noble exemplification of these virtues, as will be apparent by consulting the following passages: Ps. xxv. 12-15; 1 Sam. xxiv. 1, *et seq.;* xxvi. 1, *et seq.;* 2 Sam. i. 4, *et seq.;* iv. 8-12; xvi. 7-11; xix. 21-23. It cannot, then, be credited that one so distinguished for tenderness and benevolence of heart, as well as for pre-eminent piety, could utter anything in direct opposition to those feelings of mercy and forgiveness, which he both highly recommended, and exhibited in his own practice. Independently of this, we may rest assured that no unmerciful and revengeful sentiment was ever suggested by the Holy Spirit, or ever found entrance into a work of inspiration.

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* The poor solan geese, from their well-known love of herrings, are at times deceived to their ruin. A herring is nailed to a fir-board, and floated in the sea. Seeing the tempting bait, the gannet descends with great velocity; but instead of carrying off his prey, his stout bill pierces so deeply into the board that he cannot disentangle himself, and thus becomes the property of the artful gannet-catcher.

From these observations, we may with certainty infer that the passages in question, however they may *appear*, were undoubtedly *not intended* to convey any bitter and unrelenting malediction. Nor will they be deemed to do so, provided due allowance be made for the bold phraseology of Oriental poetry, which must generally be received with considerable abatement; and provided also they be understood with the reservation, which ought to accompany all our wishes and addresses to the Deity, namely, that he would grant them only so far as may be consistent with his will and providence. If the imprecative parts of the Book of Psalms be taken with these limitations, as in reason they ought, they will be found in substance merely to express a wish that the wicked men spoken of might receive the just recompense of their deeds, and that the punishment they deserved might speedily overtake them, if such were the will of God. The impious and transgressors are those alone upon whom the Psalmist imprecates the Divine vengeance; and there is nothing of vindictive feeling in praying for that which he believed the Divine justice as well as the Divine promise were engaged to inflict; while, at the same time, his entire confidence in the absolute perfections of the Supreme Being affords ample evidence that he calls for this vengeance only so far as might be accordant with the Divine attributes of wisdom, goodness, and equity. A strong confirmation of this reasoning is supplied by Ps. xxviii. 4, 5, where he prays the Almighty to "*give them according to their deeds, according to the wickedness of their endeavours;* to *give them after the work of their hands; to render them their desert;*" and he immediately subjoins, as a reason for the petition, and a vindication of it, "*Because they regard not the works of the Lord, nor the operation of his hands, he shall* (*will*) *destroy them, and not build them up.*" Such imprecative addresses are in reality the expression of an earnest desire that the will of God may be done in earth as it is in heaven, and that, if it seemed good unto him, he would assert his own honour as well by the punishment of the iniquitous as by the preservation of the righteous.

The persons to whom the imprecations refer were inveterate adversaries, plotting against the life of the Psalmist, and maliciously intent upon effecting his ruin. To pray to be rescued from their wicked devices was clearly lawful; and, considering their numbers and persevering malignity, his escape might seem utterly impracticable without their entire overthrow or extirpation: a prayer for their destruction, therefore, was equivalent to a prayer for his preservation and deliverance. Besides, they were for the most part not only personal enemies, but hostile to the people of Israel, rebels to their heavenly King, and violators of his commands. To desire the punishment of such characters arose, it may fairly be presumed, not from personal vindictive feelings, but from a regard to religion and hatred of iniquity; and was in fact tantamount to desiring the Almighty to vindicate his glory by inflicting the chastisements which they deserved, and which he has denounced against the proud contemners of his laws.

By many writers the passages objected to are explained as predictions; and this is not at variance with the Hebrew idiom, which admits, under some circumstances, the use of the imperative for the future; as Ps. xxxvii. 27; Gen. xx. 7; xlii. 18; xlv. 8; Prov. iii. 4; iv. 4; and the employment of the imperative mood, when declaring future events, is not unusual with the sacred writers, as in Isa. v. 10; viii. 9, 10; ix. 3; xvii. 1; xxix. 9; Jer. i. 10; Ezek. xliii. 3. In some instances, a prayer or wish for the punishment of sinners may be nearly equivalent to a prediction, inasmuch as it is founded on the belief, and meant to imply, that, according to God's moral government of the world, punishment most certainly awaits them. Some of the imprecations in the Psalms may, then, be understood as *declarative* of the just judgments of God, which would inevitably fall upon the impious; but in others, and perhaps most of them, both the natural construction of the sentences, and the full force and propriety of the expressions, require them to be taken in an *imprecative sense.* To explain them in any other sense is doing violence to the laws of grammatical interpretation; yet even in this light, considered as imprecations, they amount to no more than a wish that the impious may be dealt with according to the eternal and unalterable laws of Divine justice—that they may openly and before the world receive the penalties of crime, provided it be the will of God; which surely is neither an unnatural nor unreasonable wish in those who anxiously seek the punishment of vice, and the maintenance of true religion and virtue. In the Psalmist, moreover, it is a wish not proceeding from a desire to gratify a personal vindictive feeling, but partly from a desire of self-preservation, and partly from anxiety to see the worship and glory of God triumphant over all enemies. Imprecations, therefore, made with the limitations, and originating in the motives just mentioned, so far from being liable to the charge of maliciousness and revenge, are in accordance with the purest spirit of religion, and with the exercise of the most extensive charity.—*Holden's Expositor.*

Of all those tremendous imprecations which appear in our common English version of Deut. xxvii. 15–26, there is not one authorized by the original. The Hebrew texts express no kind of *wish*, but are only so many denunciations of the displeasure of God against those who either were or should be guilty of the sins therein mentioned, and of the judgments which they must expect to be inflicted upon them, unless prevented by a timely and sincere repentance.

And, agreeably to this view, the sacred text should have been rendered "cursed they," or, "cursed *are* they," and not "cursed *be* they," in the sense of *Let them be* cursed; the word *be*, though inserted in our translation, having nothing answerable in the Hebrew.—*Horne's Introduction.*

MY GRANDMOTHER.

TRULY does the Inspired Volume say, "The memory of the *just* is blessed." *True* it is in my experience, and doubtless in that of many others. Of all the pleasant memories of my pleasant childhood, there are none more delightful or precious to my mind than those which recall the precepts and example of my beloved grandmother. The child of pious parents, blessed with many godly relatives, nurtured on the Bible, and early taught the way to a throne of grace, I still feel as if the instructions and prayers, and the more powerful though silent preaching of her holy life, *are*, and have been, more blessed to me than all the other means combined.

I was quite a child when my grandmother died; and although many years have since passed, and many changes I have seen, she is still as distinct to the eye of my mind as though our last interview were but yesterday. She was a woman of no exterior elegance or dignity of mien, plain and simple in her apparel, kind and gentle in her manner; her great characteristic seemed to be *love* to God and man, and an ardent desire to do all the good in her power. She was of few words, but the law of kindness dwelt upon her lips; and she was remarkably careful and tender of the character of others. Believing that a mother's proper sphere of action is the family circle, she was ever a "*keeper at home;*" no fritterer away of precious time in formal visiting or gay entertainments; but where there was affliction in the circle of her acquaintance, *there* was she found, visiting the fatherless and widows in their distress, and ministering to their necessities. Liberal and open-handed to the poor, she denied herself many costly luxuries, that she might more abundantly relieve them; and she taught her children to practise like self-denial. The Bible was truly her meat and drink—the spiritual food upon which her soul fed and throve. This was the true (though to many) *hidden cause* of her uncommon spirituality, deadness to the world, and uniform consistency of conduct. Guided in all things by the unerring Word of God, she kept the even tenor of her way, shedding forth the light of her holy example upon all around, so that they, taking knowledge of her, might glorify God her Saviour. It was her constant practice to induce us, her grandchildren, to read and commit to memory chapters or passages of Holy Writ; often alluring us by some little reward, when, through the heedlessness of childhood, her gentle persuasions and admonitions failed to have their customary influence. My memory is now largely stored with God's Word, thus learned, with her accompanying comments on these passages, most precious to her own mind; and while many other recollections of my childhood have faded from my memory, these remain in all their vividness.

She was blessed in her children. One son, as a minister of the Gospel, has been the honoured instrument in the conversion of hundreds of souls. Her youngest daughter, after leading a life of self-denial and Christian benevolence, of which few females, so young and delicate, can boast, died a most triumphant and happy death. Her surviving children are all treading in the footsteps of their sainted mother, occupying places of usefulness and trust in the community; and nearly all the grandchildren of her prayers, who have arrived at mature years, have united themselves with the visible Church. And when that Saviour, who had been all her hope and trust, called her *home* to himself, she longed for the hour of translation from sin and sorrow to purity and rest; and the language of her lips again and again was, "Oh! why are his chariot wheels so long of coming? Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

Oh! how often in my days of childhood and folly have I thought that, could the gift of God be purchased with money, I would give anything in the world to be as good as my grandmother. How many of us, who are mothers and grandmothers, are there who set such an example before the little ones of our own families, as to induce the same wish on their part with respect to us? How good is *a word spoken in season* at all times, and how many times and seasons are there in the life of every child, when a few affectionate words of counsel, of reproof, or entreaty, from the lips of a beloved and venerated relative, may sink deep into the heart, and colour with the hue of heaven the whole after life, long after that Christian friend has been laid low with the clods of the valley. It is a natural and innocent desire to be remembered by those we love long after we have passed away from earth; let us, then, remember that the memory of the *just only* is blessed, and being blessed, is long treasured up in the heart with fond delight. Let us, then, endeavour to imitate the example of her, "who, being dead, yet speaketh;" and so live, as that our descendants, like hers, will revert with joy to our memories long after we have passed away to our reward. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."—*Presbyterian Herald.*

A WORD TO A CERTAIN SHOPKEEPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DECAPOLIS."

THE following paper, written at the request of a metropolitan Sabbath-school teacher, and printed at his expense, has been widely circulated among the class to whom it is addressed, in the neighbourhood of London. It can hardly be supposed to apply to any of the readers of the "Christian Treasury," but it may be that some of them are acquainted with a tradesman to whom it might be useful. In that case it would be no bad plan to lend him the present Number, and then to ask him what he thinks of these remarks on Sabbath trading:—

Travelling once, on the outside of a stage coach, I said to a man, who for a few miles happened to be my only companion, "Do you care anything about your soul?" "What is that to you?" he replied, in a tone and manner which he evidently thought would silence me. I at once remarked, that certainly it must be of far greater importance to himself than it could possibly be to me; but that if I, a perfect stranger, felt any interest in the question, how much more ought he to feel, since it mainly concerned himself! "Upon my word," said the man, "there is something like good sense in that." He then listened attentively to all I had to say. In the course of my address, I saw him try to conceal an unbidden tear; and when he left the coach, which he did at the next market town, he said, "Good morning to you, sir, and many thanks for your faithfulness!"

Now to the point. I wish to have a little friendly talk with YOU; and, as I cannot call, I send. One favour alone I have to ask—Read this paper attentively. By refusing to look at it, or hastily throwing it aside, you cannot injure ME; but you may deeply wrong YOURSELF.

Your shop stands open on a day when most other shops are closed—a day which Christian people call the Sabbath—a day which they think is God's own day, and which he has kindly given to man, that he may rest from his labour, and find time to attend to things which relate to happiness and heaven.

Perhaps you plead necessity, and say, that unless you labour seven days a-week, you cannot obtain a living. Then, you wish it to be understood that your business is so poor, or that you manage it so badly, that while other people do their work in six days, you require seven. Surely, then, it must be time to try your hand at something else. But as money-getting is the thing which makes you a Sabbath breaker, let me ask you for once, to reckon up your Sabbath gains, not in the form of pounds, shillings, and pence, but after the method of calculation set forth by our Lord Jesus Christ—Matt. xvi. 26. You of course have a Bible; if you have not, borrow one of a neighbour, and turn to the place and see.

But, perhaps, you answer, "I never trouble myself about religion." I thought as much, although I did not say so. But little is this to your credit, since the best and wisest men that the world has ever seen HAVE troubled themselves about religion, until they found it such a true, and holy, and blessed thing, that it took away their trouble of every kind, and filled their hearts with peace and joy. You WOULD trouble yourself about religion, if you believed it true; and not to believe it true, is only to confess that you know nothing about it.

Pray remember one thing—your not believing religion to be true, cannot make it false. For reasons which to them were as plain as the sun in the heavens, multitudes have not only believed it true, but they have been so sure of its truth that they have gladly laid down their lives for it. If you would only search for yourself, read the Bible, ask God to help you to understand it, and beseech him to give you a new heart and right spirit, you would soon find that not only is religion true, but that it is the most blessed thing in the universe. Should you ever come to that conclusion, nothing in the world would induce you to trifle with the Sabbath, or to pursue your business on that holy day. You would then see, that if six days in the week are given for the sake of your body, which must soon go down to the grave, one day in the week is not too much to spend about your soul, which must live for ever. Come, make up your mind at once! Perhaps this is the last Sabbath you will ever have. Then close your shutters, lock your door, and hasten away to public worship.

Think not, however, that this will make you a Christian. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; therefore you must be born again, or perish. Ask God to teach you that which you need to know, and to make you that which you ought to be. Beseech him to give you true repentance and his Holy Spirit.

Do you say you never will! One word, then, and I have done. Be sure your sin will find you out. You will remember this friendly warning when you have lost your soul.

WELCOME DEATH.

O DEATH, how sweet is that rest wherewith thou refreshest the weary pilgrims of this vale of mortality! How pleasant is thy face to those eyes that have acquainted themselves with the sight of it, which to strangers is grim and ghastly! How worthy art thou to be welcome unto those that know whence thou art, and whither thou tendest! Who that knows thee can fear thee! Who that is not all nature, would rather hide himself among the baggage of this vile life, than follow thee to a crown! What impartial judge, that should see life painted over with vain semblances of pleasures, attended with troops of sorrows on the one side, and on the other with uncertainty of continuance, and certainty of dissolution; and then should turn his eyes unto Death, and see her black, but comely, attended on the one hand with a momentary pain, and with eternity of glory on the other, would not say out of choice, that which the prophet said out of passion, "It is better for me to die than to live!"

But, O my soul, what ails thee to be thus suddenly backward and fearful? No heart hath more freely discoursed of death in speculation—no tongue hath more extolled it in absence; and now that it is come to thy bed-side, and hath drawn thy curtains, and takes thee by the hand, and offers thee service, thou shrinkest inward, and, by the paleness of thy face and wildness of thine eye, bewrayest an amazement at the presence of such a guest. That face which was so familiar to thy thoughts is now unwelcome to thine eyes. I am ashamed of this weak irresolution. Whither have all thy serious meditations tended? what hath Christianity done to thee, if thy fears be still Heathenish? Is this thine imitation of so many worthy saints of God, whom thou hast seen entertain the most violent deaths with smiles and songs? is this the fruit of thy long and frequent instruction? Didst thou think Death would have been content with words? didst thou hope it would suffice thee to talk, while all others suffer? Where is thy faith? yea, where art thou thyself, O my soul? Is heaven worthy of no more thanks, no more joy? Shall heretics, shall Pagans, give Death a better welcome than thou? Hath thy Maker, thy Redeemer, sent for thee, and art thou loath to go? hath he sent for thee, to put thee in possession of that glorious inheritance, which thy wardship hath cheerfully expected, and art thou loath to go? Hath God, with this serjeant of his, sent his angels to fetch thee, and art thou loath to go? Rouse up thyself—for shame, O my soul; and if ever thou hast truly believed, shake off this unchristian diffidence, and address thyself joyfully for thy glory.

Yea, O my Lord, it is thou that must raise up this faint and drooping heart of mine; thou only canst rid me of this weak and cowardly distrust; thou that sendest for my soul, canst prepare it for thyself; thou only canst make thy messenger welcome to me. O that I could but see thy face through death! O that I could see death, not as it was, but as thou hast made it! O that I could heartily pledge thee, O my Saviour, in this cup, that so I might drink new wine with thee in thy Father's kingdom!

But, alas! O my God, nature is strong and weak in me at once; I cannot wish to welcome death as it is worthy: when I look for most courage, I find strongest temptations; I see and confess, that when I am myself, thou hast no such coward as I; let me alone, and I shall shame that name of thine, which I have professed; every secure worldling shall laugh at my feebleness. O God, were thy martyrs thus haled to their stakes? might they not have been loosed from their racks, and yet choose to die in those torments? Let it be no shame for thy servant to take up that complaint which thou madest of thy better attendants: "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

O thou God of spirits, who hast coupled these two together, unite them in a desire of their dissolution; weaken this flesh to receive, and encourage this spirit either to desire or to contemn death; and now, as I grow nearer to my home, let me increase in the sense of my joys. I am thine, save me, O Lord, it was thou who didst put such courage into thine ancient and late witnesses, that they either invited or challenged Death, and held their persecutors their best friends for letting them loose from these sorrows of flesh. I know thine hand is not shortened; neither any of them hath received more proofs of thy former mercies. O let thy goodness enable me to reach them, in the comfortable steadiness of my passage. Do but draw this veil a little, that I may see my glory, and I cannot but be inflamed with the desire of it. It was not I that either made this body for the earth, or this soul for my body, or this heaven for my soul, or this glory of heaven, or this entrance into glory—all is thine own work. O perfect what thou hast begun, that thy praise and my happiness may be consummate at once!

Yea, O my soul, what needest thou wish the God of mercies to be tender of his own honour? Art thou not a member of that body whereof thy Saviour is the Head? Canst thou drown when thy Head is above? Was it not for thee that he triumphed over Death? Is there any fear in a foiled adversary? O my Redeemer, I have already overcome in thee; how can I miscarry in myself? O my soul, thou hast marched valiantly! Behold the damsels of that heavenly Jerusalem come forth with timbrels and harps to meet thee, and to applaud thy success; and now there remains nothing for thee but a crown of righteousness, which that righteous Judge shall give thee at that day. "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

Return now unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath been beneficial unto thee. O Lord God, the strength of my salvation, thou hast covered my head in the day of battle. O my God and King, I will extol thee, and will bless thy name for ever and ever. I will bless thee daily, and praise thy name for ever and ever. Great is the Lord, and most worthy to be praised, and his greatness is incomprehensible. I will meditate of the beauty of thy glorious majesty, and thy wonderful works. Hosanna, thou that dwellest in the highest heavens. Amen.—*Hall.*

THE DEATH OF LITTLE THOMAS.

When I arrived at the house, the physician had just pronounced his disease to be beyond the reach of medicine. I went immediately to his chamber. He welcomed me with a sweet smile, and thanked me for coming to see him. That night I watched with him, and once or twice the dear child urged me to lie down and try to sleep. He appeared to suffer a great deal of pain, but he did not once murmur. Towards morning he grew very restless, and as I bent over him, and expressed a wish to relieve him, he said: "Will you pray for me that I may be patient?" I offered up a short prayer, and when I had closed, he said: "What a comfort it is to pray! It seems to bring the Saviour close to me." When his mother came into the room soon after, he bade her good morning with a cheerful smile. Seeing tears in her eyes, he said: "Do not weep, dear mother; I am going to heaven, where I shall see my father again; and I am going to my dear Saviour too. I wish you could go with me; but it will only be a little while, and you will come too." After this he failed very fast, and when the physician came in, he said he could not live many hours. Thomas overheard him, and said: "I shall soon be with Jesus, then." These were the last words he spoke. He motioned afterwards to kiss his mother, and when she asked him to raise his hand a little if he felt the Saviour was with him, he lifted it up, and smiled so sweetly; and he seemed to die with that very smile upon his lips. When he drew his last breath, I did not so much mourn his loss as thank God for his safe and pleasant passage to glory.

"THE CONFUSIONS" OF APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.

The late Dr Arnold said, in a letter to Dr Hawkins, a High Churchman: "If you will refer me to any book which contains what you think the truth, put sensibly on the subject of the apostolical succession, I shall really be greatly obliged to you to mention it. I went over the matter again in the holidays with Warburton and Hooker, and the result was a complete confirmation of the views which I have entertained for years, and a more complete appreciation of the confusions on which the High Church doctrine rests, and of the causes which have led to its growth at different times."

THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

Every man shows fair in prosperity; but the main trial of the Christian is in suffering. Any man may steer in a good gale and clear sea; but the mariner's skill will be seen in a tempest. Herein the Christian goes beyond the Pagan's, not practice only, but admiration. "We rejoice in tribulation," saith the chosen vessels. Lo! here a point transcending all the affectation of Heathenism. Perhaps, some resolute spirit, whether out of a natural fortitude, or out of an ambition of fame or earthly glory, may set a face upon a patient enduring of loss or pain; but never any of those heroic Gentiles durst pretend to a joy in suffering. Hither can Christian courage reach; knowing, that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." Is he bereaved of his goods and worldly estate?—he comforts himself in the consciousness of a better treasure, that can never be lost. Is he afflicted with sickness?—his comfort is, that the inward man is so much more renewed daily, as the outward perisheth. Is he slandered and unjustly disgraced?—his comfort is, that there is a blessing which will more than make him amends. Is he banished?—he knows he is on his way homeward. Is he imprisoned?—his spirit cannot be locked in—God and his angels cannot be locked out. Is he dying?—to him "to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Is he dead?—he "rests from his labours," and is crowned with glory. Shortly, he is perfect gold, that comes more pure out of the fire than it went in; neither had he ever been so great a saint in heaven, if he had not passed through the flames of his trial here upon earth.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT IN CONVERSION.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HALLEY, D.D., MANCHESTER.

ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as
aid unto you. My sheep hear my voice, and I know
m, and they follow me."—JOHN x. 26, 27.

ubject which I suggest to the consideration reader, is the influence of the heart upon nderstanding, in producing or in obstructing elief of the Gospel.

me persons of various religious communi- have recently departed from the theology eir fathers, whether Presbyterian or Con- ational, by asserting either that the belief e evangelical testimony precedes regenera- or that it is an "ultimate fact" which is to be traced to any influence of the Holy it, unless it be to a general influence, which ually, that is, indiscriminately, imparted to he hearers of the Gospel. I propose to offer ief illustration from Scripture of the oppo- doctrine; which is, that the belief of the pel, although strictly and properly an act the understanding, depends upon a state of heart produced by the especial and direct ration of the Holy Spirit.

The words of our Lord, which I have pre- ed to these remarks, distinctly allude to the son of the Jews' unbelief. He certainly did regard either faith or unbelief as an "ulti- te fact," for which no cause could be assigned. himself assigns the cause of unbelief—"Be- se ye are not my sheep;" as well as the cause faith—"My sheep hear my voice." His words ely imply that, if they had been his sheep, they uld have believed on him to everlasting life. "But ye believe not," said our Lord; and, cording to the new theology, there he ought have paused. Previously to the act of faith, are told, there can be nothing distinctive, thing special by which one hearer of the ospel differs from another. Our Lord, how- er, did not here pause. He proceeded an- her step, and traced to the secret spring of tion the difference between those who be- eved and those who did not. Faith may be e very first act of the mind under divine in- uence—the very first sign of the spiritual life as immediately following the new birth as e act of breathing follows the natural birth I believe it is); but the Saviour taught, that elieving is dependent upon a previous state of ind, an influence which brings the sinner into the flock of Christ. To the inquiry, Can a man belong to the sheep of Christ, without believing on him? we reply, He can, in the same manner, and only in the same manner, as he can live without breathing. As matter must have natural life before it breathes, so mind must have spiritual life before it believes. Such is the inference we deduce from the words of our blessed Lord.

The same inference may be deduced from the words of the sacred historian: "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed."—Acts xiii. 48. I do not insist upon the meaning of the term *ordained*, because I am not immediately discussing the question of personal election. The original word has been rendered "arranged," "disposed," and by various other terms. I enter upon no controversy respecting the translation; for let the word mean what it may, its meaning is sufficient for my purpose. As many as were "ordained," or "arranged," or "disposed," or whatever be the meaning of the word, believed; that is, as many as were in some particular state, believed. Their belief is attributed to its cause. It is not represented as an "ultimate fact," for which no cause ought to be sought; for, previously to their believing, there was a difference between those who were "ordained," or "disposed" to eternal life, and those who were not.

But if this state of heart be the cause of believing the evangelical doctrine, it is undeniable that it must exist previously to any influence of that doctrine upon the mind. Evangelical truth, however great its powers in purifying the heart, can only operate *on its being believed*. So long as it is disbelieved, it has no place of standing from which it can exert its influence upon the heart. To the unbeliever, it is as if it were falsehood. The truth of God, however mighty to the subjugation of sin, and the perfection of Christian character, is not an instrument in the possession of any man until he receive it by faith. Whatever change of heart, therefore, may exist before faith come, it cannot be produced by the truth. If the Jews could not believe so long as they were not the sheep of Christ, it is evident that neither the act of believing, nor the truth believed, which gives to the act all its value, could, in the first instance, have made them the sheep of Christ.

Compelled, therefore, to look for an influence, prior to the belief of the truth, we are brought to attribute the first principles of regeneration to an immediate and direct operation of the Holy Spirit upon the heart of the sinner. We say, *immediate and direct*, because it is not dependent upon the belief of the truth, but, on the contrary, the belief of the truth is dependent upon it. We have the illustration in Acts xvi. 14. It is said of Lydia, "Whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended to the things that were spoken of Paul." The attention of Lydia is here expressly attributed to the work of the Lord upon her heart. The preaching of Paul did not open her heart; for, until her heart was opened, she did not attend to, much less believe, the things spoken by him. The work of the Lord preceded her attention, and, therefore, her faith. I have no objection to saying, that the Gospel preached by Paul converted Lydia, provided it be understood, that by a previous act of grace the Lord induced her to believe the Gospel. In this instructive instance of conversion, three different agents are mentioned. There was the act of the Spirit in opening the heart; there was the act of Paul in preaching the Gospel; and there was the act of Lydia, dependent upon the act of the Spirit as the cause, and upon the act of Paul as the instrument in attending to the truth. The result was, her believing unto life everlasting. Without the previous act of the Spirit, the preaching of Paul would not have gained the attention, much less the confidence of Lydia.

Let us endeavour to distinguish between the act of the Spirit upon the sinner, and the act of the sinner himself in believing the truth. The heart of man, under the influence of sin, is alienated from the truth. He naturally shuns its convictions. He will not come to the light, because he loves darkness rather than light. If coming to the light, or what is the same thing, believing the truth, be his own voluntary act, as it undoubtedly is, he can be brought to the light only by changing his disposition, or producing within him a state of heart in accordance with the truth. If the light shine upon him after such a change, it will no longer be offensive; if the preaching of the Gospel be simultaneous with the operation of the Spirit, the sinner will no longer be indisposed to receive it. On the contrary, like Lydia, he will feel interested in the truth, considered for the first time without the disturbing influence of the natural enmity of the heart, and will then readily believe it. According to this representation, the work of the Holy Spirit consists in a direct influence upon the moral powers; which influence, as the elementary principle of regeneration, by producing new feelings, disposes the man to believe the Gospel unto life eternal. Whether conversion be said to take place on the change of the disposition, or on the actual belief of the Gospel, is only a dispute upon the right use of the word. All we contend for is, that the commencement of conversion, in the work of the Holy Spirit, is inseparable from its completion in the belief of the Gospel.

Let us now attend to the illustration which Scripture abundantly affords of the influence of the heart upon the acts of the understanding, or the influence of our feelings in modifying our faith. This may enable us to perceive more clearly how the willing disposition affects the understanding in receiving the evangelical truth.

We have, in the history of Peter, an instance of the manner in which *fear* influences faith. Peter said: "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the waters." Jesus said, "Come." However unreasonable might have been the request of Peter, the answer of our Lord afforded sufficient authority for his faith in walking upon the sea. Upon the invitation of Jesus, he rightly believed he could walk on the sea. If he had calmly considered the subject, he would have acknowledged that it was quite as easy and as safe to walk upon the water in a storm as in a calm. The power of Jesus could protect him quite as effectually on the boisterous waves as on the smooth surface. Although his faith was sufficient to induce him to leave the ship and walk upon the sea, yet, "when he saw the wind boisterous he was afraid;" this fear affected his faith, and he began to sink. "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

In Gideon we have an instance of faith affected by *anxiety*. As this ancient warrior is numbered among the examples of faith in the Epistle to the Hebrews, we may conclude that his faith was especially approved of God; yet, being commissioned to attack the Midianites, he required extraordinary attestations of the divine favour. Had there been no danger of defeat, Gideon would cheerfully have obeyed the divine command, but "the Midianites were as grasshoppers for multitude." Gideon, under the influence of anxiety, could be satisfied only by the extraordinary signs of the fleece wet with dew, when all the field was dry; and even then his anxiety prevailed, and he said: "Let not thine anger be hot against me, and I will speak but this once: let me prove, I pray thee, but this once with the fleece; let it be dry only upon the fleece, and upon all the ground let there be dew." The anxiety which here suggested so many doubts was allayed by the result.

We have many instances of *desire* affecting the belief of persons who are under its influence. One of the most instructive and affecting is to be found in the scriptural account of the first transgression: "Of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." To these words of the woman the reply of the serpent was: "Ye shall not surely die; for God doth know in the day ye eat thereof, that your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Was it possible that a woman, who had heard the words of God from his own lips, should, in any degree, believe such sophistry? So vile a fallacy, so miserable a pretext, could not have prevailed had not the subtlety of the serpent taught him to excite the desires of the woman. That she was "deceived," the apostle assures us; but she was deceived because "she saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise." The desire of her eyes and of her heart, weakening her faith in God's threatening, was the cause of her great transgression.

We have in the Gospels a remarkable instance of the manner in which earnest desire produces faith, even to the extent of an unauthorized persuasion—an instance, I might call it, of faith overacting its part. I refer to the woman who "was diseased with an issue of blood twelve years, and came behind Him and touched the hem of his garment: for she said within herself, If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole."—Matt. ix. 20, 21. This woman had good authority to believe that the Saviour could heal her sickness; but she had no authority to believe that by the touch of his garment she could recover her health. Jesus had never taught that there was virtue in his raiment for those who touched it. The fear of this woman so affected her faith, that she dared not speak to the Saviour. On the other hand, her earnest desire, her sense of utter destitution, prompted her to believe that the touch of his garment might prove sufficient. Faith, unaffected by feeling, would never have resorted to so unauthorized an expedient. Through the kindness of Jesus her faith was approved; and virtue was suffered to proceed from him through an unauthorized medium. "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole."

The Scribes and Pharisees were affected by the preaching of John, and by the miracles of Jesus; yet they believed not, because they were not the sheep of Christ. They at heart disliked the evangelical doctrine; their dislike readily found an apology for their unbelief. Accustomed to observe their rigid fastings, and to enforce their severe mortifications upon their disciples, they were, we should have thought, in some degree, prepared for the austerity of John; yet, because they disliked his doctrine, they soon persuaded themselves that he had a devil. On the contrary, when Jesus came "eating and drinking," enjoying the social intercourse of life, the same persons, who had their festivities as numerous as their fasts, said, "Behold a man gluttonous and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Both the severity and the cheerfulness of their teachers furnished objections to the doctrine which the Pharisees disliked, although we cannot doubt, that if they had been well disposed to the evangelical doctrine, both the severity of John and the cheerfulness of Jesus would have been as readily construed into arguments in its favour.

Other illustrations may easily be obtained from various parts of Holy Scripture; but these are sufficient to elucidate and confirm the doctrine of an especial divine influence, as I have proposed it to the consideration of the reader. The summary is, That the evangelical truth is offered to men with evidence abundantly sufficient to satisfy the understanding, if it act freely, without an unfavourable influence of the heart—that upon the understanding of the natural man there is always this unfavourable influence of the heart—that the Holy Spirit, acting directly upon the heart, corrects this unfavourable influence by exciting new feelings—that the man so affected readily, and cordially receives the evangelical truth, which then becomes the means by which he works out his own salvation. "Work out your own salvation, with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure." The preacher addresses the understanding—the Spirit affects the heart; and while the natural man cannot "know them, because they are spiritually discerned, he that is spiritual judgeth all things."

A LEAF FROM LIFE'S DAY-BOOK.

Man walks in a vain show;
They know, yet will not know;
Sit still when they should go,
  But run for shadows;
While they might taste and know
The living streams that flow,
And crop the flowers that grow
  In Christ's sweet meadows.
Life's better slept away,
  Than as they use it:
In sin and drunken play
  Vain men abuse it.

RICHARD BAXTER.

I STOOD on the borders of a very wild and ill-conditioned country. It was varied, like most other regions on the earth's surface, with hill and valley, wood and water; yet it had no beauty of scenery, or rather there was a combination of circumstances which destroyed the effect of these arrangements of form and colour, out of the assemblage of which we are impressed with our notions of order, beauty, sublimity, &c.

The surface of the whole region, for example, was rent in all directions, with deep fissures, like those produced by the extreme drought of summer. In many places it was desolate and wild, as travellers describe the scenery to be amongst the Jokuls, geisers, and lava contortions of Iceland. In other places it was completely a shaking fen, which filled one with the apprehension that, should he venture upon it, he would inevitably drop down from the sun-light and be buried to a great depth in the slime. In the neighbourhood of the mountains, and shooting from right and left, there were shakings of earthquakes, and sudden openings and closings of the earth, which would swallow down multitudes of the people. Overhead the sky was troubled and threatening, and produced an intolerable oppression upon the spirits. These things, I was certainly informed, were foreshadowings of a great calamity which would one day befall that unhappy region, it being devoted to destruction. Its doom is written in the unerring books of Heaven. It only waits the appointed time to be totally destroyed, with all those who shall be found in it. They and it shall go down to bottomless destruction, and be engulfed in utter perdition.

Bordering on this region, and at no great distance, apparently, from it, lay another tract of a very different description. Although too remote from the place where I was to give me opportunity of close observation, yet I could discern, and form an opinion of, many of the features of it. All along the line of separation it was walled in with ramparts of adamant, on which many towers were built at regular distances. Cities of palaces were also to be seen, seemingly constructed of the most precious gems; for they flamed nobly in the distance, and threw across the intervening atmosphere a beautiful light, iridescent with all the hues of the rainbow. Those who walked on these walls, and dwelt in these cities, were clothed in white raiment which glistened like sunlight. Their countenances also shone very brightly. They could not but be perfectly happy, so totally were their faces free from all marks of care, and so lighted up with the love, and peace, and beauty of God. I was told they were the saints of the Highest, and could have guessed as much without being told. Far away, beyond the line of separation, that fair country stretched itself out, the farther from that line the more glorious, till a place is reached which the King of Glory has chosen as his most approved residence, and where he manifests himself in the fulness of his glory to all his saints. Over the hills and valleys of that blessed land it is permitted to all the inhabitants to wander. No enemy can get in to disturb them. God is their life, their light, and their defence.

I wondered that the poor inhabitants of the first mentioned region did not take counsel and devise means by which they might have themselves transported from the misery-stricken abode where they dwelt to that desirable and happy land, the more as they seemed to be an active and enterprising race. I soon found that this could not be done. Between the two countries there is a deep and impassable gulf. It is as deep as hell. There is no possibility of fording it. To construct a passage across it altogether defies the skill of the wisest of the people, supposing they were ever so much inclined to make the attempt. Nor can any boats or rafts of their own construction serve the purpose. No sooner are such launched upon it than they go down like lead or a stone, carrying with them such as have ventured their lives on such an enterprise. There is no way in which they, by any effort of their own, can get across; nor is there any by which they can escape from that inevitable and eternal destruction which, you have been told, overhangs them, and in which they may all in a very short time be involved. In consideration of these things my heart pitied them. Your heart would have bled for them. I could not refrain from bewailing their condition in words like these:—

O hapless and unhappy race,
  Shut up in want and woe!
Within this melancholy place—
Shut out from heaven's love, light, and grace,
  For you my tears shall flow!

I will take up a deep lament,
  Unhappy race! for you;
With anguish is my spirit rent,
And through it pang on pang is sent,
  Whilst it broods over you.

And o'er you how can it but brood?
  Both bird and beast may fly,
When fire devours their native wood,
To other regions fair and good—
  Some happier grove is nigh;

The mariner tossed on the main
  Shall yet see sunny weather;
Young lovers, parted once in pain,
May meet, and live, and love again
  In happier times together;

'Neath you earth fall'n on trembling hath,
  It threatens to devour—
O who shall shield when that dark wrath
Of Heaven bursts down on flaming path,
  At the appointed hour?

Ah, better land! how fair thy gleam
Shoots 'thwart the lurid air,
Fairer than morn's life-kindling gleam
On mountain, wood, and ocean stream,
But to confirm despair!

I shall weep on until I die,
For each poor outcast one—
Over your evil lot must lie
Some deep and searchless mystery—
Yet, Lord, thy will be done!

Whilst I gave scope to my sorrow, and allowed my meditations to run on, an object which I had not before observed caught and fixed my attention. It turned my thoughts into another and more pleasant direction. I by-and-by discovered that things were not so absolutely and hopelessly bad as I supposed. The object referred to was a bridge, which vaulted across the abyss, and opened up a good and firm roadway between the two countries. It was no slight fabric on which one might hesitate to set his foot, but a most complete and solid erection. Its foundations were securer than the foundations of the mountains. Its piers, going down through the black waters and shaking fens of the gulf, rested upon the solid rock. Every one was made welcome to pass over by it. Its gates stood open day and night. The King of Glory, pitying the misery of the poor creatures in the Land of Despair, built this bridge at immense labour and cost, to the end that it might be for the advantage of every one who would venture upon it, and passing along it arrive in glory at the farther side, and escape perdition. He commissioned his Son upon this great work, who willingly undertook it; for his love had also been set from eternity upon these lost and wretched beings. It would be long to tell all the efforts he put forth, and all he had to suffer before the work was accomplished. The miserable and infatuated wretches for whose benefit he undertook it, opposed him with all their ability. Hell also opposed him resolutely. Matters came to such an extremity that he was arrested, persecuted, and slain. The work, however, was completed. With his dying breath he pronounced it finished. This gave unspeakable joy to the angels of heaven, and filled the devils with despair.

My mind was now filled with pleasanter thoughts. These gave birth to hopeful resolutions. What could be better done than to pass over amongst these poor and perishing beings, many of whom were asleep, and carry to them the glad tidings of a way opened up for their escape? Surely they shall no sooner hear than there shall be an universal stir amongst them. I hastened on this errand, and sang—

Guilty sinner! up and flee,
Jesus Christ inviteth thee;
He has borne the wrath and woe,
That thy soul unscathed might go.

Standeth wide the door of hope
Which the Lord of life did ope;
Jesus stands at it, and he
Standeth there to welcome thee.

The black gulf of perdition, see!
At its bottom lay the key
Of life. O who shall venture down
To fetch it up beneath God's frown?
Jesus Christ alone could do,
Guilty sinners, that for you.
He has done it, and for men
With it unlocked life's gate again.

Come, then, sinner! come away—
Delay not, O no more delay;
Close with Jesus—all is won;
Reject his mercy—all's undone!

With such words I hastened along. I could not have anticipated what I witnessed. Many were fast asleep. They were not allowed to slumber on without admonition and interruption of their foolish drowsiness. I saw the heralds of the King of Glory passing to and fro with their silver trumpets, warning the perishing to bestir themselves, and flee for their lives. They toiled at their office like those whose hearts go with their employment. Some of them, indeed, had caught the pernicious influences of the place, and slumbered at their post. I saw them busy at their work. In one place one might be seen discoursing of temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come, and thrusting home so directly, that the listeners would shake from head to foot with fear. But an hour after, all would be forgotten. In another place it was no easy matter to stir them up even to such short-lived apprehensions. Some could by no effort be aroused. Others would turn on their sides, and for a moment lift up their drowsy eyelids, and fetching a long breath, sink down again into their fatal slumbers. Every method, topic, and argument was brought forward, applied, and urged by these heralds—everything recorded or suggested in the commission which their Master, in sending them upon this work, had put into their hands; not wholly without success, though that success was comparatively but small. One or two of the delusions under which these wretched people lived and died must be recorded.

In one place was to be seen a great concourse of people, young and old, thronging together into a complete thoroughfare. There was a magnificent gateway built close upon the highway, along which thousands continually passed. The gate itself was magnificent to the sight, and those who looked through its trellis-work could see long vistas of delight. The grounds were skilfully laid out to attract the eye, and bewilder the sense of those who lingered near, pausing for a little to breathe more coolly under the shadow of the stately trees that overhung the lodge. A dangerous enchantress, called Pleasure, held court here. Her countenance was seductive, and still more seductive and insinuating her address. She possessed a rare power of suiting her speech and arguments to the particular tastes and fancies of all that passed along. Those who drank of her cup lost their senses. They rushed through the gate, and lost themselves in carnal delights. Of all who entered, few returned. Throughout her domain there are innumerable trap-doors and side passages to hell. A holy watchman stands at the gate of Pleasure to warn those who seem inclined to enter.

I heard Pleasure thus inviting the multitude:—

Weary wanderers, hither haste!
Ye with woe and care foredone
In the bower of Pleasure taste
What of pleasure may be won

In this grief-worn soil,
Where mortals toil.

The sun toward his goal doth speed,
Dark and cheerless gathers night;
Follow me and I shall lead
Where you may rest with delight,
And your journey resume
At morn's first bloom.

Taste this life-sustaining wine,
Which, in love and charity,
From the fairest, choicest vine
To refresh you crushed have I;
Care he'll never meet
Who quaffeth it.

It destroyeth woe and care,
It createth joy and pleasure.
Foolish mortals! ah, beware
How ye slight the heaven-given treasure;
If ye enter here
Heart's ease is near.

Hark, how many voices sing
From these sweet bowers to invite you;
Angels these that make earth ring
With their sweet notes to delight you—
On your souls have charity,
And pass not by.

I also heard the watchman thus warning them:—

On, mortals on!
Tarry not here,
With danger all the path is sown—
Air teemeth with delusions blear.

She who speaketh,
Speaketh a lie.
Who enter through the fatal gate,
Swoll'n with dark plagues and curses die.

Believe her not!
Taste not her cup!
Who credits her, twists anguish round his soul;
Who drinks it, drinks perdition up.

That lightning flash!
That thunder peal!
That earthquake shock!—all warn you hence!
Away! lest the cursed witch your hearts should steal!

Most listened to the invitation of Pleasure, and thronged in at her gate. The warning of the watchman was little attended to, and followed by a few only.

There was a company whose conduct was not a little amazing. They lived not far from that passage between their own and the better land, which had been provided at so great a cost. So near were they to its neighbourhood that they could scarce choose, but look upon it as they passed to and fro; and frequently groups of them might be seen surveying it with curious eyes. Many of them were, in the estimation of their countrymen, shrewd men, and held in much repute for their sagacity. Yet the event showed that such estimation of them was ill-founded. Instead of securing an entrance for themselves, and urging others, over whom their influence extended, to do the like, their constant aim and endeavour were to prove that all was a delusion. Their time and efforts were expended in attempting to persuade themselves and others that it had no existence—that the Land of Glory was nothing but a fancy; and that for anything that appeared, or could be discovered, there was neither a God nor a devil, a heaven nor a hell; that all distinctions between good and evil were merely arbitrary conventions, convenient enough for keeping the ignorant in subjection, but to be disregarded by all sensible, enlightened people. Many of them died in this belief. Some of them, at the approach of death, discovered the weakness of their speculations, and departed under fearful remorse of conscience, and most dismal apprehensions as to what was to befall them, which they could only utter in dismal sighs and groans.

Others who lived in the same neighbourhood, and enjoyed the same opportunities, were as miserably employed, though somewhat in a different way. Many were to be seen standing all along the border of the deep impassable gulf, and though implored and entreated by most earnest solicitations to hasten to the right path, and trust themselves to none other, they gave no heed to such expostulations of their true well-wishers. They felled timber, and constructed boats and floats. Had they but opened their eyes they might have seen many such perishing every hour, and carrying down with them great multitudes. Many would even embark in floats of reeds and bulrushes with a light heart. Some would not put themselves to so much trouble, but plunge in recklessly, thinking by expert swimming to get across. The waters soon swallowed them up, and they perished for ever.

The minds of others were opened to the evils of their condition, so that they could no longer have any comfort in it, and also to the vanity of all the ordinary shifts adopted to pass that dark gulf. They hastened to secure a passage by the bridge already made mention of, and, by the help of God, passed on to glory. F.

SINNER, TURN!

[From a work just published, entitled "Conversion Practically Considered, in Twelve Addresses." By the Rev. William Reid. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons. It is an admirable book on the subject, and well fitted to be useful to every class of readers.]

Sinner, God is concerned about your conversion, and can you be indifferent? He knows the susceptibilities of that deathless spirit which you carry within you. He sees you lost to the true dignity of holiness, and those distinguished privileges for which you were destined, and he would recover you to your appropriate place in his moral kingdom. Yes, believe me, your best friend is God himself. Perhaps, in the course of events, disaster has come upon you, and you are able to trace, step beyond step, till you arrive at a point where the slightest indications of it were not discernible, and which had, nevertheless, a most direct bearing on the results which you deplore. Had one capable of tracing the tendencies of events, at such a time, indicated to you the consequences of the course on which you were about to enter, would you not have valued his counsel? Such a friend is God himself, and he now proffers you direction respecting your most momentous interests. His eye compasses the entire course of your immortal existence; he sees where sin is taking you—he beholds the faculties which might minister to your perfect felicity for ever, about to become the instruments of unspeakable torture, and that a doom so dreadful

e averted he condescends even to swear: "As
I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked;
hat the wicked turn from his way and live.
ye, turn ye from your wicked ways; for why
e die?" Once more, then, I set before you
ING and CURSING—LIFE and DEATH—the SER-
OF GOD and the SERVICE OF THE DEVIL.
er the alternative. Remember that your deci-
s for eternity. May the Lord give you direc-
and to his name be the glory!

WATCHING FOR USEFULNESS.

of business are always looking out for favour-
pportunities to advance their worldly interest.
do not wait till such are obtruded upon them,
they search for them. In this respect the
ren of the world are wiser than the children of
. The Church has little enterprise. The Chris-
community everywhere might be vastly more
ent if it were always upon the look-out for use-
ess. Take the following simple but apt illustra-
:—A Christian minister announced a public dis-
se to the young on a given day. One of his
tors presently thought, I should like to bring
e young person who does not attend upon any
ns of grace to hear that sermon. After a little
ideration a certain individual was selected, who
known to be utterly irreligious, but of good
al character, sober, and industrious. The plan
formed for inviting his attention to the service.
uitable religious tract was presented to him, with
equest that he would read it, which he very readily
sented to do. Shortly after it was mentioned to
n that on such a day a sermon was to be preached
the young, and he was invited to attend. But an
ection to this was immediately raised. "I am a
anger to the place and the people, and most likely
will be so full that I shall not find a seat." The
wer was: "But I have a seat there, and if you
l engage to go, I will give up my seat to you."
Well," said the young man, "upon that condition
will go." The time came, the applicant attended
young man to the seat, and then went to seek
other, or to stand during the service, but with a
art lifted up in fervent desire for the divine bless-
g. The service was new and impressive to the
ind of the young man. He heard what he had
ver heard before, but what commended itself to his
derstanding and his heart. He retired deeply
fected, convinced of sin, and inquiring for a Saviour.
f course, the impression was observed by the watch-
l friend who had drawn him to the house of God.
he first invitation was followed up; he became a
gular attendant upon means of grace—the work
as deepened in his heart, and in due course he made
nown his case to the pastor whose ministry had been
lessed to his conversion. It was soon perceived
hat he possessed talents for usefulness, and they
vere, after due deliberation, called into exercise in
abbath school engagements. For several years he
ontinued to pursue his worldly calling, and to em-
loy his Sabbaths in doing good to others. After a
ime thus spent, his attention was turned to the
ministry, and upon careful examination, he was en-
couraged to quit his worldly engagements and devote
himself to study. That individual is now, and has been for some years, usefully engaged in ministering to a village congregation in a dark and destitute part of England, where God is giving him both comfort and usefulness in a humble but happy sphere. The thought of doing good was crowned with success.

REPENTANCE OF A FEMALE PROFLIGATE.

LATE at night in the summer of 1826, two females, companions in evil courses, were walking together, when one of them, all on a sudden, declared that she saw before her what she called a ghost, or a figure with the appearance of a skull, and a long white garment down to the knees. The effect of this imaginary appearance was such as to make her turn aside, and fall on the arm of her companion. After recovering herself from her first fright, she endeavoured to look in the same direction, but declared she still saw the figure. Upon this her friend conveyed her to her home as speedily as she could, and hastily left her. There she seated herself in a chair, with her eyes fixed, as if looking at something, and with great earnestness exclaimed repeatedly, "What did I see? What did I see?" but told no one.

The mother of this unhappy young woman, who had encouraged her in her evil ways, and, at this time, lodged several of similar character in her house, hearing that her daughter had come home ill, arose from her bed, and endeavoured to comfort her, but with little success, for she knew not the alarming cause of her illness, nor the mighty power that had smitten her. The night was passed in tolerable quietness, but without rest, and in the morning when the young woman arose and came down stairs, she placed herself in the same chair, with her eyes intently fixed, as on the preceding night, and, with the same tones of terror, repeated the words, "What did I see?" This was all that could be got from her. She now became so much worse, both in body and mind, that she requested to be laid on the bed. After some time being repeatedly pressed by her mother to describe what it was she had seen, she described the figure of the ghost that had met her, and held out its arms as if to embrace her, and from which she shrunk away terrified. She now said there was something within that told her that this was the very man who had seduced her and lived with her till his death. The consciousness of the sinful life she had led filled her imagination with indescribable terrors. The prevailing impression upon her mind was, that the sins she had committed were unpardonable, and that she was inevitably doomed now to a state of eternal perdition. No human cause appeared in this sudden change. It might be all in her imagination, but there had been no conversation or other external cause in the first instance to produce it. It was as sudden as a flash of lightning. This state of mind, however, soon brought a fever, which continued to increase for several days, and which was at times attended by slight delirium, though generally she retained the full use of her senses. During the progress of her illness, a poor neighbour, who knew both her character and present condition, requested a pious and excellent matronly lady, who was much occupied in visiting the sick poor, to call at the house and request to see the young woman. After some hesitation, the lady agreed to go, provided she was accompanied by the poor woman. They accordingly gained access, but found the young woman in a state of the greatest agitation and distress of mind. Her sins were bound upon her as a heavy burden, which she could neither bear nor shake off. Hitherto she had lived without the fear of God, but now his terrors as a sin-avenging God had taken hold upon her. The attempt was made to direct her to the Saviour of sinners; but her extreme ignorance of the way of salvation for some time impeded the effort. Nor was this all; the wretched mother of this unhappy sufferer continually thwarted the instruction of the visitor by persuading the child to think that she had never done anything sinful, and that there was no real cause for her fears—thus endeavouring to blind the eyes of her daughter to the sins in which her still more guilty mother had encouraged her. Under these circumstances, the visitor, after repeated attempts to impart Gospel light, and point her to the Saviour, found it necessary to reprove the mother, whose conscience was so hard, and to threaten to call no more upon the daughter, unless she desisted from instilling such false and dangerous hopes into her mind. This was, in some good degree, successful; for the young woman had by this time become so interested in the instructions of the visitor, and so grateful for her kind attentions, that the mother perceived it was desirable for her child's peace still to allow the lady to visit her. The mind of the young woman, now left to the influence of saving truth, became gradually enlightened and softened by penitence and prayer, till at length she clearly apprehended the Saviour's ability and willingness to save even to the very uttermost. Her cries for pardon and salvation were indeed earnest and persevering. Night and day did she deplore her sinful life, and seek forgiveness through the precious blood of Christ. Occasionally her fears prevailed, and she was hard to be persuaded that Jesus Christ was willing to pardon one so vile.

At length she sunk under the agitations of her mind and sufferings of her body. After a night of much agony, she awoke from a short sleep, and said she felt happy because the Lord had invited her to come to him; and then committing her spirit into his hand, she breathed her last. Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?

IDEAS OF THE WORLD TO COME.

BY JOHN KITTO, D.D.

THERE is no one, under any system of religion, who has a fixed belief in the reality of a life beyond the grave, but must sometimes have his mind occupied upon the possible *circumstances* of a condition in which an eternity must be spent. In such contemplations the Christian has an inestimable advantage, which he may number among the evidences for the divine origin of his creed. He is not embarrassed with details and descriptions of a *particular* mode of life, which, to be intelligible to him, must necessarily embody images shrouded from his present inferior state of existence, and which therefore—so various are the tastes and habits of men—must comprise much which all minds could not regard with equal satisfaction. We cannot, therefore, view without pain and regret the particular descriptions of the life to come which Pollok and other poets have attempted to graft upon the Christian system. However beautiful, however well-intentioned, however attractive to large numbers, such descriptions may be, they are surely dangerous. They are of the earth, earthy; and they inflict an injury upon the mind, by limiting the conceptions which the Scripture itself has left free and unencumbered. Look at the openness, the breadth, the universal adaptation of this most grand and cheering declaration: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. ii. 9.

The psychological fitness of this encouraging statement must be obvious to every reflecting mind. It is evident that the felicities, and indeed the very existence—which may be of itself felicity—of a different state of being, cannot with any accuracy be defined by analogies or images drawn from another and inferior condition of existence. As well—indeed, far better—might we attempt to make the condition of the eagle intelligible by images drawn entirely from the experience of the snail. All things belonging to that other condition are entirely beyond our experience, except in so far as it is a condition of the affections towards God and his saints. Thus it is that, in all attempts to describe the happiness of heaven by circumstances, we find little more than a statement, which amounts to this—whatever any individual, or nation, or set of men, suppose to be the greatest felicities of this life, they conceive will become the ordinary and continuing state of another life. But as individuals and nations vary in their notions of what is happiest for them, the pictures of heaven are correspondingly various and incongruous. Many a studious man would be disposed to make it consist, despite the absurdity, in the continued enjoyment of his books—with the power of reading the books and manuscripts of all languages without difficulty: but being too discreet to indulge this notion, he is content to believe that he will then acquire, by the easy process of intuition, all that he can desire to know, and more than even books can in this world teach. But men generally draw such pictures of heaven as may be acceptable to the mass of those whom these descriptions are intended to influence; and all such descriptions represent a state, or a place, which must necessarily be distasteful to many. There can be nothing satisfactory but in such a statement as this, that the happiness of heaven is something more glorious than eye hath seen, or ear heard in this world—something more happy than has ever yet entered the heart of man to conceive.

Contrast the feeling this creates with the dislike with which all positive descriptions of heaven are regarded. The ancient Northmen were content to look forward to the time when they should drink their mead out of the skulls of their enemies in the halls of Valhulla. The Oriental pictures of heaven are less stern. Ask the Budhist, "What are the blessings and the happiness in the heavens?" and his *best* answer is: "It is not possible to relate particularly the nature of the happiness of heaven in a summary way, but I will mention it so briefly as the wise may comprehend, namely, everything that is in colour grateful to the eye, or in music melodious to the ear—a smell grateful to the nose, a taste delicate to the palate, a conscience wholesome to the body, a proposal pleasant to the heart, are spontaneously brought about according to the wishes formed. Another enjoyment of the divine felicities, is by indulging the pleasure of feasting the eye on the charms of the goddesses, dancing in the beautiful and divine palaces, which are constantly illuminated by the rays of every kind of invaluable diamonds."* In the "Wisheat-al-Musalich" there is a chapter (xiii.) collecting the terms in which various persons had heard Mohammed describe Paradise and its people. It is singular that a chapter full of puerile and indecent notions begins with a declaration by Abukurairah that he heard "the Prophet" say: "God said, I have prepared for my good servants what no eye hath seen, or ear heard, nor hath it entered the heart of any one;" which, being evidently taken from St Paul's declaration, evinces that Mohammed was well acquainted with the New Testament. A few sentences from this chapter will exhibit the character of the intimations which this person has thought proper to supply. "Verily there is a tent for a Mussulman in Paradise, of one pearl, its interior empty, its breadth sixty *cos*, and in every corner of it will be his wives; and they will not see one another. . . . . . And there are two paradises with silver vessels, and every other thing of silver; and there are two paradises, with everything of gold in them; *and there is no veil between men and their Cherisher, except the mantle of his glory and greatness.*" How badly does this grand image consort with the low ideas suggested by what precedes and by what follows, which is this: "Verily there is a huzum in Paradise; and then the north wind blows, scattering musk, and a variety of perfumes upon their faces and clothes; and they are more beautiful than before. Then they return to their wives, more handsome and beautiful than before; and their wives say, 'We swear by God, you are become much handsomer since leaving us;' and they say, 'You are more beautiful than you were.'" This is better: "A crier will proclaim to the people of Paradise, saying, 'For you is everlasting health—you shall never be sick; for you is everlasting life—you will never die; for you is perpetual youth—you will never grow old; and for you is ease and comfort, and never labour and trouble.'" This is worse: "I asked his majesty (Mohammed), 'What is Paradise made of?' He said, 'Of gold and silver bricks; and its mortar is pure musk, of a sharp smell; and its gravel pearls and rubies; and its earth saffron'"—"There is no tree in Paradise but its trunk is of gold." On another occasion he speaks of a river in Paradise—"Its waters whiter than milk, and sweeter than honey, and in it are birds whose necks are like the necks of camels." On which Omer (afterwards Khalif) asked, "Verily, are those birds fat and plump?" and was merrily answered, "The eaters of those birds are plumper and fatter than they." Another time a Bedouin, or, more properly, an *Aarabi*, came to the Prophet, with the characteristic inquiry: "O messenger of God! I am fond of horses; are there any in Paradise?" Answer: "If you are taken into Paradise, you will be given a ruby horse, with two wings; and you will mount him, and he will carry you wherever you wish." Another asked if there were any camels? and received the more sensible answer: "If God takes you into Paradise, there will be everything for you which your senses can desire, and which can delight your eye" . . . "He is the least in eminence of the people of Paradise who has eighty thousand servants, and seventy-two women, and has a tent pitched for him of pearls, rubies, and emeralds—the extent of which is like the distance between Jabiyah (in Syria) and Sanna (in Yemen"). Again: "Verily, there are in Paradise black-eyed damsels, who raise their voices, whose like was never heard, and say, 'We live everlastingly; we never perish or die; and we are ever at ease, and never see trouble or labour; and we are pleased with our husbands, and never dissatisfied; joy be to him that is for us, and we for him!'" The first disciples of the Arabian teacher seem to have been remarkably curious in the matter of Paradise—although, perhaps, not more so than any people would have been who supposed a source of authentic information respecting the hidden world open to them. We will give but one more, which extracted a fine answer from Mohammed. "Do the people of Paradise sleep?" *Answer:* "Sleep is death's brother, and the people of Paradise do not die."

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

[We have been favoured with the perusal of an interesting series of letters from Rome, by a gentleman well known and highly esteemed in this country, and who resided part of two winters in that city. They contain many things which we doubt not will be new to our readers, and may assist in showing them the true character of the Popish system, as founded on the grossest superstition, and characterised by all the marks of Antichrist. The first department of the letters gives an account of various of the ceremonies, many of them gorgeous and imposing, which take place on particular occasions. Of these we mean, from time to time, to avail ourselves. The first regards the ceremonies performed on occasion of the death of a Pope:—]

Pope Leo XII. died on the morning of Tuesday, February 10, 1829; and notice was soon given by the tolling of the bells of every church in Rome. As the Pope died in the Vatican, the splendid ceremony of transporting his body thither could not take place;

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* Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon, iii., 73.

but when a Pope dies in the Quirinal or any other palace, his body is carried by torch-light in great state, on an open bier, to the Vatican. It is understood that while the Pope's body remains in his private apartments, a servant enters the room at the usual hour, and asks what his Holiness chooses to have for dinner, and one of the attendants gravely replies: "His Holiness does not dine to-day, because he is dead."* On Friday 13, the body was brought down to St Peter's from the Sistine Chapel, on a bier accompanied by the cardinals, an immense number of other ecclesiastics and attendants, and all the magistrates of Rome, and deposited in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, dressed in a handsome pontifical robe, and so placed that the feet projected through the iron railing which encloses the chapel. A space immediately in front of the body was kept clear by the Swiss guards, and those who desired were allowed to enter at one end of this space, kiss the Pope's slippers, and pass out by the other end. The ceremony was well arranged, and went on without confusion. I entered and stood some time near the body, which was in a most unpleasant state, notwithstanding the profuse application of perfumes. The face was much discoloured, its features nearly gone, and it appeared to be covered by a fine transparent membrane to keep it together.

The crowd around seemed anxious to show their respect to the dead body, and pressed forward as rapidly as possible to kiss the slippers. All ranks, from the highest to the lowest, seemed actuated by the same feelings; and before I left the church, many thousands had gone through the ceremony, which continued during the next day. Meanwhile, workmen were employed in preparing a niche for the reception of the Pope's body, in the wall on the north side of the church, above a small door leading to the robing-room of the singers. The body of the Pope last deceased is always thus deposited, until either a proper mausoleum is prepared for him, or his successor dies; in the latter case, his body is taken out and delivered to the Canons of St Peter's, who give a formal obligation to produce it at any time on demand.† A strong tackle and pulleys were erected over the niche, in order to raise the coffin to its place.‡ A requiem was also sung for the repose of the Pope's soul, in the Chapel of the Choir. The music was very solemn, and beautifully executed.

On Sabbath evening the Pope's body was deposited in the niche. I was not present, but the ceremony is described at length in the "Funzioni in Morte dei Sommi Pontefici," pp. 19, 20. Whence it appears that the body is placed in a coffin of cedar wood enclosed in one of lead, and outside of all is another wooden coffin.§ Thus provided, the Pope was deposited in his temporary resting-place, the broken plaster of the wall was soon repaired, and the spot marked by the simple inscription, "DEPOSITUM LEO XII." The funeral service for the Pope continues nine days, commencing on the day after the body is laid out in state in the Chapel of the Sacrament. Each morning the cardinals, assisted by the Papal Chapel, perform a solemn mass of requiem. This takes place on the first six days in the Chapel of the Choir, and on the last three at the foot of the *catafalco*, which has by this time been erected in the middle of the centre nave of the church. This is a sort of temporary monument, and varies in form and size according to the taste of the architect, and the sum of money allowed to be expended upon its erection.

That in honour of Leo XII. was in the form of an Egyptian pyramid, standing on a lofty base, and slightly truncated—the whole erection being about one hundred feet high, and having a candelabrum of the same height at each corner. On these candelabra an immense quantity of wax lights were placed, consuming, it is said, one thousand pound weight each day. Had this been exhibited at night instead of noon, the effect would have been striking; as it was, it looked poor, as artificial lights must always do when contrasted with the clear light of day. The *catafalco* was adorned by various water-colour drawings, in imitation of bassi relievi, representing the Pope's bust, and the principal actions of his reign, long inscriptions in his praise, in not very classical Latin, and also emblematical statues, which I found were composed of hay covered over with stucco—perhaps the only materials which could be brought into use in so short a period.

After the mass of requiem is finished, the five absolutions prescribed by the ceremonial* are pronounced. This service is repeated on the two following days; and on the ninth day, a prelate appointed for the purpose pronounces a funeral oration on the deceased Pontiff. This concludes the services connected with the dead body. After which, the attention of all Rome is naturally drawn to the proceedings connected with the election of a successor.

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* Funzioni per la Morte, &c., p. 8.

† See Funzioni, pp. 20, 21.

‡ It is the belief of the lower classes in Rome, that when the body of the former Pope is taken out of the niche, it is put into a carriage, and driven round the city, before being consigned to its place of repose, and that a salute is fired from the guns of St Angelo, as the body passes the fortress. The guns certainly were discharged that evening, but I cannot positively vouch for the cause.

§ Three velvet purses are placed beside the body in the innermost coffin, containing gold, silver, and copper coins—bearing on one side the impress of the Pope's countenance, and on the other, the most celebrated events of his reign.

* See Funzioni, p. 21.

YOUNG MEN! TAKE WARNING.

I AM better than many around me, says the heart of the young man.

Alas! if you were not, you would be poorly off. You have had greater advantages, greater mercies, greater protection than others, and you ought to be better than many others. The question is not whether this be so—no man is so far gone in sin that he does not feel this to be true; but are you so living that you are to become a credit to your friends, a blessing to yourself, and an eternal recipient of God's mercy and goodness? If not, do not tell us about your being better than others.

But, says the heart, there are so many differences among Christians, so many imperfections, that I had rather abide as I am.

And are there not differences among sinners too? Do they agree about politics, or men, or measures, or finances, food or clothing? Yet they all agree that government is necessary, and that certain measures and laws are necessary—that money, and food, and clothing are necessary. And so do Christians agree that the highest end of man is the service of God—that sin is his abomination, and that holiness is essential to eternal life. If you are perishing in the cold waters, and just about to sink, will you quarrel because of the dozen boats which put off to save you no two are shaped precisely alike, or are painted with every shade of colour alike? Of what consequence are these trifles to the drowning man?

But, say you, after all, there are so many hypocrites in the Church of God, that I do not like them.

What then? Does this prove that there is not a God under whose eye you must live, and by whom you must be judged? Does it begin to prove that there is no hell and no heaven? Hypocrites in the Church! And are there not counterfeit bills, counterfeit gold, and silver, and precious stones? Would you refuse a beautiful diamond, if offered you, because there are a great many countesfeits? Hypocrites in the Church of God! And is this a reason why you should be a hypocrite in that Church, or openly serve the devil without the Church? There is a man at your right hand whom you acknowledge to be noble, great, kind, and good. He asks you to enter his service, and you refuse. Why do you? Is his service difficult? No. Are his wages poor? No, none could be better. Is he unfaithful to his word? No, he never yet broke a promise. Why, then, do you hesitate? Because, say you, I am afraid that all who serve him are not his sincere friends!

But, say you, many commence the work of being Christians, and then fall back, and disgrace the cause.

And do they not do so in every other cause? Do all make good merchants, good mechanics, good husbands, good fathers, or are all good in any department into which men enter? We know that many went back, and walked no more with Jesus Christ; but would that have excused Peter and John if they had done so? We know that one of the twelve apostles was a hypocrite, and sold his Master; but would that have excused the other eleven if they had left Christ? We know that the unclean spirit may go out of a man for a time, and he may profess, during that time, to enter into the service of God; and the unclean spirit may return with seven others more wicked than himself, and they may make the last state of that man worse than the first; but is this an excuse for standing off, and not serving or obeying God?

Then, as to the sins and the imperfections of Christians, on no point, probably, do men deceive themselves more than on this. They profess to admire the religion of Jesus Christ, but cannot endure the faults of his people. But they will palliate and excuse all these faults, and many more, in their companions and associates. They will cherish the same sins in their own bosoms. So that it is not the sins of the Church of God that troubles them so much. It is not that Christians have too little religion, that disqualifies them for your taste, but because they have so much. Let a professed Christian commit an open sin, and you are shocked, and proclaim it from the house-tops; let an irreligious man do the same thing, and you do not grieve over it. I speak of this to show you that you greatly deceive yourself when you suppose that it is the imperfections of God's people that keeps you from obeying him. Imperfections they have, and most deeply should they be mourned over; but can he sincerely mourn over them, when he does not mourn over the sins of his unconverted companions, or of his own heart?

Because, after serving God for a time—a mere moment, compared with eternity—Satan and his angels chose to draw back and serve him no longer, is this a reason why Michael and all the holy angels of heaven should do so too? What if some do profess to enter upon the service of God and soon draw back, is this a reason why you should do that, or even worse than that?

But I do not, say you, believe in that strictness and severity of God which you so unceasingly hold up. I do not believe in that eternal hell for the sins of a short life.

Ah! and where did you find the notes of that sermon? Precisely the sermon which Satan, the great liar, delivered in Eden six thousand years ago: "Ye shall not surely die!" God will not fulfil the threatening, and send his curse upon you for this one little sin, if it be sin! What! if you do not *believe* that God will turn the wicked into hell, and all the nations that forget him, does this make it certain that he will not? Because, in the buoyancy of youth, and under the strong stimulus of hope, you are able to persuade yourself that the Bible is not God's word, or that some part of it is not his word, does that prove that you can live and die as you now are, and be eternally happy?

But, says one, I am my own master, and I am determined to have my own way.

Are you your own? Did you create yourself? Why, then, did you not give yourself an angel's intellect and an angel's greatness? Why will you, in a few years, be in the grave, or be a feeble old man, creeping towards the grave? Why can you not ward off the strokes of disease and the arrows of death?

Have you your own way, my young friend! Ah! it is *your own* way, in distinction from the way of wisdom, the way of life—the way of God. And where will that way lead you? At what place will it land you? And to what kind of existence in the eternal world will it lead you? Will my young, inexperienced friend thus tear himself away from God's protection, and, like the foolish beast that takes the bit between his teeth, imagine that he can run away from his destiny, and shake off the government of the infinite God?—*Todd.*

REMEMBER THE CORK.

When Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was unwell, King James II. sent an Irish priest to convert him to Popery. The Duke apprized of the visit and its object, very courteously received the priest, and expressed great willingness to be instructed. But before they entered upon religious discussion, it was agreed that they should drink a glass of wine together. After they had drank a while, the Duke took the cork out of the bottle, and stroking it with great gravity, asked the priest: "How do you like this horse?" The priest was confounded and silent. The Duke continued all the while to stroke the cork, and praise his beautiful horse. "Your grace," at length said the priest, "has chosen an unseasonable time to be merry." "Merry!" cries the Duke; "Merry! I was never more serious in my life. Does not your reverence see that this is a beautiful horse?" "Your grace," replies the father, "should compose yourself, and consider." "Consider?" answers the Duke, smartly, "what must I consider? Don't you see how fine a horse it is?" "Oh," said the priest, don't be foolish—it is surely a poor joke to call a cork a horse!" "What! would you persuade me that so fine a courser is nothing but a cork?" "Nothing but a cork," says the father. "Well," replies the Duke, calmly, as if recovering from a dream, "I will not be too positive—my illness may have discomposed my mind; but how do you prove that it is not a horse?" And saying this, he looked as if very insane. The priest, by way of settling the question, replied: "My dear Lord Duke, you must see the thing is nonsense. You took what you call your horse out of that bottle a few minutes ago; and if you are not out of your senses, you must know that it is simply a cork." "Oh, well, well," said the Duke, "your reverence may be right, I am subject to whims; let us talk no more of the cork, but proceed to the holy business which brought you hither." The priest then entered on points controverted between Papists and Protestants, and continued until the Duke said: "If your reverence can prove to me the doctrine of transubstantiation, I can easily believe all the rest." This the priest commenced to do in the best way he could, and concluded by asking the Duke if he did not think the transubstantiation believed in by the Romish Church both possible and true. The Duke listened very attentively to all he had to say, and answered the question thus: "You thought me foolish, perhaps suspected me getting insane, when I spoke of a cork as a horse—your assertion of bread and wine being the actual body and blood of Christ is every whit as absurd, and a little more profane. Out of your own mouth are you condemned. You take a piece of bread out of a box, pronounce a few words over it, and then declare it changed into flesh and blood. You must see that the thing is nonsense, if not worse. If you are not out of your senses, it cannot but be evident to you that it is bread still, and nothing else. Remember the cork, father; remember the cork!"

THEODORE N——.

Theodore N—— was the son of a French Protestant minister, and died only a few months ago. He was eleven years of age, and his father in writing to a friend about his death, says:—

During the last two months of his illness, no day passed in which he did not on several occasions render testimony of his faith. Toward the end of that time especially, he showed great eagerness for the reading of the Bible and prayer. He usually accompanied it with remarks full of feeling. He expressed his thankfulness to the Lord for having given him pious parents, and prayed him to comfort them concerning his death. He prayed for his brothers and sister—for his friends—for the sick—for the poor; indeed he forgot nobody. One day he sent for one of of his friends, and addressed him with the most urgent exhortations to prevail on him to give his heart to the Lord. Three days before his death, he caused the little money he had collected to be brought him, and he bequeathed part of it to two religious societies, and the rest to his brothers and sister. On another day he called his father, and said to him: "I would address some words to my sister and brothers; but they are too young to understand me. This, then, is what we shall do. I shall dictate to you a letter for each of them, and when they shall be more advanced in age, I shall be no more; but you will show them my letter, and in this way they will remember a brother who loved them, and God may bless it to their souls." Accordingly, on the second day following, he dictated the proposed letters to his father. On the morning that he died his pains were extreme. He prayed fervently, but mentally, because his difficult respiration did not permit him to speak. In a moment of agony he exclaimed: "Lord, support me by thy grace!" At the same instant his countenance resumed its calm expression, and he said with a strong voice: "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." In a minute after repeating these words, he slept—to awake in the resurrection of the just.

TO A DAISY.

Lowly crimson-crested flower,
Devoutly offering up,
In thy gold-lined cup,
Pearly dews at the matin hour,
To heaven's pure shrine—
Sweet monitor! be mine:
Thus may I offer up from earth's dark lawn
The orison divine at early dawn,
With spirit-dews my heart-cup filled,
From glory's altar-cloud distilled!
Like morning incense may it rise,
Perfum'd above these sapphire skies,
To yonder haven!

Marion Aird.

A CHILD'S REBUKE.

Several years ago, a country town was blessed with a revival of religion. One evening Mrs —— and her little daughter attended a meeting, and while the minister was speaking of the neglect of family duties, of reading the Scriptures, and of family prayer, the little daughter, who listened attentively, and perceived that the preacher was describing a neglect that she had noticed herself, whispered to her mother, "Ma, is the minister talking to you?" To the mother this simple question was more powerful than the sermon. She was immediately brought under deep convictions of sin, which resulted in her hopeful conversion to God.

JOHN NEWTONS TABLE-TALK.

In divinity, as well as in other professions, there are the *little artists*. A man may be able to execute the buttons of a statue very neatly, but I do not call him an able artist. There is an air, there is a taste, to which his narrow capacity cannot attain. Now, in the Church there are your dexterous button-makers.

I would not give a straw for that assurance which sin will not damp. If David had come from his adulterous bed and talked of his assurance at that time, I should have despised his speech.

When a man says he has received a blessing under a sermon, I begin to inquire who this man is. The Roman people proved the effect they received from a sermon of Antony, when they flew to revenge the death of Caesar.

The Lord has reason far beyond our ken, for opening a wide door, when he stops the mouth of a useful preacher. John Bunyan would not have done half the good he did, if he had remained preaching in Bedford, instead of being shut up in Bedford prison.

SCIENCE AND CHRISTIANITY COMPARED.*

BY F. A. COX, D.D., LL.D., HACKNEY.

The power of thought, the capacity of acquiring knowledge, and the prerogative of immortality, constitute the greatness of man. Instinctive nature, indeed, appears to be possessed of faculties which are allied to thought; but there is no evidence that animals can appreciate what is invisible and future, or that they are capable of making progression in knowledge; and if unable to traverse the paths of science, much less can they attain to spiritual understanding and religion.

The eagerness with which men of science pursue their object is admirable. It is a fine exercise of the intellectual powers to engage in the study of the Creator's works—to trace the causes of external phenomena—to dive into the arcana of nature—to watch the wandering planet, and calculate the movements of the eccentric comet—to ascertain the various subtle influences that pervade the universe, magnetic, electrical, chemical, or of whatever kind, and thus to fill the mind with subjects of noble contemplation and useful inquiry. Instead of depreciating the pursuits of general science, we hail them, and feel our spirits elevated and dignified, as a part of common humanity, when tracing the splendid discoveries of men whose names are dear to fame, and bright with honour.

There is, however, an evil incidental to this class of intellectual pursuits which ought not to be overlooked, and an inherent character of inferiority to religious knowledge manifest in them to be seriously pondered. The incidental evil is the too frequent exclusiveness and the too absorbing influence of natural science, so that while the mind is cultivated the heart is neglected—while the book of Nature is explored the book of Scripture is unread—while treasures of knowledge are accumulated, the unsanctified philosopher does not become "rich towards God." But there are happy instances in which the two kinds of wealth in question are secured; for some persons are at once opulent in science and in religion. Nor are these, though commonly disjoined, incompatible or opposed.

Without in the least degree disparaging that which is excellent, we may point out that which is more so, in order to persuade to the pursuit of it—to impress the reader with a due sense of its superiority—to urge him, while giving the intellect to science, to give the heart to Christ; and while, perhaps, he is virtually saying, with a laudable curiosity, "O that I knew the character of yonder celestial appearances, or the law of those secret affinities, or the peculiarities of those subtle essences and powers," to induce the devouter, more needful, more spiritual desire breathed forth in the words of an apostle: "That I may know Him, the power of his resurrection, the fellowship of his sufferings, and be made conformed to his death!" We propose, then, to consider the pre-eminent worth of the knowledge of Christ, understanding by that knowledge, not only the truth of his character and the facts of his personal history, but that also which is distinctively termed experimental knowledge, implying faith in him, union to him, and a personal interest in the blessings he came to bestow. The knowledge in question partakes of a peculiar character, arising from the nature of the case, that is, from the general purpose for which the Saviour visited our world; and this imparts peculiarity to the apostolic language. It cannot simply mean what may be known historically or biographically, as we become acquainted with the lives of ordinary persons; for it would seem a strange, unwonted, and somewhat unintelligible utterance of enthusiasm to say, That I may know *Peter*, or *Paul*, or *John*, or *Wickliffe*, or *Luther*, or *Whitefield*, or *Knox;* but to exclaim, "That I may know Christ," involves ideas of a sublime character and touching interest, which have relation to the entire scheme of Christianity, and which connect themselves with the vast realities of eternity.

I. Our first observation is, that the system of Christianity, in its outward principles and inward power, is more absolutely certain and indubitable than any other kind of knowledge or science in general. Human science has, in the course of ages, undergone great changes, and some very important systems of philosophy have been entirely revolutionized by the progress of discovery. What were once deemed undeniable facts, have been found at length to be egregious mistakes, till the whole system, and even system after system, has been reversed. Of this we have striking demonstrations in regard to astronomy, chemistry, and geology : and even at the present period, every year exhibits the uncertainty of human wisdom in the new forms, relations, and evidences that occasion philosophical controversies; so that if anything momentous in our moral condition depended upon the accuracy of our physical researches, the mind could not but be agitated with trepidation and anxiety.

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* These remarks contain the substance of a discourse delivered at *Cambridge*, during the meetings of the Scientific Association, which the author attended with great pleasure and personal advantage. His highest desire is to see, in every instance, as he had then the opportunity of witnessing in some, the scientific mind associated with the sanctified heart.

But the great realities of Christianity are in this respect quite dissimilar to the discoveries of human reason and research, or to theories capable of change by the perfecting process of observation. In them is to be distinctly seen a *revelation from God*, which is stamped with pre-eminent authority, and admits of no correction. "Holy men of God," in the transmission of this heavenly light through the medium of speech and language, "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." If any thing be true, this communication from above must be truth. It is indubitable and unalterable, as being the mind of the Spirit. It embraces immutable doctrines and eternal principles. It is not a branch of science that needs to be trimmed up, completed, or adjusted to some generally received rule or axiom; it is wisdom itself—the "wisdom of God in a mystery." Jesus Christ is "the faithful and true witness;" to "know him," consequently, is, in a spiritual sense, to "know all things."

II. Another observation to be made, in the comparison exhibited between science and Christianity, is, that the knowledge of Christ is accessible to all classes of mankind—to men of every order of intellect and capacity. It is of ineffable importance that the doctrine which is intended for the spiritual benefit of all, should be intelligible to all. In the simplicity and explicitness of the communication, "the wisdom that cometh from above" is adapted to every gradation of intellect. When the Apostle of the Gentiles, in the passage of Holy Writ to which we have referred, prays "that I may know him," he refers not to any supposable measureless profundity of the knowledge, so much as to that experimental feeling of which desired he a deeper consciousness, that increase of a sense of personal interest in the "truth as it is in Jesus," as well as a clearer perception of its glory.

Many of the sciences are so difficult of attainment, so far above the reach of ordinary minds, or so remote, even in their elements, from the opportunities of ordinary research, that it cannot be expected they should be appreciated or known. How few, comparatively, could read the Principiæ of Newton, or comprehend the calculations of La Place! Common persons would soon be utterly bewildered, not only in the intricate labyrinths of investigation, but in what might seem, to intellects of a superior order, even the plainest paths of science; and unaccustomed to such pursuits, everything would appear to them enigmatical and confused. But of Christ it is recorded that, in imparting the truths of his religion, "the *common people* heard him gladly;" and in his own devotional appeal to Heaven, he thus expresses himself: "I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast heard me; and that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto *babes*." If there be value in the highest reaches of science, that value is somewhat diminished by the fact that comparatively few can ascend to them. If there be value in the knowledge of Christ, that value is in a sense enhanced by its universal attainableness. It comes down to the depths of the meanest understanding. It is comprehensible by all. The truths of the Gospel can be anywhere and to any one proclaimed—to the prince and to the peasant—to the learned and the illiterate—to men of every grade and of every clime. They intelligibly express the love, and are the light of Heaven.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES ON WESLEYAN-METHODISM.

BY DR JOHN B. BENNETT, LONDON.

IV. THE INSTITUTIONS OF WESLEYAN-METHODISM—ITS FUNDS—CONCLUSION.

THE WESLEYAN-METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY has been referred to in a previous paper, but its great importance amongst the Connexional institutions entitles it to more particular notice here. Like the Church with which it is connected, it has grown from small beginnings to great magnitude, so that now it employs a greater number of missionary ministers, and receives a greater income, than any other missionary society in existence. Its executive direction is confided to a committee of ministers and laymen, in conjunction with four general secretaries (Revs. Dr Bunting, J. Beecham, Dr

Alder, and E. Hoole), and two general treasurers (Thomas Farmer, Esq., and Rev. John Scott). One of the "Laws and Regulations" requires that a special committee should also be convened previous to each Conference, in the town where the Conference is about to assemble. To this a number of leading friends from different parts of the country are invited. The affairs of the Society for the preceding year are reviewed, and the best modes of further advancing its interests considered. All its concerns, however, are under the control of the Conference, by whom the committees and officers are from year to year appointed.

The efforts of the Society are partly directed to the revival of evangelical truth in some of the lands which, though called Christian, are yet largely pervaded by unscriptural errors; but chiefly to the introduction of the Gospel in Heathen countries. In the most spiritually destitute districts of Ireland, it employs 25 missionaries (some of whom can preach in the native language), and maintains 63 day-schools, in which are 4,500 scholars. Its other European stations are in Germany, France, Switzerland, and Gibraltar. In the foreign fields its agents labour in the southern and northern districts of Ceylon, and on the continent of India; in New South Wales, Australia Felix, Southern and Western Australia, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, the Friendly Islands, and Feejee; at the Cape of Good Hope, Albany, Caffraria, the Bechuana country, and other parts of Southern Africa; at Sierra Leone, the Gambia, the Gold Coast, Ashante, Badagry (the Slave Coast), and other parts of Western Africa;* at numerous stations in the West India Islands, amongst the negro population, of which some of the earliest and most signal successes of the Society were vouchsafed; in Canada, both amongst the Colonists and the Aborigines; in the Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland districts, and the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company. The general summary of the whole in the last Annual Report is as follows: Central or principal stations, called circuits, occupied by the Society in various parts of the world, 288; chapels and other preaching places at those stations, so far as ascertained, 1,865; missionaries and assistant missionaries, 382; other paid agents, as catechists, interpreters, day-school teachers, &c., 1,608; unpaid agents, as Sabbath-school teachers, &c., 5,104; full and accredited Church members, 102,750; on trial for Church membership, 4,956; scholars in the mission schools, 65,431. Seven printing establishments are maintained on the foreign stations; and, in several instances translations of the Scriptures and of religious books and tracts into the native languages have been effected by the missionaries. Towards the expenses of one of these translations, that of the Bible into the Caffre language, which was fourteen years in process, the British and Foreign Bible Society has recently contributed £1,000.

For the last few year the funds of the Society were sadly inadequate to meet the outlay, and a heavy debt gradually accumulated. This did not arise from any declension in the liberality of the supporters of the institution, for the income steadily increased; but from the augmenting numbers of members and hearers, and the consequent need of an augmented provision of pastors and teachers. It was an embarrassment arising out of prosperity. It required strenuous efforts to meet the emergency; and large sums were raised for that special object. But it is only just now that the end has been attained. The annual meeting was recently held, and the treasurers found themselves in the agreeable and novel position of being able to report that the Society was out of debt, and had even a few hundred pounds in hand. An expedient devised at first as a temporary help in the difficulties of one year was a juvenile Christmas and New Year's offering, the children being asked to give or collect one shilling or upwards each. This scheme was entered into so cordially, that it has been permanently adopted. The juvenile offering for 1845–46, has produced more than £4,000, without interfering with any other source of supply. The total income for 1845 exceeded £112,000.

The business of the parent Society is transacted at the "Wesleyan Centenary Hall and Mission House," Bishops-Gate Street Within, London—a building in all respects most suitable, which was presented by the Connexion to the Society from the proceeds of the memorable Centenary Fund. Throughout the country, auxiliary and branch societies are everywhere formed. The converts on the mission stations also aid according to their ability. It is an interesting fact that nearly one-tenth of the whole income of the Society is derived from its foreign auxiliaries.

The Society publishes periodically, in addition to its Annual Report, monthly "Missionary Notices," containing extracts from the communications received from missionaries; "Quarterly Papers," usually occupied by a sketch of the history and condition of some one mission or station; and a miscellany of missionary information for the young, called "The Wesleyan Juvenile Offering."

The WESLEYAN THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION is properly a *College* for the improvement of junior teachers, although the less ambitious designation of *Institution* has been chosen for it. From the earliest days of Methodism such an establishment was contemplated, the subject having been started at the Conference of 1744; but the difficulties then seemed insuperable. In 1823, a report respecting it was prepared by a committee, and adopted by the Conference, but even then the way did not seem open for a practical application of the principle. But in October 1833, a committee arranged a plan which was approved of by the ensuing Conference, and has since been brought into prosperous operation, having lived down the opposition with which—chiefly through mistaken views, though partly, it is to be feared, through factious feelings—it was at first assailed. None are admissible as students but those who have successfully passed through the regular trials preparatory to entrance on the probationary ministry. Before each Conference, all the candidates recommended by the respective district meetings in May are summoned to London, and subjected to an *additional* examination before a special committee appointed for the purpose; and according to the report of this committee, it is decided which of them shall be admitted into the Institution, and which left on the president's list of reserve for immediate service. The "Theological Institution," though spoken of as *one*, and placed under the superintendence of one president (the Rev. Dr Bunting), consists of *two* branches—one located at Richmond, near London, where its affairs are conducted in a building the architectural beauty of which renders it one of the most striking monumental memorials of the "Centenary year;" the other at Didsbury, near Manchester. In addition to a "General Committee" for "the Institution," there is a "Local Committee of Management" for each branch; and, in the internal arrangements, each branch has a theological tutor, a classical tutor, and a house-governor—all of whom are ministers of the Connexion. By lectures and otherwise, the students are advanced in their acquaintance with theology, Biblical literature and criticism, pastoral duties, and general knowledge. On the Sabbaths they are regularly engaged in preaching. At the date of the last Report (1845), there were seventy-four students in the Institution—forty at Richmond, and thirty-four at Didsbury. The foundation of its funds was a bequest of £1,000 left by an Irish gentleman (Mr Mason) for the promotion of the improvement of the junior teachers in Ireland, which was transferred to the Institution with an understanding that a certain number of Irish students should participate in its benefits. It is supported by voluntary subscriptions, donations, and legacies. Each branch has a library, which receives frequent additions by gifts of books from liberal friends.

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* It is not too much to say that the most extraordinary opening presented in modern missionary enterprise is that in Western Africa, through the instrumentality of the Wesleyan missionaries, especially of the Rev. Thomas B. Freeman. It would require an entire paper of the length of the present to give a view of it; but it possesses an interest which might well be called *romantic*, if it were not too deep and too high to be described by such an epithet.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.—Two schools are maintained for the education of sons of ministers—one at Kingswood, near Bristol, commenced in 1748; the other at Woodhouse Grove, near Leeds, established in 1801. Boys are received at the age of eight years, and kept in the schools till they are fourteen. In addition to a general committee having the control of both, there is for each school a local committee of ministers and laymen; and in each case the internal arrangements are placed under the superintendence of a minister called the "Governor." An allowance in money is made annually during the same term of six years for the education of the daughters of Wesleyan ministers, and of such of their sons as are not received into the schools. The school fund is supported by private contributions, and by public collections made in the month of November, yearly. *Sabbath Schools.*—Immediately after God was pleased to bring into operation, through Robert Raike's instrumentality, that scheme of Sabbath school instruction, the blessed results of which only eternity can unfold, Mr Wesley published in his magazine an account of Mr Raike's plan, and recommended the adoption of it by his societies. The advice was taken, but it was not till 1827 that the Conference issued a formal code of regulations for the Sabbath schools of the Connexion. The fundamental principles of this code are, that Sabbath schools must be strictly and entirely *religious* institutions, and that, therefore, instruction in writing or anything else merely secular, and (as far as possible) the bustle and excitement of ordinary school business should be excluded from them; and that they ought to be in avowed connection with some particular branch of the Church of Christ. Accordingly the Conference Catechisms and the Wesleyan Hymn Book are used in them. The number of Sabbath schools, as reported by the "Committee of Education" in 1845, was 4,013; of teachers, 81,577; of pupils, 417,903. *Day Schools.*—The importance of establishing week-day schools had been repeatedly stated and urged by the Conference; but it was not until 1843, that any vigorous and general effort was made to work this instrumentality with an efficiency corresponding to that exhibited by the Wesleyans in other fields of exertion. The success of the opposition to the Factories' Education Bill, to the defeat of which the Wesleyans contributed their full share, impressed them with a deepened sense of their own responsibility in the matter of public education; and, in November 1843, a numerous and influential meeting was held in London, at which it was resolved, that it should be attempted to establish, within seven years from that date, at least *seven hundred* week-day schools, in addition to those then in operation. In various parts of the country, endeavours to carry this resolution into effect are now in progress. At the date of the last report, there was in England, 332 schools, containing 30,686 scholars. The desire of the Conference and the committee of education is, that, while secular education is duly attended to, religious training should have its rightful prominence; and that, while exclusivism and bigotry are to be avoided, the religious instruction should be *denominational*, so far as to shut out every approach to that latitudinarian indifference to specific instruction in evangelical doctrines which has so many more or less covert advocates in the present day. As regards the mode of training, the Glasgow system has the distinctly expressed preference of the Conference and the Committee of Education. The masters trained under the direction of committee have always been sent to Glasgow. Perhaps it should be added, under this head, that there are two proprietary schools—one at Sheffield, and the other at Taunton—designed for the *Wesleyan* education of the children of such Wesleyan parents as can afford to pay the rate usually charged at respectable schools. These are not, properly speaking, Connexional schools; but the Conference recognises them so far as to appoint ministers to be their governors and chaplains. A school, on the same principles, "governed" by a minister of the Irish Connexion, has been established in Dublin within the last year.

The Book Establishment.—Mr Wesley bequeathed his rights in this concern to seven persons, "*in trust*, for carrying on the work of God, by itinerant preachers, in connection with the Conference." The "book-room," has since undergone various modifications and improvements, and is now an important source of income, the probable proceeds of which are estimated at each Conference, and appropriated to the different funds. The standard works of Wesleyan-Methodism, and many other religious and moral publications, are issued from it. An editor (Rev. George Cubitt), an assistant editor (Rev. J. S. Stamp), and a book-steward (Rev. John Mason), are appointed by the Conference; and all the affairs of the concern are subjected to the supervision of a "book-committee," who meet monthly. Here are published the Connexional periodicals; the *Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine*, the *Youth's Instructor*, the *Christian Miscellany*, and *Early Days*. The two last named publications have succeeded the *Cottager's Friend* and the *Child's Magazine*, formerly issued from the book-room, and are published in compliance with the prevalent demand for *cheap* periodical literature. Although the change was made only a few months ago, the number of the *Christian Miscellany* now printed is not much less than forty thousand, and the circulation of *Early Days* has already reached fifty thousand. It is observable that the sale of the other periodicals of the Connexion has, at the same time, not only not diminished, but actually increased. Many thousands of religious tracts are also issued annually; and, on the Methodistic principle of finding some sphere of useful exertion for everybody who desires to be useful, the distribution of tracts engages the services of numerous and zealous members of the Church.

A few words on the *funds* of Wesleyan-Methodism, so far as they have not been already adverted to, will be necessary to bring out that view of the economy of the system which it is the object of these papers to present.

The Contingent Fund.—This is one of the oldest and most important funds of the Connexion. It was formally appointed at the British Conference of 1756. Grants are made from it to supply the deficiencies of circuits in Great Britain and Ireland, which are unable to meet the expenses of their own ministry, and to cover the cost incurred by ministers through affliction or other unexpected circumstances. The fund is supported by the "Yearly Collection" made in all the classes, the "July Collection" made in the congregations, and a portion of the profits of the book-room.

The Children's Fund.—The principle of the Wesleyan financial economy is to give each minister enough, and no more. The single man is kept upon a single man's stipend, wherever he may be stationed. When he marries, as his expenditure must necessarily be increased, his means are increased; and so he receives a certain allowance for each child, from its birth to the age of twenty. Here, again, the *Connexional* constitution of the Church operates advantageously. In former times, each circuit was responsible for the payment of the allowance for all the children of the ministers stationed in it; and thus men with large families were liable to be objected to on merely financial grounds. Now, the total probable number of children to be provided for is estimated at each Conference, and it is calculated how many members ought to provide for one child; and the demands upon the districts and circuits are arranged, not according to the number of children that may happen to be located within their bounds, but according to the number of their members. At the last Conference it appeared that one hundred and thirty-four members should provide for one child. Thus, the London district, having twenty-five thousand eight hundred and forty-six members, was required to raise the allowance for one hundred and ninety-three children; the Edinburgh and Aberdeen district, having only three thousand and twenty-four members, was charged only with the provision of twenty-three children. This plan obviously equalizes the taxation on just principles.

General Chapel and Education Fund.—This, under its present title, and for its present purposes, is a new fund. A "Chapel Fund" for the relief of chapels encumbered with debt, was in existence since 1818, and produced most beneficial results. But, at the Conference of 1844, it was found that the engagements of the "General Chapel Fund" were so far removed, that a portion of its income might be made available for some other Connexional purpose. It was resolved, therefore, that while one moiety should be retained for the relief of embarrassed chapels, the other should be applied to the establishment and maintenance of Wesleyan day-schools. The fund is supported by private contributions, and an annual public collection in the congregations.

WORN-OUT MINISTERS AND MINISTERS' WIDOWS' AUXILIARY FUND.—From an early date, an Annuitant Society had been in existence, to which the ministers contributed, and from which small annuities were paid to them in old age, and to their widows after their decease. But the people did nothing for the support of their worn-out ministers or ministers' widows, beyond the maintenance of a scanty "Auxiliary Fund," from which small grants were made in cases of special distress. In the centenary year (1839), however, a scheme was devised to meet the obvious claims of duty in this matter; and it was arranged that each member should be expected to contribute—on an average of the whole societies—sixpence annually for the purpose. The plan is now coming into general operation, and it is likely that the benevolent and just intentions of its framers will be accomplished.

From these Notes, brief as they are, it will appear that the ecclesiastical organization of the Wesleyan system, however complicated and diversified it may seem to be, is really simple, harmonious, and effective. Under God, the moulding of that organization, in its adaptation to the more recent circumstances of the Wesleyan body, are to be ascribed, in no small degree, to the efforts of one master-mind. It is not easy to speak of a living man as he merits; but in papers designed for readers, the majority of whom are, no doubt, members of other Churches, it would be wrong to omit at least a passing reference to the fact (which does not need to be stated to the Wesleyan Church), that—however great and valuable the services of other men may have been, and unquestionably were—the consolidation of Wesleyan-Methodism on its present basis has mainly been effected by the sanctified wisdom and unwearied energy of Dr Bunting. There are many names which the Wesleyan Church should embalm in perpetual remembrance; but if there be one human name which, next to that of John Wesley, should be engraven on its heart, it is assuredly the name of Jabez Bunting.

No place has presented itself for a notice of the Wesleyan "Committee of Privileges," but we must not conclude without some reference to it. Its object is to guard the rights and privileges of the Connexion; and including as it does many of the best-known and most-respected ministers and laymen, it possesses great influence in the Wesleyan body. Some of its members have lately been specially appointed to act in "cases of exigency, demanding immediate attention, or requiring prompt communication with the Government or with Parliament." The course of legislation recently pursued has given this committee ample employment, as with reference to the (defeated) Factory Education Bill of 1843; the (unhappily successful) Dissenters' Chapels Bill of 1844, and the Maynooth Endowment Bill of 1845, and the Charitable Trusts' Bill of the present session.

And now, in concluding these "Notes," the candour of the reader is appealed to, to excuse a meagreness which the necessary limitation of space rendered inevitable. If any points have been lightly touched on, some have been altogether omitted. It is hoped, however, that the general object of the outline has been attained. To those who desire to know more on the subject, we may recommend, as a popular and elegant narration of the life and labours of the founder of Methodism, "Watson's Life of the Rev. John Wesley;" as a succinct statement of the rise and progress of the Wesleyan Church, "Jackson's Centenary of Wesleyan-Methodism;" as faithful expositions of Wesleyan doctrine, "Wesley's Sermons," and "Watson's Theological Institutes;" and, as the authorized Code of the Connexional Laws, the yearly "Minutes of Conference."

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

"A beauteous tender flower."

LOWLY lily of the vale,
Drooping, modest, meek, and pale—
Pure in heart! O thus to be
"Clothed with humility!"
'Neath thy shrouding veil of leaves,
Cowering like a soul that grieves,
Bent with tear-drops, trampled, torn,
Lowly lies thy graceful form,
Like that lovely One who lay
Weeping in Gethsemane;
Spotless as "that tender flower,"
In temptation's darkest hour,
Who so pure, so fair as he?
Model of humility.
Heaven's unassuming child,
Delicately fair and mild;
In no garden's sunny shade
Lifting loftily thy head;
Meekness breathing in thy mien—
Odour full, thy heart serene—
Looking ever to the earth—
Speaking more of tears than mirth
Bending, trembling, still it sighs
'Neath the blight of paradise
Like a soul in prayer bent,
Grace its only ornament.
Who has brought thee here to die,
And record my spirit-sigh?
Meekness may I learn from thee,
Emblem of humility.

MARION AIRD.

FRAGMENTARY OUTLINE

OF AN ADDRESS, DELIVERED TO AN ASSOCIATION OF MINISTERS IN LONDON.

BY JOHN PYE SMITH, D.D., F.R.S.

Peculiar difficulties belong to our situation. Of them we ought to be seriously aware.

On us are incumbent the *general* obligations of Christians and of ministers.

PERSONAL.—*Devotion*;—the Word of God and prayer. Refreshing and enriching our minds by appropriate *studies*;—biblical—sacred—elegant literature, classical and modern. Importance of our moving on in the course of intellectual improvement which distinguishes the present age. If we cannot be in the first rank, we must not be far behind. If young persons discover us to be beneath them in letters and science, referring to subjects of valuable knowledge, they will be apt to doubt our competency to give religious instructions, or at least to undervalue what we so give.

DOMESTIC.—In the *conjugal* relations.* In the *paternal*. Attention to our *secular affairs*: Correctness of accounts—punctuality in meeting our obligations—to avoid the dishonour and the manifold miseries of incurring debts beyond our ability to discharge.

MINISTERIAL.—*Preparation* for the pulpit: *Preaching* CHRIST, simply, faithfully, and with lively energy, as much as our powers and our opportunity permit. *Pastoral inspection*: Attended with many difficulties—yet a duty of the first necessity. *Brotherly intercourse* with other Christian ministers: Prudence and confidence must be united—a difficult conjunction.

These are our duties in common with our brethren, in all places. But our local circumstances bring us under some PECULIAR and DISTINGUISHING obligations. These necessarily arise from our residing in the metropolis of our country, the centre and spring of the great impulses of society, whether for good or for evil—eminently the heart of vitality and power for all the exertions in the service of our God, which are made throughout the nation—we might say throughout the world. On us it is incumbent—

1. To conduct our public ministry with a vigilant and faithful, yet discreet and temperate, respect to the prevailing *errors* and *temptations* of our times—to fortify our hearers against *Infidelity*. Christianity deformed and dishonoured by *mutilation*, as Unitarianism; by *perversion* as Antinomianism; by *corruption and addition*, as in Popery and the Anglican Episcopacy.

To do our utmost to extirpate an unscriptural taste in the hearers of the Gospel—the love of being pleased, not instructed—flattered, not alarmed—soothed, not faithfully directed to evangelical repentance, acceptance of the Holy Redeemer, and universal obedience.

On all occasions, to give those *interpretations* of Scripture which we are solidly convinced are the *genuine* intention and meaning of the Holy Spirit.

To adduce, in opposing error and defending truth, those *arguments* only which are *fair* and *sound*.

To be distinct and comprehensive in explaining the *whole range* of the Christian system.

To explain and habitually urge the all-pervading obligations of *evangelical morality*. Were this generally done, we should not, it might be hoped, have witnessed so many sad departures from the consistency of a holy profession, by gaiety and amusement, the fascination of civic honours, the selfish accumulation of property, and the shameful falsehood and fraudulence called "accommodation-paper," commercial speculations, and all other ways of "*resolving*" to be "rich." (βουλομενοι,—1 Tim. vi. 9.)

2. To bear a large proportion of the care, anxiety, and labour of conducting our *pious and charitable institutions*.

Besides many which are of minor, though real and great importance, the number is *very great* of those which are of the first order in importance. We must labour in them, and contribute to them, in *a proportion* not always equalled by rich members of our communities.

3. Our brethren in the country look to us as in many respects the *guardians of their interests*—to give information and advice; to act on their behalf; to procure pecuniary aid for ministers of very small income, and for widows and children; and for providing places of worship.

It is an object of duty to diminish the number of ignorant and illiterate ministers, who are a discredit and injury to our cause, and to promote a more enlightened and judicious, yet not less holy and zealous, description of ministers.

We have heavy burdens in *correspondence*; and in receiving *personal applications*, often so inopportune as to be most distressing, frustrating personal and family duties, rendering abortive the plans of a whole day, or else we are thought harsh and unkind. We must bear them with the patience of Christ.

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* See Mr Abraham Booth's Pastoral Cautions, p. 18.

4. To watch *the spirit of the times*, and the course of events, so far as affecting the interests of religion and religious liberty. Our own denomination—the best interests of our country—foreign parts—missions. Hence *action* and *effort* are often necessary, involving great personal labour, expense, and consumption of invaluable time.

Often it is expedient to resort to the press, in various ways, by contributing to the public journals, whether friendly or unfriendly, or by our own publications, for the counteracting of error, and the dissemination of truth and godliness. Hence, it is incumbent on us to cultivate the art of composition, that the best of causes may not suffer through our incompetency or our unskilfulness.

Such is our field of labour; such the demands made upon us by our circumstances and connections, by our consciences, and by our God. How often we feel the deficiency of strength and time! How often obliged to postpone or to sacrifice some claims of duty, in order to attend to others! The dilemma thus arising is distressing, and the determination often most difficult, even beyond our power to arrive at a satisfactory solution—yet act we must.

Hence arises an overwhelming sense of discouragement—depression of spirits—despondency—sinking into inactivity. But let us apply Ps. xlii. and xliii., and 2 Cor. i.

May I suggest some considerations, with a view to sustain our minds, and to lead us to any mitigations and remedies, against our disheartened feelings?

1. It is no man's duty to make himself and his family miserable, by the fruitless endeavour to do more than he is able. Such over-stretching will *impair* the strength that we have, and will probably *cut it off* prematurely.

2. Let us apply the principle of the *division of labour*. A sense of *fitness*, greatly diversified the *connections* in which God has placed us, and the varied calls and claims of *providential events—laying hold on some* rather than others—will furnish the principles of our selection.

3. We have all need to *rely* upon the candour, kindness, and aid of each other. The claim will not be made in vain. The cultivation of brotherly love, and the prudent exercise of brotherly intercourse, will greatly strengthen and console us.

4. Let us charge ourselves to use all means for attaining to higher degrees of vital godliness, *communion* with God, *dependence* on the atonement and grace of our blessed Redeemer, and *cherishing* the influences of the Holy Spirit.

5. How diligently should we cultivate the exercises of devotion—lowly, penitent, constant prayer—not only at regular seasons, but in the way of ejaculation and mental habit!

THE SIGN OF THE PROPHET JONAS.

BY THE REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, SALTON.

> "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas: for as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."—MATT xii. 39, 40.

THE exact point of this saying of our Lord, and the general instruction it is fitted to convey, are commonly missed, from not attending to the circumstances in which it was uttered, and not perceiving the design with which it was spoken. It is introduced by our Lord as a reply to certain Scribes and Pharisees, who came expressing a desire to see a sign from him. Their presenting such a request at so advanced a stage of his earthly ministry, after multitudes of the most astonishing wonders and miraculous cures had been publicly performed by his hands in all parts of the country, implied their dissatisfaction with these as proofs of his divine commission, and intimated a wish to see something that might more properly deserve the name of a sign. And as the sign sought is elsewhere (Matt. xvi. 1; Luke xi. 16) called "a sign from heaven," it would seem that what they actually desired as a condition of their believing on Christ, was some immediate, glorious manifestation in his favour from above—such, perhaps, as the Shechinah of old, which they imagined would certainly be granted to him, if he were indeed the Messiah, and which, if given, would at once dispel their doubts and secure their belief.

It was not possible that a request, proceeding from such a state of mind as this, could meet with a favourable reception from Christ. In making it, they were disparaging the testimony raised by all the mighty works which he had already performed; the very works which ancient prophecy had foretold would accompany him as the sure signs of his Messiahship; and, indeed, at the very time that they were demanding this other sign, they were giving vent to the horrid suspicion, that he was assisted in doing some, at least, of those mighty deeds by the power of Beelzebub, the prince of the devils. They at once showed themselves to be labouring under the most obdurate blindness, in slighting the signs which, in such great numbers, he had already produced, and were guilty of intolerable presumption in prescribing the *kind* of sign which they would regard as alone sufficient to entitle him to their belief. Christ, therefore, could plainly give them no countenance in their request. His answer must have possessed the character of a rebuke—not of an encouragement; and to suppose, as is commonly done, that in his reference to Jonah having been so long in the fish's belly, and himself going to be so long in the bowels of the earth, he pointed especially to the safe deliverance in the one case, and the glorious resurrection in the other, as what might, in the fullest sense, be considered a sign from heaven, is to give a turn to the answer quite unsuited to the circumstances. Had such been the purport of our Lord's allusion and reply, it would have substantially granted what they sought. One sign only, indeed, he would have promised, but that, to use the words of Calvin, "as good as all: with this alone let them be content, that as Jonas, after having escaped from the depths of the sea, preached to the Ninevites, so they also should hear the voice of a prophet raised from the dead."

It is not, however, to Jonah's safe deliverance from the belly of the fish, and afterwards doing the work of a prophet, but simply to the fact of his being there that our Lord alludes. Nor is it to his own resurrection from the dead, after having been confined for a certain period in its mansions, and resuming his great work, that he directs their thoughts. He speaks only of his descent into the lower parts of the earth, and thus points in the very opposite direction to that on which their expectations were fixed. "A sign from heaven! (he virtually says to them) will nothing but that satisfy you that I am the messenger of Heaven, and as such entitled to your homage and regard? Will you receive no Messiah, attend to no prophet, but one who comes to you surrounded with a blaze of heavenly glory, and attended by ministrations of angels? Your own Scriptures, if read aright, are sufficient to expose your error, and put to shame your incredulity. Jonah, whom you justly reverence as a true prophet, and who was received in that character even by a Heathen city, carried with him thither no such attestations in his favour as you expect from me; so far from it, he had but newly escaped from that 'belly of hell,' to which divine justice had for a season sent him, in chastisement for his sins: yet the Ninevites listened to his preaching, wisely looking more to the truth of his message than to the circumstances of his person. And I—so completely do ye misunderstand the nature of my mission, and miscalculate regarding the circumstances that are to mark the execution of it—must pass through a still deeper process of humiliation than Jonah. The signs, as to my personal condition, which are to discover themselves in me, are to grow darker, and not brighter; they are to be derived, not from the highest heavens, but from the lowest depths—from the very regions of the dead; yet am I not the less on that account the ambassador of Heaven, and possessing, as I do, credentials of a far higher kind than any that were to be seen in Jonah, be assured that if you reject me, the inhabitants of the Heathen city, who repented at his preaching, shall rise up in judgment to condemn you."

This, we conceive, is the purport of our Lord's answer, and the precise object of his reference to Jonah. He meant to tell them that they were looking entirely in the wrong direction for an undoubted seal of his divine commission; and that the circumstances in which he appeared, and the nature of the work to which he was bound, required that he should bear upon him the signs, not of heavenly splendour, but of profound humiliation. Any other sign—any sign such as they expected—would have been a false one; it would have given a wrong impression of his character and work, and served to encourage them in the carnal views they cherished respecting the Messiah. He had no want of signs, in the proper sense, to manifest who and what he was; but they were signs which did not so much distinguish his person as revealed his character and work; and when so many deeds of miraculous working had proceeded from his hand, testifying how great, how truly divine a work of healing and recovery he had come to do among men, he justly charged them with hypocrisy in not being able to discern the signs of the times, and mocked their expectations of a sign from heaven, by presenting them with a counter-sign from the heart of the earth. The perfect similarity in *principle*, also, between his case and that of Jonah—both having been made to bear so remarkably the signs of God's displeasure at the very time they were charged with a divine commission—should the more easily have reconciled the Jews to the absence of a sign from above in the case of Christ; and their belief in the mission of Jonah, and the repentance of the Ninevites at his preaching, could only serve to show how utterly inexcusable it would be in them, if, with so much more now to carry their convictions and subdue their hearts, they should still reject the call of Heaven, and perish in their sins.

It requires no great discernment to see this in the case of those Scribes and Pharisees; but the error into which they fell was the natural offspring of a carnal heart; and under a somewhat different form is constantly repeating itself. There are two different ways especially in which it is often appearing in our day.

1. It appears in those who, instead of looking to the message of the Gospel, and applying their hearts faithfully to the things which it sets before them, fix their eye upon something in the circumstances of the bearers of it which is different from what they conceive it should be, and which they deem sufficient to excuse their neglect or rejection of the message itself. The doctrines pressed upon their acceptance may be ever so well fitted to commend themselves to their conscience, and the duties to which it calls them may be ever so necessary and important—but they have some fault to find with the instrument through which it is conveyed to them, or the manner in which it is delivered; and therefore they will give themselves no concern about the matter. It is not enough for them that divine Truth descends from heaven to present herself to their embrace; she must come attired in the precise form and dress which they conceive suited to her lofty origin, otherwise they will not so much as give her an audience! It is not enough that the call to repent, and to do things meet for repentance, is heard by them, and inwardly responded to by the voice of conscience, and approved by every consideration of reason and propriety—if it is not also accredited to their outward senses by becoming signs of honour and authority, they will scornfully resist its demands! What folly and infatuation in men of reasonable minds! As if the shell were more than

the kernel it contains—or the voice of Heaven were only to be listened to when it speaks in accents such as please and gratify the outward ear. Surely, when that voice cries, the first and grand consideration should always be, *what* does it cry—not how, with what particular tone, or with what attendant circumstances! And whenever there is really the voice of God, speaking in a messenger of his appointment, or through an instrument of his choice, no one will remain ignorant that it is so who deals faithfully by it. "If he *will do* His will, he will know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

2. The same error, however, still more frequently appears in a rejection of the claims of the Gospel as a whole, or of some of its particular parts, from its wanting a certain kind or amount of evidence which is pre-supposed to have been essential to it, if it really possessed divine authority. The Scribes and Pharisees would not own Christ as a heavenly messenger, from the signs he actually showed; but they professed their readiness to do so if he produced a sign of a different kind—a sign from heaven. The people at large would not believe upon him, because he had saved so many from mortal disease and death during the period of his active ministry; but if he could have saved himself from the doom of impending destruction, when hanging on the cross, then they would have believed. So, the wayward will of man, in its mad controversy with the will of God, is always ready to take exception against the means he graciously employs to overcome it, and pitches upon something else, something of its own, which alone it will condescend to regard as satisfactory. It has the audacity of prescribing to its Maker, and instead of humbly sitting down to weigh the grounds on which he challenges its belief and obedience, it presumptuously insists upon certain terms of its own as indispensable. If Jesus of Nazareth had really been the Son of God, certain unbelievers have said, and indeed still say, then all his own countrymen would doubtless have believed on him — he would never have been rejected by the great majority of these; and his Gospel, if salvation really depended upon the reception of its truths, would not have been confined to a small portion of mankind, but would assuredly have been communicated by a merciful God to the whole world. What is this but impiously to prescribe to God? to demand certain signs on his part before he is entitled to receive any faith or confidence on ours? It presumes to do what no one who knows the proper standing of a creature will ever dream of doing—to search the mind of the Lord, and act the part of his counsellor; while it leaves unexamined the many clear and infallible signs by which he has approved the cause and testimony of Jesus, and which have never failed, when calmly and seriously considered, to draw forth anew the confession of the centurion: "Verily, this man was the Son of God." It is with these we have to do—not attempting to say what should have been, or to meddle with matters too high for us; but with the simplicity of little children searching the record which God has seen fit to give to us, and to deal in earnest with the realities it unfolds. If we do this, we shall find in such facts as Christ's rejection by the Jews, and the partial spread of his Gospel, but new evidences of the truth of his Word; for they are what this itself has led us to expect.

Again, how often, when we come down to particulars, do many excuse themselves from receiving a certain doctrine, or practising a certain duty, because it is not revealed with all the fulness, or inculcated with all the plainness and frequency with which they imagine it would have been if truly of God! In this way men have excepted against the fundamental doctrines of grace, because they think they can somehow explain away the terms in which these are unfolded, or because they do not meet with them in some portions of Scripture where they would have expected to find them. Or men deny, for example, the divine authority of the Christian Sabbath, and their obligation to set apart one day in seven for special service to the Lord, because they allege, if such were the will of God, it would have stood out more distinctly and plainly expressed in New Testament Scripture than it actually does. But who art thou that wouldst dictate to God how he is to disclose his will, or propose the requirements of his service? The question for thee to consider is, not how it might have been done so as to render all evasion impossible on the part of those who seek for it, but, Is it not done so distinctly that it may be clearly enough gathered by all who are honestly desirous to ascertain his mind and will? What humble, spiritual, child-like Christian fails to derive from the Bible the doctrines of grace? What genuine disciple of Jesus, treading in the footsteps and breathing the spirit of his Master, does not hail every returning Sabbath as it comes round, with the words of the Psalmist: "This is the day God has made; in it will we rejoice and be glad?" For those who seek excuses in regard to what they should either believe or practise, there will be no difficulty in finding them;—but for those, on the other hand, who would walk humbly with their God, and are content to look at the signs which he himself has furnished for their guidance and instruction, there is, blessed be his name, a sure and sufficient light to direct them. "For the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them; but the transgressors shall fall therein."

REFLECTIONS UPON THE PUBLIC EXECUTION OF TWO YOUNG MEN.

I HAVE just returned from witnessing the execution of two fellow-sinners and fellow-immortals, whose lives were considered forfeited to the laws of their country, and for whom, it was said, there could be no mercy in this world. I had witnessed executions before, but under very different views and feelings; for then I knew not myself as a sinner, exposed to a more terrible sentence than I have now seen executed. On this occasion I was forcibly reminded of these words of our Saviour: "Think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt at Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—Luke xiii.

4,5. There were, no doubt, many present at the awful scene I have just witnessed who pitied and sympathized with the unhappy sufferers, yet could not but own the justice of the sentence. But how few, while acquiescing in the laws of man, felt their own real situation in the sight of God, or anticipated the day when there must be a public execution of the divine sentence against all who break his law and die without repentance! Looking at the thousands assembled even with more concern than I looked at the criminals under the gibbet, that question occurred to my mind: "What went ye out for to see?" Here is a vast multitude gathered together to witness the most awful and solemn scene that can be witnessed in this life—the infliction of death upon sinners—sin itself ripened into death; or, in another view, the arch-enemy of man, the great tyrant, seizing his prey, and going off with them to eternal torments. But how little of the reality is perceived or felt by the spectators! How few look through the veil of death, or follow these immortal beings into the eternal world! Here I see indifference—there is rude mirth; many countenances look really pleased—there is a jester making sport at death, and ever and anon I hear profane oaths and blasphemies. Who that has witnessed such a scene as this can hesitate to pronounce the exhibition decidedly injurious to the public morals? The effect produced is anything but what should be desired by our governors. The motive may have been good that directed such public punishment of criminals; but experience has abundantly shown that the effect is anything but good upon the mass assembled. I said to myself, My soul, stand apart from this giddy, thoughtless, impious crowd, and in the presence of thy Maker sift this melancholy scene—trace out the cause of this pitiable catastrophe. Whence is it that my eyes witness, both in the sufferers and in the spectators, that which fills me with pain, even with horror, at the thought of what all will soon experience, when death has borne them away to the reality of their eternal state? See, the criminals stand before the multitude of their fellow-men! How unhappy they look! How every one that looks at them seems to reproach them! Behold, one of them has beckoned with his hand, and wishes to speak! Listen, to hear a word from the lips of a man in full health, who in a few moments will be in the eternal world! Surely this is a word of truth spoken as from the grave, in this world of deceit, sinning, and suffering! The young man stands forth, and with an earnest voice and streaming eyes warns, entreats, and implores all who hear him, and who witness his sufferings, to walk not in the ways of wicked men. See how his bosom heaves with anguish—how his spirit writhes with an inward convulsion! What a picture he presents of that Scripture: "Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death!" He pauses to recover his breath, and sighs from his inmost soul, while again he pleads to flee from sin; even while the rope is adjusted and his arms are pinioned, and he resigns himself to the inevitable sentence, as if he would say, "Let my sufferings warn you of the end of sin; and see all of you that its wages are death." If human justice has these terrors, what must be the features of the divine? Look on this scene, ye who trample under foot God's commands—who say, There is no eye to see—who make even a mock at sin, and declare that judgment will never overtake it. Look, I beseech you, on these wretched victims. Intoxicated once by the flattering pleasures of sin, infatuated by the idea of impunity, and fearing neither God nor man, they were led on blindfold by their souls' enemy step by step, till they reached this enormity of crime, and promised themselves impunity or escape in both worlds. Is not Satan, whom they have served, a hard master? Is not his service deadly thraldom? Does their master repay them thus? Is it thus Satan will reward all his servants? Can he give them no consolation? Does he even mock and deride them, and exult in their ruin? O my soul, rejoice that thou hast abjured his service! O my God, give these unhappy men to abjure it, though at the eleventh hour! Grant them that repentance for their sins, not only that sin for which man punishes them, but all those against thee which thou wilt punish if unrepented of; and let them feel, by the aid of thy Spirit, a firm faith in the efficacy of the atoning blood of Christ! O Thou that didst make bare thine arm in the salvation of the dying thief, have pity upon these murderers, have pity upon their youth, and for the glory of thine own name, disappoint Satan of his wished-for prey, and make them yet monuments of mercy!

But while I was praying thus the cord was drawn, the attendants were descending and leaving them to their fate; the bolt was drawn, and I saw them struggling and convulsed for a few moments—then they were still—the crowd was awed—the men were launched into eternity! My meditations turned upon myself. I thought of John Bradford's saying, when he saw any one taken to execution—"*There goes John Bradford, but for the grace of God.*" Now, my soul, think what is thy state better than theirs? Once thou hadst entered the path that might have led thee even to this issue. Satan is perhaps even now deceiving thee concerning some cherished sin—drawing thee out by little and little, but hiding from thee *the end.* Start not at the suggestion; for thy self-confidence may warrant it. Remember the subtlety of thy watchful foe. 'Tis true thou hast won some victories by that grace which has wrought mightily in thee. You have detected some of his designs and machinations, and by faith hast overcome hitherto; but hast thou constantly been on thy watch-tower? hast thou never been sipping of the poisoned cup, nor venturing on the enemy's ground, nor sleeping at thy post, nor putting down thy weapons? Alas! these are painful recollections of narrow escapes. Let me be more watchful that I enter not into temptation; let me awake to righteousness and sin not; let me run the race that is set before me, looking unto Jesus—looking so stedfastly unto Jesus as to obtain his support, his intercession, that my faith may never fail, but that I may so run as to win the prize, even Christ himself, the author and finisher of my faith!

THE DEPARTED CHILD.

His seat is vacant at table—it is vacant at the fireside—it is vacant at the altar. A thousand afflicting incidents remind his parents that he is gone; but, often as this saddening thought recurs, it is softened and transformed by the cheering recollection that he is gone to glory; and the full heart almost disburdened of its sorrows, responds to the songs of holy resignation:—

> "Why should we mourn departed friends,
> Or start at death's alarms?
> 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
> To call them to his arms."

Delightful idea! Supported by this, I have seen the parents of a much endeared child sitting with composure beside his bed of death.

They were parents familiarized with sorrow. Once they had been blessed with an ample fortune and a numerous offspring. But the hand of God had been upon them. Stripped of the one, bereaved of the other, they were left in the decline of life, naked and defenceless, like the trunk of an aged oak, whose leaves and branches have been swept away by the pitiless storms that have beat upon it. One little son, the child of their old age, alone remained to them. His brethren and sisters were dead, and in his life the life of his parents were bound up. Hitherto they had considered this son as a special gift of Providence, granted to solace their sorrows in old age, to minister to their wants in death, and afterwards to preserve their name and become their memorial among the living. He was, indeed, a lovely child; and what rendered him the more so in the eyes of his godly parents was, that he also feared God. Often as he hung upon his mother's arm, or clambered upon his father's knee, and stroking back his grey hairs, he would inquire of them so earnestly about death, and talk to them so sweetly about heaven and Jesus, that their hearts were overcome, and their lips had not the power of utterance.

Thus did this child increase in wisdom as he increased in stature; till one day, like the child of the Shunammite, he cried out, *My head! My head!*—Like that child, too, he was carried from the field unto his mother. But, alas! no prophet of Israel was nigh. No swift Gehazi ran from Carmel to lay the staff of the holy seer upon the face of the child. It was indeed a sickness unto death. His soul, however, was resigned—his faith in the promises immovable. "Do not grieve thus," said he to his aged parents, as they watched the changes of his countenance, and in pensive silence bedewed his pillow with tears; "God will take care of you, and he will take care of me too. My body will be laid in the grave, where the body of my Saviour was laid. My soul will fly up to heaven, where I shall see my brothers and sisters, and Jesus Christ, and the angels who attend him. Have you not often told me that he is the friend of children? I have read, too, how he took them in his arms on earth, and I am sure he will bid them welcome to his arms in heaven." Thus early ripe for glory, this dear child, without a murmur and without a groan, drew his last breath, and fell asleep in Jesus. I saw, indeed, that his parents wept; but their tears were tears of joy. Happy, thrice happy parents, called to commit such precious dust into the sepulchre, and to resign a spirit thus ripe for glory, unto God who gave it!

THE WORLD.

THE world is seldom what it seems
To man, who dimly sees;
Realities appear as dreams,
And dreams realities.

The Christian's years, though slow their flight,
When he is called away,
Are but the watches of a night,
And death the dawn of day.

MONTGOMERY.

WILBERFORCE AND THE SABBATH.

THE celebrated Wilberforce ascribes his continuance for so long a time under such a pressure of cares and labours, in no small degree to the conscientious and habitual observance of the Sabbath. "O what a blessed day," he says, "is the Sabbath, which allows us a precious interval wherein to pause—to come out from the thickets of worldly concerns, and give ourselves up to heavenly and spiritual objects! Observation and my own experience have convinced me that there is a special blessing on the right employment of these intervals.

"One of their prime objects, in my judgment, is to strengthen our impression of invisible things, and to induce a habit of living much under their influences. O what a blessed thing is Sabbath, interposed between the waves of worldly business, like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan! Blessed be God, who has appointed the Sabbath, and interposed the seasons of recollection. It is a blessed thing to have the Sabbath devoted to God. There is nothing in which I would commend you to be more strictly conscientious, than in keeping the Sabbath-day."

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

PHILIP JAMES SPENER had a son of eminent talents, but perverso and extremely vicious. All means of love and persuasion were without success. The father could only *pray*, which he continued to do, that the Lord might yet be pleased to save his son at any time and in any way. The son fell sick; and while lying on his bed in great distress of mind, nearly past the power of speech or motion, he suddenly started up, clasped his hands, and exclaimed: "*My father's prayers, like mountains, surround me!*" Soon after his anxiety ceased—a sweet peace spread over his face—his malady came to a crisis, and the son was saved in body and soul. He became another man. Spener lived to see his son a respectable man, in public office, and happily married. Such was the change of his life after his conversion.—*N. E. Puritan.*

GOOD NEWS.

FROM AN OLD AUTHOR.

THE revelation of Christ, and the grace of God through him, is beyond comparison the best news and most joyful tidings that poor sinners can hear. It is such a message that no good news can come before it, nor ill news follow it. No good news can come before it; no, not from God himself to the creature. He cannot issue out any blessing to poor sinners, till he hath shown mercy to their souls in Christ. "God be merciful to us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us." (Ps. lxvii. 1.)

First, God forgives, then he gives. Till he be merciful to pardon our sins through Christ, he cannot bless, or look kindly on us sinners. All our enjoyments are but blessings in bullion, till gospel grace, pardoning mercy, stamp and make them current. God cannot so much as bear any good will to us, till Christ makes peace for us—"on earth peace, good will to men." (Luke ii. 14.) And what joy can a sinner take, though it were to hear of a kingdom fallen to him, if he may not have it with God's good will?

Again, No ill news can come after the glad tidings of the gospel, where believingly embraced. God's mercy in Christ alters the very property of all evils to the believer. All plagues and judgments that can befall the creature in the world, when baptized in the stream of gospel grace, receive a new name, come on a new errand, and have a new taste on the believer's palate; as the same water, by running through some mine, gets a strong taste and a healing virtue, which before it had not. "The inhabitants shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be pardoned their iniquity." (Isa. xxxiii. 24.) Observe, he doth not say, "They shall not be sick;" gospel grace doth not exempt from afflictions; but, "They shall not say, I am sick." They shall be so ravished with the joy of God's pardoning mercy, that they shall not complain of being sick; this, or any other cross, is too thin a veil to darken the joy of the other good news. This is so joyful a message which the gospel brings, that God would not have Adam long without it, but opened a crevice to let some beams of this light, that is pleasant to behold, into his soul, amazed with the terror of God's presence; without which, as he was turned out of paradise, so had he been turned into hell immediately; for such the world would have been to his guilty conscience. This is the news God used to tell his people of on a design to comfort them and cheer them, when things went worse with them, and their affairs were at the lowest ebb. (Isa. vii. 14; Micah v. 5.) This is the great secret which God whispers by his Spirit in the ear of those whom he embraces with his special distinguishing love. (Luke x. 21; 1 Cor. ii. 12;) so that it is made the sad sign of a soul marked out for hell, to have the "gospel hid from it." (2 Cor. iv. 3.) To wind up this in a few words, there meet all the properties of a joyful message in the glad tidings of the gospel. Five ingredients are desirable in a message, yea, must all conspire to fill up the joyfulness thereof into a redundancy.

1. "It must be good." None rejoice to hear evil news. Joy is the dilatation of the heart, whereby it goes forth to meet and welcome in what it desires; and this must needs be some good. Ill news is sure to find the heart shut against it, and to come before it is welcome.

2. "It must be some great good," or else it affects little. Affections are moved according to the degrees of good or evil in the object presented. A thing we hear may be so inconsiderable, that it is no great matter how it goes; but if it be good, and great also, and of weighty importance, this causeth proportionable pleasure. The greater the bell, the more strength is required to raise it. It must be a great good that raiseth great joy.

3. "This great good must immediately concern them that hear it"—that is, they must have propriety in it; for though we can rejoice to hear of some great good befalling another, yet it affects most when it is emptied into our own bosom. A sick man doth not feel the joy of another's recovery with the same advantage as he would do his own.

4. It would much add to the joyfulness of the news, if this were "unheard of, unlooked for," if the tidings steal upon us by way of surprise. The farther our own ignorance or despair has set us from all thoughts of so great enjoyment, the more joy it brings with it, when we hear the news of it.

The joy of a poor swineherd's son, who never dreamed of a crown, would be greater at the news of such a thing conferred on him, than he whose birth invited him to look for it, yea, promised to him as his inheritance; such a one's heart would stand but level to the place, and therefore could not be so ravished with it as another who lay so far below such a preferment.

5. To fill up the joy of all these, "it is most necessary that the news be true and certain," or else all the joy soon leaks out. What great joy would it afford to hear of a kingdom befallen to a man, and next day, or month, to hear all crossed again, and prove false? Now, in the glad tidings of the gospel, all these do most happily meet together, to wind up the joy of the believing soul to the highest pin that the strings of his affections can possibly bear.

1. The news which the gospel hath in its mouth to tell poor sinners is good. It speaks promises, and they are significations of some good intended by God for poor sinners. The law—that brings ill news to town, it can speak no other language to sinners, but denunciations of evil to come upon them; but the gospel smiles on poor sinners, and planes the wrinkles that sit on the law's brow, by proclaiming promises.

2. The news the gospel brings is as great as it is good. It was that the angel said, "I bring you tidings of great joy." (Luke ii. 10.) Great joy it must needs be, because it is all joy. The Lord Christ brings such news in his gospel, as that he hath left nothing for any after him to add to it. If there be any good wanting in the tidings of the gospel, we find it elsewhere than in God; for in the covenant of the gospel, he gives himself through Christ to the believing soul. Surely the apostle's argument will hold—"All things are yours; ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." (1 Cor. iii. 22.) The gospel lays our ducts close to the fountain of goodness itself, and he surely must have all, that is united to him that hath, that *is*, all. Can any good news come to the glorified saints which heaven doth not afford them? In the gospel we have news of that glory. "Jesus Christ hath brought life and immortality to light by the gospel." (2 Tim. i. 10.) The sun in the firmament discovers only the lower world. O! it hides heaven from us, while it shows the earth to us; but the gospel enlightens both at once. "Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." (1 Tim. iv. 8.)

3. The gospel doth not tell us news we are little concerned in; not what God has done for angels, but for us. "Unto *you*," saith the angel, "is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord." If love made angels rejoice in our happiness, surely the benefit which is paid into our nature by it gives a further pleasure to our joy at the hearing of it. It were strange that the messenger, who only brings the news of some great empire to be devolved on a person, should sing, and the prince to whom it falls should not be glad. And, as the gospel's glad tidings belong to man's nature, not to angels', so in particular to the poor soul, whoever thou art, that embraceth Christ in the arms of thy faith. A prince is a common good to all his kingdom; every subject, though ever so mean, hath a part in him—and so is Christ to all believers. The promises are so laid, that like a well-drawn picture, they look on all that look on them by an eye of faith. The gospel's joy is thy joy, that hast but faith to receive it.

4. The glad tidings of the gospel were unheard of, unlooked for, by the sons of men; such news it brings, as never could have entered into the heart of man to conceive, till God unlocked the cabinet of his own good pleasure and revealed the counsel of his will, wherein this mysterious piece of love to fallen man lay hid far enough from the prying eye of the most quick-sighted angel in heaven, much more from man himself, who could read in his own guilty conscience within, and spell from the covenant without, now broken by him, nothing but his certain doom and damnation. So that the first gospel sermon preached by God himself to Adam anticipated all thoughts of such a thing intended by him. O, who can conceive, but one that hath really felt the terrors of an approaching hell in his despairing soul, how joyous the tidings of gospel mercy are to a poor soul, dwelling amidst the black thoughts of despair, and bordering on the very marches of the region of utter darkness! History tells us of a nobleman of our nation, in King Henry the Eighth's reign, to whom a pardon was sent a few hours before he should have been beheaded, which being not at all expected by him, so transported him that he died for joy. And if the vessel of our nature be so weakly hooped, that the wine of such an inferior joy breaks it, how then could it possibly be able to bear the full joy of the gospel tidings, which doth as far exceed this as the mercy of God doth the mercy of mortal man, and as the deliverance from an eternal death in hell doth a deliverance from a temporary death, which is gone before the pain can well be felt!

5. The glad tidings of the gospel are certainly true. It is no flying report, cried up to-day, and like to be crossed to-morrow; not news that is in every one's mouth, but none can tell whence it came, and who is the author of it; we have it from a good hand, God himself, "to whom it is impossible to lie." He from heaven voucheth it. "This is my beloved Son; hear him." (Luke ix.) What were all those miracles which Christ wrought, but ratifications of the truth of the gospel? Those wretches that denied the truth of Christ's doctrine were forced many times to acknowledge the divinity of his miracles; which is a pretty piece of nonsense, and declares the absurdity of their unbelief to all the world. The miracles were to the gospel as seals to a writing. They could not deny God to be in the miracles, and yet they could not see him in the doctrine; as if God would set his seal to an untruth. Here, Christians, is that which fills up the joy of this good news the gospel brings, that we may lay our lives upon the truth of it; it will never deceive any that lay the weight of their confidence on it. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15.) This bridge which the gospel lays over the gulf of God's wrath, for poor sinners to pass from their sins into the favour of God here, and kingdom of God hereafter, is supported with no other arches than the wisdom, power, mercy, and faithfulness of God; so that the believing soul need not fear, till it sees these bow or break. It is called the "everlasting gospel." (Rev. xiv. 16.) When heaven and earth go to wreck, not the least iota or tittle of any promise of the gospel shall be buried in their ruins. "The word of the Lord endureth for ever, and this is the word which by the gospel is preached to you." (1 Pet. i. 25.)

THE DELIVERANCES OF THE WALDENSES.

THESE humble and faithful Christians have been at last fully emancipated, after long groaning under the most cruel oppression. Their sufferings have excited a deep sympathy throughout the whole world. How many times have we not read the mournful pages which relate the trials and punishments suffered by the Waldenses of Piedmont! They have seen, for more than six hundred years, all the powers of earth leagued against them. They have been anathematized by popes, and massacred by kings. All the varieties of martyrdom which an atrocious fanaticism could invent—imprisonment, banishment, invasion by armed force, murder of wives and children, the axe of the executioner, the torture and fires of the Inquisition,—all, all have been employed by intolerance for their utter extermination. And yet they have survived these bloody persecutions. There remain still in the valleys of the Alps more than twenty thousand Waldenses who profess the faith of their fathers. Glorious witnesses of the truth, they are connected by an uninterrupted historical chain to the primitive Church, and their presence shows that the light of the Church has never been wholly extinguished in Christendom.

Are they not a living proof of the impotence of fanaticism? Ah! if the rage of men could have destroyed the Waldenses to the last man, and have abolished their memory, it would have done it. But no: the sword of Popery and the sword of princes have not succeeded in their work of destruction. There is a God in heaven, who protects, who sustains right, justice, truth; and if, in his mysterious designs, he allows sometimes that iniquity and error obtain an apparent triumph, he imposes for them, as for the waves of the sea, bounds that they may not pass. Let us ever have, in the midst of the most violent tempests, a firm confidence in the decrees of the Lord, and our hope will not be deceived. The day of reparation will come: it must come, because justice and truth are eternal, like God.

The Waldenses of Piedmont are now free—as free as other citizens of that country; they enjoy the same rights; they can fill the same offices in the State; all the old acts of exclusion are rescinded, and the Piedmontese have been received at Turin with acclamations of joy. We will give at the close of this narrative, an account of the great national festival which was held on this occasion: but we must first show what has been the religious and civil condition of the Waldenses since the revolution of 1789. It will be then easier to understand their great joy and their deep gratitude to God for the complete emancipation they have obtained.

The principles of religious toleration, which were proclaimed in the eighteenth century, had not acquired much authority in Piedmont and Savoy. This country was governed by priests. The princes, instructed in the principles of ecclesiastical power, submitted themselves unreservedly to the dictation of Rome. The Waldenses were treated as an inferior caste, and as enemies. They had not been exposed, indeed, for sixty years, to be led to the scaffold: Europe would have shuddered with indignation and horror at such atrocities; but they were still subjected to the most oppressive tyranny. The law compelled them to be shut up in their valleys as in a prison; they were forbidden to occupy any civil office, or exercise any liberal profession; none of their communion could be notaries or physicians. Their children were often abducted by priests, and when they complained, they were answered with threats and insults. A shameful proselytism was carried on among them. The Popish clergy had opened by the side of their churches a so-called *house for catechumens*, where they fed and clothed those unhappy persons who consented to sell their consciences for money. Heavy taxes were laid on the Waldenses, and they could hardly, by their diligent labour, supply themselves with the means of subsistence.

When the great revolution of 1789 burst upon Europe, like a thunderbolt, the poor oppressed people of Piedmont hoped that their lot would be amended. But they were still deceived in their expectation for several years. Their sovereign called them to fight under his banner against France. The Waldenses did their duty bravely and faithfully; they shed their blood on the battle-field to defend a country which had not allowed them the rights of citizens. But with all their zeal they were basely calumniated. As they met with some reverses in their contests with the French troops, the Popish clergy accused them of *treason* and of being *accomplices with the enemy*. The Romish population of Piedmont were rendered fanatical by these slanders; and, horrible to relate! a plot was formed to execute another St Bartholomew against the Waldenses! The crime was to be perpetrated in the night of 14th to 15th May 1793. A band of assassins, to the number of 700, had sworn to attack the communes of *Saint John* and *La Tour*, and to put all to fire and sword. It was the easier for Papists to effect this massacre, as all the Waldenses, capable of bearing arms, were encamped then upon the summits of the mountains, to resist the invasion of the French. The conspirators would then have found all the women, children, old men, and they would have been able to butcher these without obstacle or resistance. Happily, this infernal plot was revealed opportunely by two Roman Catholics more humane than the rest. The Waldensian soldiers, being warned, returned in haste to their homes, and the conspirators dared not execute their design. The list of names of these wretches was produced in court at Turin, but the government did not institute a judicial prosecution: fearing, apparently, to involve many priests in this frightful conspiracy!

In 1797 the Waldenses obtained some *concessions*. But what were these? They were allowed to have physicians of their own religion. They were promised protection against the taking away of their children, and a diminution of part of the taxes with which they were loaded. They had leave, lastly, to repair their churches, and even to enlarge them, if this was judged absolutely necessary. This is all! No real liberty; no equality of rights between them and the Roman Catholics; all the prohibitions were continued, and yet the priests complained that the Waldenses had obtained *too much!* Detestable spirit of intolerance! it tramples under foot the first principles of justice! it calls evil good, good evil, and thinks it does God service when doing the work of Satan!

Two years after, in 1799, Piedmont passed under the French rule. Then, for the first time, since their origin, the Waldenses enjoyed real liberty of conscience and of worship. They became citizens like others, and could be appointed to all public offices. But, alas! this favour cost them dear. Their valleys, successively traversed by the French, Germans, Russians, &c., were completely devastated. The fields were uncultivated, the houses burnt, the churches destroyed. The most necessary articles of living were enormously dear. The rich could hardly subsist, and the poor died from want. The pastors especially found themselves in the most destitute condition. They no longer received pecuniary aid from England, Holland, and Prussia. War had interrupted all communications. How could ministers of the gospel supply their most pressing wants? The members of Consistory went from house to house, to solicit a morsel of bread for these spiritual guides, and the general poverty prevented often the satisfying of their wants. Some pastors then engaged in secular employments, in order to support their families; others tried to bear patiently these severe privations.

At last, the horizon became brighter. Napoleon visited Piedmont in 1805, and learning what was the condition of the pastors, he gave them a salary from the public treasury. The Waldenses were faithful to their new sovereign. They were doubly attached to him, by their oath and by gratitude. Some of them served with distinction in the French armies; they acquired high rank by their bravery, and showed that they were worthy of commanding others.

But the restoration of 1814 came. The king of Sardinia, *Victor-Emanuel*, recovered possession of Piedmont. The Waldenses hoped that they would be allowed the same rights as the Romanists. Vain hope! Victor-Emanuel returned with a numerous company of Jesuits and bishops; he had for his confessor a disciple of Loyola. These priests persuaded the prince that the laws of the French government were anti-catholic and wicked, that they ought to restore the old order of things, and that the Romish religion must alone prevail.

It is easy to imagine the surprise, the grief, the consternation of the Waldenses, when, by a royal edict, they were put back precisely in the state where they were fifteen years before. After having enjoyed liberty, they again became slaves! The iron yoke which had oppressed their fathers, weighed ily on their necks! Shame to kings who r themselves to be in bondage to Jesuitism! hat could the Waldenses do? They had orce to oppose their oppressors, and they led to despotism, lifting their hands to , the protector of the feeble and the inno- . The clergy resorted to trick after trick. y would fain have compelled the restora- of the whole amount of taxes which had levied on the property of the Romish rch, by the French government. If this and had been enforced, the Waldensian ors and their flocks would have been re- ed to utter beggary. But the intendant of province, more generous than the members the clergy, prevented these extravagant ms from being allowed.

We will not recite all the exactions which e annoyed the Waldenses from 1815 to the sent time. The bishops of *Pignerol* (the ncipal city of these valleys), undertook anew *nvert* the heretics in their manner. They lished pastoral letters full of false argu- nts against Protestantism, and distributed m to every family. Observe, that the Wal- sian pastors had no right to publish in ir turn any reply; for the law restricting e press authorized the attacks, but forbade y defence. The Waldenses had not even ve to introduce Protestants books from fo- ign countries; and if they succeeded in pro- uring some, it was by means of the British d Prussian ministers. Romanists call loudly r the liberty of the press among nations here they are in the minority; but every- here else, they refuse it as long as possible to eir adversaries.

Another kind of tyranny which was renewed the valleys, consisted in exercising a con- tant proselytism, without shame or restraint. convent was rebuilt at the very centre of he Waldensian population, under the name of he *Priory of the Sacred Religion*. Eight monks were installed there, with the express design of abouring for the rooting out of heresy. The poor Waldensians knew by long experience how Popish monks effect *conversions*, and they were now satisfied that these violent and fraudulent methods had not been abandoned. The *converters* went from family to family, to intimidate some, to make fine promises to thers, and they succeeded in seducing some ignorant or unprincipled persons. Thus, in a single year, in a time of famine, they added to the Romish Church about twenty individuals. Who are they? ignorant and worth less persons. But no matter: Popery looks less at quality than quantity. The Waldenses had not the right, on their part, to make proselytes. If they tried to lead a Roman Catholic to their communion, they were punished severely. Rome did in these valleys what the Czar Nicholas is reproached for doing in Russia against Papists: namely, she reserved to herself alone the privilege of religious proselytism.

The Waldenses were constrained to be soldiers; but they could not, whatever their personal merit, attain to the grade of officers. They were punished for the same things for which others were rewarded. They were forbidden to reside more than three days out of the territory, in any town whatever, of Piedmont, as if they had been infected with the plague! Orders were given to them, at different times, to sell the property which they had purchased under the French government, beyond their immediate homes. In a word, the three small valleys which they cultivated were transformed into a sort of dungeon. They must remain there shut up, like Jews in certain quarters of German cities; and as all the population could not find employment nor subsistence in so narrow a space, many of the Waldenses had no other resource but to quit for ever their native soil. They went away weeping, and sought among strangers the means of subsistence.

Such was their situation—not in the barbarous dark ages—not in a time of universal fanaticism—but only a few months ago. It would have been worse still, if they had not been protected at the court of Turin by the Protestant princes of Europe. Count de Walbourg, Prussian ambassador, had received from king Frederick-William special instructions concerning the Waldenses. He was their constant friend. He went to visit them, noted their wants, pled often their cause with the king of Sardinia, and collected subscriptions to found an hospital in the valleys. This establishment was indispensable; for if a sick Waldensian entered a Popish hospital, he was annoyed till his last breath by odious intrusions of priests.

England showed also to the Waldenses a kind sympathy. The British ambassador was, like the Prussian, their advocate at Turin. English Christians, touched by their pitiable lot, made large collections for them. We ought to mention, in particular, the honourable Colonel Beckwith, who, after nobly doing his duty in the British army, had taken up his residence among the Waldenses. An influential and generous man, he devoted a part of his fortune to diffuse instruction in these mountains which he adopted as his country. He contributed to found more than eighty schools; and his memory will be ever blessed among that people, to whom he has been a most devoted friend.

Still the Waldenses experienced no favourable change in their lot, when, all at once, the cry of *reformation* was sounded from one end of Italy to the other, and repeated by all classes of the people. "Reform of all old abuses and superannuated laws! Civil and political reform! Reform in the rights of princes and privileges of the clergy!" This was what was called for, with common consent, at Rome, Florence, Naples, Turin—by the whole Italian nation. Many honourable inhabitants of Piedmont, at the head of whom figured four Romish bishops, addressed a petition to the king, Charles Albert, to request the emancipation of the Jews. Surely the Waldenses could not be overlooked in this movement for general freedom. When the Jews could be admitted to the rights of citizenship, why should the disciples of Christ be held in a state of humiliating inferiority? It would have been the most shocking contradiction. So, the inhabitants of the Waldensian valleys were included in the act of *civil and political emancipation*, published the 25th February last in the official Gazette of Turin.

It would be impossible to depict the tears of joy which flowed from all eyes, when this glad news circulated, like lightning, among the Waldenses. What thanksgiving, what congratulations, what prayers! Six hundred years of pains and sufferings were at last repaired! At night, bonfires were kindled by the inhabitants on the summits of their mountains, and produced, by their reflection upon the snows of the Alps, a magnificent effect. The village of La Tour was illuminated, and the Roman Catholics themselves joined at Pignerol in these demonstrations of joy.

But this was only the beginning of the great festival. It was agreed that a national solemnity should be held at Turin, and that the delegates of all the communes of the kingdom should attend. The Waldenses were assigned a prominent place in the procession, marching under a distinct banner. Listen to the narrative of an eye-witness; we borrow the following account from a letter of a Waldensian, published in a Swiss journal:—

". . . . The committee appointed to conduct the festival, decided by acclamation that the Waldenses should be placed at the head of the corporations of the capital. '*They have long enough been the last*,' said they; '*let them for once, at least, be first!*' The banner under which we marched, wrought by our brethren of Turin, bore, on a blue velvet ground, this simple inscription in large silver letters: '*A Carlo-Alberto Vidaliesi riconoscenti*—The grateful Waldenses to Charles-Albert.'

"While we were on the parade ground a delegation from the city of Genoa offered us the warmest congratulations on our emancipation. From the moment when we began to march through the streets of Turin, for four hours the loud and constant cry was repeated: *Live our brethren the Waldenses! Let the Waldenses be emancipated!* This cry was uttered by the dense crowd through which the procession passed: it was echoed aloud from the windows, the balconies, the terraces, with marks of the liveliest sympathy. In the streets inhabited by the upper and more intelligent classes, the acclamations were redoubled, the demonstrations became more earnest. I saw priests, on our route, throw their hats in the air, and cry with all their might: *Live our brothers the Waldenses!* . . . . . .

"When the banners borne by the train defiled one before the other, the scene became still more touching. Imagine what we felt at the sight of these people, met together from the ends of the kingdom, and many of whom had never heard the Waldenses spoken of but as abominable heretics. Now they reached to us cordially the hand, called us their brothers, and rejoiced with us that the chains which had held us in oppression for so many ages were broken. How are the times changed! How many prejudices has this great act of justice overthrown in a moment!

"It was especially when, called in our turn to pay our respects to the king, we had to pass amidst the body of students and merchants, that the grasping of hands, mutual embracings, and shouts of congratulation, became truly ecstatic. To the cries, a thousand times repeated, of *Live our brothers the Waldenses!* was associated then the words (unheard of before in Turin) *Live liberty of worship! Live liberty of conscience!* and the like.

"At this moment we arrived on the Place du Chateau. This ground which, more than once, had been covered with innumerable crowds to witness the punishment of a Waldensian heretic committed to the flames, presented then a very different spectacle. The place was filled; the balconies, the windows, the turrets of the castle, showed dense rows of heads one above another. But from the bosom of this vast crowd was no longer heard the old cry: *Death to the heretic!* on the contrary, the cry which escaped from all mouths was the same we had heard already so many times: *Live our brothers the Waldenses!*

" . . . During the rest of our march, the scenes were repeated which I have already described. I will only say that, from this day forward, Piedmont is truly a country for us, and the Piedmontese are brethren. All our past pain is forgotten. Our people seem to breathe in another air. Fathers feel that a new prospect is opened to their children, and bright joy pervades all faces."

What can we add to this narrative? "The bush burned but was not consumed." Let us render glory to God who does such great things for his children. The Waldenses possess liberty of conscience, and it is to be hoped they will never lose it more. Popish intolerance is extinct for ever, and Popery itself is doomed to vanish soon before the holy and eternal religion of God the Saviour. "The rod of the wicked shall not always rest upon the lot of the righteous."

THE PILGRIM.

OH! there are pleasures in the world that mingle
with the soul,
Joys that, through every swelling vein, in tides of
rapture roll;
And there are realms of fancied bliss, that fadeless
seem and free;
But what are all those fleeting joys, and all their
charms to me?
With girded loins and sandal'd feet, my staff within
my hand,
I am at best a pilgrim here, and seek a better land.

Oh! there are agonizing views of hell's destructive
power,
And doleful, dark, malignant cares, that prison every
hour;
And there are dread, foreboding thoughts of sorrows
yet to be,
That cling around the sinking soul; but what are
they to me?
With girded loins and sandal'd feet, my staff within
my hand,
I am at best a pilgrim here, and seek a better land.

In all the pleasures and the pains that anxious mor-
tals know,
I hear a voice that cries aloud—"Go forward, pil-
grim, go;
Pass onward to that heavenly clime where sorrows
rise no more;
Fulness of joy will there be found, and pleasures
evermore.
With girded loins and sandal'd feet, thy staff within
thy hand,
Go forward, pilgrim, on thy way, and find that hea-
venly land."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EAST, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE PENTATEUCH.

BY MRS POSTANS.

IN the 12th chapter of the Book of Genesis, from the 4th to the 10th verses, we read of the journeying of the patriarch Abram from Chaldea to Canaan—"And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered." The people of the East ever thus travel, they and their families, with their substance. It has frequently occurred to me to see movements of a similar kind, sometimes the result of scarcity, when men have travelled from a province devastated by famine, to eat bread; sometimes the effect of political agitation, when the possessors of great flocks and herds among the pastoral tribes feared foray from their own military chiefs, or attack from bodies of horse sweeping down upon them from the enemy. This was particularly the case in Beloochistan, during the period of the late Cabul campaign, and the Kujjuck and other shepherd tribes of the hills brought their families down to the plains and villages of Cutchee for protection. While travelling, the head of the family commonly rode upon a camel, his sons and brethren, armed with sword and matchlock, following on foot and guarding the women, who were, with their servants and children, mounted on ponies; bullocks bringing up the rear with tents, water-vessels, grain-bags, and all "their substance." And we see that at Bethel Abram "pitched his tent." The tents in present general use in the East, by Mohammedans and European travellers, whether in Syria or India, are formed of canvass or coarse cloth, occasionally dyed green by the Moslems, and decorated with stars and crescents of crimson embroidery; but the pastoral tribes and mountaineers about the Afghan passes form their tents of goats'-hair spun by their women, the advantages of warmth and facility of transit being considerably greater than attaches to the tent of cotton cloth; and as this species of movable house is supported on bamboos to be found in every Eastern forest, and may be fastened either to the thorny shrubs of the desert or stones of the hill side, its advantages are undeniable; and considering the early period in which Abram journeyed from Haran, and his patriarchal character, it is probable that the tent he pitched at Bethel was of hair woven from the produce of his flocks, by Sarai and her maidens.

In the 13th chapter and the 2d verse, we are told that "Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." The whole history of the patriarch's domestic condition is precisely similar to that which might be given of an Afghan or Belooche pastoral chief of the present day. I remember an instance in Shēr Mohammed, who came to negotiate affairs in the province of Shikarpoor, and pitched his tent, with those of his wives and servants, on the desert. He was a fine-looking man, with a handsome beard descending to his girdle; a ponderous turban of white cotton encircled his head, and silver ornaments of rude but massive workmanship adorned his neck, arms, and hands—for he, like Abram, was "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." And he carried his wealth of metal on the person of himself, his wives, and his children, as the custom is with Orientals; and his flocks and herds travelled with him, with their herdsmen, and were confined in pens about the tents. Shēr Mohammed and his family subsisted on the milk and ghee they produced; and when I quitted the tent, the chief, with true Belooche hospitality, pressed on my acceptance a kid of the goats, with butter in a brazen vessel.

In the 16th chapter and 3d verse, we see that "Sarai, Abram's wife, took Hagar her maid, the Egyptian, after Abram had dwelt ten years in the land of Canaan, and gave her to her husband Abram to be his wife." . . . . I recollect a fact very similar to the giving of the Egyptian maiden to Abram, in the family of his highness the Nuwaub of Junaghār in Western India. The prince, according to the privilege of Moslems, having four wives, but being still unblessed with offspring, at length the chief wife gave her slave girl to the Nuwaub, and a son was born. This infant was introduced to me as the child of the Burrah Beebee, and was always treated and spoken of in the harem as such by the other wives. The mother, indeed, nursed the boy, but herself called it the son of her mistress, and it was only after inquiry that I discovered he was in fact the offspring of the Beebee's bondwoman. A similar circumstance occurred in the family of the Rao of Cutch; but when the prince married the daughter of a Rajpoot chieftain, who bore him a son, a little lad whom I saw, like the son of Jacob, clad in a "coat of many colours," the bondwoman and her son were cast out, or at least the son of the bondwoman was no longer considered as heir to the Musmud of Cutch, with the son of the free woman. . . . .

In the 12th chapter of Numbers and the 10th verse, we read, "And Aaron looked upon Miriam, and, behold, she was leprous." And again in the 14th verse, "Let her be shut out from the camp seven days." The plague of leprosy in India is lamentably common, and among the lower classes the "reddish spot" upon the dark skin, showing uncleanness, may be constantly observed. I recollect looking from my window at Anjar in Cutch, when the door of a hut opened, and a woman came forth, whiter than a European, to wash her cooking vessels. I imagined she might be a soldier's wife, perhaps deserted in this miserable village, and sent to inquire; but in answer found that she was a Hindu, who had thus become "leprous, white as snow." On the Guzerat peninsula of Western India, I visited the temple of the "Datar Chelah." This man had been a great priest, and enjoyed the reputation of a saint for his benevolence, which the word datar, or *giver*, conveys. The power of the saint is supposed to be peculiarly felt in this spot. To it those afflicted with leprosy resort, their clothes rent and their "head bare," to beseech healing from the saint. The temple is surrounded with a dense forest, and in these wild solitudes lepers from every part of India "dwell alone," until they are cleansed, or devoured by wild beasts, with which these jungles abound. I felt it to be a very touching sight; these unclad lepers, with their emaciated bodies and streaming hair, in earnest prayer, beseeching that "the merciful and good datar would restore them to their children, and to their beloved but far-distant homes." For thus, unless they would bring a curse on their descendants to the third and fourth generation, must these poor creatures, afflicted with the plague of leprosy, "dwell without the camp" until they are cleansed, or death relieves them from their misery. . . . .

In the 11th chapter of Deuteronomy, and at the 10th and 11th verses it is written, "For the land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs. But the land whither ye go to possess it is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven." The minute description of the method of irrigation, in a land depending for its supply of water either on springs or the inundations of a river, deserves attention. Neither in Egypt nor in Sindh, countries in the same latitude, can rain ever be expected to fall, and the crops of fine jowarree, to be found equally on the banks of the Nile and the Indus, depend on irrigation from the river. In both countries the cultivation forms but a belt on either side of the stream, and beyond it the eye falls on an arid waste; but in India and Arabia, which are lands of hills and valleys, that drink water of the rain of heaven, the traveller sees the whole face of the country studded with clumps of trees, plats of cultivation, fields of waving corn. After the inundations of the Nile and Indus, on the rich alluvial deposit, the farmers scatter their seed, and it is then watered with the foot "as a garden of herbs;" the method pursued for this mode of irrigation I have seen constantly practised in my own gardens in India. The ground sown with seed, or planted with young plants, is divided into square plots, and round each, as in England we might place a bordering of box or thrift, is raised a little division of earth. Similar embankments inclose a water-course leading from the well, which every garden possessed: at dawn, the Moat Wallah, as he is called, brings his bullocks, yokes them to the machinery, and then sitting easily on the ropes, urges and encourages by turns his well-trained beasts, as raising the full water-bags they quickly descend the inclined plain; and after a brief halt, the sparkling, gurgling, frothing water falls over into a trough, hollowed usually from the hewn stem of a palm-tree, and thence flows along the small channels I have described; but, as the rush of water would otherwise wash away and destroy the young seedlings and the tender herbs, the gardener watches its progress, and as it flows along he, *with his foot*, breaks away in rotation a morsel of the embankment of each plot, and thus suffers the water to flow gradually into it, and soak round the roots of the plants. As each bed receives sufficient moisture, he replaces with his foot the earth previously removed, and the little stream, turned back to its course, flows on to the next line of plots, which in similar manner the gardener waters with his foot, and "the garden of herbs" looks fresh and green under the burning sun, although the "rain of heaven" may not have fallen on it for a period of eight months.

In the 20th verse of the same chapter we read—"And thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thine house, and upon thy gates." This command concerned the statutes or "words" given as commandments to the children of Israel, that they should have them always in remembrance, and by every possible means consider, speak of, and meditate on them, at all times and in all places, as we are told in the preceding verse. While residing in the family of Meer Jaffur Ali, a Mohammedan nobleman in Bombay, I was much struck by the manner in which the words of the Koran, with prayers and invocations to the Deity, were constantly used by the persons about me. On the books the Meer read was commonly inscribed, "In the name of God the most merciful." He entered his carriage with a prayer for safety, and descended from it uttering a thanksgiving. For several hours during the day, and at midnight, he read the Koran, and meditated thereon. A verse of the Koran was, in a beautifully written character, inclosed in a golden amulet, which the Meer wore on his arm: "Bind them for a sign upon your hand," was the order of the Jews; and though devoid of all other knowledge, a Moolah taught the Koran earnestly day by day to the Meer's little daughters, as we suppose a righteous Jew, by means of a rabbi, might have obeyed the injunction, "Ye shall teach them your children." On the sides of wells, over the doors of houses, on the gates and guard-rooms of Moslem cities, we see, looking like arabesque ornaments, verses of the Koran; the tent of his highness Meer Ali Moorad had a succession of such words wrought in seed pearl round the interior of a tent in which I saw that chief at Mobarickpoor in Upper Scinde. The large court-yard of the Jumma Musjid at Ahmedabad in Guzzerat is richly painted with such sentences; over the door of a house they are supposed to ward away the evil eye, and thus, instead of a "bell and a pomegranate," very common decorations in the rich wood-carvings of the old Hindu houses, we see in Mohammedan cities emblazoned verses of the Koran, in blue, and gold, and scarlet, as we suppose in the cities of Syria cunning painters may have written "on the door-posts" of the Jewish houses, and upon the "gates" the ordinances of the God of Jacob. . . . .

Among the curses for disobedience in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy, we read, at the 40th verse —"Thou shalt have olive-trees throughout all thy coasts, but thou shalt not anoint thyself with the oil." The Hindus always anoint themselves with fresh oil; they believe it to protect the skin from the heat, and also to preserve it from the bites of insects and stings of mosquitoes. The vegetables and trees of India produce large quantities of berries and fruits yielding oil; and every village has its oil-mill, turned by a camel or a bullock. The oil of the castor-tree is much used, and mustard-oil in large quantities; these are perhaps most frequently employed by the natives for anointing their bodies, while the finer cocoa-nut oil they store for lights and cooking. Sandalwood oil is also used for anointing the person, by men of rank, ladies of the harem, and dancing-women; but the anointing of themselves with oil after ablution, by *all* ranks, seems so essential to ease, health, and comfort in the East, from the beggar to the prince, that no curse could perhaps more heavily afflict a native of India than depriving him of the means for doing this, as it doubtless did afflict the Israelites when they were told that their olive-trees should each "cast his fruit." And yet there came even a heavier curse upon them, as we read in the 42d verse—"All thy trees and fruit of thy land shall the locust consume." I have already alluded to my observation of the devastating effect of a locust band in Cutch, which came so thickly, that the servants in going out to the bazaar were constrained to roll their heads up in heavy cloths, and arm themselves with staves, to avoid being hurt and wounded by the flying of these insects against their faces. During the day, by means of tomtoms and shrill trumpets, the locusts were prevented from settling, but at night devoured every green thing in the fields of the poor cultivators, remaining as a curse on the land for three days and nights, while the want and misery that followed were indeed great, for those who had taken much jowarree seed into the field, gathered in but few ears at harvest, for the locust had consumed it in the blade.—*Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature.*

OF MINISTERS' MAINTENANCE.

BY THOMAS FULLER.—1660.

MAINTENANCE of ministers ought to be plentiful, certain, and in some sort proportionable to their deserts.

I. It should be plentiful—

1. Because their education was very chargeable to fit them for their profession, both at school and in the university: their books very dear; and those which they bought in folio shrink quickly into quartos, in respect of the price their executors can get for them. Say not that scholars draw needless expenses on themselves by their own lavishness, and that they should rather lead a fashion of thrift than one of riot; for let any equal man tax the bill of their necessary charges, and it amounts to a great sum, yea, though they be ever so good husbands. Besides, the prices of all commodities daily rise higher; all persons and professions are raised in their manner of living; scholars, therefore, even against their wills, must otherwhiles be involved in the general expensiveness of the times; it being impossible that one spoke should stand still when all the wheel turns about.

Objection.—But many needlessly charge themselves in living too long in the university—they are never a whit the wiser for it; whilst others, not staying there so long, nor going through the porch of human arts, but entering into divinity at the postern, have made good preachers, providing their people wholesome meat, though not so finely dressed.

Answer.—Much good may it do their very hearts that feed on it. But how necessary a competent knowledge of those sciences is for a perfect divine, is known to every wise man. Let not men's sufferings be counted their fault, nor those accused to "stand idle in the market, whom no man hath hired." Many would leave the university sooner, if called into the country on tolerable conditions.

2. Because ministers are to subsist in a free, liberal, and comfortable way. Balaam, the false prophet, rode with his two men; God's Levite had one man. Oh, let not the ministers of the gospel be slaves to others, and servants to themselves! They are not to pry into gain through every small chink. It becomes them rather to be acquainted with the natures of things than with the prices, and to know them rather as they are in the world than in the market: otherwise, if his means be small, and living poor, necessity will bolt him out of his own study, and send him to the barn when he should be at his book, or make him study his receipt book more than all other writers. Hereupon, some wanting what they should have at home, have done what they should not abroad.

3. Because hospitality is expected at their hands. The poor come to their houses, as if they had interest in them, and the ministers can neither receive them nor refuse them. Not to relieve them were not Christianity, and to relieve them were worse than infidelity, because therein they wrong their providing for their own family. Thus sometimes are they forced to be Nabals against their will; yet it grieveth them to send away their people empty. But what shall they do, seeing they cannot multiply their loaves and their fishes? Besides, clergymen are deeply rated to all payments. Oh, that their profession were but as highly prized as their estate is valued!

4. Because they are to provide for their posterity, that, after the death of their parents, they may live, though not in a high, yet in an honest fashion, neither leaving them to the wide world nor to a narrow cottage.

5. Because the Levites in the Old Testament had plentiful provision. Oh, 'tis good to be God's pensioner, for he giveth large allowance. They had cities and suburbs (houses and glebe lands), tithes, free-will offerings, and their parts in first-fruits and sacrifices. Do the ministers of the gospel deserve worse wages for bringing better tidings?

6. Because the Papists in time of Popery gave their priests plentiful means—whose benefactors, so bountiful to them, may serve to condemn the covetousness of our age towards God's ministers, in such who have more knowledge, and should have more religion.

Objection.—But in the pure primitive times the means were least, and ministers the best: and now-a-days, does not wealth make them lazy, and poverty keep them painful? Like hawks, they fly best when sharp. The best way to keep the stream of the clergy sweet and clear, is to fence out the tide of wealth from coming unto them.

Answer.—Is this our thankfulness to the God of heaven, for turning persecution into peace, in pinching his poor ministers? When the commonwealth now makes a feast, shall neither Zadok the priest, nor Nathan the prophet, be invited to it? that so the footsteps of primitive persecution may still remain in these peaceable times, amongst the Papists, in their needless burning of candles; and amongst the Protestants, in the poor means of their ministers. And what if some turn the spurs unto virtue into the stirrups of pride—grow idle and insolent? let them soundly suffer for it themselves, on God's blessing; but let not the bees be starved, that the drones may be punished.

II. Ministers' maintenance ought to be certain, lest some of them meet with Labans for their patrons and parishioners, changing their wages ten times; and at last, if the fear of God doth not fright them, sending them away empty.

III. It is unequal that there should be an equality betwixt all ministers' maintenance, except that first there were made an equality betwixt all their parts, pains, and piety. Parity in means will quickly bring a level and flat in learning; and few will strive to be such spiritual musicians, to whom David directeth many psalms, "To him that excelleth," but will even content themselves with a canonical sufficiency, and desiring no more than the law requires—more learning would be of more pains, and the same profit, seeing the meddling goeth abreast with the best.

Objection.—But ministers ought to serve God merely for love of himself; and pity but his eyes were out, that squints at his own ends in doing God's work.

Answer.—Then should God's best saints be blind; for Moses himself had "an eye to the recompense of reward." Yes; ministers may look not only on their eternal, but on their temporal reward, as motives to quicken their endeavours. And though it be true, that grave and pious men do study for learning's sake, and embrace holiness for itself, yet it is as true that youth (which is the season when learning is gotten) is not without ambition, and often will not take pains to excel in anything, when there is not some hope of excelling others in reward and dignity. And what reason is it, that, whilst Law and Physic bring great portions to such as marry them, Divinity, their eldest sister, should only be put off with her own beauty? In after ages men will rather bind their sons to one gainful than to seven liberal sciences; only the lowest of the people would be made ministers, who cannot otherwise subsist; and it will be bad, when God's Church is made a sanctuary only for men of desperate estates to take refuge in it.

However, let every minister take up the resolution, "To preach the word, to be instant in season, out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine." If thou hast competent means, comfortably to subsist upon, be the more thankful to God the fountain, to man the channel, painstaking in thy place, pitiful to the poor, cheerful in spending some, careful in keeping the rest. If not, yet tire not for want of a spur; do something for love, and not all for money—for love of God, of goodness, of the godly, of a good conscience. Know, 'tis better to want means than to detain them; the one only suffers, the other deeply sins; and it is as dangerous a persecution to religion to draw the fuel from it as to cast water on it. Comfort thyself that another world will pay this world's debts, "and great is thy reward with God in heaven." A reward, in respect of his promise; a gift, in respect of thy worthlessness; and yet the less thou lookest at it, the surer thou shalt find it, if labouring with thyself to serve God for himself, in respect of whom even heaven itself is but a sinister end.

LIBERTY FOR THE BIBLE!

(*From Speech by the Rev. Hugh Stowell at a Bible-Society meeting.*)

Bishop Bedell narrates in one of his letters, that he once heard a monk preaching from the text, "What is truth?" After a good deal of elaborate discussion, darkening counsel by words without knowledge, he drew somewhat cautiously from his pocket a copy of the New Testament, and said, "This only shall I say: I have found truth at last within the leaves of this book; but," said he, replacing it coolly in his cassock pocket, "it is prohibited." Prohibited! Does the pope prohibit yon sun to light up the cottage casement any more than the glorious dome of St Peter's at Rome? Who dares prohibit God's lamp that he sends out to shine in the world? Ah, poor, weak man! poor, infatuated Church! That very prohibition will be your doom if you do not blot it out. I heard a noble lord near me say—and I was struck with the observation—that the Bible Society is the most revolutionary society in the world. And it is the most revolutionary society. But it is such a revolution that it seeks to work as the Spirit and the Word of God wrought on chaos at the beginning, when, moving upon the dark and the dead and the lifeless mass, it formed out of that mass the beautiful heavens and the earth, over which the morning stars sang and the sons of God shouted for joy. So still, where the Word and Spirit of God revolutionize this wretched chaotic world, it is only so to revolutionize, as out of chaos to bring order; out of darkness to bring light; out of death to bring life; out of defilement and shame, glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will toward men. Such a revolution we cannot but pray for; and when we see empires overturning, thrones tottering, nations restless as the strong deep, we trust in God that these are but the preliminary harbingers of that new moral and social creation, the new heavens and the new earth, the restitution of all things, which prophets have foretold, saints have prayed for, confessors have gloried in, martyrs have died for, and the zeal of the Lord of Hosts shall fulfil in its time.

My Christian friends, there is one revolution that must be raised: there must be a cry for another kind of liberty. Set free the Bible! The cry has been raised—Liberty for the French! Liberty for the Poles! Liberty for the Neapolitans! Liberty for the Italians! But another cry must be raised. Slavery is abolished in France: we must abolish the slavery of the soul, set free the captive Bible. All the sovereigns in Europe should lift up the cry—Liberty for the Bible! Set the Bible free! Let the revolutionizer, and regenerator, and emancipator of the world be free as the air we breathe, or the sun that illuminates our dwellings! We read in the thrilling narrative of the expedition that went out to free from Algerian pirates the captives from many nations, who were held bound in the dark dungeons of Algiers, a flag of truce was sent to the commander. They asked what was wanted. His simple answer was—"Bring up the prisoners." They tried to evade the demand; but still the bold British sailor replied—"Give up the prisoners." At last the cannons opened their fire. Again they asked—"Will you be satisfied with such a ransom, or such terms?" "No," said the admiral; "give up the prisoners." And at last, in the extremity, the dark holds were thrown open to day-light; rusty chains in many instances were knocked off from the poor prisoners; the dark dungeon doors were thrown wide open; and there, in the face of our brave British deliverer, sprang up the Spaniard, the talkative Frenchman, and our own fair countryman, shedding tears, and some falling on their knees, and all crying out, "Liberty! liberty! we are free!" And so, my lord, we must say to the dark dungeon over which the despot of Rome presides, whatever terms he would make—"Give up the prisoner! give up the prisoner!" And if he would ask us to compromise the matter, and accept some political or other advantages, still I trust we shall answer—"Give up the prisoner! give up the prisoner!" And when that blessed prisoner is set free, we may imagine that all the sons of earth—at least all the hundreds of millions from which Popery at present keeps out the free use of the Bible—would leap and rejoice as the roe, because the grand emancipator of all was set free.

SINNER, BE ENTREATED.

It is thus that a writer of the olden time sets himself to plead with such as you:—Never did Jacob with such joy weep over the neck of his Joseph as thy heavenly Father would rejoice over thee upon thy coming in to him. Look over the story of the prodigal. Methinks I see how the aged father lays aside his state, and forgetteth his years. Behold, how he runneth! Oh, the haste that mercy makes! The sinner makes not half that speed. Methinks I see how his bowels turn, how his compassions yearn. How quick-sighted is love! Mercy spies him a great way off, forgets his riotous courses, unnatural rebellion, horrid unthankfulness (not a word of these), receives him with open arms, clasps his neck, forgets his rags, kisses his lips, calls for the fatted calf, the best robe, the ring, the shoes, the best cheer in heaven's store, the best attire in heaven's wardrobe. Yea, the joy cannot be held in one breast. Others must be called in to share. The friends must meet and make merry. Angels must wait, but the prodigal must sit at table, under his father's wing. He is the joy of the feast, the object of the father's delight. The friends sympathize; but none knows the felicity the father takes in his new-born son, whom he hath received from the dead. Methinks I hear the music and the dancing at a distance! Oh, the melody of the heavenly choristers! I cannot learn the song, but methinks I overhear the burden, at which all the harmonious choir, with one consent, strike sweetly in, for this goes round at heaven's table, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

It is no toilsome pilgrimage on which he asks you to set out, in order to reach his dwelling. He himself has come to you, nay, sits by your very side, as did Jesus by the side of the woman of Sychar. He does not bid you climb to heaven in order to find grace there. Neither does he tell you to go down into the deep in order to obtain it there. He has opened the fountain at your very side. He takes up the vessel and presses it to your lips. "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, THOU SHALT BE SAVED."—(Rom. x. 8, 9.)

To thee, thou lover of pleasure, thou dreamer of earth's dreams, God is telling this day the story of his free love, that, receiving it, thou mayst not perish, but have everlasting life. That free love thus received into your heart in believing, would fill you with joy unspeakable. It would be like fragrance from the flowers of Eden, like sunshine from the very heaven of heavens. It would be better to you than pleasure, or gold, or lust; better than all the joys of earth poured into one jewelled cup. It would demand no price of you, neither would it call on you to wait till you had made yourself ready for receiving it. It would come into you at once, like sunlight into your lattice, without insisting that your chamber be adorned for its reception. It would cost you nothing but the giving up of that which is far better lost, and the gain of which would be a poor recompense for a ruined soul, and an eternity of hopeless sorrow.—*Story of Grace.*

A DEDICATION AND PRAYER.

Lord, I resign myself to thee. With the poor widow, I cast my two mites, my soul and body, into thy treasury. All my powers shall love and serve thee. All my members shall be instruments of righteousness for thee. Here is my good will. Behold, my substance is thy stock, mine interest is for thy service. I lay all at thy feet: there thou hast them, they are thine. My children I enter as thy servants. My possessions I resign as thy right. I will call nothing mine but thee. All mine are thine. I can say, My Lord and my God, and that is enough; I thankfully quit my claim to all things else. I will say no more, My house is mine, or my estate mine; I myself am not mine own. Yet it is infinitely better for me to be thine, than if I were mine own. This is my happiness, that I can say, My own God, my own Father. And, oh, what a blessed exchange hast thou made with me! to give me thyself, who art an infinite sum, for myself, who am but an insignificant cipher.

And now, Lord, do thou accept and own my claim. I am not worthy of any thing of thine, much less of thee. But since I have a deed to show, I bring thy Word in my hand, and am bold to take possession. Dost thou not know this hand? wilt thou not own this name? wilt thou not confirm thine own grant? It were infidelity to doubt it. I will not disparage the faithfulness of my Lord, nor be afraid to aver, and stand to what he hath said and sworn. Hast thou said thou art my God, and shall I fear thou art my enemy? Hast thou told me thou art my Father, and shall I stand aloof, as if I were a stranger? I will believe. Lord, silence my fears; and as thou hast given me the claim and title of a child, so give me the confidence of a child. Let my heart be daily kept alive by thy promises, and with this staff let me pass over Jordan. May these be my undivided companions and comforters. When I go, let them lead me; when I sleep, let them keep me; when I awake, let them talk to me. And do thou keep these things for ever upon the imaginations of the thoughts of the hearts of thy people, and prepare their hearts unto thee. And let the heart of thy servant be the ark of thy testament, wherein the sacred records of what hath passed between thee and my soul may for ever be preserved.—*Alleine*.

SILVER SLIPPER PROFESSORS.

Professors of religion who are of the largest size, who are not so strict to their rule but they can dispense with duty, nor so forward in point of zeal and activity but they can remit and abate, as occasion serves, may escape this persecuting world the better; but he that will be faithful, whoever escape, is sure to be made a prey. This also must be well considered, I will follow Christ, but can I drink of the cup that he drank of? can I be baptized with the baptism, the baptism of blood, that he was baptized with?

There are persons who sometimes take up the profession of religion, and resolve all on a sudden they will follow Christ, not understanding what there is in it, or what Christianity may stand them in; who, by the time they have looked a little farther, and find it another manner of difficulty than at first they imagined; and withal, find the armies of the aliens to fall on, the dogs to tear, the wolves to worry, the eagles and the vultures, and all the birds of prey, to pitch upon them; and begin in earnest to feel the smart of religion, in those persecutions that are raised upon them for it, presently make their retreat, and go back; Where am I? What have I chosen? Is this to be a Christian? Doth Christ look for all this from his followers, and will he leave them to such violence and rapine, as the reward of their faithfulness to his name? I never thought it had been such hot service, and if I cannot be a saint at a cheaper rate than this, follow Christ who will for me; let those who have nothing to lose, or can bear so much labour, and pains, and violence, take it up, if they please: for my part, I must look to myself, I must not be undone.

"Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest," said the scribe, Matt. viii. 9. Man, thou understandest not what thou sayest. Dost thou know whither I am going, where my dwelling, where my lodging is? "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." And, behold! there is an end of the scribe's Christianity, we hear not one word more about it.—*Ibid.*

SABBATH BREAKING, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Some months ago, three young men in the vicinity of ——, went out sailing on the Sabbath. All of them were warned against it, and one of them had been repeatedly warned against similar conduct. This last replied, he would go if he went to the bottom of the river; and all went. By a sudden turn of wind the boat was upset, and all three found a watery grave!

On the last Sabbath of April last, accidents happened on *six* out of the *seven* railroads between Albany and Buffalo. On all property was destroyed and life endangered; and on one a fatal accident occurred, causing several deaths, in most distressing circumstances. Several persons were killed outright; one was crushed under a boiler, the friends of another were picking out his mangled limbs from the ruins of a shattered car, and three individuals nearly dead were carried to a neighbouring farm-house; and cars, baggage, mail bags, and locomotives, were mingled in the fearful wreck, while the smoke of the half-extinguished fires of the locomotives threw a dismal sadness over the scene.

Such events, if not *special*, certainly *are warning providences*, speaking in terror to the violators of God's holy day. When will men learn to feel that God is in earnest, when he commands all to "Remember the Sabbath-day?"—*American paper*.

UNHAPPY HAPPINESS.

Some men are so unhappy in having happy wits, that they make their wit their happiness—jesting themselves out of all that is earnest, and like fools make sport of every thing, even sin itself. Alas! what pity it is that men so witty should have no more wit than to destroy themselves! A jesting lie, or a lie in jest, may make a man to lie in hell in earnest.—*Venning*.

Fragments.

The Christian's feeling himself weak, makes him strong.

Genuine benevolence is not stationary, but *peripatetic*. It *goeth* about doing good.

Some things, which could not otherwise be read in the book of nature, are legible enough in it when the lamp of revelation is held up to it.

It is easier to do a great deal of mischief than to accomplish a little good.

THE INFLUENCE OF FAMILY WORSHIP ON VISITORS, GUESTS, AND NEIGHBOURS.

BY THE REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, NEW YORK.

As "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself," it is right and seemly that this principle of devotion to the Lord should be impressed on the domestic organization. The Christian household is not for itself; by grace it may be as a city set on a hill. Family worship is a means of carrying out this influence.

Good and evil are constantly and rapidly propagated from house to house. What we denominate public opinion and public character, are very much dependent on this agency, which is not less certain than the silent but mighty transmission of the electric fluid in the material world. The dialect of towns and provinces is thus originated and fixed; modes of dress, and furniture, and living, are carried from circle to circle; extravagance and vice circulate by the same channels; as do likewise political opinions, and even religious sentiments. Such are the action and re-action between man and man, that we never go into a neighbour's house, or receive a neighbour into our own, without giving or receiving some imperceptible impression; and by the sum of these are our character and manners formed.

Families differ very widely in respect to their freedom of intercourse. While some are shut up within themselves, others keep open doors, and are frequented by numbers of visitors and guests. When the friend whom we cherish is under our roof, he should be made to discern the reigning principle of the place. In a dwelling where there is no worship he may be pardoned if he say, "Surely the fear of God is not in this place." But in a religious household, even the casual visitor must sometimes be made sensible that there is a perpetual reference to another world. Suppose him to be under the Christian roof at the appointed hour of prayer. It is well in every such case if the service is not omitted or postponed. He may be a stranger to such solemnities: he may be even careless or profane. Yet when he sees the whole family gathered, with stillness and decorum; when he hears the Word of God read, and joins in the psalm of praise, and kneels with the rest in an act of worship, it will not be marvellous if he be drawn to some new and serious reflection. The impression may be greater than we suppose, from the very influence of novelty. These acts of divine service will have a tendency to show him, that here, at least, is a circle in which God is continually recognised. If a householder himself, he will necessarily be led to contrast with this the condition of his own domestic affairs; and if he is a professing Christian, living in neglect of this duty, he will doubtless experience a pang of conscience. Example is powerful: he may see his way more clear, to make his own habitation a house of prayer.

"Some years ago," says Mr Hamilton of London, "an Irish wanderer, his wife, and his sister, asked a night's shelter in the cabin of a pious schoolmaster. With the characteristic hospitality of his nation, the schoolmaster made them welcome. It was the hour for evening worship, and when the strangers were seated, he began by reading slowly and solemnly the 2d chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The young man sat astonished. The expressions, 'dead in trespasses and sin,' 'children of wrath,' 'walking after the course of this world,' were new to him. He sought an explanation. He was told that this is God's account of the state of man by nature. He felt that it was exactly his own state. 'In this way I have walked from my childhood. In the service of the god of this world we have come to your house.' He was on the way to a fair, where he intended to pass a quantity of counterfeit money. But God's Word had found him out. He produced his store of coin, and begged his host to cast it into the fire, and asked anxiously if he could not obtain the Word of God for himself. His request was complied with, and next morning, with the new treasure, the party, who had now no errand to the fair, returned to their own home. Perhaps by this time the pious schoolmaster has met his guest within the gates of the city, outside of which are thieves, and whatsoever maketh a lie. But I cannot enumerate all the conversions which have occurred at the Church in the house."

"A few years ago," says the same writer, "an English gentleman visited America, and spent some days with a pious friend. He was a man of talent and accomplishments, but an infidel. Four years afterwards he returned to the same house, a Christian. They wondered at the change, but little suspected when and where it had originated. He told them that when he was present at their family worship, on the first evening of his former visit, and when after the chapter was read, they all knelt down to pray, the recollection of such scenes in his father's house, long years ago, rushed on his memory, so that he did not hear a single word. But the occurrence made him *think*, and his thoughtfulness ended in his leaving the howling wilderness of infidelity, and finding a quiet rest in the salvation wrought out by Jesus Christ."

By this pleasing incident we are led to observe, that the influence of family worship is peculiarly great upon guests who abide for some days or weeks in a Christian house, even if they have been brought up at home without such privileges. All that has just been pointed out here operates more freely and for a longer time. The beauty of holiness, and the pleasantness of the ways of God, are silently brought before their contemplations. We could name instances in which such a sojourn in a pious family has made deep impressions on worldly minds, in favour of evangelical religion. This ought surely to rest on the thoughts of Christian householders, in the way of duty. We are, perhaps, ready enough to make our guests welcome, to provide for their lodging and refreshment, to show them the wonders of our environs, and to invite friends for their entertainment; but besides this, we owe a duty to their souls. It ought not for a moment to be thought possible, that a dear friend or relative should stay weeks, or even days, in our house, without receiving some spiritual advantage. How often have the visits of careless young persons to godly families been made instrumental of their salvation! Among the means tending in this direction, we know none more fruitful than that which forms the subject of this paper.

But we must by no means narrow down the efficacy of daily worship to that which takes place within a particular house. The whole neighbourhood feels the influence. Let us not undervalue the power of Christianity. No single believer can abide long in a place without making it in some degree better; the true leaven will work—the true light will shine. Nor can any consistent, God-fearing household fail of diffusing a hallowed force, in every direction. Bad influences fly thus, why shall not good ones? It is true, from the depravity of our nature, men follow evil rather than good; but it is also true, blessed be God! that divine grace uses the very same channels of connexion for the conveyance of truth and holiness.

Suppose only a single pious family, observing the worship of God, without shame or concealment, in the midst of a wicked society. Their peculiar ways, and this service in particular, will attract notice and beget remark. The visitor, or the passer-by, will hear the voice of praise or prayer. The observation will be natural, That house is a house of prayer; God is honoured in that house. Neighbours will learn that here is a man who arranges all his business, and fixes all his hours, with reference to the daily household devotion, which nothing is allowed to interrupt. There are occasions in which this peculiarity of the dwelling is brought into full light. In cases of sudden illness, calamity, or soul-trouble, every one will know whither to go for a praying man, to kneel by the bed of death, or to speak peace to the troubled conscience. Where such households are multiplied in any town or neighbourhood, by means of counsel and example, there is a mighty increase given to the expansive Christian principle, such as often changes the whole face of society. How earnestly ought we to pray that this particular means of social and national improvement may receive an immediate extension throughout our beloved land; and that unfaithful professors, living in neglect of this plain duty, may awake to repentance and reformation! What a change might we expect soon to see in regions where now the feeble piety which exists is like a half-expiring taper, which scarcely reaches beyond its little home-circle!

We are under the humbling impression that this is one of the points in regard to which, with all our boast of superior privileges, we have not improved on the example of our pious forefathers. Among the Presbyterians of Scotland, and the English Nonconformists of the seventeenth century, there was probably a far smaller proportion of Christian professors living in prayerless houses than among ourselves. The performance of this duty was made matter of special investigation, by pastors and elders, and even by superior judicatories of the Church. And the effect was a diffusion of piety, more unobtrusive perhaps, but not less rapid, and certainly not less sound, than that which, in our day, we are fond of seeking by periodical excitements and doubtful measures. The sacred treasure of one house became the portion of many, and whole communities caught the fire which may have been enkindled in a corner. Such was the case in the town of Kidderminster, which was blessed with the labours of that eminent servant of God, Richard Baxter; and his testimony, however familiar, is too valuable to be omitted in this place.

"On the Lord's-day," says Mr Baxter, "there was no disorder to be seen in the streets; but you might hear a hundred families singing psalms, and repeating sermons, as you passed through the streets. When I came thither first, there was about one family in a street that worshipped God and called on his name; and when I came away, there were some streets where there was not above one family in the side of a street that did not so, and that did not, by professing serious godliness, give us some hopes of their sincerity; and those families which were the worst, being inns and alehouses, usually some persons in each did seem to be religious. Some of the poor men did competently understand the Body of Divinity, and were able to judge in difficult controversies. Some of them were so able in prayer, that very few ministers did match them in order and fulness and apt expressions, and holy oratory with fervency. Abundance of them were able to pray very laudably with their families, or with others. The temper of their minds, and the innocency of their lives, was much more laudable than their parts."

It may sometimes be the case, that a man of humble station, and defective culture of mind, may be called upon to perform this duty in the presence of guests, or strangers, whom he regards as much superior to himself, and this will doubtless be a trial to his faith. But let him not shrink from the service of God. In a majority of instances, those very persons will go away with a higher estimate of his character, for this very act of duty. Each of us should remember the words of David, when he said, "I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed." When George IV. was in Ireland, as we find related by the Rev. Dr Sprague, he told Lord Roden, that, on a particular morning, he would breakfast with him. He accordingly came, bringing with him two or three of the nobility, and happened to arrive just as his lordship and family were assembled for domestic worship. Lord Roden, being informed that his royal guest had arrived, went to the door, and with every token of respect, conducted him into the house. Then, turning to the king, he said, "Your majesty will not doubt that I feel highly honoured by this visit, but there is a duty which I have not yet discharged this morning, which I owe to the King of kings—that of performing domestic worship; and your majesty will be kind enough to excuse me while I retire with my household, and attend to it." "Certainly," replied the king, "but I am going with you;" and he immediately rose and followed him into the hall, where the family were assembled, and taking his seat in an old arm-chair, remained during the family devotion.

In reading accounts of the persecuted Nonconformists, it is remarkable how often we find that they were arrested by pursuivants and other officers, at the time of family worship: this was an hour when they were sure to be taken together. Besides, at a time when the public gifts of Christ's ministers were restrained by the act of uniformity, it was not unusual for neighbours to come in at the season of domestic prayer, and thus the household assembly would often become an unlawful conventicle. Even in our own day, ministers of the gospel, and other pious persons, have opened their doors to neighbours who thirsted for truth and devotion; and in this way the religion of the family may extend itself with blessings to the vicinity. The household prayer-meeting cannot have a more auspicious origin. O when shall we behold the day when every professing Christian in our Church shall be duly awake to the power of the instrumentality which is lodged in his hands!

CHRISTIAN PHYSICIANS.

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, LONDON.*

The first Christian physician of whom we have any record is Luke. A man of faith and energy, he was the chosen companion of Paul in his missionary journeys, and had a large share in the introduction of the gospel to Europe. Luke, or Silas, as he is sometimes called, was one of those who first crossed over to Macedonia to "help" the heathen world, and on the memorable night of the Philippian earthquake he was Paul's fellow-prisoner. And no hardships cooled his zeal, no dangers quenched his courage; for, years after we find him still true to his friend and stedfast to his Saviour—the apostle's chief comfort at Rome. And as one of the first who preached the gospel on the classic shores of Greece and Italy was a member of the medical profession, so it was the accomplished pen of this beloved physician which Inspiration employed for preserving the early annals of the Christian faith, and writing one of the four narratives of the Saviour's earthly history.

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* From the *English Presbyterian Messenger.* This Magazine, to which we have of late been considerably indebted, is a vigorous well conducted monthly, which, although denominational, is yet most catholic in its spirit and contains much admirable matter of a practical kind.

Without reverting to the antiquities of the profession, I may just mention that the two most renowned names in the history of the English faculty are the names of Christian men—**Harvey**, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; and **Syndenham**, the earliest precursor of the modern practice of physic. The one was a steady member of the Church of England, and the other a hearty Puritan; but, so far as we can judge from scanty records, they were both sound divines and sincere believers.

The name of which Holland is most proud, is that of **Herman Boerhaave**. As far as I understand it, his great glory was carrying out what our own Syndenham began. The English physician had sufficient sagacity to see that symptoms are nature's efforts to get rid of a mischief, and that the great function of physic is to help nature's process; and he had strength of mind to act on what he saw. He prescribed remedies so mild and natural that patients who liked an elaborate cure thought him a trifler; and the old school blackballed him as endangering the craft and divulging the mysteries. And Boerhaave systematized the shrewd hints of Syndenham. He took for his motto, "*Simplex sigillum veri*—Simplicity the test of truth;" and instead of shrouding his knowledge in an obscure terminology, or assailing disease by remedies as direful as itself, it was his great effort to make knowledge plain and practice easy. And bringing to his adopted science all the light which anatomy, chemistry, and botany supplied, as well as his vast acquirements in mathematical and mechanical philosophy, and expounding it with that classical distinctness and homely elegance which are natural to a mind master of its subject and eager to make converts of others, his lectures at Leyden infected with medical enthusiasm a multitude of ardent youth, and carried not a few captives from the other professions. But the great secret of the moral power of Boerhaave, and one chief source of his exuberant information, was his habitual piety. Being asked how he was able to acquire so much knowledge and overtake so much business, he answered, that it was his custom on rising to spend the first hour of the morning in reading the Bible and in meditation and prayer. This gave him spirit and vigour for the engagements of the day, and the consciousness that a reconciled God was present prepared him for all emergencies. And once, when a friend asked if he knew what it was to be angry? he answered, that he was naturally of quick resentment, but daily prayer and watchfulness had given him the victory over himself. You must have noticed that in most cases moral excellence is essential to intellectual ascendency. A teacher may be exact in his science, and clear in his expositions, but from his coldness or reserve, may demonstrate with little success; whilst another, perhaps his inferior in attainment, shall fire with his own ardour a whole class of devotees. And it was Boerhaave's infectiousness, no less than his matchless information, which made him the prince of instructors. Phlegmatic Dutchman, as he ought to have been, there was a warm transfusion in his teaching which opened the heart and won the ear; and abstruse or repelling subjects became attractive in his own benignant baptism. And so far as there was a moral charm about this great oracle of last century, he himself made no secret of its cause. Faith in the sayings, and an affectionate imitation of the blessed Saviour, he often avowed to be the good means for rendering life tranquil, and for imparting elevation and magnanimity to the individual character; and they were the faith and magnanimity of his character which gave a moral spell to Boerhaave.

I feel strongly tempted to notice two pupils of this illustrious man; one of them, Sir **John Pringle**, among the first who purposely applied the resources of science to mitigate the horrors of war, and who filled the chair of the Royal Society, when every year was bringing up the great discoveries of Cook, and Hutton, and Priestley, and Maskelyne—but who added to all his honours a happiness to which his youth was a stranger, and who, from calm and earnest study, became, and in the most scoffing age and amidst philosophic sceptics, avowed himself, a believer in the Bible. The other, as much the glory of Switzerland as Boerhaave was the pride of Holland; one of the most eminent combinations of genius with industry, and taste with science, and piety with all which our species has ever yielded; an anatomist, whose researches in physiology and the structure of the human frame have never been superseded; a botanist, who produced the most complete and beautiful of native Floras; a scholar, who published a descriptive list of 18,000 books belonging to his own profession; a poet, who wrote the most popular works of all his living countrymen; a professor, for whose services the sovereigns of England, Russia, and Prussia, competed, and who received beneath his roof the visit of an emperor; but, above all, a Christian, whose "Letters on the Truth of Revelation" give the triumphant reason of the hope that was in him; and whose pure morals and gentle disposition, whose cheerful life and tranquil death, alongside of his neighbour at Coppet, looked as if providence designed a contrast between the wise man and the wit, the believer and the infidel—HALLER and Voltaire. But instead of dwelling on distant or foreign instances, I would hasten to the nearest and most recent parallels.

No doubt many here have read the last days of Dr THOMAS BATEMAN. His history is interesting as the transition from materialism to the faith of the gospel, and as the change from worldly morality and honourable conduct to that gospel's higher standard of holiness. It was a year before his death that, after some serious conversation, he one Sabbath allowed a friend to read to him Scott's "Essay on the Inspiration of Scripture." His clear and vigorous intellect accompanied every sentence with intensest earnestness, and, as powerful minds are apt, perhaps saw the argument more forcible than the judicious author puts it. When the essay was ended, he exclaimed, "This is demonstration! complete demonstration!" and begged his friend to read to him the account in the Gospel of Christ's resurrection. For some days his quickened mind was all avidity for Scripture, and, as he had nearly lost his sight, he constantly employed those around him in reading to him from the Bible; and, as one morning soon after he expressed it, "It is quite impossible to describe the change in my mind. I feel as if a new world were opened to me, and all the interests and pursuits of this have faded into nothing in comparison with it." And though he saw from the first the atonement's sufficiency, and had no distrust about his personal forgiveness, he could only speak with bitter tears of his former life of irreligion and rebellion against God. Led on step by step, he soon reached the peace unspeakable of a confirmed believer; and though he had often feasted on intellectual pleasures, and had quaffed with undisguised delight the cup of human praise and professional success, and had entered with exuberant zest into most worldly amusements, he now for the first time tasted true happiness. "The blessing of his conversion," he frequently declared, "was never out of his mind; it was a theme of perpetual thanksgiving; and he never awoke in the night without being overwhelmed with joy and gratitude in the recollection of it." And once, when a friend inquired if there were no interruption in his joyful emotions, he answered, "For some months past, never; and never the smallest rising of anything like impatience and complaint." There must surely be a glorious reality in that religion which made fame and fortune so suddenly look like dross in the eyes of a man lately burning with ambition; and there must be a divine attraction in that Saviour who drew away from gay society and a lifesome world this brilliant man in the vigour of his power, and made him exclaim, as he felt death's palsy creeping up his limbs, "Oh yes! I am GLAD to go!"

There are few members of another profession for whom I confess a more entire admiration than Dr MASON GOODE. Devoted to his calling, and distinguished by his abundant acquaintance with its numberless details—his publications proving him a master of its science, and withal most successful in its practice—he had all the enthusiasm for other branches of knowledge which the more expansive natures exhibit and whilst an adept in many, and striving to be simple and familiar in all, he was a sciolist or tyro in none. Those who have read his notes to Lucretius, and Job, must be impressed with the extent of his scholarship; and from these translations and his "Book of Nature" united, we have carried away a delightful idea of their author's picturesque eye and gorgeous fancy. We recognise the devout and scientific musings of a St Pierre dissolved in the sunny verse of Thomson. And when we are told that the popular lecturer, the bookish scholar, the extensive author, the fervent poet, and the busy practitioner, was no less the fond father and the cheerful but instructive companion, we confess that there are few from whom we would sooner take a lesson in the art of living. And though something must be ascribed to a constitutional activity, more may be traced to a scriptural and deepening piety. Even in the days when he frequented a Socinian chapel, the fear of God was before his eyes, and he wished to be more devout than his meagre creed permitted. But when he was graciously guided into the "truth supreme," when in "God manifest in the flesh" he found a resting-place for his spirit and a rapture to his inert convictions, there came a new comfort over his home; and in the personality and affectionateness of this better creed he found fresh beauty in every object, and a new incentive to every exercise. And though it is asking you to form an idea of one departed by showing a lock of hair, yet as a little sample of those pleasant thoughts which blossomed along our London streets as a busy but cheerful Christian trod them, I may read the following:—

"Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep
  Need we to prove a God is here;
The DAISY, fresh from Winter's sleep,
  Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

"For who but He that arch'd the skies,
  And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
  Could form the daisy's purple bud?

"Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
  Its crimson fringe so nicely spin;
And drench in dew the topaz gem
  That, set in silver, gleams within?

"And fling it unrestrained and free,
  O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
  In every step the stamp of God?"

But, perhaps, the finest specimen of living Christianity lately recorded in the medical profession is the instance of Dr HOPE. My medical hearers are acquainted with those contributions he made to the literature of his science, and of which, of course, I only know by report. But there is something truly sublime, which any reader may appreciate, in that power of application and heroic self-command, to which, under God, he owed his rapid rise and enduring reputation. Averse to the profession, he forced himself to enter it, because it was his father's wish; and, naturally revolting from research into the structure of the corporeal frame, he compelled himself to be a skilful dissector, and became one of the most famous anatomical draughtsmen whom England has yielded. Nor have we a nobler specimen of devoted industry than in the self-denial with which he closed his eyes on magazines and newspapers and amusing literature till his great and laborious works were ended. And there is something spirit-stirring in the swift and steady rise to the high places of the faculty of the youth who came to London with only one private acquaintance there. But the grandest thing of all is to see how this vigorous mind was at once strengthened and softened by the grace of God. Whilst travelling in Italy he got acquainted with a pious English family, and impressed by the happy scene he witnessed there, he wrote to his brother, "Whatever the world may say, my dear George, it is a clear case to me that the saints have the laugh on their side. If wishing would add me to their number I would get enrolled to-morrow." And it was not long till he got "enrolled." Soon after his settlement in London he felt constrained to bestow all the energies of his calm and comprehensive intellect on the study of revealed religion; and under the teaching of God's Spirit he was soon guided into a conclusive belief of the great saving truth. To that Divine Redeemer whom he then discovered his soul clave with an affiance which the events of life never shook, and which death only made final; and with a singleness of aim betokening the child of God, he learned to look on every step in his professional rise as an additional advantage for promoting God's glory in the world. And there were three things in his eminently intelligent but no less practical piety which we think can never be too often repeated, nor too much sought after—his reverence for the Sabbath, his constant recourse to prayer, and the death by which he glorified God. On the Lord's-day he always attended public worship twice, and he usually contrived to secure several hours for the study of his only theological text-book, the Bible. And so much did he honour the Divine command, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy," that twice over he cheerfully risked his appointment to an important office, rather than canvass, or do "any work" on that day. And rejoicing in God's special providence, believing that to omnipotence there is nothing arduous, and to omniscience nothing too minute, he was a man of prayer. "No work was commenced without asking for the Divine blessing; no important step taken without applying for the Divine guidance; when harassed by professional vexation, it was by prayer he regained his wonted serenity; and, when surrounded by difficulties and threatened by disappointment, in prayer he found a strength not his own, and submission to the will of God, whatever that might be." And just as his life was devoted to God, so the Lord wonderfully supported his servant when he came to die. In his fortieth year, stricken with a mortal malady, his clear foresight told the end and nearly fixed the date. But having already completed the grand preparation, his main anxiety was to fill up the nine months on which he counted with work that should serve his generation. He continued to practise as long as his strength permitted, and then stopped, only reserving time to complete two medical memoirs, and as he found that his handbreath would hardly suffice for this purpose, he tried to redeem the ebbing hours by discontinuing his daily exercise. Closing his town residence and bidding good-bye to his patients, he escaped to Hampstead; and, though he knew that it was the house where in a few weeks he must take his last look of earth, he never gazed on spring with such youthful glee as the morning after arriving there. He was only once in his carriage after that. It was to visit Highgate Cemetery, and fix all about his funeral. And as, in his own view, the grave was all streaming with the light of immortality, he was anxious that others should see it as he saw it himself, and calling to him his only child, he would say, "You see, Theodore, what a lucky fellow I am. You have your fortune to make; but mine is ready made for me. I am going to my heavenly inheritance. You know how hard I used to work formerly to get fees for you and mama; but all that is over now—my toil is at an end." The radiance of the better country had so settled all around him that his dearest friends felt heaven open for him; and every indication of nearer departure sensibly cheered himself. His trust was all in Jesus. "I have often taken a practical chapter of the New Testament, such as the winding up of one of the Epistles, or the Sermon on the Mount. I have determined to act up to it during the day; but, alas! I often forgot it altogether, and when I did remember it, how miserably did I fall short of it! This, more than anything, showed me the original sin in my nature, and threw me on the promises of Christ. I found it was useless to rest too much on details; but I took fast hold upon the grand leading truth, that Christ is an all-sufficient satisfaction for sin." And at last one happy midnight, when he found himself dying, he called to his wife and said, "I will not make speeches; but I have two things to say." The first was an affectionate farewell to herself; and in uttering it he was seized with violent coughing. When that had abated, she reminded him that he had something else to say, and begged him to take the earliest opportunity. "The second is soon said. Christ is all in all to me. I have no hope except in Him. He is, indeed, all in all."

ARE YOU A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER?

If you are, you are engaged in a good work. Yes, it is good, both as acceptable to God, and as profitable to men. It is good in its direct operation, and good in its reflex action. It is not merely teaching the young idea how to shoot, but, what is still more important, it is teaching the young and tender affection what to fix upon, and where to entwine itself. Nothing hallows the Sabbath more than the benevolent employment of the Sabbath school teacher. It is more than lawful to do such good on the Sabbath-day. It has great reward. Continue to be a Sabbath school teacher. Be not weary in this well-doing. Do not think you have served long enough in the capacity of teacher, until you have served life out, or until there shall be no need of one saying to another, "Know the Lord." What if it be laborious? It is the labour of love, in the very fatigue of which the soul finds refreshment.

But perhaps you are not a Sabbath school teacher. "No, I am not," methinks I hear one say. "I am not a professor of religion. You cannot expect me to be a teacher." You ought to be both, and your not being the first is but a poor apology for declining to be the other. The neglect of one obligation is a poor excuse for the neglect of another. You seem to admit that if you professed religion, it would be your duty to teach in the Sabbath school. Now, whose fault is it that you do not profess religion?

But you are "not good enough," you say. Then you need so much the more the re-action of such an occupation to make you better. The way to *get* good is to do it. "But I am not a young person." And what if you are not? You need not be very young in order to be a useful Sabbath school teacher. We don't want mere *novices* in the Sabbath school. If you are not young, then you have so much more *experience* to assist you in the work. Do Sabbath school teachers become *superannuated* so much earlier in life than any other class of benefactors—so much sooner than ministers and parents? There is a prevailing mistake on this subject.

But you are married, you say. And what if you are? Because you have married a wife or husband, is that any reason why you should not come into the Sabbath school? Many people think that as soon as they are married, they are released from the obligation of assisting in the Sabbath school. But I do not understand this to be one of the immunities of matrimony. As well might they plead that in discharge of the obligation to every species of good-doing. Such might, at least, postpone this apology till the cares of a family have come upon them. And even then, I wonder how many hours of the Sabbath are devoted to the instruction of their children, by those parents who make the necessity of attending to the religious culture of their families, an apology for not entering the Sabbath school: and I wonder if their children could not be attended to in other hours than those usually occupied in Sabbath school instruction; and thus, while they are not neglected, other children, who have no parents that care for their souls, receive a portion of their attention. I think this not impossible.

But perhaps you say, "There are enough others to teach in the Sabbath school." There would not be enough—there would not be any, if all were like you. But it is a mistake; there are not enough others. You are wanted. Some five or six children, of whom Christ has said, "Suffer them to come to me," will grow up without either learning or religion, unless you become a teacher. Are all the children in the place where you live gathered into the Sabbath school? Are there none that still wander on the Lord's-day, illiterate and irreligious? Is there a competent number of teachers in the existing schools, so that more would rather be in the way than otherwise? I do not know how it is where you live, but where I live, there are boys and girls enough, ay, too many, who go to no Sabbath school. It is only for a teacher to go out on the Sabbath, and he readily collects a class of children willing to attend; and where I reside, there are not teachers enough for the scholars already collected. Some classes are without a teacher; and presently the children stay away, because, they say, they come to the school, and there is no one to attend to them. He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," knows this; and he knows who of "his sacramental host" might take charge of these children, and do not. They say every communion season, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and the Lord replies, "Suffer little children to come unto me." And there the matter ends.

But I hear one say, "I *was* once a teacher." And do you not blush to own that you became weary in this species of well-doing? "But I think I taught long enough." How long did you teach? Till there were no more to learn? Till you could teach no longer? Are you dead? If not, you are resting from your labours rather prematurely. This excuse resembles one which I heard of, as from a lady of wealth, who, having for several years been a subscriber to the Bible Society, at length ordered her name to be struck off, alleging that she thought she had done her part towards disseminating the Bible! The world was not supplied: oh, no, not even the country; and her means were not exhausted. But she had done her part! Had she done *what she could*? The woman whom Jesus commended "*had* done what she could." But this is a digression.

But one says, "I want the Sabbath for myself—for rest and for improvement." And who does not? Are you busily employed all the week? So are some of our most faithful teachers. You ought to be "diligent in business" during the days of the week. "Six days shalt thou labour." "But is there any *rest* in Sabbath school teaching?" The soul finds some of its sweetest rest in the works of mercy, and often its richest improvement in the care to improve others.

But perhaps you say, though with some diffidence you express this objection, that you belong to a circle in society whose members are not accustomed to teach in the Sabbath school. Do you mean that you are *above* the business? You must be exceedingly *elevated* in life to be above the business of gratuitously communicating the knowledge of God to the young and ignorant. You must be exalted above the very throne of God itself, if you are above caring for poor children. "But I should have to mingle with those beneath me in rank." Ah, I supposed that Christianity had destroyed the distinction of rank; not indeed by depressing any, but by elevating all. Should Christians, all cleansed by the same blood and Spirit, treat other Christians as common?

"But I am not qualified to teach." If you are not in reality, you should undertake teaching for the sake of learning. The best way to learn any thing, is to teach it. If you really think yourself not qualified, your very humility goes far towards qualifying you.

"Oh, it is too laborious: there is so much self-denial in it." And do I hear a disciple of Christ complaining of labour and self-denial, when these are among the very conditions of discipleship? Is the disciple above his Master? Can you follow Christ without going where he went? And went he not about doing good? Pleased he himself?

Ah, I know what is the reason of this deficiency of Sabbath school teachers, and I will speak it out. It is owing to a deplorable want of Christian benevolence in them who profess to be Christ's followers. They lack the love that is necessary to engage one in this labour of love. They have no *heart* for the work.—*Nevins.*

GOD WILL RIGHT HIMSELF.

Let us avoid sin, as much as we may. And, though we cannot stay ourselves from going in, let us stay ourselves from going on: lest our God complain against us. If we make him sorrowful for a time, he can make us sorrowful for ever. If we anger him, he can anger all the veins of our hearts. If, instead of serving God by our obedience, we make him serve with our sins, he will make us serve with his plagues; if we drive God to call a convocation of heaven, and earth—"Hear, O heaven! hearken, O earth; I have nourished children, and they have rebelled against me;" if he call on the mountains to hear his controversy, he will make us call on the mountains to help and hide our misery. "And they said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us," &c. If we put God to his querelam, controversy, and make him a plaintive, to enter his suit against us; he will put us to a complaint indeed. "Therefore shall the land mourn, and every one that dwelleth therein shall languish." He will force us to repent the time and deeds that ever made him to repent that he made us. He will strike us with such a blow, that there needeth no doubling of it. "He will make an utter end; destruction shall not rise up the second time." As Abishai would have stricken Saul, at once, "And I will not smite him the second time."

We cannot so wrong God, that he is deprived of power to right himself. His first complaint is (as I may say) in tears; his second in blood. I have read of Tamerlane, that the first day of his siege was honoured with his white colours, the second with fatal red, but the third with final black. God is not so quick and speedy in punishment; nor come his judgments with such precipitation. Nineveh after so many forties of years, shall have yet forty days. He that at last came, with his fan in his hand, and fanned but eight grains of good corn, out of a whole barn full of chaff, a whole world of people, gave them the space of one hundred and twenty years' repentance. If Jerusalem will not hear Christ's words, they shall feel his hands. They that are deaf to his voice, shall not be insensible to his blows. He that may not be heard, will be felt.

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A SON.

NINE REASONS FOR RESIGNATION.

To Mistress Craig, upon the death of her hopeful son, who was drowned while bathing in a river in France.

You have so learned Christ as now in the furnace what dross, what shining of faith may appear, must come forth. I heard of the removal of your son, Mr Thomas. Though I be dull enough in discerning, yet I was witness to some spiritual savouriness of the new birth and hope of the resurrection, which I saw in the hopeful youth, when he was, as was feared, a-dying in this city. And, since it was written and advisedly appointed, in the spotless and holy decree of the Lord, where, and before what witnesses, and in what manner, whether by a fever, the mother being at the bed, or by some other way in a far country (dear patriarchs died in Egypt, precious to the Lord, have wanted burials), your safest way will be, to be silent, and command the heart to utter no repining and fretting thoughts of the holy dispensation of God.

1. The man is beyond the hazard of dispute; the precious youth is perfected and glorified.

2. Had the youth lain year and day pained beside a witnessing mother, it had been pain and grief lengthened out to you in many portions, and every parcel would have been a little death; now his holy Majesty hath, in one lump and mass, brought to your ears the news, and hath not divided the grief into many portions.

3. It was not yesterday's thought, nor the other year's statute; but a counsel of the Lord of old: and "who can teach the Almighty knowledge?"

4. There is no way of quieting the mind, and of silencing the heart of a mother, but godly submission. The readiest way for peace and consolation to clay vessels is, that it is a stroke of the Potter and Former of all things; and since the holy Lord hath loosed the gripe, when it was fastened sure on your part, I know that your light, and I hope that your heart also, will yield. It is not safe to be at pulling and drawing with the omnipotent Lord. Let the pull go with him, for he is strong; and say, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

5. His holy method and order are to be adored: sometimes the husband before the wife, and sometimes the son before the mother; so hath the only wise God ordered; and when he is sent before, and not lost, in all things give thanks.

6. Meditate not too much on the sad circumstances—the mother was not witness to the last sigh—possibly, cannot get leave to wind the son, nor to weep over his grave; and he was in a strange land. There is a like nearness to heaven out of all the countries of the earth.

7. This did not spring out of the dust. Feed and grow fat by this medicine and fare of the only wise Lord. It is the art and the skill of faith to read what the Lord writeth upon the cross, and to spell and

right his sense; often we miscall words and
of the cross, and either put nonsense on his
urden his Majesty with slanders and mis-
en he mindeth for us thoughts of peace and
to do us good in the latter end.
but a private stroke on a family, and little
blic arrows shot against grieved Joseph, and
ed, but, ah! dead, senseless, and guilty people
This is the day of Jacob's trouble!
re is a bad way of wilful swallowing of a
on, and not digesting it, or laying it out of
without any victoriousness of faith. The
ho forbiddeth fainting, forbiddeth also de-
But it is easier to counsel than to suffer:
wise Lord furnish patience. It were not
call home the other youth.
not a little afflicted for my Lady Kenmure's
n. I desire you, when ye see her, to remem-
humble respects to her. My wife heartily
ereth her to you; and is wounded much in
ith your present condition, and suffereth with

e be with you.—Yours in the Lord, &c.

S. Rutherford.

Andrews, Aug. 4, 1660.

EVERY-DAY WRETCHEDNESS.

wonder at the wretchedness obtruding itself
t the bustling magnificence of our great towns?
ht insight into the mental and moral destitu-
f the neglected classes would remove our sur-
at their defects, and lead us to wonder rather
with such associations, so much of a fine huma-
et remains amongst them.
e now a squalid mother with four children
r side, whom she loves like a savage. She
the rags of a widow's weeds; she lives by
ompassion of passers-by, who fling her pence
oid the pain of her presence; she cannot smile,
never had any reason to do so; her heart is
g in the feeling of fatality; she doubts not
her wretchedness is the inevitable appointment
Power whose name she has never heard but in
phemy, and with which the idea of love would
be most unlikely association. Her husband died
hospital, where a medical student gave him a
which he could not read, and whispered at last,
s dying ear, of Jesus and the resurrection; and
eath the man wept and wondered that such words
never reached his ear before. His parents and
wife's parents were vagabonds and outcasts, and
as never known that any of their generation
ld read. The creed of the Egyptians under the
raohs was a creed of light, compared to the pal-
ble darkness of their minds. That haggard widow
only be a whispering beggar in the metropolis
calculation and commerce. What wonder! Two
tle girls creep feebly by her side; their faces are
d, and withered, and sad; they will soon die.
e baby on her bosom is also wasting away. But
diminutive boy, about nine years old, standing at the corner, begging of those speechless ladies with feathered bonnets, has some vigour in him; he was born when his mother's heart was warmer, and his father was drudging on with some hope in his ignorance. That boy will, if left alone, probably be a thief, and come to the gallows, or be sent to Norfolk Island. He is shrewd, quick, sensitive, and already heroic in his efforts to cheat mankind, whom he supposes to be all against him. How shall that child be improved? He dwells in the midst of uncleanness and cruelty, catching the contagion of sin from the expression of almost every face, and he is in sympathy with polluted humanity in every form. How shall that susceptible young being be transformed in the spirit of his mind, so as to grow godlike, while all the influences about him tend to make and keep him hideous within? Educate—educate; stamp burning truth upon his soul; show him that you are in sympathy with heaven; impress the character of Jesus on his mind; let him feel the Saviour's love in yours; let him see how you adore actively, because the Maker of worlds, and of souls and of bodies, is pledged to redeem us from all evil. Teach him the Lord's Prayer; bid him look abroad upon the universe of light, and give him the key to its glories; give him knowledge, and you will then furnish him with motive for behaving as if he might hope to become an heir of God. That boy may be either a Barabbas or a Barnabas. Under the guardian influence of Christian associations, and the spirit that unites souls in the love of a glorified Master, who was once crucified for them, the incarnated inheritance of evil would be exchanged by that boy for a godly heritage; and, instead of growing up as an Arab amongst men, he would be able to smile like an angel, even if they should stone him, for he would still look into heaven and pray for them.—*Dr Moore.*

I AM WEARY.

Weary of pursuing objects which I can never overtake. In childhood, I wearied myself in childish diversions and sports. I was soon wearied of one, and asked for another. I wanted something new. Every new amusement or toy was the best, but it soon became old, and ceased to satisfy. I wanted "something else." When grown to youth, I was scarcely less a child, and none the less wearied than formerly. I sought a new class of pleasures, and had an increase of dreamy plans for future life; but found myself no more satisfied with anything attained, and no less restless in the pursuit of something just before me, than when I was a little child. If I acquired one desired thing, I had scarcely begun to enjoy it before a new object glittered in the distance, and then I had no rest, but must straightway be off in hot pursuit, and not one in a thousand of the glowing things which dazzled my eyes ever came to my possession. So has it been, more or less, through my whole life. I have wearied myself in the pursuit of Will-with-the-wisps, or in hunting for air castles and fairy lands, far more than in prudent labour for substantial good. I have left valuable realities to chase after "airy nothings."

Weary of pursuing what is not worth the pains and labour. *Riches!* What of them? Whom can they make more comfortable than a moderate competence would have made them? Whom that is worthy of respect did they ever make more so? Who that was benevolent became more so by riches? Whom did they ever make more modest, humble, dignified, or more truly good than they were without them? To whom does the possession of wealth give true peace? rational happiness?

Fame and honours. A breath has made them, and a breath will blow them away. The creation of popular ferment, or of a brood of flatterers, many have staked character, and honesty, and life to gain them, and have paid the forfeiture. They who have attained them have found them baubles not worth wearing, or if they are weak enough to be pleased with them, are surely rather to be pitied than envied.

Weary of *worldly cares and anxieties.* The anxieties it is sinful to indulge. The cares I ought patiently and cheerfully to bear. They are needful. They are a part of the discipline which the soul needs to make it more meet for divine service. They are inseparable from the responsibilities and duties of life. They are designed to make us thoughtful of our dependence, and to suppress the levities and triflings to which we are predisposed. They contribute to excite desire for the release and the rest set before us. But, oh! they do weary and wear away the frail tabernacle.

Weary of *sin.* Far less so than I ought to be. Otherwise such a load of it would not still press upon me. Here is a great and palpable inconsistency. Weary of a burden, and yet so constantly adding to its weight. Ah, deceitful and sinful heart! how little thou knowest thyself. Weary of sinning, yet sinning daily and hourly. How shall we, who are dead to sin, live any longer therein? I trust I do not, as having delight in sin. I trust it is true that my soul loathes it; that I am *weary* of it. But it clings to me, if I do not hold fast to it. "For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do."

Almost weary of *waiting.* I know not that I ought to say this; for I fear I have very little of the waiting posture. My lamp burns dimly; I have little oil in my vessel; my loins are loosely girt, and I am very unfaithful in watching. I fear my waiting is mostly a selfish desire for rest. Yet, Lord, is there not in it some desire for thy rest? Do I not desire to be *near* thee, that I may be *like* thee? Have I not a desire for a place in those mansions, because thou art there? Is it not my desire to be with thee, that I may see thee as thou art?

PILGRIM.

SHAKING THRONES.

LIGHT thoughts are weighty follies now. Earth's thrones
Are shaking, and affrighted monarchs feel
Their ominous vibrations. What a peal
Was that I heard! Commingled shouts and groans
Proclaim one fallen: France no longer owns
Her Louis! Though but yesterday his heel
Seem'd firmly fix'd, and he defied the steel,
And reason-prompted purpose of her sons,
To-day we find him not: he's toppled down
Amongst—beneath them! Subjects rise and stand
Erect, who to his confiscated crown
Once knelt, and homage paid at his command.
Such are their sov'reigns when the nations frown;
And such the wrath of Heaven's avenging hand.

BEAUTY AND BLOOD.

IF we feel anything of true loveliness, we shall, above all things, promote love. But, alas! men dislike deformity, and hate evil in every one but themselves, because they find no mirror to reflect their own moral image, and will not look into the law of God. Hence they can worship exterior beauty while unconscious of intrinsic hideousness. So deeply deluding is our outward life, that unless we are honest at heart, the more that is said and thought of the moral and personal excellence of others, the more apt are we to question the motives that influence them. Those who are hateful are always ready to become calumnious, and those are already outrageous who seek for pictured and extraneous beauty, rather than to be beauteous in their souls. The most horrible deeds of darkness and cruelty have been perpetrated by the worshippers of a pictorial religion, and the fiercest defence of nominal public virtue has been the fruit of intensest private vice.

The worship of a beauty exalted and apart from any relation to a man's own soul, is consistent with a zeal that leads to massacre and murder. The fifty thousand victims of St Bartholomew were sacrificed to the power that presided over imposing forms in the name of God. The men who would have bowed to a picture of the Blessed Virgin, as divine, could stab a living mother with a babe upon her bosom. Because they had no beauty in their souls, they pierced again the heart of Jesus, while they seemed to kneel at his cross, and they thought to serve the Son of the Highest, by execrating those for whom he died. Light had lost its meaning to their eyes. As sight is a spiritual sense, and we do not behold the objects as material things, but only perceive the different degrees of antagonism between light and darkness, which we call colours, so these zealots of beauty made their own colours out of the darkness that was in them, when the true light shone upon it.

The love of beauty is one with the love of goodness, in a mind purified by holy truth. But a nice taste for the fine arts, as means of pleasure, may prevail in a breast without humanity. The mob of murderers, with guns and bayonets, in the French Revolution of 1792, pursued the fugitives from the Palace of the Tulleries into the gardens; but they refrained from firing on those who, in vain efforts to escape from their assassins, climbed up the marble monuments abounding there; and, lest the statues should be injured, they pricked down their victims, murdering them at their feet, with steel dripping with gore warm from the heart. Thus the divine beauty of a human form was mangled by lovers of beauty in stone. As usual, men, women, and children were butchered at the feet of idols; for devotion to Apollo and to Venus is but the madness of pride and lust. The true perception of beauty was of course impossible in such savages. Men cannot see beauty while they merely look at appearances, because the spiritual relation of things is not discerned by the bodily vision. It demands a spiritual eye-sight and apprehension. Beauty in the abstract is truth—the embodiment of moral law: it is an attribute of God. But in our relative view of the Divine love and power, as exhibited in the uses of created forms, beauty is, in fact, that order of things which tends to preserve the complacency of man; and, while pleasingly exciting his attention, encourages the social affections. It is, in short, the visible expression of God's purpose in nature, the end of which is to promote harmony between thought, feeling, and action.—*Dr Moore.*

PUNCTUALITY.

It is said of Melancthon, that when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that no time might be wasted in idleness or suspense; and of Washington, that when his secretary being repeatedly late in his attendance, laid the blame on his watch, he replied, "You must get another *watch*, or I another *secretary*."

I WILL TURN HEREAFTER.

1. *You will not turn now.*—That is, you will abide rebels to God, devils to yourselves, vassals to the devil, idolizers of this vain world, &c. This you will do, though you know it unjust, unsafe, unprofitable, ungrateful, and all that is worst; and though you would think it hard if God should hold you in such a state against your wills, or suffer Satan to keep you in it by force. This you will do, though you know that if God should now use you like yourselves (that is, like irreconcilable enemies, even against his very entreaties), you must be sent quick to hell;—though you know, too, that every sin you commit makes conversion harder, if ever it be made; and hell hotter for you, if it be not made; this you will do; of choice you will, and because you will; without any reasons that you dare to produce, or let mortal men hear you speak.

2. *You will turn hereafter.*—Thy power, foolish creature, thy power! where is thy power, thy will, or thy reason? Thy power, man! Canst thou live as long as thou wilt? Canst thou save thyself from distraction, delusions of Satan, &c.? Art thou able thyself to supply thyself with necessaries, natural and supernatural, now and hereafter? Well; if thou couldst, say plainly, What is thy will? It is a will not moved by God's threats or promises to fear or love him. If it were so, thou wouldst convert now. And if it be not so, what is thy purpose, for all thy fair promise? Dost thou intend hereafter to turn unto a God neither feared nor loved? Surely thou dost not. Thinkest thou that thou shalt hereafter fear and love him? I ask, What should make thee so think? He will for ever be the same God that now he is. Lay to thy heart what I tell thee:—If God be not just now worthy of fear and love, then he never was or will be so; for he changes not. In a word, what, if thou hadst both power to convert when thou wouldst, and hadst a real will to convert hereafter to God! where is the reason for staying without and against God all the while? Thou art servant, he is Lord; thou the child, he the Father. When servants run away, and will not return to their masters; and very children run away, and will not come back to their fathers; no, though the masters and fathers call and send and promise, and do not need them, while they all the while need their masters and fathers: all people conclude there is a cause of this, and a fault must lie somewhere in one of the parties. Either the father is unnatural, and the master cruel; or else the child is a viper, and the servant a monster. Speak, man, and say now where is the fault? what is the cause that thou canst not yet be prevailed with to return to thy Lord and Father? Thou must charge him or thyself with most black and bloody faults. If thou layest it on God, thou makest him worse than the devil, and proclaimest Satan the better master and father of the two. If thou takest the blame on thyself, I ask thee, how thou canst endure to see, hear, or think of thyself! a creature hating its God, that is all love, and all loveliness! No words, I think—no words of mine, I am sure—can express how blasphemous or how self-condemned they are, all that put off conversion to another time.

Alas! here is life and all in the case. Conversion is the life of thy soul, man: it is dying, till it convert; it is in hell, till thou convert. And is this a fit word?—"I will then convert hereafter." Thy darling child drops into the fire, and thou promisest to come and help it out to-morrow: a very kind creature thou wilt be thought, and as wise a one! Upon every account I may say of these promises of turning hereafter, as was said of Judas: "It had been better they had never been born." And they be Judases indeed; for, though they flatter and kiss, they betray and kill poor souls.—*Burgess.*

A HAPPY HOME.

A HAPPY home greatly depends on the recreations and amusements which are provided for young people. It is no small difficulty to give a useful direction to their play hours. Little more has been contemplated in the gambols of youth than the health and activity of their bodies, and the refreshment of their spirits. It is well when these objects can be attained without the indulgence of sinful tempers; but youthful sports have often proved the nursery of pride, ambition, and contention. In public schools these evils have been encouraged, or at least deemed unavoidable. The seed of revenge in manhood has been planted in boyish violence, and the unheeded acts of oppression by the elder boys towards their juniors have trained them to tyranny in riper years. Private education affords greater facilities for checking these evils, but the want of the stimulus supplied by numbers is apt to render the pastime uninteresting and home distasteful.

Legh Richmond was alive to these inconveniences, and endeavoured by succession and variety of recreations to employ the leisure hours to advantage. He had recourse to what was beautiful in nature, or ingenious in art or science; and when abroad he collected materials to gratify curiosity. He fitted up his museum and his library with specimens of mineralogy, instruments for experimental philosophy, and interesting curiosities from every part of the world; he had his magic lantern to exhibit phantasmagoria, and teach natural history, to display picturesque beauty, and scenes and objects far-famed in different countries; his various microscopes for examining the minutiæ of plants and animals; his telescope for tracing planetary revolutions and appearances; his air-pump and other machines for illustrating and explaining the principles of pneumatics and electricity; authors of every country who treated on the improvements connected with modern science; whatever, in short, could store the mind with ideas, or interest and improve the heart. When he travelled he kept up a correspondence with his family, and narrated to them the persons, places, and adventures of his progress. On his return he enlivened many a leisure hour by larger details of all that he had observed, to amuse and improve.—*Family Scrap-Book.*

"LOOK ON THE FIELDS."

JOHN iv. 35.

CHRISTIANS! the reapers of the earth
Are adding field to field;
And all around, their harvest mirth
Proclaims a bounteous yield.

With energy they cultivate
The long-neglected ground;
And patiently, with hope, they wait
'Till golden fruit is found.

The reaper, Death, is busy too;
His sickle swift he plies,
While gath'ring those who turn to you
With loud, despairing cries.

"Look on the thousand fields" that lie
In distant, heathen lands,
Unseeded and uncared-for—dry,
And sow with lib'ral hands.

The prophecy of old fulfil;
Scatter the gospel seed
O'er ev'ry valley, ev'ry hill—
Let nought the work impede.

Then deserts till'd shall all rejoice;
The fruitful time shall come;
And you, with grateful, cheerful voice,
Shall sing "*the harvest home.*"

DYING GLADLY.

BEHOLD here the secret of dying! "These all died in faith." Bad men die reluctantly: life is extorted from them as if by main force. The believer dies willingly; his will is sweetly submitted to his Father's will; he makes it a religious act to die. Just as Jesus himself commended his human soul to his Father, saying, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit" (Luke xxiii. 46); so his believing disciple commends his soul to Jesus, and through him to the Father. Here, I repeat, is the secret how to die happily. To those who know not that secret, it is a fearful thing to die. It is a serious matter for any. But to the worldly-minded and ungodly, if not past feeling, to die, must be, as one of the heathen philosophers (Aristotle) confessed it, "of all formidable things the most formidable." Only mention a neighbour's death in a gay circle; lo, you have thrown a gloom over the whole assembly—all are evidently sorry that the topic was introduced. The ancient Romans would not mention death in plain words, if they could avoid it, but only by circumlocution and implication. The heathens, at this day, in like manner, "shun all conversation on death, as most repugnant to their feelings;" I quote the words of an eye-witness: "They account it the height of cruelty to speak of the probability of a sick friend's death, even to his relatives." Even serious Christians are often in bondage through fear of death. It is such a venture; a mistake may be so fatal: to go before God is so awful; judgment will bring to light such secrets; that many think, How can I die? Yet you all must. Be persuaded, give your soul to Jesus now; do it again from day to day; and then, when your dying day is come, again approach the Saviour, and say "Lord, I hear thee calling for my spirit; I see the waggons sent to fetch me home to thee; in the hand of death I recognise thy hand of love; thou askest for my soul; take it, for it is thine. Do with it what thou wilt, I have given it to thee to be washed in thy blood, and sanctified by thy Spirit; I am sure thou wilt do it no harm!"

Does a thought here arise, And what shall become of my poor body? Why, even if, like Stephen's, it were battered and bruised with stones murderously hurled, even though it were burning at a stake, or tortured on a rack, you need not mind; look but that the soul be safe; and then, whatever may become of the body, Jesus will take care of thy dust and ashes. The remains of his faithful servants are to him the most precious parts of this material earth. They form a pledge of his final coming. For if your souls are truly his, he will hereafter raise up your bodies glorious, incorruptible. immortal, like unto his own. (Phil. iii. 21.)—*Hambleton.*

Fragments.

Why was the Bread of Life hungry, but that he might feed the hungry with the bread of life? Why was Rest itself weary, but to give the weary rest? Why was the Prince of peace in trouble, but that the troubled might have peace? None but the Image of God could restore us to God's image. None but the Prince of peace could bring the God of peace, and the peace of God, to poor sinners.—*Dyer.*

Some professors pass for very meek, good-natured people, until you displease them. They resemble a pool or pond which, while you let it alone, looks clean and limpid, but if you put in a stick and stir the bottom, the rising sediment soon discovers the impurity that lurks beneath.

God will confound the language of those sons of pride who cry up the powers of nature; as if man with the slime of his own free will, and the bricks of his own self-righteousness, were able to rear up a building whose top might reach to heaven itself.

The times are such that it is almost impossible for a man to go to heaven without getting a nickname by the way. But it is better to go to heaven with a nickname, than to go to hell without one.

Sin being the disease, and holiness the health of our souls, and the chastenings of God being the physic to effect this cure by, surely we had better take the remedy, though it make us sick, than keep our disease, which will make us die. (Heb. xii. 9.) The remedy is better than the disease, affliction better than sin. (Job xxxvi. 21.) It were an ill choice to choose sin rather than affliction.

To go out of God's way for life, is to go out of the way of life. (John v. 39, 40, vi. 68, xiv. 6; Acts iv. 12.) It is not only lost labour, but the way to death, to seek life out of or without Christ Jesus. (Rom. ix. 30, 33, x. 3, 4.)

I have heard of a lady who, hearing of the death of her two sons in one day (and that in such a way as would make the ears of him that should hear to tingle), uttered these words: "I see God will leave me nothing to love but himself." God takes that from our love which would take our love from him—God parts that and us which would part us and him. When God leaves us with a little to love, it is that our love may cleave much to him.

THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY TO BE KEPT IN VIEW.

BY THE REV. J G. PIKE, DERBY.

"And let Jerusalem come into your mind."—Jer. ii. 50.

This and the preceding chapter contain one prophecy, foretelling the destruction of Babylon. Its predictions have long since been literally and wonderfully fulfilled. The land where that proud city once stood is now a dreary waste, and so completely has the desolation foretold been realized that a modern traveller states, "Not a habitable spot appears for countless miles." The predictions of Jeremiah, and those of Isaiah (xiii. xiv.), have received their awful accomplishment.

The prophets who foretold the ruin of Babylon, predicted also the deliverance of captive Israel; and scarcely had the golden city yielded to the arms of Cyrus, before the conqueror issued a decree, proclaiming liberty to the suffering children of Abraham. In the first year of his reign, "the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus, king of Persia, that he made a proclamation throughout all his kingdom, and put it also in writing, saying, Thus saith Cyrus, king of Persia, The Lord God of heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth, and he hath charged me to build him a house at Jerusalem, which is in Judah. Who is there among you of all his people? his God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah, and build the house of the Lord God of Israel."—Ezra i. 2, 3. In what stands connected with the text, the prophet addresses those that Cyrus would set free, "Ye that have escaped the sword, go away, stand not still; remember the Lord afar off, and let Jerusalem come into your mind."

The phrase rendered "come into your mind," is of frequent occurrence,* and is more literally translated, "come upon your heart"—perhaps expressed by "be uppermost in your affections." Blayney's translation of the text is, "And let Jerusalem gain possession of your heart."

This admonition, though not uninstructive to such of the Israelites as continued in Babylon, was peculiarly addressed to those that, on the publication of Cyrus' decree, returned to the land of their fathers. They undertook a long, a wearisome, and dangerous journey, and as a motive for encountering hardships and dangers, and for encouragement by the way, Jerusalem was to come into their mind.

The passage, if accommodated to the case of Christian pilgrims, furnishes much interesting and useful instruction. It is very difficult, in our passage through time, to feel sufficiently of how little moment this world is to us, and of how much the next! If, in passing through a town which we should never revisit, we were to spend one hour at an inn, and thence proceed to spend sixty years elsewhere, of how little importance would be the inconveniences or advantages, the comforts or sorrows, of that single hour, compared with those of the following threescore years! yet that hour would bear a much greater proportion to sixty years than the longest life bears to the eternity which awaits us. How needful is it for such transient sojourners here to keep eternal realities in view—to let the heavenly Jerusalem come into their mind!

I. Remark, there is a close resemblance between the condition of those Israelites whom the prophet addressed, and those who, going after Jesus, acknowledge, "We here have no continuing city; but we seek one to come."—Heb. xiii. 14.

1. The Israelites were captives, restored now to freedom. Such are the disciples of Jesus. They were in bondage to sin, "were the servants of sin," and the end of their course was death; but "now, being made free from sin, and become servants to God, they have their fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."—Rom. vi. 16, &c. While in their former condition, they were the slaves of Satan—were in subjection to him, the prince of the power of the air—were the children of wrath, and members of his kingdom that is the god of this world (Eph. ii.); but now they "give thanks to the Father, that hath delivered them from the power of darkness, and hath translated them into the kingdom of his dear Son."—Col. i. 13. Great was the deliverance which Cyrus wrought for Israel, but infinitely greater is that enjoyed by them who are rescued by an almighty Deliverer from the grasp of an infernal foe.

2. The freed Israelites were travellers. Before them was a long and wearisome journey;

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* As in chap. iii. 16; vii. 31; xliv. 21.

it occupied Ezra and his company four months.—Ezra vii. 9. The way was beset with dangers; dreary deserts were to be passed over, and men to be encountered more ferocious than the savage beasts that prowled in those deserts. So fearful was the prospect, that Ezra and his brethren, before they commenced the journey, spent some days in fasting and prayer, that God might help them "against the enemy in the way."—Ezra viii. 21–23. Before such complicated ills there was reason to fear that "even the youths should faint and be weary, and the young men utterly fall."—Isa. xl. 30.

All that, in this respect, the redeemed Israelites were, the children of God are in every age. They confess themselves strangers and pilgrims upon the earth (Heb. xi. 13); "sojourners, as all their fathers were."—Ps. xxxix. 12. Though they have many comforts and privileges, yet they are often in heaviness, through manifold temptations.—1 Pet. i. 6. Through trials, fears, and doubts, their way is often wearisome; so much so, that when they reach its close, many would exclaim:—

"Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past."

Their way is also beset with foes, and those foes more formidable than roving plunderers or beasts of prey. These strangers and pilgrims have to encounter "fleshly lusts, which *war* against the soul."—1 Pet. ii. 11. They have to wrestle not merely against "flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world."—Eph. vi. 12. Their "adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."—1 Pet. v. 8. Amidst these varied dangers of "the great and terrible wilderness," some that promised fair faint and grow weary. Demas loves the present world, and forsakes the suffering servants of God.—2 Tim. iv. 10. Some, like those of Ephesus, leave "their first love," and others "draw back unto perdition."

3. Further observe, that the rescued children of Abraham, while pursuing their toilsome journey, had the expectation of a country that would amply recompense them for their anxious nights and weary days.

It was their *own* country; God had given it to them by special promise.—Gen. xiii. 15; Deut. xxxii. 8. It was their *beloved* country. No land was so dear to them as the mountains and plains of Israel; and though three thousand and seven hundred years have elapsed since God promised that land to Abraham, no change has taken place in the feelings of his descendants; still no land is so dear to many a Jewish heart. It was a country possessed of many excellences—was described by the Lord himself as the glory of all lands, a land flowing with milk and honey (Ezek. xx. 6); "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil-olive and honey;"—a land where bread should be eaten without scarceness, where no good should be lacked, whose stones were iron, and out of whose hills might brass be dug; a land for which the Lord God cared, and on which his eyes were "from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year."—Deut. viii. 7; xi. 12.

But mean were the excellences and attractions of the heritage of Israel, compared with those of the Christian's country. For the children of God "now desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. xi. 16. That better country is *their own*, for it is a promised land. The richest and sweetest promises insure to them the possession of this inheritance. Their Lord has said: "If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honour."—John xii. 26. "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."—Luke xii. 32. "In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you: I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, ye may be also."—John xiv. 23. Thus they have the promise of "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them."—1 Pet. i. 4.

That promised land is their *beloved* country. They set their affection on the things above.—Col. iii. 2. To them the world is crucified.—Gal. vi. 14. Like a dying malefactor, it has lost its attractions. They look at the things which are not seen, but which are eternal.—2 Cor. iv. 18. They belong to the family of God, "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."—Eph. iii. 15; Heb. xii. 22–24.

The excellences of that better land are numberless. The Father has provided it; the Son delights to bestow it, and, in introducing his redeemed to so blissful an inheritance, sees of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied (Isa. liii. 11); the Eternal Spirit, by his quickening and sanctifying influences, prepares the heirs of salvation for their heavenly abode. What must be the glory of the land designed for those who are the objects of such efforts and such love! This world displays the wisdom, and love, and glory of its great Creator. How beautiful are many of its scenes! How lovely are the verdure of spring, the bloom of summer, and the fruitfulness of autumn! How sweet the opening morning and the calm evening! How glorious the splendour of the sun, and the feebler but solemn light of the moon and stars! Yet the world thus adorned with beauty and crowned with good, is designed for the accommodation of sinful man, through a period so short that, compared with eternity, it is but the twinkling of an eye. What, then, must be the eternal world? What shall we suppose the beauty, and glory, and splendour of that better country that is designed to endure through endless years? If the inn for dying pilgrims is so magnificent and princely, what must be the palace of the eternal King, in whose many mansions his beloved shall reign in joy and immortality?

From that better land every evil is excluded, and there every good is enjoyed. O could the Christian pilgrim, while passing through the deserts of time, behold its scenes of glory, and hear its hymns of rapture, how would he chide the slowness of the lingering moments, and how long for the hour of his departure! And was the Israelite to let Jerusalem come into his mind, and be uppermost in his heart?—how much more should the heavenly country fill the thoughts and hearts of those who are travelling thither!

II. Consider the admonition addressed to Israel, as it may apply to all who are heirs of salvation.

"Let Jerusalem come into your mind"—"Let Jerusalem gain possession of your heart." "Remember, ye whom God has spared, your beloved city, that you may not continue at Babel, or grow weary by the way." Would discouragements damp your zeal?—"Let Jerusalem come into your mind." Would dangers or toils, the foes to been countered or the length of the way, prevent your journey, or impede your progress?—Think of the end. "Let Jerusalem come into your mind." "Let your thoughts and affections fix on your beloved city, that love may urge you onward till you reach it, whatever be the dangers and sorrows of the way."

Appropriate as was this admonition to the delivered Israelites, it is more appropriate to all who are travellers to heaven. Christian pilgrim, let Jerusalem, the heavenly Jerusalem, come into your mind. Let it have full possession of your heart. Not merely profess yourself a traveller to that better country, but love it, think of it, dwell on it in your meditations, and covet it in your desires. Amid the varied and trying scenes of your pilgimage, and through them all, "let Jerusalem come into your mind."

1. Think of the glorious excellences of that heavenly country. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. ii. 9. There is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore.—Ps. xvi. 11. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. xii. 2. "The righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."—Matt. xiii. 43. They shall behold their Redeemer's glory (John xvii. 24); shall see him as he is, and then be like him.—1 John iii. 2. "God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. xxi. 3, 4. "The Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters."—Rev. vii. 17. They shall have everlasting life (John v. 24); and shall be for ever with the Lord.—1 Thess. iv. 17. Christian pilgrim, are these delightful passages descriptive of the country which awaits you—of the city of the living God where you hope to dwell for ever? and shall not that Jerusalem come into your mind? Meditate on those happy abodes, and their eternal realities. Think of the rivers of pleasure, of the fulness of joy, of the unfading crowns, the unwithering inheritance, the tranquil mansions, the unbroken calm, and the unsullied perfection of heaven. Think of the everlasting triumph over sorrow and sin, and pain and death. Think of beholding the King in his beauty, of sharing the joy of the resurrection morning, and the raptures of his welcome on the judgment-day. Think of mingling with angels, and of dwelling for ever with God. Think of the happy land where this ineffable good will be enjoyed, and "let Jerusalem come into your mind."

2. Let your thoughts dwell not only on the excellences of that heavenly country, but consider it as the place to which your Lord is leading you. His dying sorrows and perfect righte-

ousness procured it for you, and all the wise arrangements of his providence, and all the present rich displays of his grace, converge, like rays of light, to one point, and that point is heaven. All work together to fix you there. The God of all grace calls you to glory—to eternal glory—to his eternal glory, by Jesus Christ.—1 Pet. v. 10. O wonderful declaration! How strange the grace displayed! How inconceivable the treasure given! Can you think coldly or seldom of a rest which the blessed God most highly values, and which it is even his good pleasure to bestow? O "let Jerusalem come into your mind!"

3. Further, Christian pilgrim, consider what you are to be when you reach your future home. How different from what you are now! No longer occupied with the trifling cares of time, but surrounded by the blissful realities of eternity — not on earth, but in heaven— not among imperfect mortals, but in the presence of the great and blessed God — how altered will be your thoughts, your feelings, your employment, your worship, your praise, from any experienced here! How different the society, and all the scenes around you and before you. Think of all this, "and let Jerusalem come into your mind."

4. Reflect, moreover, how long that country will be your abode. Death soon removed those the prophet addressed from the beloved land they sought; but there is no death in the heavenly country. They who are welcome there shall go out no more. Once admitted as a dweller in that land, it will be your dwelling-place for ever and ever. O those awful but delightful words *for ever!* Would you number the years of that long for ever? Impossible —more easy were it to count the blades of grass that clothe the green earth, and then to number the dew-drops of the morning, than to count the years of eternity. But eternal life is the gift of God. His redeemed will abide for ever in their Father's house. O let that Jerusalem come into your mind!

III. Notice some reasons for Christians keeping their heavenly country in view. They should do this—

1. To promote their comfort.

"Let Jerusalem come into your mind," to cheer you on your way to that city of the living God. That sweet prospect cheered the suffering saints of God in ages long past. They took cheerfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing in themselves that they had in heaven a better and an enduring substance.—Heb. x. 34. The language of one expressed the feelings of multitudes; "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." —2 Cor. vi. 10. "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Rom. viii. 18. In that blessed hope there is consolation for all the suffering followers of the Lamb. Are you struggling through poverty and want, or encountering sickness and pain?—Look forward to heaven, and reflect: There I shall not be poor and afflicted. No poverty will harass me—no wants distress me—no pains torment me—there. The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick.

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

Christians should remember their home.

2. For their encouragement.

When you encounter the enemy by the way, "let Jerusalem come into your mind."

Amidst conflicts with foes without, or foes within, amidst fears and doubts, or lamented imperfections, think of your rest: No tempter shall assault me there—no corruptions grieve me there, nor any doubts distress. All coldness and deadness—all fears and doubts—all corruptions and defects — all temptations and conflicts, shall be left behind for ever when I enter the Jerusalem above. No servant of God there gazes on his glory, and then in alarm and distress, exclaims, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips."—Isa. vi. 5. No troubled saint there complains, "When I would do good, evil is present with me. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—Rom. vii. 21, 24. There full deliverance is enjoyed. Then fight on, my soul; the warfare may be sharp, but the victory is sure, and the triumph everlasting.

3. The heavenly rest should be kept in sight as a safeguard against the cares and allurements of this evil world. Christian pilgrim, when the cares of this world would choke the Word of truth, and render you unfruitful, then let the Jerusalem above come into your mind. Would the ills of poverty check your progress, or damp your ardour?—Reflect: Shall I let cares about the things of a moment make me unmindful of that better country, that everlasting inheritance, where I expect durable riches and righteousness? Or are you surrounded by the snares and allurements of wealth; and

uld the "deceitfulness of riches" ensnare u, and draw your heart from your Lord? hen "let Jerusalem come into your mind?" Think of its brighter splendours and more lasting riches, and cherish the feelings of him who declared, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy."—Acts xx. 24. "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; I count them but dung, that I may win Christ."—Phil. iii. 8.

4. Let the heavenly Jerusalem come into your mind, to deepen your thankfulness and inflame your love. Always connect with the expectation of that better country, remembrance of the grace whence that expectation is derived. Remember the grace of the Father in giving the Son, that everlasting life might be yours.—John iii. 16; 1 John iv. 14. Reflect on the grace of the Son in suffering and dying to redeem you from death—in becoming poor that you through his poverty might be rich.—Gal. iii. 13; 2 Cor. viii. 9, v. 14, 15.

On this grace an early Christian writer forcibly remarks, that God "as being One Love, of surpassing good-will to man, hated us not, nor thrust us away, nor remembered our offences; but he was long-suffering, bore with us, himself took upon him our sins, himself gave his own Son a ransom for us—the holy for the lawless, the harmless for the wicked, the just for the unjust, the incorruptible for the corruptible, the immortal for the mortal. For what else could cover our sins besides his righteousness? In whom was it possible that we, the lawless and the unholy, could be justified, save by the Son of God alone? O sweet exchange! O unsearchable wisdom! O unexpected benefits! that the sin of many should be hidden by one righteous, and the righteousness of one justify many sinners!"*

Consider, too, that the grace thus manifested is not the whole of which an heir of heaven partakes. Remember the grace displayed in your conversion—the grace of the Eternal Spirit, in turning your wandering feet into the way of peace. Think of all this, and think much of the promised land; for the higher your views of its excellency rise, the more will you admire that wonderful grace which, through so costly a sacrifice, gives you a title to the rich inheritance.

5. "Let Jerusalem come into your mind," that universal holiness may be the object of your daily pursuit and fervent prayers. Have you become a member of the family of God? Are you connected with the innumerable company of angels, and with the general assembly and Church of the first-born, with Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and with God the judge of all?—Heb. xii. 22, 23. Is this connection not a pleasing delusion, but a blessed reality, all whose good is soon to be enjoyed in heaven? Are you there to be without spot or blemish, or any such thing, but holy like your Lord?—Then, "what manner of person ought now to be in all holy conversation and godliness?"

6. Finally, "let Jerusalem come into your mind," to stimulate you to holy exertions and benevolent activity. With fellow-pilgrims, you indulge the pleasing reflection: "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord hath said, I will give it you;" and will you not say to those who are wandering in the destroyer's paths, "Come ye with us, and we will do you good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel!" Gratitude to God, and compassion to men, demand such pious zeal.

Follower of Jesus! pursue your course, looking unto Jesus, and looking at the things which are not seen, but which are eternal. Soon you will no more hear the command, "Let Jerusalem come into your mind," but instead of it, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Then may you gladly exclaim, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."—2 Tim. iv. 7, 8. Happy they who thus with peace and pleasure leave this world and all its desert scenes, to go and be with Christ for ever!

When we indulge such meditations, how solemn and important is the inquiry, Have I escaped from worse than Babylonian bondage? Have I, in truth, set out for the Jerusalem above? Have I commenced the pilgrimage that terminates in heaven? How much depends on a faithful reply to these plain questions! In the case of many that reply must be in the negative. Awful beyond expression is their condition. Reader, is it yours? If it be, O pause, reflect, and flee for refuge to the hope set before you! "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

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* Epistle to Diognetus.

HYMN FROM SONG OF SOLOMON.

THE BELOVED.

The bride is sitting lonely,
In the absence of her Lord;
This cheers her heart—this only—
His bosom-treasured word,
"I quickly come."

She trims her lamp to meet him,
And clasps her garments white,
And thus prepares to greet him,
Soon as he comes in sight,
To fetch her home.

Pure, faithful, love-inspiring,
Her spirit she adorns,
In holiness attiring;
A lily among thorns,
She blooms alone.

The world that lies beneath her
Has not a charm for her;
Beyond the Mounts of Bether,
The fragrant hills of myrrh,
Her heart is gone.

She sighs for his appearing,
Through the long shadowy night,
His nuptial chaplet wearing,
Bringing her joy and light
To earth again.

She lifts her eyes to heaven,
Those dove-like virgin eyes,
And longs to see it riven,
And her Day-star arise,
Healing all pain.

Yet through her night of watching,
Her vigil dark and long,
A beam from glory catching,
She pours her hopeful song—
Her turtle's strain.

"Beloved, my heart is waking,
Help me to watch and pray!
Till, morning lustre breaking,
I rise and come away,
By thee embraced.

"See on the mountains leaping,
How the young hart is fleet;
Oh! thus to end my weeping,
Swift be thy beauteous feet:
Make haste! make haste!"

And does her Lord forget her,
While dwelling thus apart?
No! he hath fondly set her
A seal upon his heart,
In suffering traced.

"Wait on, hope on, my fairest,
The marriage-feast is nigh;
Soon ev'ry grief thou bearest
And ev'ry cloud shall fly,
At my glad voice.

Then shall mine arm embrace thee,
My love, my reconciled;
Then on my throne I'll place thee,
My dove, my undefiled—
Rejoice! rejoice!"

A. R. C.

A BIBLE CONVERT.

> "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet,
> To smooth the ice, or add another hue
> Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
> To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
> Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess."
>
> Shakespeare.

After a public service, on a week evening, several years ago, while walking from the place of worship, with part of my family, I was accosted rather hastily by one of my congregation, who called me aside, and told me there was a neighbour at a little distance who had a daughter very ill, and in so distressing a state of mind that they knew not what to do for her or with her; and that he had obtained permission for me to pay a visit to the cottage. "I will go," said I, "with you immediately."

We, therefore, directed our course to the house, and though my strength was somewhat exhausted, and I was faint and languid, it being in the height of summer, yet I entered the afflicted cottage with readiness, and with a deep feeling of interest in the case of the young woman, with whom and her connections my companion had made me somewhat acquainted in the course of our walk. I learnt before I reached the neat little garden in front of their dwelling, that the parents, who were doatingly fond of their daughter, were decent church-going people, who maintained a fair character in the humble line of life in which they moved, but that there was little reason to think they knew anything of spiritual religion. "Well," said I, "then there is the more room for us to try what can be done for them, as well as for their child. Perhaps if our visit is not blessed of God to the one, it may be to the other." And with this we entered the house. We were immediately ushered into a little back chamber, where I saw, as soon as the door was opened, the sickly daughter, seated in an old chair, and propped up by pillows; the mother, an active woman of about five-and-forty, endeavouring to persuade her child to take some little refreshment, which she was offering her.

The young woman appeared about the age of eighteen, a fine interesting girl, with that peculiar beauty of complexion, softness of feature, and glassiness of the eye, which are the frequent attendants of consumption, and which, in the present case, were all heightened in their effect by the hectic flush on her cheeks, and the great ardour of feeling which in each feature seemed to be labouring for expression.

I soon seated myself beside the sufferer, in whose agitated face I saw, in an instant, the deep and strong workings of the soul within. "Pray," said I, "take the refreshment your mother offers, and I will talk to you afterwards."—"Oh, no," said she, "I want not this—I want to know what will become of my poor soul—Can I be saved?—Oh, what shall I do to be saved?—I am a sinner—Oh, I shall die, and I know I shall be lost!—Is there mercy?"

These questions were put in a manner that words cannot describe; nor, if they could, would it be understood adequately by those who have never witnessed similar scenes. They were marked by simplicity, sincerity, and ardour. For a few minutes I was overcome, and sat with my heart and eyes so full that I durst not attempt to speak till I had recovered command of my feelings.

By any brother minister, accustomed to weep and mourn over the insensibility and want of emotion among his hearers, and in the Church at large, I shall be well understood, when I say, these inquiries were so *strange* to my ears, and the manner in which they were put so touching to my heart, that I felt carried back to those times when the hearers of the apostles were *pricked in their hearts, and cried out, Men and brethren, what shall we do?* I had not been prepared for such a scene. I had not expected such strong and decisive marks of the inward and striving power of God's Spirit; and I found myself sinking into a sort of mazy reverie, almost like a man lightly stunned, wondering what it could mean, or ready to chide myself for yielding so readily to an impulse or paroxysm of emotion, which, in too many former cases of apparent conviction, have proved delusive, by inspiring hopes I had never seen realized. This latter thought checked the flow of joyful emotion I had felt, and calmed me down to a state of mind better adapted to the discharge of the solemn duty to which I was now called.

"My dear creature," I heard the mother exclaim, just as I began again to apply my mind to the situation of the daughter, "My dear creature, don't take on so; you know you have been a very good girl; why should you be so distressed? Indeed, sir," turning to me, "she has always been a good child; read her Bible, and kept from all wicked company: I can't think what she means by being in such distress." "Ah!" said I, "I am glad to see it; she feels she is very ill and dying, and she ought to be concerned above all things for the salvation of her soul. My good woman, she will find comfort, and you ought to rejoice to see her so eager for salvation; it does my heart good, I so seldom see anything like it."

With that the mother seemed a little abashed, and sat down quietly in a chair on the other side of the fire-place, but with all the tender feelings of a mother who could scarce believe that there was not something excessive and unnecessary in her daughter's grief.

"My dear mother does not understand it," said the afflicted girl: "she does not know what I feel—she does not know what an evil heart I have;" and with that she gave a deep and convulsive sigh, which seemed to tell me that the burden of her sin was too heavy for her feeble nature. "O is there salvation? Is there any hope for me? Do tell me, for you are a minister—may I expect to go to heaven? I want to hear of mercy."

I now found myself called upon to perform the most delightful part of a Christian minister's work—to speak of the unsearchable riches of Christ to a soul that longed to possess them. I said some few things about sin, the holiness of God, the worth of the soul; but I found my young friend was so alive to all these, that it was needless to add anything, and that all she wanted was to be directed to the Lamb of God. I opened the doctrine of the Saviour, and spoke of the great salvation. I endeavoured to exalt the grace of the mighty Deliverer, and I saw the poor convinced sufferer drinking in my words with an eagerness and a joy that I shall never forget. "Oh!" said she, as I told her of a Saviour's love, "that's what I want, that is exactly what I have been seeking, and nobody about me could tell me of it."

It may easily be supposed that I did not quit the subject till I had imparted some few glimpses of spiritual comfort to her anxious heart. Long I spoke, and spoke with unutterable delight; and longer I should have spoken, but I found the heat of a small sick chamber, on a summer's evening, with several persons in it, without any access of fresh air; the agitation of my own feelings, together with the exhausted state in which I had entered the apartment—all admonishing me that I had forgotten the lapse of time, and must soon withdraw. The tears of an overflowing joy were now falling from the eyes of the interesting young sufferer, and when I turned to look at my friend, who sat by me, I saw that smile of delight shining through tears of sympathy, which bespeaks a heart dilated and elevated beyond its ordinary sphere. I then took up a Bible which lay on the table, and read a portion of Scripture; after which we lifted up our hearts in solemn and earnest prayer for divine grace, to enable the afflicted young woman to commit her spirit into the hand of Jesus the Saviour. She entered with great interest and emotion into every petition which was put up on her behalf, and expressed, at parting, great delight in the seasonable truths which had been unfolded to her. As I and my friend withdrew, she said, with much earnestness, "I hope you will come and see me again very soon." "Yes, certainly," said I, "it will give me pleasure to come and talk more to you about the Saviour's love. We then left the house.

"This," said I to my companion, "is a very striking, a very interesting case; I think I never met with one more so." "Yes," said he, "it is—it is one of those cases in which God seems to have worked without human means; for she has certainly had no teacher but the BIBLE. I have known her from her childhood, and am almost confident she has never heard a Gospel sermon; for nothing like it has been preached in our village church since her friends resided here; and I am sure, from the knowledge I have of them, they would not have allowed her to attend at the meeting-house, nor would they now have admitted you to see her, but for the great distress of her mind, and her wish to see some person that could speak to her on religion." "Ah!" said I, "thus is the word of God fulfilled: 'I will take *one of a family*, and two of a city, and bring them unto Zion.'"

After a little more such conversation, we parted, and I retired to my home, filled with admiration of the power and grace of God, which had called, as by his own immediate voice, this young woman, in a situation where she was little likely ever to have been brought to a sense of spiritual things; while scores, or it may be hundreds, of my own flock, who had for years been listening to all the great and gracious truths of the Gospel, were yet unaffected with a sense of their own danger, and destitute of a saving faith in Christ. The case dwelt much upon my mind, and the more I thought, the more I wondered at what I had seen, and wished to know what would be the issue.

It will be inferred that it was not long before I renewed my visit. The next day I was greeted by the mother with a smile. "O, sir, you have done my dear Sally so much good!—she has been quite a different creature ever since you spoke to her. I cannot think why she should have been so distressed, and so afraid of not being saved. But she is now more comfortable; pray walk up and see her." I was soon by the side of this interesting young creature, and saw a countenance greatly changed from what I had beheld the night before. She spoke cheerfully of her hope, and rapturously of the love of Christ. I now entered more fully into an examination of the state of her feelings than I had done on the preceding evening. I found that she had been overwhelmed with those views of the divine purity, and the evil of sin, which the Word of God contains, and that, for some time past, during which her complaint had been gaining ground, she had been reading the Scriptures privately, and, through the teaching of God's Spirit, had felt her heart smitten and wounded by an invisible but mighty hand. That same hand had now led her to Calvary, and there she looked up with a believing eye to Him who bore the sins of his people. In short, she was now rejoicing as one that findeth great spoil.

From this period I renewed my visits, at short intervals, for the space of about a fortnight, during which time her disorder had rapidly gained upon her. After about ten or twelve days from my first visit, I found her no more seated in the old elbow chair. The task of rising, even for a short space, became too much, and she was confined to her bed. In all my visits I observed but little variation in the frame of her mind. She had occasionally some fears lest she had prematurely seized on consolation, and would often ask me, with a kind of astonishment, resembling the starts of one waking from diseased dreams, "May I be sure that Christ is willing to save me? Do you think I shall be accepted?" And then she would cry out, "O Lord, I long to be in heaven, to see Jesus; and to *know* that my sins are forgiven."

As I renewed my interviews, it became evident that she could not long survive. Her strength was wasting fast, so that she could bear to hear or speak but for a few minutes. Her breathing became increasingly difficult; cold and clammy sweats, and then violent and burning paroxysms of fever, succeeded each other almost without intermission. Two or three times I took an affectionate farewell, expecting to see her no more alive. Yet she was always cheerful and confident. Her faith was tried, but it was strengthened. Occasionally she seemed to think that the grace I had announced to her was almost too much to be expected—too great to be true; yet, still, when the authority of God himself was pleaded, and the words of Scripture were quoted, she would say: "Well, I will believe. O Lord, help me to believe."

The friend who had introduced me to the family had even more frequent opportunities than myself of seeing the sufferer. Scarce a day passed without either the one or the other of us spending some time by her bed-side, and I think I may say we both saw the working of the Lord's hand most clearly revealed, and both found the scene replete with salutary instruction to our own minds.

In little more than a fortnight after I first saw her, my friend called me, rather suddenly, to come to her for the last time. He said she could not live, it was thought, many hours. I hasted to the apartment, where I found her parents and friends overwhelmed with grief. She was panting hard for breath; the heat of the season and oppression of the atmosphere made her sufferings indeed great. She could scarcely be kept from fainting, and had said but little for many hours. But when I approached her, and spoke, she looked up at me, and then said: "I am very near my end. O my sufferings are indeed great; but Jesus is my hope—he is my salvation. I a mwaiting, and longing, and shall soon see his glory." Then she sunk down, unable to support further exertion. I continued to point her hope to the realms of immortality. She made frequent signs of delight and satisfaction in the blessed truths of the Gospel, and several times, by brief and low whispers, for her voice was now scarcely audible, testified her firm reliance on the grace of the Mediator. Once more I commended her to Him who had made affliction so profitable to her soul; and when I took my leave, she expressed, once for all, the delightful satisfaction she felt in the prospect of being speedily released from sin and suffering, and admitted to the presence of the Lord Jesus. She continued, through part of the night, to suffer much bodily anguish, and to labour hard with the dreadful disease which was rapidly destroying her lungs, but occasionally expressed to a Christian friend who remained with her the cheerful and blessed hope of glory which filled her soul. It had *dawned* already, and at last it *burst* in its full light and lustre upon her enraptured heart. She expired early in the morning, full of faith and triumphant joy.

I am aware that the brief narrative I have here presented, may appear to many by no means extraordinary: and that similar cases, as to the leading circumstances, may have occurred to others; nor should I have given it publicity, but for the sake of one particular in it, which specially interested myself. It appeared to me to be a signal display of the power of that Word of the Lord which "is perfect, converting the soul." It was a salvation effected without the intervention of any of the ordinary means, except the use of the Scriptures; and it supplies an argument for the distribution of that Word of life, which is frequently the silent but powerful instrument of saving the souls of men.

To ministers who know what it is to labour for months, perhaps for years, with but little or no evidences of success, I shall be understood when I say, this sudden and interesting occurrence had upon me the effect of a powerful stimulus, and a sweet refreshment. In the midst of hard labours and numerous discouragements, it seemed to smile upon the dreariness of my path, like a solitary rose upon a heath, and though that rose was now withered, its fragrance long remained behind.

RUSSIA AND THE GREEK CHURCH.

BY THE REV. A. THOMSON, A.B., EDINBURGH.

In their ecclesiastical constitution, in their monastic establishments, as well as in many of their forms of worship, the Greek and Romish Churches bear a very close resemblance to each other. The absurdity of transubstantiation is held in common. The invocation of the Virgin and the saints, as well as image-worship, are practised by both with an almost equally abject superstition. Sacerdotal absolution is maintained in both communions; and, as a matter of consistency, both hold the efficacy *ex opere operato* of the sacraments.

On the other hand, the Greek Church favourably differs from her Roman sister in the rejection of that cruel and profitable instrument of priestly power, the pretended sacrament of *extreme unction;* in allowing the elements of both kinds to the laity in the celebration of the eucharist; in strongly testifying against the doctrine of purgatory; and in so far modifying the practice of image-worship as to allow only the use of paintings in her churches. The prohibition to marry, which has been so deadly a fountain of immorality in the Romish Church, does not extend in the Greek Church except to the bishops. But the most important points of difference remain, and in these we see the germs of hope and renovation to the Greek communion. 1. The free use of the Holy Scriptures by the people; a practice ever discountenanced by the Church of Rome, except where expediency has seemed to require a temporary relaxation of her rigour, but which is not only permitted, but encouraged in the Greek communion. 2. The more evangelical character of her creeds and catechisms, which, however widely departed from by many of her teachers, may yet afford legitimate ground of appeal. 3. And lastly, the indignant denial of the infallibility of the Roman pontiff; a presumptuous and impious claim, which the Greek Church has never in any period of her history set up for her own patriarch. Some of these points of difference may appear comparatively trivial, but others are confessedly of such importance as to bring the Greek Church many degrees nearer to those of the Reformation, and to make evident the utter unfairness of classing the two Churches together, as equally hopeless and apostate, and banding them in a common condemnation. There appears to our mind to be a gulf—would it were wider!—between them. The Church of Rome is like the leprous house, every stone of which must be taken down; the Greek is like a tree, many of whose thickest branches are indeed rotten and dead, and must be lopped off, but whose roots yet strike down into a favourable soil, and in whose stem there yet flow some of the juices of a diviner life. There is hope concerning this tree, that "with the scent of water it will yet bud and flourish." May it not be affirmed that the disease in the one is organic and incurable, but in the other functional? So, at least, thought Philip Melancthon, who, while denouncing the Church of Rome, with an indignation that stirred even his mild nature; held friendly and hopeful correspondence with some of the dignitaries in the Eastern Churches.

In like manner, the history of the Greek Church, when compared with that of Rome, presents similar points of resemblance and of contrast, so as, on the whole, to present fewer of the features of Antichrist. Most of our readers are aware that the final separation between these two Churches took place about the middle of the ninth century. Beginning in a theological controversy about the well-known phrase *filioque* in the Nicene Creed, it was consummated by a struggle for power between the pope of Rome and the patriarch of Constantinople the highest ecclesiastic of the East. For some centuries after the introduction of the Greek faith into Russia, this patriarch appointed the Metropolitan Bishop of Russia. But at length, when Constantinople, the seat of the Eastern patriarchate, fell into the hands of the Mussulmans, and thereby was shorn of much of its ancient splendour, the pride of Russia would no longer submit to receive her patriarch from such hands. Accordingly, in a council held at Moscow in 1589, the Pontiff of Constantinople was constrained to place at the head of the Russian Church and nation an independent patriarch in the person of the Metropolitan of Moscow. From that time till the reign of Peter the Great —that is, for a period of considerably more than a hundred years—we behold a succession of encroachments on the legitimate province of the civil ruler, and a restless and insatiable grasping at the wealth and honours of the empire, bearing in many respects so close and literal a resemblance to what had already been enacted in the Roman Church, that we seem, in perusing the history of these patriarchal usurpations, to have stumbled by mistake on a volume of the History of the Popes.

Revenues flowed into the treasury of the Greek Church, from earth and sea—from the marts of commerce and from the courts of justice. In many of the departments of law, the bishops claimed exclusive jurisdiction; monastery and hospital, monk and midwife, physician and usurer, yea, the very weights and measures of the empire, were placed under episcopal superintendence. Not content with the riches conferred on them by royal favour, or by royal fear, they employed all the terrors of the world to come at the death-beds of the opulent, feeding the fatal imagination that great riches might procure exemption from the punishment of great sins, and that the transgressions of a life might be counterbalanced by a dying bequest to a monastery. Even the statutes of the realm were sent forth not only with the name of the czar, but "according to the benediction of our Father the Patriarch of Moscow and of all Russia." At length the ecclesiastical chair threw its shadow over the imperial throne, and the czar was beheld doing homage to the patriarch. The patriarch rode on Palm-sunday in procession through the city, and the czar led the horse on which he was seated. On the feast of All Saints the patriarch dined with the czar, and the latter stood at the table and served him!

These were monstrous usurpations, and the hour of righteous retribution at length arrived. The bold spirit of Peter the Great, who, in his youth, had more than once stooped to these humiliating indignities, at length revolted at such infatuated assumptions, and he determined to level with the dust the rival dignity. The greater portion of its rich endowments were wrested from the grasp of the Church. The patriarchate was abolished, and the Holy Synod, consisting of twelve ecclesiastical dignitaries, substituted in its stead. The Empress Catherine II. completed what Peter had begun; the power of the Holy Synod was declared subject to the control of the throne, its decisions were henceforth to be emitted in the name of the czar, while the immovable property of the clergy and Church being appropriated to the crown, they were reduced to a state of poverty, and fettered by bonds which now give her right to complain, in her turn, of the encroachments and insults of the civil power. The step from Hildebrandism to Erastianism, though seemingly violent, is yet natural and retributive. The Greek Church, which had sat as a queen, and fared sumptuously every day, is now a degraded vassal and mendicant, destined, we trust, to learn, in the bitterness of her bonds, those lessons which she refused to learn on the lap of luxury, and in the seat of power.*

But while the historic resemblance between the two Churches has been so close in this respect, there is another important feature in which it is pleasing to think the Greek Church comes out more favourably from the comparison—I refer to the fact of its more tolerant spirit towards the members of other Churches. This may in part arise from the circumstance that neither its patriarch nor its Holy Synod has ever put forth the arrogant claim of infallibility, or denied that salvation may be obtained without the pale of her own communion. No doubt, as we shall have immediate occasion to show, there have not been wanting the less severe forms of intolerance; but when we are drawing a comparison between her and her Roman sister, it is something to be able to say that she has never persecuted unto the death, and that while Rome has ascended to power over the graves of martyrs and confessors, and sought to extinguish truth in the blood of its friends, she can stand, though not with undefiled, at least with bloodless hands. The Church history of the East tells of no St Bartholomew's eve; nor did the Greek Church, even in her wildest hour of arrogant usurpation, imagine to herself that most atrocious engine of mysterious deaths and lingering tortures—the Inquisition.

And yet it must be conceded that, even in this respect, the difference between Rome and Russia, between the College of Cardinals and the Holy Synod, is one rather of degrees than of essence; for the very imperfect toleration which prevails throughout the Russian empire, growing out of no sound or enlightened

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* Conder—Pinkerton.

ples, may be curtailed or even extinguished
r hour. How imperfect, for example, must
oleration be which, while it permits great
le of opinion within the pale of the Greek
:h, will not allow the party who has been
in it to leave it; and while allowing the
nce of dissentients from it to reside in the
an territory, visits with restriction and
ty all attempts to circulate their opinions,
ill not allow the humble and conscientious
ry the privilege, not to say the justice, of
ding himself when assailed. There is one
nentioned by Dr Pinkerton in his Travels
h will convey a more vivid and correct
than any mere general statement, of the
partial and unsatisfactory nature of the
ation extended by the emperor to those
out the pale of the Greek communion. It
s to be the common effect of great super-
n and pomp in forms of religious worship,
ive thinking men to the opposite extreme
ejecting all forms whatever. We have an
nple of this, in a very interesting sect called
Duchobartsi, who, driven from the Greek
rch by disgust at many of its superstitions,
very closely resembling in their practices
tenets the Society of Friends among our-
es, became extremely obnoxious to the Greek
ors, especially by their solemn and energetic
ests against their superstitious observances.
at was to be done to extinguish this dan-
ous proselytism? The scheme was truly
sian—worthy of the court which condemns
of enlightened sentiments in politics, un-
ned and untried, to slave-labour in the Si-
ian mines. No scaffolds were erected, or
s of martyrdom kindled. Russian despotism
ids with cautious instinct the severest forms
ntolerance. The members of this sect were
amanded to assemble on a certain day from
quarters of the empire, on the banks of the
er Molochnia and the shores of the Sea of
off. They were formed, by order of the emperor,
o a colony of eight villages, and forbidden,
the risk of the severest penalties, to wander
m their district, or to attempt the extension
their faith. Even after this was done, this in-
esting community, though easily distinguished
m the common Russian peasantry by their
at dress, comfortable huts, industrious habits,
merous flocks, and well-cultivated fields, were
posed to constant danger from the plots and
rigues of base informers seeking to betray
em into actions, or to provoke them to the
e of language, that might bring them within
e complicated meshes of the law, and ex-
se them to yet severer penalties. Religious
erty, in such circumstances, is only in the
st stage of its development, and seems rather
precarious accident than an essential element
the social condition of Russia. In the midst,
en, of so many sombre details and discouraging
atures, do we dare to hope at all? What is
e anticipation for the future that we may
legitimately form? We shall endeavour to reply to this question in our next and concluding article.

THE TWO SISTERS.

(*From a recent Letter by Madame Feller of the Grand Ligne Mission.*)

Frequent changes occur in our family circle. A short time since we parted with one of its members, who had been with us for five years and a-half, and whom we tenderly loved. It was the daughter of our good old Raphael, who was married to one of our young brethren, engaged for three years past in the missionary work, as an evangelical teacher. This marriage gave us great pleasure, because we were sure that she would be an important and valued assistant in her husband's labours. Her heart was all alive to the work, and glowing with the desire to communicate to others the blessings which she had received. But although one of our daughters was thus removed from us, God has given us in her place another, whom it is sweet to prepare for his service. I will relate the circumstances by which she was brought to us. Sophronie L—— belonged to one of the respectable families in our vicinity. She was twelve years old when two of her brothers, who had attended our schools, renounced Papacy, and embraced the Gospel. She participated in the evil feelings indulged by her parents at the time of this change, which they considered the greatest possible calamity. Sophronie thenceforward could only look upon her brothers as if they were demons, and was greatly afflicted; for her heart was naturally tender and affectionate, and she had been much attached to them. She continued to be very unhappy on the subject for a year, but at the end of that time she could not but remark that her brothers had improved by the change. It was with fear and mistrust that she at first heard all that they said of the Word of God, whence they drew all their arguments in support of their renunciation of Romanism. By hearing and reading the Bible for herself, she at last came to the conclusion that her brothers were in the right way, and this conviction created great anguish of mind in regard to her own condition. She frequently passed whole nights without sleep, terrified at the thought of death, which might surprise her before her conversion. She only saw her brothers occasionally, because they did not live in the same place; but when they came home to see their parents, she would pass a large portion of the night in talking to them of that Gospel which she loved, and longed to understand. Sophronie was in this state when she reached her fifteenth year, and had not the power to conceal from her parents her inclination to follow in the footsteps of her brothers. Her father manifested no displeasure; for he was well acquainted with the errors of Romanism. Her mother was, however, differently affected, and employed every effort to bring her into conformity to the Church of Rome, and also another daughter a few years older, who was almost as deeply impressed as Sophronie. The latter had only been at short intervals in the indifferent and temporary schools of their neighbourhood, but had always manifested a great desire to qualify herself to be a teacher of a school. Her mother and some other individuals of her family, who were very bigoted, and greatly under the influence of the priests, concluded that the best method of alienating these young women from us (for they sometimes visited us), and of putting them beyond the influence of their brothers, and of the Gospel, was to send them to a convent, where they might receive the education which they desired so greatly. The arrangements were soon made. Two cures in the neighbourhood agreed to pay their board, and represented to them the advantages of the instruction which they would receive in the convent, and the great obligations they were under in enjoying it gratuitously. It was a severe struggle for these young girls. Their understandings, enlightened by the Gospel, could not but appreciate the loss they would suffer, in being deprived of sound instruction, and in only hearing and seeing error and superstition; but they had a strong desire for knowledge, and believed that a residence with us was out of the question. They were surrounded by priests, who employed every means to convince them, and to induce them to go to the convent. Their relatives, who were zealous Romanists, implored them—their mother insisted, commanded, and even threatened them, in case of their not complying; and the young women, at last wearied out in the contest, and flattering themselves with the idea that it was possible to hold fast the truth which they had received, consented. It was determined by Romish sagacity that the two sisters should be separated, by being placed in different convents; but as there were approaching vacancies, some delay in their admission occurred, and they were both placed, for a time, in a convent of the Sisters of Charity. There they realized the miseries of being in darkness. "No Gospel, no Jesus," said these dear girls to us on their return, but only the Virgin, whom they adored, and to whom they directed us. One day the sisters expressed their discontent to the bishop, who recommended them to the Virgin for consolation. But how, said they to each other, can we pray to a being in whom we do not believe? and they prayed to the God of the Gospel, and implored him to deliver them from the snare into which they had fallen. The thought of being compelled to remain in this situation was agonizing. They passed there three long weeks of anguish; and then finding it no longer supportable, they asked permission to return to their parents, promising themselves never more to go where they would hear nothing of Jesus or of his Word. Some days after their return home, it was proposed to send them to the convents to which they had been previously assigned. The eldest ventured to express her determination not to go, and the mother irritated by her refusal, insisted at least upon the compliance of Sophronie. Trembling, and fearing to displease her mother, she did not dare to declare her wishes, but awaited in prayer the day appointed for her departure. This dear child was not alone in her supplications. We, as well as her brothers, ceased not to cry unto God for her, and he answered our prayers by sending upon her, just at the last moment, a severe illness, from which she did not recover for several weeks. Then, fortified in mind, she told her mother that she would never go to a convent, and that she had made up her mind to come to us, and receive the instruction which she needed. Her mother, fearing the notoriety consequent upon such a step, did all she could to prevent it, and told her daughter that she would never see her face again, if she carried her purpose into execution. Sophronie, who had already experienced the bitterness of living beyond the influence of the Gospel, felt that for its sake she ought now even to forsake the mother whom she loved. She had just reached her sixteenth year, when one day, while her mother was sleeping, she left the paternal roof for ours, with the single object of saving her own soul, and qualifying herself to become the teacher of the children of her people.

Since her arrival among us, she has been like "a bird escaped out of the snare of the fowlers," and the first use which she made of the blessed light and liberty into which she had entered was to seek her Saviour, whom she speedily found. Her hungry and thirsty soul was at once satisfied in him, and her happiness and joy were overflowing. She has been with us more than four months, and her heart, filled with love and gratitude, ceases not to praise the God of her salvation. This dear child affords us, from her promising character, much satisfaction and hope. She is intelligent and amiable; and her artless and confiding disposition facilitates everything in regard to her, and gives good promise of her future Christian course.

DEATHS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

The Rev. Richard Baxter, when near the close of his course, exclaimed, "I have pains—there is no arguing against sense; but I have peace, I *have* peace." "You are now drawing near your long desired home," said one. "I believe, I believe," was his reply. When asked "How are you?" he promptly answered, "ALMOST WELL!" To a friend who entered the chamber he said, "I thank you, I thank you for coming." Then fixing his eye upon him, he added, "The Lord teach you how to die!" These were his last words.

Another said, "Dying is hard work; but DEATH IS DELIGHTFUL."

The Rev. Robert Bruce having lived to a venerable old age, one morning, after breakfasting with his family, reclined a while in his chair, silently meditating. Suddenly he spoke: "Daughter, hark! doth not my Master call me?" Asking for his Bible, he perceived that his eyes were dim, and that he could no longer read its precious words. "Find for me," said he, "the 8th chapter of Romans, and lay my finger on the passage, 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Now, is my finger placed upon these blessed words?" Being assured that it was, he said, "Then God bless you, God bless you all, dear children. I have refreshed myself with you this morning, and shall be at the banquet of my Saviour ere it is night." And thus he died.

THE PERFECT AND UPRIGHT MAN.

BY GEORGE PAYNE, D.D., EXETER.

admonition of the Psalmist, "Mark the t man, and behold the upright: for the that man is peace," lays an obligation upon seek to ascertain the character of the per- whom the sacred writer refers, to reflect the high privilege which he is said to en- nd to consider the attention we are bound e both to the one and to the other. In paper we propose to delineate the charac- e are required to mark—"The perfect and ht man."

would minister little to personal edification, dulge in critical remarks upon the mean- f the original terms, translated "perfect" "upright." It is, however, necessary to , that some regard them not as intended press different qualities, but a high degree he same quality, in conformity with a well- wn Hebrew idiom, which expresses what we the comparative and superlative degree by words of the same or equivalent import. lerstood in this way, the words would denote perfectly or sincerely upright man—a Na- ael indeed, in whom is no guile."

ther writers, again, conceive that the two ns indicate perfectly distinct ideas—that rfect" points to that which is internal, and right" to that which is external; the former ibiting the principle of action, and the latter mode in which that principle should develop lf in the various relations an individual sus- s to the family, the Church, and the world.

t will, perhaps, be recollected that the terms ployed by the Psalmist to denote the man ose end is peace, are those by which the ssed God described his servant Job to the my and the accuser: "Hast thou considered servant Job, that there is none like him in earth, a perfect and an upright man?" In case, it has been considered that the two ms simply mean a sincerely upright man; d there might be reason for thinking so, were not for what follows: "One that feareth God, d escheweth [or departeth from] evil." This t clause seems to be explanatory of the for- er, so that the phrase, "one that feareth od," may be taken to denote the religious inciple—the principle of piety implanted in e heart by the Holy Spirit; while the words, "escheweth evil," exhibit the happy influence of that principle in preventing what the God of holiness cannot fail to condemn. And certain it is that, generally speaking, there will not be rectitude in the life, unless there be rectitude in the heart. The fruit will not be good if the tree be not good. The stream will be impure if the fountain be not cleansed. Hence our Lord said: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also." The phrase, "a perfect and upright man," may thus be considered as a brief though pregnant description of an individual whose heart has been made right in the sight of God, and whose conduct is right in the sight of men. The connection between the two has been already glanced at; and the reader is again very earnestly reminded of the necessity of the former in order to the latter; for if, in any case, the heart be not converted to God—if there be not a right state of feeling towards God, little reason is there to expect a right course of conduct towards man. If the claims of God upon a person be disregarded, how can it be thought probable that the claims of man will be responded to? If he respect not the rights of God, is he likely to regard the rights of man? If he rob God of his heart, ought we not to expect that he will rob his neighbour of his property, or his influence, or his fair name and reputation? When the great moral guard against sin —the fear of God—does not exist, or when it has been broken down, what can be rationally looked for but an inundation of vice? It is one of the most natural things in the world to expect that an irreligious man will be an immoral man—that there will be something visibly and obviously wrong in his spirit or his conduct; for, though a veil of hypocrisy may cover a multitude of sins, it can seldom be so ample, and so constantly worn, as to secure perfect concealment. Or, it ought to be added, if the case of a person who has effectually deceived all around him could be produced, the man would not be a sincerely upright man—a Nathanael indeed.

without guile. On the contrary, his whole life would be an outrageous lie. The exterior would contradict the interior. His visible conduct would be a practical acknowledgment of what he *ought to be;* and his heart, could it be laid bare, as it will be at the day of judgment, a development of what *he is*—thus showing that the woe denounced by our Lord against the Pharisee rests with all its weight upon him.

The perfect and upright man is, then, one who is pure internally as well as externally; who respects the rights of God as well as of man; who gives to his Maker his due—his constant, devoted, supreme affections. He is one in whom the love of Christ is the controlling and impelling principle, placing its restraint upon every unhallowed propensity, bringing every thought into obedience to it, swaying the entire affections of the soul—guiding the conduct, prompting to abstain from the appearance of evil, to act with sincerity, integrity, justice, and kindness, and to consecrate those high powers which divine grace has renovated to the promotion of the divine glory.

A single word or two on the origin and the degree of the perfection to which we have referred, must close this paper.

First, then, let it be remembered, that there is no perfect and upright man by nature. We need not merely to be born, but to be born again —converted to God by the special influence of the Holy Spirit—ere we become possessed of that exalted attribute of character of which this paper treats: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." No instrument but the Gospel can effect the new birth; and no agent but the Divine Spirit can so apply this instrument as to secure the certain result of its action. "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Secondly, let the degree of this perfection be recollected. I need scarcely remind the reader that it is not absolute but comparative perfection—maturity of Christian character, evinced by unblamable and holy conduct. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." The acknowledged experience of the most advanced Christian, and the general tenor of divine revelation, are so utterly at variance with the dogma of sinless perfection,* that it is difficult not to apprehend that the few individuals who lay claim to it, mean, after all, no more than we do, or that they have brought down perfection to their level, instead of rising to the height of perfection! In that case it is very easily obtained. When a mountain is reduced to the size of a mole-hill, the slightest effort will place us on its top.

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* There is a considerable amount of popular misapprehension regarding this doctrine as held by the Wesleyan Methodists. The reader will find an explanation on this point at p. 118 of this volume, from the pen of our esteemed correspondent Dr Bennett.

THE SINGULAR COMBINATION OF THE ENEMIES OF CHRIST AND OF HIS CHURCH—THE UNION OF INFIDELITY AND POPERY.

BY THE REV. J. G. LORIMER, GLASGOW.

THE Commander-in-chief of an army does not content himself with knowing in general that he has certain enemies with whom to contend. He seeks to know their number, their position, their character, their relationship to one another — the possibility or probability of their combination against him. There is wisdom in this course. It enables him much better to provide against danger—more skilfully to marshal his troops, and with greater certainty to take the steps which may be expected to issue in success. As it is with the earthly warrior, so it is with the individual Christian and the collective visible Church on their higher field. Both are essentially militant. The Word of God takes this for granted, and encourages them, by exhortation and example, to be well informed of the character and combination of their foes, and to make their arrangements for defence or war accordingly.

In accordance with this idea, we propose to throw out a few observations, not on the distinctive character of all the enemies of the Redeemer and his Church, but only on the remarkable union of two of them; these, however, leading adversaries of the truth. We allude to Scepticism and Superstition; or, to speak more popularly, Infidelity and Popery. All are aware that Infidelity consists in a denial of any written revelation from God, and a consequent reliance, for all moral and religious light, on reason and natural conscience; while Popery admits a divine revelation, but adds to it such traditions of its own, oral, written, and in ordinances, as substantially to subvert divine revelation, and bring back the great mass of its adherents to the same position as if no such revelation had been vouchsafed. The one system believes too little—believes nothing; the other believes a great deal too much, and what it believes is inconsistent with itself. Christ and his Church occupy the centre between these extremes. They constitute the divine, as against the human, whether in the form of reason or superstition. Now, an interesting and withal important point to notice, especially at the present day, is, that these extremes meet, and combine together with all cordiality against those occupying the middle position—in other words, array themselves against the Lord and his Anointed. One would naturally have expected, that scepticism and superstition—the believing nothing and the be

too much—would have been sworn enemies.
'e evidently entirely opposed to each other,
ere has always been sufficient proof, in fre-
recurring outbreaks between them, of their
and mutual enmity; but this renders their
ation against another system, which does not
reason nor reject revelation, the more mar-

shall first shortly state the *fact*, and then
t to explain the *cause*. The union of scepti-
d superstition (whatever may be the parties
under these general denominations) against
and kingdom of God is no matter of accident
nd it as a matter of fact in every age. The
ation is too uniform and regular to be unob-
or explained away. Who were the great
s of the Redeemer in the days of his flesh?
g by others of minor consequence, were they
Pharisees and the Sadducees? And who were
Were they not substantially the representa-
f the two principles to which we have alluded?
harisees received the entire Old Testament
tion—they did not reject a single book; but
with it they combined the traditions of the
s, which, both in regard to Law and Gospel,
th and practice (as our Lord's teaching and
ciations clearly show), subverted and neutral-
he truth of God. This party laboured, by every
in their power, to entrap, weaken, and destroy
hrist. It was they who at length succeeded in
ring him to the Roman governor for crucifixion.
Sadducees may not have professedly rejected
e revelation—they may have received some, at
of the Books of Moses, but they held sentiments
h were entirely subversive of their truth. They
Materialists, denying angel and spirit, and the
rection of the body; in other words, they were
els. John the Baptist warned against them as
eration of vipers. Christ denounced them as
crites; and no wonder—not outwardly rejecting
lation, and yet really trampling its essential
s in the dust.

ow, how did these parties stand to each other?
ight have been expected from the opposition of
creeds, they were keenly hostile. When Paul
ed to create a legitimate diversion in favour of
own safety and deliverance, all that was needful
miscellaneous meeting was to exclaim: "I am a
risee, the son of a Pharisee, called in question for
doctrine of the resurrection of the body," and
ediately there was an uproar, and wide-spread
fusion; the Sadducees were expelled, and the
tle saved by the hands and voices of the Phari-
But how did the same parties stand affected
Christ? They were bitter enemies, and combined
heir enmity. While in the murder of the Son of
n scepticism was represented by Pilate, who con-
ptuously asked, "What is truth?"—plainly con-
ing his own conviction, that there was no such
ng as truth—it was represented also by Caiaphas,
o, though high priest, was generally reputed a
dducee, and who pronounced sentence as well as
ate. The mob, who were under the influence of
Pharisees, as well as the Pharisees themselves,
may, in the meanwhile, be regarded as the representatives of the superstitious or self-righteous principle. Their cry was, "Crucify him, crucify him." Here was a remarkable combination of enemies—not to refer to Herod and Pilate, long hostile, being on the same occasion reconciled. What a meeting of extremes!—the men who believed nothing, and the men who could and did receive everything, however absurd, combined as devoted friends. All that was necessary to harmonize them was the mutual pleasure of slaying Him who was emphatically "The Truth."

The Redeemer intimated, that the servant was not better than the Master—that his disciples were to expect not only to be persecuted, but to be persecuted *in the same way* in which the Master had been called to suffer before them. Hence, in fulfilment of the prophetic intimation, the confederacy of foes against the living evangelical Church of Christ—the only Church which he acknowledges—has ever since been substantially the same.

After the resurrection, the infidel Sadducees, wounded with the increased preaching of that doctrine, grew in their violence. In spite of all pretensions to superiority to prejudice, liberality, and love of reason and candour, Peter and John were very soon called to endure their intolerant and persecuting rage; while the old superstitious and self-righteous Pharisees were awfully represented by the young Saul—the straitest of the sect of the Pharisees—to whom violence and bloodshed seemed to be at once a principle and a pastime. Here was a union of the same parties in the same atrocious work.

Do any imagine that the combination may still have been accidental—the exhibition of a peculiar case at a peculiar time? What is the testimony of John, at nearly the latest period in the history of the sacred canon? He informs us that in his day there were "many antichrists;" and the definition which he gives of an antichrist is, "one who denies the Father and the Son." Without excluding other errorists, who can doubt that the sceptic and the self-righteous superstitionist are included under it? The antichrist spoken of by John is evidently not a single individual, but a succession of individuals, forming a *system*. Moreover, it is an *apostate* system, bearing the Christian name. The context (1 John ii. 18) teaches that the parties had belonged to the true Christian Church, but had gone out of it—thereby showing that they had never been really of it. To what party can the description better apply than to those described by the Apostle Paul in the 2d chapter of Second Thessalonians? in other words, the superstitious system of Rome-Papal, which by that time had begun to work, showing itself in affected humility, and worship of angels, and distinction of meats, &c. This is eminently "the falling away," or apostasy. Then, again, in regard to the Infidel antichrist, we read of heretics denying that Jesus had come in the flesh—denying the Lord who had bought them. It is plain that though such parties continued to wear the Christian name and observe the ordinances of a Christian Church, they were not truly entitled to the designation of Christian. If a man, by sceptical and Socinian errors, denies what is most peculiar and vital in the person and work of the Son, he really falls under the denomination of Antichrist. He denies the Son *in the sense of Scripture*, and, doing so, he next denies the Father also, *in the same sense*, for there is no Father to the sinner but God the Father in Christ. Thus may there be real infidelity under a Christian dress; and, probably, such was one of the parties referred to by John under the name of Antichrist.

It is to be remembered, too, that in that age, agreeably to the intimations of prophecy, there were many open and avowed Infidels—men who had no hesitation in denouncing Christianity as a fable. All the unbelieving Jews belonged to this class; they were Infidels, and that of the most bitter and determined character. "Many," says Jesus, "shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ, and shall deceive many"—"There shall arise false Christs and false prophets." Without any straining, we may fairly include these under the antichrists spoken of by John. They denied the Father and the Son; nor can it be questioned, that whatever may be the faith of many individuals in the Church of Rome, however superior to that of the external communion with which they are connected, that Church also denies the Father and the Son. Her idolatrous worship of the saints, particularly of the Virgin Mary, raising her far above the Son, interferes with the doctrine of the Trinity, and substantially deprives the Father and the Son of the homage which is due to them as divine. The divinity and claims of the Son may be as truly overthrown by a creature being raised to equality with, or superiority over him, as by being directly robbed of his Deity by the denials of scepticism and Socinianism, whether Jewish or Gentile.

We may not be able to appeal, during the dark days of rising superstition which terminated in the supremacy of the Church of Rome, to *direct evidence* of the combination of the different antichrists of whom we have spoken against the faithful followers of Christ. The very darkness was adverse to evidence; but we cannot doubt that the prophecy was fulfilled. The Apostle John assumes, that however numerous the antichrists, they were all governed by one principle, and we may believe, therefore, would pursue a common line of operations. The infidel Jews may, at this time, have been hateful to all parties bearing the Christian name; but, doubtless, when it came to be a question between Christians, superstitious and self-righteous, like themselves, and humble and holy followers of the Lamb, who renounced self-righteousness and exclusively built upon grace, the Jews would throw the weight of their influence into the scale of the former against the latter. The rise and rapid spread of monasteries, which, in the first instance, were, to a great extent, refuges of the faithful from the impiety and persecution of the world, implies that the true friends of Jesus had many enemies, and enemies who knew how to act together against them.

On passing through the middle ages, and approaching the dawn of modern times, we meet with sad evidence of the union between Popery and Infidelity. Ecclesiastical history informs us, that in the 13th century the very Popedom was filled with Infidels.

Though the age was deeply dark and unheq
could not resist the dissent which a caricatured
tianity called forth; and hence many, includi
ing members of the priesthood, passed into th
of Infidelity. The character of the age
gathered from the fact, that the only writing
consequence were writings in defence of re
Neander, the well-known Church historian,
that, in the 16th century, at the opening of
formtion, nowhere were there so many Infi
Italy, nor more Atheists than in Rome, the
and head-quarters of the Church. Sceptici
superstition went together, and combined, by
and blood, to suppress the Reformation. Th
need not be reminded that, in more than one
they were unhappily successful. In Paris
1623, it was estimated there were 50,000 p
Atheistical principles. A similar union
traced in Britain in the latter half of the 1
tury. With the re-introduction of Popery
Charles I., and its increased progress under
storation, there was a marked development
delity. Writings of avowed Infidelity, wh
been unknown under evangelical Prote
now appeared, and laid the foundation for
of the same school both at home and abroad,
next generation. No one needs to be remi
the close and terrible connection between *Pop*
Infidelity in revolutionary France. After
tantism had been expelled, the whole coun
divided between the two forces. A vast bo
only of the people but of the priesthood,
Revolution showed, passed into Infidelity, a
not ashamed publicly to declare it. *No doubt*
as in some other cases, the two parties of scep
and superstition came to a deadly struggle wi
other; but this was no more than *what p*
would have led us to expect. Besides, thro
the struggle they discovered a still more deadly
of everything which savoured of *evangelical*
than they showed for their mutual errors.
not till living Christianity had been well-nigh
guished, that they went to blows, the one agai
other. Spain at the present day proclaims the
strange combination. Evangelical religion wa
pressed within her borders by the unheard-of
of the Inquisition. What was the result? For
rations the population has been divided betw
scepticism and superstition. In our own day, i
space eight years, 25,000 copies of the writing
French Infidels, translated, have been eagerly
lated and greedily devoured. The present sta
Italy might be appealed to in proof of the same
For one avowed Infidel or Atheist in Britain or
Holland, there are twenty persons of this chara
in Popish lands. An intelligent French writer
lately stated, that not above a twentieth part of
immense population of France can be regarded
genuine believers and adherents of the Church
Rome, the prodigious remainder are divisible am
different shades of indifferentism and Infidelity
Traces of the same combination appear in
quarters. German Infidelity is not confined to
Protestant Church of that country, it includes th

Popish also; and, more singular still, who are its active supporters against evangelical religion? It is the educated Jews. Here Jewish scepticism or superstition comes to the aid of Gentile Infidelity against the faithful. Nor is the evidence confined to Europe. On the banks of the Ganges native superstition and idolatry are calling in the aid of British Infidels, against the spread of living Christianity. To counteract the labours of missionaries, the benighted Hindu imports and circulates the writings of Voltaire and Paine. Singular as this combination of extremes may seem, it is no more than what prophecy would lead us to expect of the latter days in which we live. Immediately before the destruction of the Gentile Antichrist, three evil spirits like frogs—in other words, pernicious principles—are represented as going forth simultaneously; and, however distinct one from another, as working together, and gathering the kings of the whole world to the great and decisive battle of Armageddon. We cannot doubt that Infidelity and Superstition are two of these frogs. We may anticipate, then, that they shall combine and labour together to their common end. Owing to Infidelity, in this country at least, as yet not setting itself forth as a distinct, visible, organized system, it is not so easy to trace its connections with Popery in a tangible form. Few, however, who have turned their attention to the subject can question both that the Infidel power extensively prevails and grows, and also, that it has an instinctive, if not expressed, understanding with the Popish power, at least in efforts against evangelical truth. It is but the other day that, in the British Legislature, Popery came to the cordial support of Socinianism or scepticism, in gaining an undue advantage over Orthodoxy in Ireland, in regard to chapel property, and that the service was repaid by Socinianism helping Popery next year to Maynooth endowments, and a great increase of power, in the face of all evangelical remonstrance.

In addition to all these proofs of combination, and others of a kindred character which might be appealed to, there is a memorable fact, true in regard to the Infidel authors of this country; and, there can be little question, true also of the same class of writers in other lands. It is this, that though, as the professed friends of knowledge and freedom, civil and religious, their sympathies ought to have been with the friends of true evangelical religion, the obvious spirit and bearing of their writers, as historical authors, is with the Church of Rome. So it is of Voltaire, and Gibbon, and Hume. With all their scepticism they prefer superstition to true religion. The last on one occasion praises Paganism above any form of Christianity, as more candid and tolerant! Among Churches, they have an obvious liking for the Church of Rome. We very much doubt whether any noted Infidel could be appealed to who, in describing a struggle between Popery and living Christianity, leant to the latter. If there were such a case, it could be explained only on the principle of an overmastering love of knowledge or civil liberty, which, in a solitary instance, broke through a general rule. It appears from the memoirs of the Infidel Diderot, that in the house of the Baron D'Holbach, where seventeen leading French Atheists dined at a time, himself one of the number, the Popish mass was daily and regularly celebrated.

To be continued.

WILLIAM TYNDALE, THE FIRST TRANSLATOR OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

(*From the North British Review.*)

TYNDALE was educated at Oxford, where he was distinguished by his attainments in the classics and his knowledge of the Scriptures, which he laboured to inculcate on the minds of his fellow-students. This zeal was offensive to his superiors; and though there is no reason to think he was expelled, yet, says Foxe, "spying his time, he removed to the University of Cambridge, where he likewise made his abode a certain space." About 1520 he used often to preach in Bristol, and in various towns and villages in the neighbourhood of Little Sodbury Manor, where he was a tutor in the family of Sir John Walsh.

There he had debates with abbots and other clergy who frequented the house; for Sir John "kept a good ordinary;" and the tutor had an opportunity of occasionally discussing "God's matters" with well-beneficed dignitaries. Once Sir John and his lady were at a banquet, given by those great doctors, "where they talked at will and pleasure, uttering their blindness and ignorance without resistance or gainsaying." Their arguments being repeated to Tyndale, he refuted them from Scripture.

"Well," said Lady Walsh, "there was such a doctor there as may dispend £100 a-year, and another £200, and another £300; and what! were it reason, think you, that we should believe you before them?"

It was in this house that Tyndale conceived the purpose of translating the Scriptures.

"As long," said he, "as the clergy can keep the Scripture down, they will so darken the right way with the mist of their sophistry—with arguments of philosophy, and with worldly similitudes, and apparent reasons of natural wisdom, and with wresting the Scriptures unto their purpose—that though thou feel in thine heart, and art sure how that all is false that they say, yet couldst thou not solve their subtle riddles: which thing only moved me to translate the New Testament; because that I had perceived, by experience, how that it is impossible to establish the people in any truth, except the Scripture were plainly set before their eyes in their mother tongue."

A rumour soon spread abroad that he was tainted with heresy, and owing to secret accusations, he was summoned before the chancellor of the diocese, "who threatened him grievously, reviled him, and rated him as though he had been a dog." Having escaped from the hands of this man, he was soon after in discussion with a learned divine, who, when forced into dilemma, exclaimed, "We were better without God's law than the pope's." To this ebullition, so characteristic of the times, Tyndale replied: "I defy the pope and all his laws; and if God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of Scripture than you do."

Finding the Italian diocese of Worcester too hot for him, and fearing that he should fall into the unmerciful hands of the spirituality, he set out for the metropolis, bringing with him an introduction to Tunstal, bishop of London, the future burner of the New Testament. It was his first and last attempt to procure a patron; for his whole life was distinguished by a love of independence, very rare in those days even among Reformers. No public character ever evinced more noble self-reliance—none ever trusted princes less or Providence more. He was told by the great man that his house was full—he had more than he could well find. Tyndale abode almost a year in the city, studying the Church and the world at head-quarters. "I understood," said he, "at the last, not only that there was no room in my lord of London's palace, to translate the New Testament, but also, that there was no place to do it in all England."

He therefore embarked for the Continent, and remained in Hamburg about a year, busy at his translation, being supported chiefly by the liberality of a London merchant. It has been generally supposed that he went at once to Luther, and was leagued with him in this work. But this is a mistake—he never set foot in Saxony before the publication of his New Testament. From Hamburg he removed to Cologne on the Rhine in 1525, accompanied by his amanuensis, William Roye. There he committed to the press the New Testament, in the form of a quarto volume. But the printers had not proceeded far when the work was interdicted. They managed, however, to secure the printed sheets, and sailed with them up the Rhine to Worms, where they resumed their task in safety, and with renewed zeal. When Cochlæus, an indefatigable defender of the "Old Learning," discovered, by intoxicating the printers, that the "two apostate Englishmen, learned, skilful in languages, and fluent," were actually printing 3,000 copies of the New Testament in English, with the design of "making all England Lutheran," he was "moved with fear and wonder," and induced the authorities to interpose. He also wrote to Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey, "that they might, with the greatest diligence, take care lest that most pernicious article of merchandise should be conveyed into all the ports of England." . . . . .

The New Testament arrived in England in January 1526. The history of this importation of "pernicious merchandise" is full of romantic incidents, and "if only the half were told, would be one of the most graphic stories" in our annals. "No siege by sapping and mining which England has ever since achieved could furnish a tenth part of the incident, or evince half the courage by which she was herself assailed."

Think of the tremendous forces that were acting in combination against the introduction of the printed Scriptures into England in the native language! Henry's royal honour was staked to vindicate his proud title of Defender of the Faith, which he had won in controversy against Lutheranism, the opprobrious designation now employed towards all the friends of the English Testament. His chancellor, Wolsey, was next to him in power—a man of vast wealth and inordinate ambition—an intriguing aspirant to the Papal chair, and virtually Pope of England, both from his political influence, which enabled him to dictate to the Court of Rome, and his new office as vicar. . . . . .

Wolsey, roused by a personal satire against himself, commenced the work of persecution by instituting a secret search for books. It was found that Garret, a curate in London, had been in the habit of conveying large quantities to "a little flock" in Oxford. He and all suspected of receiving the books were cast into prison. Among these were a number of the students of Wolsey's own college. They were immured in a dungeon, where, getting no food but salt fish for five months, four of them died.

Dr Barnes having, in a sermon, ridiculed the cardinal's golden shoes, golden cushions, and red gloves, was called upon to "abjure or burn." After painful suspense, he was persuaded to abjure, and Wolsey had triumphant revenge. In St Paul's, on Sabbath-day, he sat enthroned in state, and clothed in purple, surrounded by thirty abbots, mitred priors, and bishops, while Fisher preached against the "heretics," and then baskets full of books were thrown into a fire kindled without. Barnes and his fellow-abjurers were obliged to carry faggots round the fire three times before they cast them in, and the whole ended by proclaiming an indulgence to the spectators.

Thus the work of exterminating the Scriptures went on; but it was not confined to England. In obedience to Wolsey's instructions, the English ambassador not only visited Antwerp, Barrow, Zealand, and other places, for this purpose, but he made "privy inquisitions" after books at Ghent and Bruges, Louvaine, &c. He made some "good fires" of the New Testaments; but in an attempt to punish the printer of them at Antwerp, he received an effectual check from the free Government of that place, which presented a happy contrast to the slavery of England. It was this ambassador (Hacket) who first suggested the idea of buying up the New Testament in order to burn it. So greatly were the bishops alarmed at the prospects of its circulation, that Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, spent £664 thus, on part of Tyndale's first edition, and called on the bishops to contribute their share of the money, which they did, and thanked him cordially for this "glorious and blessed deed."

In 1528, persecution raged fiercely against the readers and venders of the Scriptures, till it was providentially interrupted by the fearful epidemic, called by foreigners "Sudor Anglicanus," as it attacked only the English, and seized on them wherever it found them.

> "It seemed the genial air,
> From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
> Was then at enmity with English blood;
> For, but the race of England, all were safe
> In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
> The foreign blood that England then contained."

In two months 40,000 were affected in London alone, of whom 4,000 died. Both the king and his chancellor made their wills, and confessed daily, that they might be ready for this terrible visitant. . . . .

How well it was doing its work in 1530 is shown in a letter from the aged Bishop of Norwich.

"If," said he, "these erroneous opinions continue any time, I think they shall UNDO US ALL. The gentlemen and the commonalty be not greatly infected, but merchants, and such that hath their abiding not far from the sea."

Now, therefore, the rulers take counsel together, and here is their determination. Having selected upwards of a hundred "errors" out of "Tyndale and Fryth," they say:—

"All which great errors and pestilent heresies being contagious and damnable, with all the books containing the same, with the translation also of Scripture corrupted by William Tyndale, as well in the Old Testament as in the New, and all other books in English containing such errors—the king's highness present in person—by one whole advice and assent of the prelates and clerks, as well of the universities as of all other assembled together, determined utterly to be repelled, rejected, and put away out of the hands of his people, and not to be suffered to get abroad among his subjects."

But they could not bind the Word of God. They might burn the books in which it was written, and even the hearts on which it was engraved; but truth cannot be consumed in the flames—it "endures for ever." When the Bishop of London, in May this year, had the New Testaments which he had bought piled up and burned in St Paul's Church-yard, the people were indignant, and filled with a greater love for the Scriptures and hatred to the clergy than ever.

Afterwards, the New Testaments printed with the money got for those now burned, "came thick and threefold into England;" so that the bishops were informed that, if they wished to stop the supply, they must buy the *stamps* too!

While Tyndale was diligently labouring for the salvation of his country, he was in constant apprehension of his life from her ungrateful rulers, whose spies were dogging his steps, intruding into his privacy, and worming themselves into his confidence, in order to betray him. On one occasion, in a secret interview with our ambassador (Vaughan), whom he almost converted to his opinions, he uttered an emphatic sentence, which affectingly betrays at once the heart of an exile and the spirit of a martyr:—

"As I now am," said he, "very death were more pleasant to me than life, considering men's nature to be such as can bear no truth."

It was first an object with Crumwell (King Henry's chief adviser) to have him inveigled into England, in the hope of getting him to abjure in view of the faggots; but finding, from Vaughan's reports, that this was a vain hope, he instructed the latter not to try to bring him over, "because," said Crumwell, "if he were present, by all likelihood he would shortly do as much as in him were to infect and corrupt the whole realm." Strange that this poor exile should so trouble the realm of England! What gave him all this power? Truth! He had ably exposed the "Practice of Prelates," and triumphantly answered the controversial writings of the Lord Chancellor, and all lovers of freedom were on his side.

Yet was he a loyal man and a true patriot, full of yearning affection for his native land, which he was never to see again. Vaughan thus describes the effect on him of some false assurances of Henry's pity and goodness:—

"I perceived the man to be exceedingly altered, and to take the same very near to his heart, in such wise that water stood in his eyes; and he said: 'What gracious words are these! I assure you,' said he, 'if it would stand with the king's most gracious pleasure to grant only a bare text of the Scripture to be put forth among the people, like as is put forth among the subjects of the emperor in these parts, and of other Christian princes, I shall immediately make promise never to write more, but most humbly to submit myself at the feet of his royal majesty, offering my body to suffer whatever pain or torture, yea, what death his grace will, so that this be obtained. And till that time I will abide the asperity of all chances, and endure my life in as much pain as it is able to bear and suffer.'"

Influenced, no doubt, by this noble spirit, Vaughan remonstrated against the cruel policy of the English Court with much earnestness.

"Let his majesty," said he, "be further assured that he can, with no policy, nor with no threatenings of tortures and punishments, take away the opinions of his people, till his grace shall fatherly and lovingly reform the clergy of his realm. For *there* springeth the opinion—from *thence* riseth the grudge of his people."

But neither Henry nor his vicar thought of anything but their own power and profit. Truly has Mr Anderson observed, that "in the persons of her rulers at this period, no nation upon earth had surpassed Britain in her opposition to divine truth."[*]

Queen Anne was favourable to Tyndale and his cause. In 1534 he presented her with a copy of the New Testament, beautifully printed on vellum, with illuminations, bound in blue morocco, and the name, *Anna Regina Angliæ*, in large red letters outside on the margins, but without any dedication or compliment; for Tyndale, an honest and a true man, knew too well what was due to the Sacred Volume and its Divine Author, to flatter any mortal within its covers. At this time the Scriptures came freely into England, and were eagerly read by many without any molestation from the authorities. At length, in 1535, the translator was betrayed by two hired spies from England, and cast into a prison at Vilvorde, where he laboured on till the day of his martyrdom, which he endured with a calm heroism; his last words, uttered from the flames with fervent zeal and a loud voice, being—"Lord, open the eyes of the King of England!"—a prayer, which, alas! seems to have been never answered. Thus died William Tyndale.

FRAGMENTS FROM A MINISTER'S DAY-BOOK.

THE MESSAGE OF LIFE AND DEATH.

On the banks of one of our most classic streams lies the village of ——, peacefully basking in the bright southern sun. It lies but a few miles from our town, communicating with it both by boat and bridge.

Some years ago, there lived in it a labouring man of the name of J—— A——. He was, externally, most respectable in character, and a regular church attender. One summer Sabbath morning he strolled up the banks of the river, and, without any very special object, entered my church. It was no concern for his soul, nor any wish to hear the Gospel, that brought him. Report had brought many things to his ears concerning me, and he felt some vague curiosity to hear me. He had not a particle of religion about him; nothing even of its form, except the church-going.

The first part of the service affected him little, but towards the close he was completely arrested. It was of "Jesus of Nazareth passing by," that I spoke. "He is here—He is passing by—He will soon be gone. Oh! lay hold of him—seize, touch if it were but the hem of his garment." These words went to his very heart. His *conscience* was arrested. He felt as he had never done before. He could not tell what was the matter, but he went home, as he expressed it, "real heavy." Conviction had seized his conscience, and had struck its arrows deep. His feelings were more those of bitterness than of terror, but still they were genuine and thorough.

As soon as he returned home he hastened to his knees. "For the first time in my life," he said to me afterwards, "I bowed the knee to God."

"But do you mean to say that you never tried to pray before?" I asked.

"Not just that," said he; "I used to say a few words over to myself at night when I got into bed, but I never bowed the knee before."

I was a little surprised at this confession at that time, but I am much less so now. I have learned how much less there is even of *form* among the people of this land than I used to suppose. Not only has prayer ceased to an awful extent amongst us, but the mere form of it (in private at least)—the mere bowing of the knee has gone. How soon professing Christians sink into utter ungodliness! How much more rapidly do they degenerate even from their forms than the Heathen do!

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[*] Annals of the English Bible, vol. i., p. 314.

I then proceeded to ask him how long these convictions continued, and how he found peace. He gave me a distinct and satisfactory account of his change—an account all the more satisfactory when I remembered his previous carelessness and ignorance of divine things. He told me that, for about a week after he was thus convinced of sin, he went about in great darkness and misery, seeking rest and finding none. He had none in the village where he lived to open his mind to, and he did not think of applying to me. But one day as he was upon his knees, "seeking the Lord," the light of the Gospel beamed in. He found it to be good news of forgiveness to his weary spirit, and in believing it the burden rolled from off his shoulders. He rose relieved and lightened, feeling himself a new man. That very night he commenced family worship in his house, which, till then, had never been thought of by either himself or his wife.

He continued visiting me occasionally for about a year or upwards, getting the loan of books from me, which he seemed to relish and prize. Shortly after I missed him from church, where his attendance used to be most regular. His visits also to me were discontinued. I inquired after him, and found that his old minister had offered him the situation of precentor, which he had accepted. I was sorry at this; not that I grudged another congregation his attendance, but because I feared that he could hear no Gospel where he now worshipped. I wondered how he could have consented to accept such a situation, and feared that he must be drawing back and waxing cold. I never could get an opportunity of speaking to him alone, and therefore could not ascertain his own feelings as to his spiritual condition. But I inquired at others, and they still bore testimony to the excellency of his character and the Christian deportment of his walk and conversation. He used to come and hear me preach when I went to the village where he was; but even then I could only get a few words from him at the close. He did not seem to shun me, and yet he did not speak with the freedom which he used to do in former years. I could not help standing in doubt of him, and anxiously wishing to get hold of him, and know exactly how he stood. His former dealings with me were of such a solid and satisfactory kind that I could not help still regarding him as a believer, though at the same time I was constrained to fear that he was not the same living happy Christian that he once was when first he knew the Lord.

One evening I went out to preach at the village of H——. He was there as usual. After sermon, he lingered behind to speak with me. In an abrupt way, which was natural to him, he told me that some time ago he had been thrown into great darkness of mind by a sermon which he had heard. For a time he had been very miserable. Then again he had heard another which was the means of bringing light into his soul again. I forget the text and the observations which were thus blessed to him; but it seemed to me as if his soul were again grasping the Gospel which some years ago he had laid hold of. His soul seemed again at rest.

I returned home greatly rejoicing at this interview. It re-assured me. I had not, indeed, ascertained very minutely his state of soul, nor any of its various workings for the last three years; but I felt assured that he had not let go his hold of Christ, and that though he undoubtedly had not been making the progress which he ought to have done, still he had not wholly left his first love. I was thankful to have learned this much of him.

On the following week, the tidings reached me that two men had been killed in a neighbouring quarry. I inquired their names, and found that one of them was no other than J—— A——. God had cut him down in the prime of his manhood!

I felt doubly thankful now for the interview I had had with him a few days before. Had it not been for that, I should have had no assurance of his eternal well-being. It was as if God had brought him to me to tell me of his spiritual state before he took him thus suddenly away. I could not doubt that it was well with him, however sore the bereavement was to a weeping widow and her helpless orphans.

RUSSIA AND THE GREEK CHURCH.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON, A.B., EDINBURGH.

WHAT, it may be asked, after the sombre details we have given in our former article, are our hopes for the Church of Christ in Russia? In the midst of so many discouraging elements, do we dare to hope at all? When we think of her homage to the Virgin, and her invocations to the dead, of the abject superstitions of her picture-worship—superstitions which we trace not only in the pomp and ceremonial of her public services, but in her peasant's home and in her fisherman's hut, for in the dwelling of the humblest peasant of Russia Proper, and before the door of the poorest fisherman on the shores of the Black Sea and the Caspian, there hangs the image of his favourite saint with the taper burning before it; when we think of the low morality of the people rendering cheating and over-reaching a common quality even in the most simple business transactions; when we think, too, of the absolute power with which the emperor is armed—a power which from its very enormity makes him jealous of all free inquiry, and tremulous at the very shadow of change—eager therefore against innovation in the Church, lest to-morrow it should reach the throne; when we think of these things, we are ready to sicken at the thought of a nation so vast bound in the chains of a superstition rivetted by despotism, that retains little of Christianity besides the name.

Still one ray of light streaks the sky—shall we call it the last lingering ray of evening twilight? or the first beam of morning that announces day? We refer to the fact that the

Word of God is free in Russia—that its bishops and pastors, in many instances, encourage its circulation, and, what is only next in importance, that the people in general admit its supreme authority as an end to controversy. The experience of Drs Paterson and Henderson has, indeed, shown that the efforts of foreigners for the circulation of the Scriptures are regarded with distrust; but the check given in their case was rather because they were not Russians than because they were Bible agents. In this feature of his character, the Greek Churchman approaches the Protestant—the two meet on common ground—they have, what it is ever found so difficult to secure with a Romish disputant, a common standard of appeal, and therefore, amid all the encumbering rubbish of superstition, the seeds of life yet slumber in the Russian soil. Earthquakes have sometimes brought precious seeds and metals nearer the surface. Who can tell at what new turn of events the seeds of life may be brought nearer the surface in Russia, and the faith of a few weeping thousands, in spite of imperial ukases and synodical deeds, become the faith of an enlightened and emancipated population? That we are not too sanguine in this expectation let us now show, by one or two extracts from Dr Pinkerton's work, the first of which will serve the additional purpose of presenting us with a vivid picture of the Russian worship:—

> Let any one, on his first arrival in Petersburg, enter the Church of St Nicholas, for instance, on a holiday, in the time of service, and, placing himself in a corner, calmly contemplate the scene before him: he might easily be led to the conclusion, that the Russians are to be counted among the most ignorant and superstitious of nations. The splendour of the building, with its gaudy decorations; the sumptuous dresses of the clergy, composed of bright-coloured brocades, covered with embroidery and bespangled with gems; the vocal music; the odours of incense ascending before the sacred pictures, from the golden censer waving in the hand of the officiating priest; the great number of pictures covering the walls, overlaid with gold and silver plates in the form of robes, studded with pearls and precious stones, before which some hundreds of wax-lights and lamps of different sizes are burning; the people of all classes standing and worshipping (for none sit there); some turning to their respective tutelary saints, and prostrating themselves before them in various acts of humiliation; others bargaining for tapers at the stalls where they are sold in the church, then lighting them, and with many crossings and ceremonies placing them before their favourite pictures, as an offering, and a symbol of the sincerity of their devotion—having beheld these, let him turn his attention from the almost confounding splendour and stupifying effects of this crowded scene, more minutely to contemplate its parts, and mark the peculiar dresses, and looks, and attitudes of individuals. He will see much to excite his feelings of compassion and sympathy. Here the aged sire of fourscore, devoutly crossing and slowly prostrating himself before the picture of his tutelary saint, his legs and arms trembling beneath him, ere his forehead and hoary locks reach the pavement: what must it cost such a feeble old man to perform this most fatiguing act of his devotion, perhaps forty or fifty times in a morning!—There the devout mother, with her babe in her arms, teaching its infant hand to make the figure of the cross, by touching, with the thumb and first two fingers united, first its forehead, then its breast, next the right shoulder, and afterwards the left; and to lisp the *Gospodi Pomilui:* and when the priest brings out the crucifix, at the end of the service, to bestow the benediction, behold, she presses forward in the crowd, and devoutly embraces the feet of the image of the suffering Saviour, and the infant follows her example!
>
> Without any further knowledge of the service, people, and principles of the Greek Church, the traveller must at once come to the conclusion that the Eastern Church is, in all respects, as corrupt in doctrine, and as superstitious in practice, as the Church of Rome. On obtaining better information, however, he finds this a hasty conclusion, as it regards doctrine, and not borne out by facts; for the Church that permits every one of its members to read the Holy Scriptures in a language which he understands, and acknowledges this Word as the highest tribunal in matters of faith on earth, is still possessed of the best reformer of all superstition—a reformation which will no doubt take place with the increase of learning and scriptural knowledge, both in Russia and Greece.

The sentiment here expressed by Dr Pinkerton is borne out by facts mentioned in other parts of his book:—

> In March 1822, I met with a most interesting spiritual Christian, the minister of one of their assemblies in St Petersburg, and had a long conversation with him in the house of a Russian noble. His name was Isaiah. He was a man about sixty years of age—in appearance, a simple bearded peasant, dressed in coarse wide russet garments. I conversed with him for nearly three hours on the essential doctrines of the Gospel, and found him, in general, very sound. His knowledge was taken solely from the Word of God, of which he was one of the most powerful quoters I ever conversed with. His views of the faith and practice of a Christian, drawn from this source, were beautifully simple and harmonious. But, like the Duchobortzi, he rejected the external ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper. He seemed to insist much upon the evidences of a living faith; and that nothing could entitle a person to the name of Christian but Christianity in practice. As he had no acquaintance with scholastic theology, nor any systematic form of faith, I was astonished at his skill in illustrating one part of Scripture by another, comparing spiritual things with spiritual, and the wonderful facility with which he applied the whole force of truth to the regulation of the heart and life. In this poor peasant I saw an illustrious example of the power of the Divine Word, under the blessing of God, to make even the simple, and those who, in respect of human learning, are babes, truly wise. His congregation, he told me, consisted of about five hundred souls, who formed a village near Mosdok. They had five elders to labour among them in spiritual things, who are chosen from among themselves, and ordained to their office by the laying on of the hands of the whole Church, and prayer. He spoke of their brethren as being very numerous, and scattered over all the provinces of the empire; they were also known under the name of Molochani; but were not all equally pure in doctrine and practice. He said that he had been sent forth by his Church for the express purpose of visiting the brethren, and ministering to their spiritual wants by doctrine and conversation: many of them, he added, were becoming purer in faith and practice.

But perhaps the most interesting document of all, is one put forth by Philaret, archbishop of Moscow, containing a statement of the differences between the doctrines of the Eastern and Western Churches. These are given in opposite columns, and we regret that we have only space to present a few:—

DOCTRINE OF THE EASTERN (OR GREEK) CHURCH.	DOCTRINE OF THE WESTERN (OR ROMISH) CHURCH.
The only pure and all-sufficient source of the doctrines of faith is the revealed Word of God, contained now in the Holy Scriptures.	Holy Scripture is not an adequate source of saving doctrine; for in Christianity there is much necessary to be known which is not in the Scriptures.
Everything necessary to salvation is stated in the Holy Scriptures with such clearness, that every one, reading it with a sincere desire to be enlightened, can understand it. "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. cxix. 105. "But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost."—2 Cor. iv. 3.	Holy Scripture is so unintelligible, that it is impossible to understand it without an interpreter; for many passages of it admit of various interpretations, &c.
The decisions of Councils are to be tried by the Holy Scriptures; so that no Council whatever can set up an article of faith which cannot be proved from the Holy Scriptures. This rule was always held by the ancient Church.	Councils have an equal degree of exemption from error with the Holy Scriptures; for in them Jesus Christ is present.
Grace justifies through the power of the merits of Jesus Christ, which a man receives by living faith: good works are the fruits of faith and grace, and therefore they do not constitute in man any kind of personal merit.	Grace and faith only lay the beginning of the work of justification: a man acquires perfect justification, and eternal life, by his own merits, which are his good works.
Jesus Christ is the only Head of the Church.—"And gave him to be the Head over all things to the Church, which is his body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all."—Eph. i. 22, 23.	Jesus Christ is the invisible, and the Pope of Rome the visible Head of the Church.—"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church."—Matt. xvi. 18. These words refer to the Bishop of Rome, as the successor of St Peter.

While we much fear that the enlightened and scriptural sentiments expressed in the first column cannot be received as those of the general body of the Russian clergy, still, as coming from one of her most distinguished dignitaries, it has high value, especially when we consider that what exists at all may be extended.

What, then, it may be asked, is our duty to the Greek Church in Russia, as well as to its other branches in other regions of the East? We have no hesitation in avowing it as our conviction, that the Reformed communions in general have not discharged their duty to the Eastern Churches, and that the sleepless activity of Jesuitism has taken fatal advantage of our Protestant supineness. The policy of Rome for many centuries has been to assimilate the forms and ceremonies of the Greek Church as nearly as possible to her own, thus making the passage back to her own fold the easier. The consequence has been, that Rome has of late years made considerable additions to her numbers from the Greek communion.

But the very history of the two Churches places them in natural antagonism to each other, and, were evangelical Protestants only faithful to their trust, and alive to their opportunity, they might soon, with the Bible in their hand, succeed in widening and deepening the gulf which it has been the policy of Rome to fill up. It is the testimony of travellers, that, while the Roman Catholic priest regards even a Bible agent with reserve and suspicion, the Greek pastor, and his people with him, are, in many instances, disposed to cheer him on in his work.

Inquiry, then, should be made in regard to the precise condition of all the great branches of the Greek communion—the good men in all of them that retain a simple faith amid a corrupt ceremonial, should be sought out—correspondence should be established with them, pecuniary assistance freely given when it may be advantageously bestowed, missionaries sent forth when a door of entrance is open for them, colporteurs where the missionary would be suspected and turned aside; while we should stand watching with prayerful and longing hearts for the hour when He who has been made Head over all things to the Church, shall so arrange the events of his providence as to lay open to the unfettered efforts of evangelical Christianity the wide extent of the empire of the czar.

Protestants have looked too exclusively upon the Roman Catholic Church as the only proper antagonist to wrestle with. But while the West is to be reconquered, let us not forget that the East is to be reclaimed. Let us not forget that, vast in its intrinsic importance, its relative importance is, if possible, vaster still. The territories of the Greek Church border on those of Mohammedanism, and the tide of life, once flowing over her, would pass over the regions given to the false prophet, and at length meet and mingle with the tide that had meanwhile been advancing from the shores of converted India. Never do we feel the magnitude and the grandeur of the missionary enterprise as we ought, until we awake to the truth that its field is the world; and never do we see our own country in its true majesty of responsibility and of destiny, until we perceive that, for ages to come, she must stand foremost in the work—the centre at once of action and design. And what a destiny, my friends! "Every crown," it has been finely said, "has been earned and worn; every other sort of glory has become trite and faded. To renovate not a nation, but the human race—to place the moral world on a new foundation, and to commence an era in the history of mankind, might be the destiny of England, at a small expense compared with the expenditure of keeping nations in subjection by terror alone. Thus, with more than the literary glory of Greece, and with gratitude as sacred as belonged to Israel of old, England, at once the sacred and classic land of latter days, would have the fulness of the Gentiles, and the completion of science for her inheritance of glory."[*]

THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN HOWE.[†]

"The earthly house of this tabernacle," was to be "dissolved," and exchanged for a building of God, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." But before we go to see him die, we will retrace our steps a little, to notice an instance or two of the foretastes that had been granted him of the joy on which he was about to enter.

Rarely has there existed such a combination of great devotional susceptibility with great intellectual power, as in the case of Mr Howe. This may be gathered from his writings, which abound with *bursts* of hallowed fervour; and other evidence is at hand. On the fly-leaf of his study Bible were found, after his death, some memoranda in Latin, which have been thus translated:—"*Dec.* 26, '89. After that I had long seriously and repeatedly thought with myself, that besides a full and undoubted assent to the objects of faith, a vivifying savoury taste and relish of them was also necessary, that with stronger force and more powerful energy, they might penetrate into the most inward centre of my heart, and there being most deeply fixed and rooted, govern my life; and that there could be no other sure ground whereon to conclude and pass a sound judgment on my good state Godward; and after I had in my course of preaching been largely insisting on 2 Cor. i. 12, this very morning I awoke out of a most ravishing and delightful dream, that a wonderful and copious stream of celestial rays, from the lofty throne of the Divine Majesty, seemed to dart into my expanded breast. I have often since, with great complacency, reflected on that very signal pledge of special divine favour vouchsafed to me on that memorable day, and have, with repeated fresh pleasure, tasted the delights thereof. But what on Oct. 22, 1704, of the same kind I sensibly felt, through the admirable bounty of my God, and the most pleasant comforting influence of the Holy Spirit, far surpassed the most expressive words my thoughts can suggest. I then experienced an inexpressibly pleasant melting of heart; tears gushing out of mine eyes, for joy that God should shed abroad his love abundantly through the hearts of men, and that for this very purpose my own should be so signally possessed of and by his blessed Spirit.—Rom. v. 5." In addition to these private memoranda of matters which were at the time secret within his own breast, it was observed that, in his last illness, and when he had been declining for some time, he was once in a "most affecting, melting, heavenly frame," when administering the Lord's supper, and was carried out into "such a ravishing and transporting celebration of the love of Christ, that both he himself and the communicants were apprehensive he would have expired in that very service."

Having these facts before us, in addition to what we had previously learned respecting Mr Howe, we are prepared for what his biographer, Dr Calamy, further states of him—that "he discovered no fear of dying, but even when his end drew near, was very serene and calm;" that "he seemed, indeed, sometimes to have been got to heaven, even before he had laid aside that mortality which he had been long expecting to have swallowed up of life;" and that, "though nature was considerably spent in him, yet was there somewhat even in the manner of his dying that was remarkable and worthy of observation." We must not lay too much stress upon what is called "dying experience." Had Howe's been the opposite of what it was, our assurance of his salvation—our respect for his Christian excellence—our admiration of the grace of God in the moral greatness of his character, would have been in no degree diminished. The last hours of some men, eminent in piety and usefulness, as they were in talents and labours through life, have been overcast with gloom that prevented bystanders from recognising the glories of their departure. But the orb setting behind a bank of dense black clouds, is himself far beyond their reach. They affect not his brightness, but merely our view of it. While to us he seems to sink in darkness that extinguishes his beams, he is really rising in other skies gladdening the sight of other observers, and clothed in splendours, as if the Almighty had afresh, or for the first time, robed him in the reflection of his own divine effulgence. "We walk by *faith*, not by *sight*;" and when a man's *life* has testified that his *heart* is *right* with *Christ*, we know that his *safety* for glorification is in *Christ's* hands, though his enemies be in malice loading him with anathemas, or he, by morbid influence from what is animal or what is mental, be writing volumes of bitter things against himself, at the crisis of leaving the body. Still, a cloudless sunset is pleasant to witness, though in its effects on nature quite secondary to a cloudless day. And such a sunset was John Howe's.

We are told that, during his last sickness, he was visited by many of all ranks, and that he conversed very pleasantly with them. Among others was Richard Cromwell, who was now grown old, and had lived many years in retirement from the world since the time when he was Protector of England's Commonwealth, and Howe was his domestic chaplain. The interview was deeply affecting. Both parties in it held the same faith, cherished the same hope, and were inspired with the same love. "There was a great deal of serious discourse between them. Tears were shed freely on both sides, and the parting was very solemn." "Many elder and younger ministers also frequently visited him, and he was very free in his discourse with them, and talked like one of another world, and that had raised uncommon hopes of that blessedness there which his heart had long been set upon."

One morning, finding himself much better than could have been expected after the severe pain he had endured the preceding evening, he became quite cheerful. An attendant noticed it; on which he said, that "he was for feeling that he was *alive*, though most willing to die, and lay the clog of mortality aside." He once told Mrs Howe that, "though he thought he loved her as well as it was fit for one creature to love another, yet if it were put to his choice, whether to die that moment, or to live that night, and the living that night would secure the continuance of his life for seven years to come, he would choose to die that moment." Great as he was accounted by others, he had no dependence but on Christ. "I expect," said he, "my salvation, not as a profitable servant, but as a pardoned sinner." Shortly before his dissolution a change took place which raised the hopes of his friends. Probably it was during this partial revival, that he laid on his son the command to destroy his "memorials." The change was of brief duration. On Thursday, March 29, it was certain that his end was near; and on the following Monday, April 2, 1705, "being quite worn out," he expired.

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[*] Hints on Missions, by Douglas of Cavers.

[†] From Essay by Dr Urwick, prefixed to the third volume of the works of the English Puritan Divines. London and Edinburgh. Nelson.

Thus died **John Howe**!—thus, with a composure that became his sanctified, majestic soul, confiding in "the First and the Last and the Living One, who has the keys of hades and of death," did this honoured servant, at his Master's bidding, lay down his earthly charge, and rise to receive the "Well-done," which sovereign mercy, through the cross in which he gloried, had prepared to compensate and crown for ever his watchful, toilsome, suffering, faithful stewardship below.

SPECIMENS OF "RELICS."

In the district of Einsiedeln, particularly at the celebrated place of pilgrimage, I witnessed scenes of sad misery. Here the inhabitants, formerly innkeepers, rosary makers, beggars, and small shopkeepers, had lost their livelihood by the stopping of the pilgrimages, while they had been plundered of all their savings by the soldiers. The abbey stood deserted; the interior of the temple was plundered and desecrated. The members of the municipality, headed by Meinrad Ochsner, a Capuchin, but to my astonishment, an enthusiast for Kant's philosophy, led me into the sanctuary. Here I saw the marble chapel of St Meinradus, which, four years ago I had approached upon my knees, torn down with ruthless Vandalism, so that even the beams of the church roof itself were loosened and injured. Ornaments and effigies of saints and angels lay scattered in fragments on the floor, or hung in their places, mere mutilated wrecks. I ordered the immediate clearance and repair as far as possible of the beautiful sanctuary, and that the site of the destroyed chapel should be covered at least by an altar. But I knew not how to perform the important duty of restoring prosperity to the destitute village. "The most simple and effectual means," said my companion, "would doubtless be the restoration of the miraculous image of the mother of God to the altar. Pilgrimages would then again take place, and the inhabitants be restored to their means of livelihood." "But the miraculous image," I replied, "has been carried off by the French to Paris; or, as some assert, has eloped with the abbot into the Tyrol." "Both are true," was the answer, "yet the mother of God is still present at Einsiedeln." "What! present in the Tyrol, at Paris, and at Einsiedeln, at one and the same time!" I exclaimed. "Convince me of the truth of this miracle, and no good Catholic shall henceforth believe more firmly in the omnipresence of the Blessed Virgin than I!" Upon this they led me into a narrow sacristy, before an old locked-up chest. They opened it, and I saw a row of dolls of exactly the same size, lying side by side, each with the same bright black face, as if blackened by the smoke of the eternal lamps. Each of these representatives of the Queen of Heaven wore a broad, full robe, which gave her a pyramidal shape; but each was decorated with different ornaments and jewels. I now learned that the image of the Holy Virgin had to be presented for the worship of the people in a different costume every holiday; and that, in order to spare any trouble at her toilet, a number of dolls were kept ready dressed, and substituted, as convenient, one for another.—*Dr Zchokke.*

IT IS A PARTING—NOT A LOSS.

Thou hast lost thy friend; say rather, Thou hast parted with him. That is properly lost which is past all recovery—which we cannot hope to see any more. It is not so with this friend for whom thou mournest. He is only gone home a little before thee; thou art following him. You, too, shall meet in your Father's house, and enjoy each other more happily than you could have done here below. How just is that charge of the blessed apostle, that we should not mourn as men without hope for those who sleep in Jesus! Did we think their souls vanished into air, as a Heathen poet profanely expresses it; and their bodies resolved into dust, without all possibility of reparation; we might well cry out our eyes, for the utter extinction of those we loved. But if they do but sleep, they shall do well. Why are we impatient at their silent repose in the bed of death, when we are assured of their awaking to glory?—*Bishop Hall.*

Miscellaneous.

PREACHING CHRIST.

Mr Venn was one day thus addressed by a neighbouring clergyman: "Sir, I should really think that your doctrines of grace and faith were calculated to make all your hearers live secure in sin, and yet I must own there has been an astonishing reformation in your parish; whereas I don't believe I ever made one soul the better, though I have been telling them their duty for many years." Mr Venn smiled at the clergyman's honest confession, and frankly told him he would do well to burn all his old sermons, and TRY WHAT PREACHING CHRIST WOULD DO.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF.

The Rev. John Howe, one of the chaplains to Cromwell, was applied to by men of all parties for protection, nor did he refuse his influence to any on account of difference in religious opinions. One day the Protector said to him, "Mr Howe, you have asked favours for everybody besides yourself; pray when does your turn come?" He replied: "My turn, my Lord Protector, is always come, WHEN I CAN SERVE ANOTHER."

EVIL SPEAKING.

The Rev. Samuel Pearce, of Birmingham, was a man of an excellent spirit. It was a rule with him to discourage all evil speaking; nor would he approve of JUST censure unless some good end was to be answered by it. Two of his friends being on a visit at his house, one of them during the absence of the other, suggested something to his disadvantage. He put a stop to the conversation by answering, "He is here; take him aside, and tell him of it by himself: you may do him good."

THE END OF THE PERFECT AND UPRIGHT MAN.

BY GEORGE PAYNE, D.D., EXETER.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." In a preceding paper we have described his character, we are now to contemplate his "end."

The English term "end" is sometimes used to denote the object we propose to ourselves—the purpose we seek to accomplish by the means we put in operation. On this account, some writers have imagined that the words of the Psalmist merely express the sentiment, that the perfect and upright man will be a man of peace—that his aim, and his effort will be to promote peace in all the relations sustained by him, in the family, in society at large, and in the Church of God, guarding himself, and endeavouring to preserve others, from those ebullitions of temper, those hasty and unkind words, and that course of conduct, which endanger the peace of all around.

And there can be no doubt that, in this sense of the term, the "end" of the perfect and upright man will be peace—that he will aim at it—seek by all means, except such as would involve a dereliction of principle, to promote it. Nor let it be supposed for a moment that his object is one of subordinate importance. A man of peace is a most distinguished blessing to all who have the privilege of connection with him—a blessing to the family in which he resides—to the circle of friends among whom he moves—to the neighbourhood in which he dwells; but pre-eminently is he a blessing to the Christian society to which he belongs. Scarcely is it possible, indeed, to exaggerate the importance of a man of peace to a Christian Church; nor to pass a censure too strong upon those troublers of our respective communities who insist upon having their views, or, it may be, prejudices and whims, respected and acted upon, though it should be at the expense of a schism in the body! What care they about the peace of the Church! Are they to be called upon to relinquish their little conceits and nostrums to preserve the tranquillity of the body? That, they seem to imagine, would indeed be most unreasonable! Without affirming that such men must be destitute altogether of the Christian character, it is at least manifest that they lack an essential element for Christian fellowship. It may be expedient for others that they should pursue their journey to heaven alone.

But though the English term "end" will bear to be understood in this sense, the Hebrew term, of which it is a translation, will not. The obvious meaning of the word rendered "end," is the concluding period of life. A few instances in which it is used will place this beyond all doubt. Bildad the Shuhite, mistaking the nature of the divine government, and, consequently, imagining that the severe sufferings of Job proved the hypocritical nature of his former religious profession, addressed him thus: "If thou wert pure and upright, surely now he would awake for thee, and make the habitation of thy righteousness prosperous. Though thy beginning was small, thy *latter end* (the same word as in the psalm referred to) should greatly increase." Job viii. 6, 7. Compare with this, chap. xlii. 12: "So the Lord blessed the *end* of Job more than the beginning;" that is, bestowed upon him a larger measure of prosperity during his last years than he had previously possessed. We may refer, also, to the verse which immediately follows the language of the Psalmist, so frequently referred to: "But the transgressors shall be destroyed together; the *end* of the wicked shall be cut off;" or, the wicked shall be cut off at the end. The obvious meaning of the words, "The end of that man is peace," is, then, that the concluding scenes of the perfect and upright man shall be peaceful. The entire psalm in which these words stand supports this view of their meaning. We can, however, merely refer to the immediate context: "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found." His latter end is cut off. The delightful contrast is brought out in the words, "The end of the perfect and upright man is peace."

The former dispensation differed from the present, in addressing more direct and numerous promises of temporal blessings to those who feared God. There can, therefore, be little doubt that these words especially refer to that freedom from harassing trials, from those disasters and judgments which frequently overtook the wicked—to that tranquillity and prosperity, at the latter end, which it was the more especial privilege of the people of God of old to enjoy. The question, however, is, Does this exhaust the meaning of the term *end?* We answer, Manifestly not. It would be a most palpable mistake to suppose that the saints of God in former days had no knowledge of a future state of existence—no spring of obedience and devotion but the hope of temporal blessings. Had that been the case, how could David have said, "Thou shall guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory?" How could another writer, having declared concerning the fool and the brutish, "Like sheep they shall be laid in the grave; death shall feed on them; and the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning; and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling," have added concerning himself, "But God shall redeem my soul from the power of the grave, for he shall receive me?"

In addition, then, to worldly prosperity and tranquillity, the peace which distinguishes the end of the perfect and upright man doubtless includes that sweet composure and serenity of mind—that unwavering trust in the divine promises—that blessed assurance of acceptance with God—that triumphant confidence that, though the scenes of earth are fading away, the glories of heaven are about to unfold themselves—that delightful vision of the Lamb in the midst of the throne, surrounded by ten thousand times ten thousand of redeemed men, which it is the exalted privilege of the perfect and upright man to enjoy, as his emancipated spirit soars to the rest prepared for it above. He dies in peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. He has peace of conscience, for his Substitute made full atonement to God for all his transgressions. He departs at peace with all around him, for that is the invariable result of reconciliation with God; and he bounds from earth to heaven to participate in the more perfect peace of the world above. "Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years; and was gathered to his people." His end was peace. "When Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people." His end was peace. Lazarus of old experienced his full measure of sorrow. Disease assailed him—penury pressed heavily upon him. Full of sores he was laid at the rich man's gate, desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from his table. But his end also was peace. The beggar died, and "was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." The worthies of primitive times "had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings; they were stoned, were sawn asunder, were slain with the sword;" but their end also was peace. "They all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them." Thus peaceful has been the end of thousands of the Lord's people in more modern times. Without a struggle or a groan they fell asleep in Jesus.

"One gentle sigh their fetters broke;
We scarce could say, They're gone,
Before their willing spirits took
Their mansion near the throne."

Having thus considered the *character* of the perfect and upright, and the exalted *privilege* possessed by him, it remains for us now to enforce the consideration we ought to give both to the one and the other. "Mark," says the Psalmist, "the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." No difference of meaning, deserving at least of notice, exists between the two terms of exhortation employed by the sacred writer. It is probable that the double form of the admonition was designed to arm it with greater force, and especially to secure practical attention to the delightful fact affirmed. "*Mark* the perfect man," &c., "*that* his end is peace;" or, as it may be more properly rendered, "*because* his end is peace;" and, thus rendered, it supplies a reason for the consideration which it enjoins.

It is very important to observe, that the observation enjoined by the Psalmist is what we have called practical observation—that kind of observation which seeks to derive benefit from what it sees—which tends to produce a deep impression upon the mind, to improve the character, and to lead to important practical results. We should, though for a different purpose, mark the wicked man, and his end; for though he may flourish as the green bay tree, his prosperity shall soon vanish away. They who "plough iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same. By the blast of God they perish; by the breath of his nostrils they are consumed." The body becomes the food of worms in the grave—the soul the prey of remorse and despair. We should mark the wicked man, for the purpose of avoidance; the perfect man, for the purpose of imitation. We should mark the former as a beacon to warn us against his principles, his course, his end; we should mark the latter as the traveller marks the distant light, which, on a dark night, s to guide his course across the pathless desert; or as the sailor marks the signal which indicates when he can safely enter the port.

Let every reader impress it upon his mind, hat nothing short of this practical observation will prove of any real benefit to us. There is a kind of intellectual and tasteful marking of the perfect and upright man; for the high and honourable bearing of such men — their inflexible adherence to principle in all they do—their jealous regard for the rights of others—heir firmness, tempered with gentleness—heir gentleness, strengthened by firmness—are most attractive to the taste and the intellect. But then it does not touch the heart—it is not the approbation of the heart, and so ends where it began—in cold sentimentality. Very different from this is the observation enjoined by the Psalmist: *that* is the marking of renewed and holy feeling, springing from an earnest desire to imbibe their spirit, and be conformed to their example.

Let the reader, then, *mark the principles by which the perfect and upright man is actuated:* His holy veneration of God—his profound humiliaion before him—his implicit regard to his authority—his supreme desire to bear his image, and to promote his glory. Let him mark, again, his anxious and ardent desire to evince his love to the Redeemer, by the work of faith and labour of love towards his people. Let him mark, finally, that excellent and expanded benevolence which would save his neighbours, yea, the whole world, from that degradation, and ruin, and despair, to which rebellion against conscience and God is hurrying them on.

And the principles of the perfect and upright man should be marked with earnest and strong desire that our own minds may become imbued with them; for they are the spring and source of all that is good and great in the human character—of all, at least, that have any value in the sight of God. Extensive literary, scientific, and classical attainments, profound political sagacity, splendid military talents, attract the admiration of men, but not of God. At the solemn day of account, the inquiry concerning each in reference to the scenes he has quitted will not be, Did he develop piercing acuteness of intellect, astonishing brilliance of imagination, vast powers of eloquence? did he burn fleets, destroy armies, subjugate the world, and then weep because there was no other world to conquer? But the inquiry will be, Did he feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and visit the sick and imprisoned of the Lord's people, and from love to the Lord himself? And while, to the lowest and meanest of the vast multitude before the throne *who did it*, the Judge will say: "Come, ye blessed of my Father," a Bacon or a Napoleon, *who did it not*, will be passed over, or adjudged to endless punishment.

Again, let the reader *mark the course of the perfect and upright man.*

His *course in the family*—how strictly conformed to the relations he sustains. If a *parent*, training up his "children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord"—commanding his children and his household after him, that God may bring upon him that which he has spoken. If a *child*, rendering obedience to his parents in the Lord. If a *master*, giving to his servants that which is just and equal; forbearing threatening, knowing that he also has a Master in heaven. If a *servant*, being obedient to his master with fear and trembling; not with eye-service, but in singleness of heart, as unto Christ. If a *husband*, loving his wife as Christ also loved the Church; giving honour to his wife, as the weaker vessel, and as being an heir together with her of the grace of life. If a *wife*, being in subjection to her husband in the Lord.

His *course in society and the world.* If a *ruler*, governing in the fear of God, being a terror not to the good, but the evil. If a *subject*, rendering to all their due—tribute to whom tribute, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour; doing justice, and manifesting kindness to all, owing no man anything but love; for he that loveth hath fulfilled the law; walking in wisdom to them that are without so letting his light shine among men, that they, seeing his good works, may glorify our Father who is in heaven.

Mark his *course in the Church.* If a *pastor*, how fast he holds the faithful Word, that he may be able, by sound doctrine, both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers; how careful he is not to handle the Word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth, to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God! In preaching Christ, how instant is he in season and out of season, warning every man, and teaching every man, that he may present every man perfect in Christ!

How tender, yet how faithful, in his appeals to his hearers; how affectionate his spirit—how blameless his conduct—how sober, just, holy, temperate!

If a *private member*, how diligent is he in his attendance upon the means of grace; how devout in his demeanour in the sanctuary; how faithful in the discharge of the duties which grow out of Christian fellowship; how careful is he not to suffer sin upon his brethren, and yet not to utter a word of censure more than is imperatively demanded! Mark how he loves his brethren. How careful he is not to give offence; how backward to take offence; how tenderly he watches over them; how fervently he prays for them, that, when the season of fellowship on earth shall have expired, they all may unite, and form a holier fellowship above!

Mark *the end of the perfect and upright man*—dying in peace with God and man—exchanging earth for heaven—a land of darkness and sorrow for a world which affliction can never invade—where the days of mourning shall be ended for ever!

Mark, finally, *the present condition of those whose end was peace.* Once they lived by faith—now they live by sight. The full glories of heaven are before them. They have entered that city whose streets are pure gold, as it were transparent glass. They have seen the great multitude which no man can number, clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands. They have heard the song of the redeemed: "Worthy is He who was slain!" They have gazed upon the Lamb—they are to be with him for ever!

THE SINGULAR COMBINATION* OF THE ENEMIES OF CHRIST AND OF HIS CHURCH—THE UNION OF INFIDELITY AND POPERY.

BY THE REV. J. G. LORIMER, GLASGOW.

(*Continued from page* 257.)

Of course it is not meant by these observations to maintain that there is no Infidelity but in Popish countries, nor is this necessary to our argument. It is well known, alas! that there is much Infidelity in professedly Protestant lands; but the point is, that the Infidelity is not in consequence of Protestantism; that the warmer and more living the Protestantism, there is always less of the Infidelity; that after the Reformation there was no Infidelity deserving the name, avowed in writing among the Reformed Churches, till they had lost the fervour of their Christianity, and so far become self-righteous, if not superstitious—in short, essentially Popish; and that, in the worst case of Protestant Infidelity, that of modern Germany, the Rationalism can be traced back to Popish authors, such as Father Simon. On the other hand, it is certain that there has been an invariable combination between Infidelity and Popery—that, with rare exceptions, they uniformly go together—that the more superstitious and Popish a country is, generally, there is the more scepticism; nay, and that to a great extent, among the priesthood. Plainly, then, to produce such a uniform combination of two forces as has been described, there must be some common principle at work binding the parties together. Accident cannot explain the facts.

This suggests the *second* point, viz., the inquiry how it is that Popery and Infidelity, which are apparently, and in some respects really, so much at war, should yet prove such good friends, and, for the most part, move on so harmoniously together against evangelical Christianity. The true answer is, that their agreements, after all, are much more numerous and important than their disagreements—that, in short, on the most essential matters, they stand on the same footing. We have not space to trace out all their common principles, leading to sympathy and common labours. We may merely mention, that Popery and Infidelity are at one in their estimate of the Word of God. Some men may doubt this, and consider it a harsh judgment on Roman Catholics, and appeal to their works, defensive and illustrative of Scripture, as indicating the contrary; but, while it is not to be questioned that there are many individuals in the communion of the Church of Rome who are better than her principles, and who reverence and love the Word of God as a written revelation from God himself, it is not less certain, that the principles and system of that Church are at utter and hopeless war with the Scriptures; and, in point of result, bring her consistent advocate, substantially to the same estimate and footing, in regard to the Word, with the avowed Infidel. The Church of Rome denies to the people the free and indiscriminate use of the Scriptures. And what does she plead in behalf of this monstrous prohibition? Many of the very arguments which Infidels urge against the divinity of the Scriptures altogether! The reasonings against the universal and indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures, and the reasonings against them as a divine revelation, are, and must be, to a great extent identical. We do not here refer, though reference might justly be made, to the Church of Rome, by the multiplicity, and absurdity, and glaring falsehood of her miracles, shaking men's confidence in the general argument drawn from miracles,* nor to her periling Christianity and its transmission on an absurdity so unprovable as her doctrine of Papal infallibility—both most propitious to scepticism. We do not appeal to these, but to the treatment which her priesthood and recognised leaders mete out to the Word of God. They reason against its use with the same arguments with which Infidels reason against its divinity; and any one who will take the trouble to compare the reasonings of Infidels and of the advocates of the Church of Rome on this head, will find them to be the same. Then, they denounce the Word in the most bitter and insulting terms, nicknaming and abusing it. See the letters of Popish bishops and pontiffs, forbidding their flocks to read the Scriptures, and judge whether anything which the lowest Infidels have ever said can surpass their malignancy of abuse. And, lastly, not satisfied with words, they invite, yea command, the people to destroy the Scriptures by fire or by burial. Thousands on thousands of copies perish in this way by the hands of the Church of Rome, as a public executioner. It may be doubted whether Infidelity itself ever attempted anything so repulsively and systematically impious and daring. No explanation can be given of this conduct—no sophistical distinctions will avail. Nothing will or can explain the facts but deep and malignant hatred, as a Church, to the Word of God, and *that* because its principles, and spirit, and requirements, are felt to be fatal to the self-righteous, superstitious, mercenary, and corrupt system which is identical with the Church of Rome.

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* It is a curious circumstance, that Hume, the Infidel, borrowed his argument against miracles from a Jesuit; thus did Popery and Infidelity unite.

Here, then, is a great field on which Popery and Infidelity are at one. They have the same views of the Word of God, they form the same estimate of it, and measure out to it the same treatment. This common principle is so important, that it both implies agreement already on many other points, and tends, moreover, to harmony where this may not have been previously attained. Rejecting the Word, not for want of evidence, but from hatred to it, it is plain that they must dislike the view of God's character which it reveals; and thus Popery and Infidelity are at one in their view of the divine character. There may be diversity within a certain range. Popery, to help her mercenary ends, may give a more gloomy view of God than Infidelity may find it necessary to maintain, still the view will, and must be, essentially human—varying, it may be, from the propitious to the more awful, according to the varying states of mind of individuals. In no case will God be seen to be holy and just at the same time, and consistently compassionate and merciful. Hence, his character by both parties will be seen and regarded as one of compromise and consequent weakness. We need not say that the character of the being who is worshipped forms so important an element in religion, that it influences and regulates almost all other moral and religious views. Hence the harmony between Infidelity and Popery, instead of being brought to a point, will extend more and more.

Agreed in their estimate of the character of God, they will be found substantially at one in their view of the character of man. Infidelity, denying the fall to any serious extent, believes that man, by the force of his own unaided reason and conscience, may conduct himself well here, work out his salvation, and find his way to immortality hereafter, if, indeed, there be a future state. Popery, with scarcely deeper views of sin, believes that the great mass of offences are venial; that man, by his own services, aided by his priest—one of his fellow-men—may not only get the better of them, but find his way into paradise; that if there be any delay in the result, it is only owing to poverty—not his own ungodliness or immorality—preventing so liberal a payment of the priest as is desirable; but that, baptized, confirmed, unctioned and dying in the Church of Rome, there is no real danger—at the worst, only a little procrastination. It is plain, that whatever differences there may be between Infidelity and Popery, they are substantially at one upon the character of man. In the one case, man recommends himself to the Deity by his own deed; in the other, by his own deed with the aid of his fellow-man. There is little amiss in either, and man, in one form or another, is quite adequate to all that is required. What a contrast to the scriptural representation of the character of man, and so of the foundation of his happiness whether for time or eternity!

The last leading principle of agreement to which we shall refer, is the *morality of the two systems*. Infidelity denies the written moral law, trusting to natural light and conscience. Popery allows the revelation of the law, but enervates and subverts it, by bringing down its lofty standard to even the level of human wishes and attainments. Indeed, by the distinctions which it draws among sins, and the power which it gives to man to indulge and acquit his fellow-man in the commission of sin, the morality of Popery is, in some respects, lower and more corrupted than even that of Infidelity. It would be difficult to find among men who trust exclusively to natural conscience, principles so lax, and practices so polluting, as those of the Jesuits and the confessional. At the same time, there is substantial agreement between Infidel and Popish morality. Both adapt the law of God to the inclinations and wishes of men. Did space allow, it would be easy to show, by a comparison of the works of such Infidels as Voltaire and Rousseau on the one hand, and the text-books of Popish colleges on the other, how strict is the harmony between them. Indeed, it could be proved, that the moral, or rather the immoral, principles of such publications are identical. Here, then, it appears that Infidelity and Popery are at one in their views of the character of God—in their views of the state and prospects of man—in their views also of general morality. Agreeing in such wide and influential principles, they must agree in many others. No wonder, then, that they form a common estimate of the Scriptures—no wonder that they combine in the persecution of the truth and people of God. They must be animated with a spirit of most bitter hostility; and where this exists, they can be at no serious loss for a pretext to oppress. The pretext may differ: Popery may pretend that the Pope has received authority to enforce uniformity of belief and observance in Christendom; Infidelity may pretend that evangelical religion disturbs the tranquillity of souls, and the peace of families and of society, and so is a public nuisance to be forcibly put down; but the result is the same. From different motives, the holy truth of God and the faithful professing that truth, are persecuted with merciless hate—perhaps amid loud pretensions all the while to toleration and charity. No one who knows the history of the Church of Rome, the events of the French Revolution, or the proceedings of Infidel Jews, where they have possessed the power, can doubt that there is as remarkable a resemblance between scepticism and superstition in the persecuting treatment of the saints as in any thing else.

Surveying the whole—remembering the common principles of agreement—we need not wonder to find that Popery and Infidelity readily pass the one into the other. Consisting of the same materials, they are like water, capable of passing into different forms, and returning to that from which they set out. This we apprehend to be the explanation of some well-known and striking facts. Popery, by its puerilities and follies, as well as immoralities perpetrated in the name of Christ, provokes disgust, and drives to Infidelity. Men cannot believe that such a religion is the religion of God, revealed to man at a great expenditure of care and love. Infidelity, on the other hand, creates too great a void in human feelings; when death approaches, the sceptic becomes alarmed, and having no resources adequate to sustain, he calls in the aid of Popery, and in his last days becomes a Papist. This is the explanation of the strange history of not a few wheeling from Popery to Infidelity, and from Infidelity back to Popery. Voltaire, after a life of most active and notorious unbelief, concluded his career by declaring that he died in the communion of the Church of Rome. Hume is said to have confessed to a priest at Nice. His own explanation afterwards was, that he was in fever at the time. The recent reaction in France from the Infidelity of the Revolution to revived Popery, is explained in the same way. The two states of mind, though apparently so hostile, possess so much in common, that the transition from the one to the other is comparatively easy.

Some important lessons may be drawn from this singular combination of Infidelity and Popery against Christ and his Church. 1. One obviously is, the malignant hatred of man to the truth of God. Hatred may be measured by sacrifices as well as love. When Papists and Infidels, like Pilate and Herod, sacrifice their natural enmities for the sake of gratifying a still deeper enmity, who can doubt the malignity and strength of the latter feeling? We may be sure that it is not for any inconsiderable purpose that such enemies embrace each other as brethren. Men do not forget old feuds even for a time without reason, much less become perpetual sworn friends. 2. Another lesson, is the alarming dangers which await the true Church of Christ on the way to her heavenly reward. It is bad enough to be called to fight with a single foe—it is much worse to contend with combined enemies—with enemies who seem incapable of amalgamation, but who coalesce as soon as persecution of the truth demands their confederacy. It is well for the Church to be alive to this danger. She is too ready to look upon the combination as peculiar and accidental—to imagine that some parties may be neutral, or on her side in the last struggle, who have hitherto been hostile; but let her not deceive herself. Studying the connection between Infidelity and Popery, not as a matter of mere historical interest or curiosity, but as an important practical question which points to duty, let the Church not wonder at the union—let her lay her account with the future being like the past—let her be driven up to an unreserved reliance on her Divine Head, and prize more highly than ever fellowship and co-operation among all the denominations of the faithful. It is possible, nay, probable, that in the struggles which are to come, like those which are past, Popery and Infidelity may be seen at war. The former supporters of the Beast may, agreeably to the prophecy, be seen burning her with fire. The work of destruction would be inappropriate to Christians. There may be combinations, too, of political parties, which shall bring the faithful into union with the world, whether in its sceptical or superstitious aspects; but these are mere transient and accidental alliances which another turn of events, or the operation of native repugnances, will soon break up. Ere long, all true Christians will find themselves quite alone—a flock of sheep in the midst of wolves, with nothing on which to depend save mutual sympathy and intercession for each other, and holy confidence in the great and good Shepherd. Let the Church not disguise from herself the combination any more than the numbers and strength of her enemies. Let her be fully aware of the array which is mustered against her, and value her divine defence more than ever. 3. The last suggested lesson is the weakness and treachery of heart even of the children of God. Sceptical unbelief and self-righteous superstition are not peculiar to avowed Infidels and Papists. They are principles of man's fallen nature, and hence their strength. They are shared in by all; the faithful are not strangers to their remaining and corrupting influence. The devout Roman Catholic may be irritated with the doctrine of this paper—he may be indignant to be put on the same footing with an Infidel; but every true Christian who knows his own heart, will know that the seeds both of unbelief and superstition have their seat within him, and that it is only by the grace of God they can be destroyed. While all the faithful are solemnized and humbled, let no poor Roman Catholic take offence at the proved harmony between Infidelity and the religious system in which he has been educated. Let him be led rather to a calm scrutiny of the facts, and a serious examination of his own heart, in connection with them, and, by God's grace, it may be that the discovery of his associates, and the reasons why unbelief and Popery associate, may prove the very instruments of his awakening and deliverance. At least let Christians do nothing unnecessarily to offend; let them present the truth in love to others and for themselves; let them be deeply humbled under the felt corruptions and temptations of their own hearts, and consider that there are enemies to Christ and to his kingdom within, before there can be enemies without—that the latter are, after all, mainly the evolution and embodiment of the former; and let them, therefore, be contrite and lowly.

THE YOUNG WOMAN AND THE JESUIT.

(*From the French Canadian Missionary Record.*)

MRS D—— is a young Canadian woman, who was married about four years ago. Some of her early years were spent in a nunnery. Being mild and gentle, she submitted implicitly to all the teaching of Romanism, and became very devout. The first two years after her marriage, she was quite opposed to the Scriptures, and when any of the missionaries visited her husband (who already knew the Lord), she hid herself until they were gone. But "God, who taketh the wise in their own craftiness" (Job v. 13), accomplished his purpose in this way:—Though Mrs D—— was determined not to listen to the doctrines of the Gospel, she was constrained through affection to her husband, to teach him to read, and would even sometimes, to please him, read a chapter in that Book he was so desirous to study; and God's Word did not return void, but prospered in the thing whereunto it was sent. As she began to see the light, she was much disturbed, and doubted the truth of all she had hitherto believed. One day, being unusually distressed in mind, she went toward the fields, and there, alone with God, she prayed that her eyes might be opened to discern the truth. When this dear woman had thus poured forth her heart unto God, who always hears the cry of his people, darkness was dispelled, and she was enabled to comprehend the value of Christ's atonement and mediation for believers. The full assurance of salvation caused a stream of peace and joy to flow into her soul. From that time she sought the company of the people of God, and her faith daily gained strength.

No sooner was this soul born from above, than a host of enemies ranged themselves against her. Her relations (bigoted Roman Catholics) assailed her with ardour, to make her abandon what they termed her new religion. They were exasperated against her husband, whom they accused of misleading her. They took her to see the priest, and there, before a numerous assembly, God graciously honoured her by enabling her to confess his name, regardless of much reproach and raillery. Her relations might have been convinced that no plant which our heavenly Father hath planted shall be rooted up, and that it was by the grace of God that she withstood with as much meekness as firmness those whom she had hitherto honoured more than God.

Since that time her family almost ceased to see her, but a band of Jesuits having arrived in the place, and commenced their work, which is to turn away men from the only way of salvation, her family thought a favourable opportunity had arrived of bringing her back to the pale of the Romish Church, if they could prevail upon her to have an interview with one of the holy fathers, with whom she had been acquainted for a length of time. She consented. and a conversation ensued, nearly as follows:—

Jesuit. It is with pain I hear of your fall, and that you have allowed yourself to be misled by strangers, who, by inducing you to abandon the truth, will cause you to lose your soul.

Mrs D. Sir, it is not the truth I have abandoned. I was entirely ignorant of the truth, until those people you call strangers had the charity to teach it to me from the Scriptures—that book which the Romish Church never gave me, but which has led me to find peace, true peace, from the assurance of pardon for all my sins.

Jesuit. You read the Scriptures! You should not read them: that book is not good for you. It is only for those who are ordained to understand and explain it.

Mrs D. But, Sir, all sinners are invited not only to read, but to "search the Scriptures."—John v. 39. Jesus has also said, "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."—John v. 24. Now it is impossible to believe that of which we are ignorant.

Jesuit. The priests alone are competent to explain the Scriptures; for they are the only representatives of God on earth.

Mrs D. Sir, I attended assiduously all the services and ceremonies of the Romish Church while I belonged to it, and those you call the representatives of God never spoke to me of salvation by grace, through faith in the Son of God. They always imposed upon me penances, fasts, vain repetition of prayers, and many other things, by which I was to expiate my sins, as if man could atone to God for sin. Nobody ever told me that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."—1 John i. 7. It was only when the blessed Gospel reached me that I heard these gracious words: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—John iii. 36.

Jesuit. I tell you that the people have no right to read that book; for they cannot understand it, and this incapacity causes them to fall into all kinds of errors.

Mrs D. I find from the Scriptures that the followers of Jesus were unlearned persons, publicans and sinners—in fact, the populace, who certainly were neither more intelligent nor better informed than we, poor ignorant Canadians, are; nevertheless it was to these that Jesus generally addressed himself; and if there had been any danger in their listening to him, I think he would not have done so. Now, when we read his Word, it is just as if he spoke to us. Jesus says: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—Matt. xi. 25. He also says, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xviii. 13.

The Jesuit began to sport Latin, and then said that the Bible was good only for the holy priests.

Mrs D. Why, Sir, do you speak to me in an unknown tongue? Our Saviour did not do so; and St Paul says (1 Cor. xiv. 11): "He that speaketh in an unknown tongue shall be a barbarian unto me;" and in the 19th verse he says, "I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue."

Jesuit. It appears, my child, that you have not yet read all your Bible, for I remember that it does not permit women to teach, nor to forget to render honour to whom it is due. Now, we are the holy fathers of the Church, and you have, so far, addressed me without reverence. However, look at my medal, and see my right.

Mrs D. Sir, I have but answered your objections to the right of all men to read and study the Word of God, that they may know and do his will; and, Sir, if you think I have been wanting in respect to you, by not addressing you as my father, it is because the Word of God says (Matt. xxiii. 9), "Call no man your father upon the earth, for one is your Father, which is in heaven."

Upon this the Jesuit began some foolish talking and jesting, which God forbids (Eph. v. 4), and for which Mrs D—— rebuked him. He finally became impatient at the constant reference of this Christian woman to the Word of God in answering his objections.

Jesuit. The Bible, the Bible—always your Bible; as for me, I have my Breviary, that is my Bible.

Mrs D. Yes, Sir, the Bible, and nothing but the Bible.

Thus ended this interview, which once more shows the sad state of those whom the world commend, and whom they blindly follow. But this interview likewise proves, in a very striking manner, the powerful effects of the Word of God, even in the weakest who receive it, and how true it is, "that whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John v. 4.

FAITH'S MAXIMS.

THERE are several points in Faith's compass, by which a believer sails in and through the blackest storms and tempests. Such as these:—

1. WHATEVER THE STONE BE THAT IS THROWN, IT IS THE HAND OF HEAVEN THAT FLINGS IT.—In all the evils we either fear or feel, Faith looks beyond the creature, and carries up the heart unto God. No evil in the city, no penal evil, either on me or mine, but the Lord hath done it.—Amos iii. 6. Thus David: "I was dumb, because thou didst it."—Ps. xxxix. 9. "And the Lord hath bid Shimei curse."—2 Sam. xvi. 10. David could read God's hand at the foot of the commission, though his commanders could not. "Thou couldest have no power against me, except it were given thee from above," saith our Saviour to Pilate.—John xix. 11. And holy Job, when plundered of all, saith not: "The Lord gave, and the Chaldeans and Sabeans have taken away; the Lord enriched, but Satan hath robbed me:" no; but as if they all had been but ciphers, and mere standers-by: "The Lord gave, and the Lord" only, or at least chiefly, "hath taken away."—Job i. 21.

2. LET THE KING OF HEAVEN DO HIS WORST, YET EVEN THEN HE CAN DO NO WRONG.—This is a grand maxim in the rolls of eternity—one of the fundamental laws of heaven; and that because,

(1.) *God is the most sovereign God, the supreme Lord, that knows no law but his own will, which is the highest and the most unerring rule of righteousness.*—God's hand is God's only rule; and therefore, whatever line he draws, it must needs be right. Our God is a law to himself. God doeth, and may justly do, whatsoever pleaseth him (Dan. iv. 35), and "can most justly resolve the reason of all his actions into his own will." That Great Potter may do with his clay what he pleaseth, and that without the least control or contradiction.—Rom. ix. 20, 21. On this account, Faith counts it wisdom not to play the censorious critic on God's administrations, considering that he alone is "without any superior to whom he is accountable, or by whom he may be directed and controlled;" according to that of Elihu: "God is greater than man. Why dost thou strive against him? for he giveth not account of any of his matters."—Job xxxiii. 12, 13.

(2.) "*God, as he is most just in himself, so also he acts most justly to me,*" *saith a believer.*—Faith justifies God in all his proceedings; that is, subscribes and gives testimony to the righteousness of God, even in his sharpest corrections. Thus David: "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right."—Ps. cxix. 75. Thus the Church, when under the Babylonish captivity (the heaviest judgment ever inflicted on any people), yet then humbly sets her seal to God's justice: "The Lord is righteous; for I have rebelled against him."—Lam. i. 18; Neh. ix. 33.

3. IT IS NOT FIT THAT POOR, WEAK, SHORT-SIGHTED, SINFUL CREATURES, SHOULD BE THEIR OWN CARVERS.—If they should, they would, like rash children, cut either too much or too little, or their own fingers. Well for us, that as our times, so our conditions, are not in our own (but in God's) hands.—Ps. xxxi. 15. "Not what I please," saith Faith, "but what my God pleaseth. He knows best what is good for his people; and I know, had God granted my requests, and fulfilled my desires, I had long since been undone. The cooling drink, which I so passionately desired in my burning paroxysm, would have added to my flame, and quickly despatched me to the house of darkness." Hence it was that the honest shepherd, being asked what weather it should be to-day, replied: "Even what weather I please." "Not so," saith the other; "but what pleaseth God." "Yea so," replies the shepherd; "for whatever pleaseth God shall be sure to please me."

4. BETTER TO WANT OUTWARD COMFORTS, THAN ENJOY THEM WITHOUT MY FATHER'S GOOD-WILL.—Israel had been better to have been without quails. They had sour sauce to their sweet meat: while the flesh was in their mouths, the plague of God was in their nostrils.—Numb. xi. 20. You will needs have this, and that, and the other thing: "Why, take it," saith God; "but then take my curse with it too; the sack, but poison with it. You shall have it, but in wrath."—See 1 Sam. viii. 5, 6, 10–12; Hos. xiii. 11. Rachel, you will have children, or else you will take pet and die.—Gen. xxx. 1. You shall have children

—a *Benjamin* to your Joseph, which yet shall prove a *Benoni*. His "entrance" will prove your *exit;* his life your death.—Gen. xxxv. 18. Better were it for David to be without Michal, than that she should, being enjoyed, become a snare.—1 Sam. xviii. 21.

5. SEEM IT EVER SO ILL, YET IT IS REALLY WELL.—On these two accounts:—

(1.) *It cannot but be well with him with whom God is.*—It was not ill with the three children, though in a fiery furnace, so long as God was there.—Dan. iii. 25. Suppose David, walking in the suburbs of death and danger; yet it is not ill with him, because God is with him.—Ps. xxiii. 4. When God says: "I will be with you" (as he has, Isa. xliii. 2), "And I feel him," saith Faith; "it is infinitely more to me than if he should say: 'Peace, health, credit, honour, plenty, shall be with thee.' God being with me, is all these, and infinitely more. In these I could have but a particular good; in a single God I have all good." Now God, who is with his people at all times, is most with them, and most sweetly with them in the worst times. As their afflictions increase without, so do their consolations within.—2 Cor. i. 5. When the child is most sick, then it is most dandled on the mother's knee; when it begins to faint, then is the closet ransacked for the choicest cordial. This blessed Baynham found, when at the stake he told the bloody Papists: "O ye Papists," said he, "you talk of miracles; behold here a true one: these flames are to me a bed of roses." God is wont to give believers, in such a time, their *exceedings*, their "five messes." That part of the army which is upon action in the field, and upon hard service, shall be sure to have their pay. What are all the promises, but vessels of cordial wine, tunned on purpose against a groaning hour, when God usually and speedily broacheth them?—Ps. l. 15.

(2.) *All is well that ends well.*—"Now," saith Faith, "all sad and gloomy dispensations have sweet ends, whether I respect God or myself:"—

1*st*, *In respect of God.*—And that,

[1.] *For the manifestation of his infinite wisdom.*—God so contrives the passages of his providence as that one shall qualify another. God knows, that should I always prosper, I should have been apt to swell and presume; and therefore he pricks my bladder. Had I been always fed with sweetmeats, it is very probable I might have surfeited; and therefore he mingles my sweets with these tart ingredients. Were not this bass added to my treble, I should never have made any harmonious music.

[2.] *For the declaration of his Almighty power.*—God many times brings his people into such a condition, as not to know what to do, that they may know now what the Lord can do. Thus: "The Lord shall judge his people, when he seeth that their power is gone." "See now that I, even I, am he, and there is no God with me."—Deut. xxxii. 36, 39. Thus: "Nevertheless he saved them for his name's sake." But what name? even that glorious one of his power: "that he might make his mighty power to be known."—Ps. cvi. 8.

2*d*, *In respect of believers.*—The life of every saint is a tragi-comedy, and the last act of it crowns the whole play. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—Ps. xxxvii. 37. Out of the eater shall come meat. This affliction and that affliction, yea, the whole series of them, "shall work together for my good."—Rom. viii. 37. Saints' good is God's aim. As love is the principle which he constantly acts from, so the saints' good is the end which he propounds and aims at in all his dispensations. From this he never swerves. The fire of love never goes out of his heart, nor the saints' good out of his eye. When he frowns, chides, strikes, yet then his heart burns with love, and his thoughts are to do them good.—Jer. xxiv. 6, 7; xxix. 11; Deut. viii. 2, 16. But what good? Much every way, chiefly with respect to their corruptions, graces, services, glory.

[1.] *Saints' corruptions, to purge and subdue them.*—"This is all the fruit, the taking away of their sins."—Isa. xxvii. 9. Afflictions are God's brine and pickle to preserve the saints from putrefying. Paul's thorn in the flesh was given him to prevent and mortify pride.—2 Cor. xii. 7. All the harm which the fiery furnace did the young men, in Dan. iii. 24, 25, was but to burn off their cords. Our lusts are cords, cords of vanity; fiery trials are sent on purpose to burn and consume them. Adversity, like winter weather, is of great use to kill weeds and vermin, which the summer of prosperity is wont to breed. God is fain to rub hard many times, to fetch out the dirt that is ingrained in our nature. This thunder serves to clear the air from infectious vapours. Be the teeth of thy troubles ever so many, ever so sharp, it is but to file off thy rust. This tempestuous tossing in the sea will more purge the wine from its lees. It clarifies the soul: according to that: "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined."—Zech. xiii. 9.

[2.] *Saints' graces.*—And that,

1*st*, *For their trial and experience.*—"That the trial of your faith," &c.—1 Pet. i. 7. The fire tries the gold as well as the touch-stone. Diseases not only need, but try, the art of the physician; and tempests, the skill of the pilot. The saints' sufferings are but as so many touch-stones. Now, now shall the saint clearly know, whether the conscience be sound or foundered, if it will pace well in rough ways. Here, "here is the faith," that is, the trial of the saints' faith and patience.—Rev. xiii. 10.

2*d*, *For their increase and growth.*—The snuffing of the candle makes it burn the brighter. Hence it is that the saints "glory in tribulations" (Rom. v. 3), because their sufferings add strength to their graces. Never are God's spiritual nightingales apt to sing more sweetly than when the thorn is at their breast. Saints are indeed made of precious metal; and yet they are, too, too apt to lose their edge. Hence it is that God by afflictions whets and sharpens them. He beats and bruises his links, to make them burn the brighter; loads his choicest ships with sufficient ballast, to make them sail the steadier; bruises his spices, to make them send out an aromatic savour.—Jer. xxii. 21; Isa. xxvi. 16; Heb. xii. 10.—*Lye.*

(*To be continued.*)

AXIOMS.

(*Translated from the German of Gossner.*)

EARTHLY things have a dazzling show, but heavenly things deprive them of all light. Therefore, he who with clear eye beholds these, can better judge of the darkness of those.

Persecutions are beneficial to the righteous. They are a hail of precious stones, which, it is true, rob the vine of her leaves, but give her possessor a more precious treasure instead.

As often as we bring to light the infirmity of another, we set our own on the candlestick with it.

The less the learning, the greater the eloquence with which the saint preaches; for his countenance preaches too, and more powerfully than great learning without holiness.

Let the faults of others be a mirror to thee of thine own.

Forget the way which is behind thee, and stretch out toward that which lies before thee, and every day with as much assiduity as if to-day for the first time thou wert entering on thy course.

The tempest which has risen against us without our fault, is to me a foretoken of great blessings.

Persecution is nothing more than a winnowing-shovel to purge the threshing-floor of our grace.

No syllogism gives us so much wisdom, as does the humble look upwards to God.

The more lynx-eyed in the investigation of the faults of others, the blinder in the observation of our own.

Wilt thou reform the world? then begin the reformation on thyself.

All the honey from the flowers of the earth hath not so much sweetness as gall and vinegar in the school of Jesus.

If God undertake the teacher's office, then canst thou learn much more in one hour than all the teachers of all ages could have taught thee.

No wood is more fit for enkindling the fire of love toward God in the hearth of the heart, than the wood of the cross.

Never must one trust God more than when things assume a doubtful aspect; for where all human help gives way, there divine help makes its opportunity.

He who first cares for the kingdom of God, for his well-being careth God, much more than he could have cared had he first cared for his own well-being.

How I loathe the earth if I look at heaven!

Let it be the struggle of the rich man that he may possess his goods—not they him.

Few follow the Lord to the Mount of Olives, still fewer to the cross on Mount Golgotha, but fewest die with him on the cross. The true history of Christianity.

Of all Christians, the most self-willed are the most numerous and most dangerous; and this sect comes best through.

Wisdom is *in* God, comes *from* God, leads *to* God, rests *with* God. Therefore, also, she makes nothing but friends of God, and where she puts up, there hath God taken lodging.

The heaven's ladder has seven steps—hearing, believing, loving, doing, suffering, striving, conquering. When the battle becomes triumph, then we need the ladder no more.

Tares grow among the wheat until harvest, but the wheat is not to blame for that, for the tares do not grow out of the wheat, but among the wheat, out of the after-seed of the enemy.

Thou must serve God with God, if thou wilt please God; for God taketh delight only in himself.

THREE WONDERS IN HEAVEN.

"If I ever reach heaven," said the eminently pious Dr Watts, "I expect to find three wonders there. 1. To meet some I had not thought to see there; 2. To miss some whom I had expected to meet there; but 3. The greatest wonder of all will be to find *myself* there!" If such were the views and feelings of such a man as Dr Watts, who lived so near the verge of heaven, and breathed its holy atmosphere as it were on earth, so as to be able to say with the most cheerful confidence, "I bless God I lie down at night unsolicitous whether I awake in this world, or another," how much greater will be the wonder in the case of many careless and almost prayerless Christians to find themselves in heaven at last? There is the gay and fashionable Christian, who thinks more of the circles of pleasure than the praying circle, more of robing the perishing body in costly attire, than obtaining the richer ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit for the undying soul.

What a theme of admiring wonder it would be for such a professor of religion, who had spent the evening in some gay circle of pleasure, or in the ball-room, where God and the interests of the soul are little thought of, to return home at midnight, and lie down to rest, and wake up in heaven! What a wonderful contrast between the conversation and employments of the evening party or the ball-room, and the ushering in of an eternal sunrise and a blissful and never-ending day in heaven! How wonderfully different, too, is the dress of a modern ball-room from that white and unsullied robe of righteousness which all must have on before they can enter heaven!

What a wonder it will be for the man who has toiled all his life to lay up treasures on earth without being rich towards God, to find himself in heaven at last, and with treasures there which he had thought little of, and for which he had not laboured! Heaven will, indeed, be full of such wonders, and it will be even more wonderful that any one of our race, so sinful, so imperfect, so guilty, so ungrateful, so fickle and inconstant to the most solemn vows and covenant engagements, has finally arrived safe in heaven.

It is wonderful indeed, even now, that the Spirit and grace of God is not utterly discouraged in trying to change, and mould, and fit for heaven's society, and heaven's employments, such creatures as sinful men. All other beings but God would give up all efforts in a month's trial as hopeless of success, in fitting such polluted souls as men's for an atmosphere so pure and holy as that of heaven! But the patience and grace of God never tire in the good work when once begun. The process may require severe discipline, deep affliction, the tearing asunder the tenderest ties, and stripping the soul of all earthly dependences, in order to unclinch its grasp of earthly good, and make it lay hold on heaven as its only enduring and cherished good; but what God undertakes in the way of saving the soul, he will accomplish by a hand graciously severe. Thus it will come to pass that every one of our race who finally reaches heaven will be filled with adoring wonder to find himself there, and be filled with praise and wonder to find any and every other redeemed sinner there, saved by the wonderful grace of God through atoning blood.

But there will be other wonders in heaven. Many will be missed whose professions did not bear the test of the last hour—of the final judgment. They had no oil in their lamps. If it were possible, there would be grief and weeping in heaven, because many who expected to meet in heaven are disappointed. But it cannot be. Grief, and tears, and disappointments cannot travel across the grave with the pilgrim to heaven. This sadness and these sorrows are found among the travellers in the other road across the grave. There will be wonders in one other world besides heaven—wonder that when the way and the gate to eternal glory were open, that man's guilt and folly were so great that he did not enter there.—*New York Evangelist.*

PRAY FOR YOUR PASTOR.

Of course, every good pastor will pray for himself, but the best need the prayers of the Church; and the more spiritual and devoted they are, the more highly will they value these prayers. If *any* minister of Christ could safely dispense with them, it would seem as if the Apostle Paul might; yet see how earnestly he entreats the Churches to remember him: "Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving; withal praying also for us, that God will open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds; that I may make it manifest as I ought to speak. Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, even as it is with you: and that we may be delivered from wicked and unreasonable men."

Just think, dear brethren, of the sacred relation which your pastor sustains, not only to you and your families, but to the whole Church and congregation. "He watches for your souls as one who must give account." What an awful responsibility! How fatal to you and yours may be the consequences of his mistakes, or his unfaithfulness!

Pray for your pastor, that he may be directed every week to the choice of such subjects as are most needed, and as are "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction, in righteousness."

Pray for your pastor, that when he goes into his study, his thoughts may flow in the right channel, and be imbued with love to Christ, and love to the souls of his flock; that he may prepare every sermon, under a solemn sense of accountability to his divine Master; that he may be "enriched with all wisdom and knowledge; and that he may bring forth out of his treasures things new and old."

Pray for your pastor, that when he enters the pulpit he may "speak boldly as he ought to speak;" that he may not "shun to declare" to his congregation all the "counsel of God, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear." And be sure that when your prayers are answered, you do not turn round and complain of him for being too pointed and personal—for preaching hard doctrines, which he might know would hurt the feelings of half his stated hearers, and for making the way to heaven so narrow, that you almost despair of ever getting there. If you think he goes too far in anything, or that he does not go far enough, pray for him that he may see the truth more clearly, and have more skill in dispensing it. This will do him and do you a great deal more good, than to go away and complain and lay it up against him.

Pray for your pastor, if at any time he grows dull in the pulpit; if his sermons are common-place; if his prayers are not spiritual and fervent; if his words do not come glowing and burning from his lips, as they used to come. He knows it—he laments it; but perhaps you are to blame as well as he. Perhaps you have ceased to pray for him, or your remembrance of him at the throne of grace is so infrequent, and cold, and formal, that God cannot regard it.

Pray for your pastor, that when he is called to visit the sick and dying, and to comfort the mourners, he may "have a word in season" for each. Did you but know how incompetent a young pastor feels for the proper discharge of these duties, and how anxious, even those who have been long in the ministry are, lest they should not say the right things in the right manner, you would pray for them without ceasing. When a good pastor is called to visit the sick, he will lift up his heart in prayer to God on the way, for wisdom and grace; and O how often, when he sits by the bed of the dying, does he tremble lest he should say too little or too much; and when he retires, how fearful is he that he may have failed in the discharge of his duty! You can rarely be with him to aid him by your advice, and if you could, you would hardly ever know what advice to give; but you can pray to Him who teacheth man knowledge, that he will give all that wisdom which is profitable to direct; and if you pray aright you will be heard.

If it is a time of general stupidity, and the word falls month after month, like good seed upon the beaten path, pray for your pastor, that he may not become discouraged, and exclaim, in the bitterness of his soul, "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" If it is a "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," pray for your pastor, that his strength fail not; that he may be instant in season and out of season; that he may be taught of God just what the state of the Church and congregation requires, and just what he ought to preach; that both in his public and private instructions, he may be "wise to win souls;" and that in guiding the inquiring he may not, on the one hand "heal their hurt slightly," nor on the other, "break the bruised reed, and quench the smoking flax." No individual of his charge in a time of revival needs the prayers of the whole Church half so much as the pastor himself.

Pray for your pastor, then; pray for him in your families, morning and evening, and in all your social meetings, not incidentally, or by way of parenthesis, in half a sentence, but directly, earnestly, constantly. Especially pray for him in your closets, where you can aid and encourage him who is "set over you in the Lord," but in no way so much as by your continual remembrance of him at the throne of grace.

ARE YOU IN EARNEST?

Scarce anything is a greater blemish to religion, or disreputation to them that profess it, than their passionate and over-eager pursuit of temporal things, with a coldness and visible indifferency in seeking eternal; when they can rise up early and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness—spend their time and strength in labouring for the world, nay, lose the comfort of their lives by scrambling for the things of this life; and in the meantime put God off with some little superficial service, neglect some duties, and hurry over others—let the cloud of business thrust their spiritual work into a corner of their time, if not quite out of it. The world, indeed, jostle God and Christ and heaven out of their discourse and conversation, which savours of nothing but trades and bargains, and adventures, and getting estates, and tends to nothing but the promoting a mere worldly interest. "Are these men," think their carnal neighbours, "in good earnest for religion, when they are so mad upon their business? Doth their happiness lie in heaven, when their labour is only for the earth? Can their treasure be above, when their hearts are below, and their actings plainly show that they are so? Can their hope of eternal glory be any better than a fancy, who do so little for that glory, and lay out themselves for this world as if there was no other?" And, indeed, who can judge otherwise of some men, that hears their pretences, and yet sees their practice?—*Veal.*

DEATH ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

He who dies on the field of battle feels no tears of sorrow falling upon him from the eye of sympathy. The hot life-blood of his heart is the tear that falls upon him. The roar of the cannon is the requiem of his soul. For him no helping hand is near. He dies unknown and unhelped by any human being, while his voice of agony is prolonged in the groans of those who are unfortunate enough to live a few moments longer. The cold earth or flinty rock is his couch—the first ditch his grave—his knapsack his pillow—his garments of blood his shroud. O what a world of hypocrisy do we live in, when men can weep over the death of one, and gloat over the murder of ten thousand! This is an appropriate time, and this an appropriate day to look at such things, and ask, "Why will rational men be so inconsistent?" Is not the life of one man as dear in the sight of his friends, and his soul as precious in the eyes of the great Benefactor of mankind, as the life and soul of another man? and yet rampant war-men talk of a hundred thousand swords leaping from their scabbards—for what? To be sheathed in the hearts of a hundred thousand breathing, rational souled men.

BAPTISMAL REGENERATION.

Baptismal regeneration is altogether a very odd thing, indeed. It is something like the figure of a figure, and that is something like the "shadow of a shade," which must come as near to nothing as anything well can do. And as it is nothing to those who fancy themselves the subjects of it, so it will come to nothing soon, in men's judgment; and would have done so long ago, being clearly Popish in its origin, and in its nature and consequences very harmful to souls, but that certain things and persons, ancient errors and vested interests, and foolish fears and fond prejudices, are closely bound up with it. As it is, however, all that partake of real divine light, in the smallest degree, see that it is a regeneration that renews nobody—a sanctification that never destroyed one sin—a cheap and compendious method of becoming a Christian in name, whilst it leaves the recipient just where it found him—in a state of nature! However, it cannot be always thus; the very working of error so actively will elicit truth.—*Joseph Herrick.*

SAYINGS OF JOHN NEWTON.

Some Christians, at a glance, seem of a superior order, and are not; they want a certain quality. At a florist's feast the other day, a certain flower was determined to bear the bell, but it was found to be an artificial flower. There is a quality called GROWTH which it had not.

Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I observe there is evil, and that there is a WAY TO ESCAPE IT, and with this I begin and end.

Christ has taken our nature in heaven, to represent us, and has left us on earth, with his nature, to REPRESENT HIM."

Miscellaneous.

FOR MINISTERS.

Philip Henry thus wrote upon a studying day: "I forgot when I began, explicitly and expressly, to crave help from God, and the chariot wheels drove ACCORDINGLY. Lord, forgive my omissions, and keep me in the way of duty!"

Another old divine observes: "If God drop not down his assistance, we write with a pen that HATH NO INK. If any in the world need walk dependently upon God more than others, the minister is he."

He is the best artist that can most lively and powerfully display Jesus Christ before the people, evidently setting him forth as crucified among them; and that is the best sermon that is most full of Christ, not of art and language. I know that a holy dialect well becometh Christ's ministers; they should not be rude and careless in language or method; but surely the excellency of a sermon lies not in that, but in the plainest discoveries and liveliest application of Jesus Christ.—*Flavel.*

It was once said to a minister of Christ, whose labours had been abundantly successful, "Sir, if you did not PLOUGH in your closet, you would not REAP in your pulpit."

The eminent author of "The Saints' Rest," being reminded of his labours on his death-bed, replied, "I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen?"

FOR PEOPLE.

An American pastor, after many years' labour among his people, was supposed to have declined much in his vigour and usefulness; in consequence of which two gentlemen waited upon him and exhibited their complaints. Their minister received them with affection, and assured them that he was equally sensible of his languor and want of success, and that the cause had given him very great uneasiness. The gentlemen wished he would mention what he thought was the cause. Without hesitation the pastor replied. "The loss of my prayer book." "Your prayer book!" said one of the gentlemen with surprise, "I never knew that you used one." "Yes, I have enjoyed the benefit of one for many years till lately, and I attribute my want of success to the loss of it. THE PRAYERS OF MY PEOPLE were my prayer book; and it has occasioned great grief to me that they have laid it aside. Now if you will return and procure me the use of my prayer book again, I doubt not I shall preach much better, and that you will hear more profitably."

A WORD TO PARENTS.

BY THE REV. DAVID LANDSBOROUGH, SALTCOATS.

"Delightful task!" says the poet; and truly it is so; but it is not less difficult than delightful. The twig may seem a slender one, but it has a wrong bias; and it requires more than human power and ingenuity to counteract this, and to cause it to grow upright. But human efforts, though but the instruments, must not be withheld; and how can they be more laudably or beneficially exerted? The charge is a most precious one. Parent! it is thine own child—the child whom thou tenderly lovest. Its destinies are in no small degree put into thy hands by Him who commits it to thy care; who may soon require it to be given up; but who in the meantime says: "Take this child and bring it up for me, and I will give thee thy wages"—a rich reward of grace, not only in all the happiness to which this endearing connexion, under the blessing of God, may give rise on earth, but in that eternal happiness which is to be declared thine on that day when thou shalt stand before the throne of God, saying: "Here am I, O Lord, and the children thou has graciously given me."

It might stimulate parents to diligence, were they to accustom themselves to regard their interesting little charge, not only as their own, but as the children of the King of kings, condescendingly committed to them, that they may be taught to love him in this world, and may be made meet for enjoying him everlastingly in the world to come. And they would be kept from sinking under the greatness of the responsibility, by the remembrance that he is ready, in answer to their prayers, to enable them to discharge their highly-important duty, and to bless the means which he has pointed out to them. The intelligent mother well knows how soon the work of instruction may with advantage be begun; and the Christian father will find that there is much preparatory work which can be carried on, before the child is yet of age for sowing in his heart the good seed of the Word.

Two things throughout the progress of education both parents should keep in view—to be loved, and to be respected and obeyed by their children. Kindness will generally produce the one, and firmness will go far to produce the other. Strive to convince them that, in what you require of them, you have their welfare completely at heart; and show them that your commands, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, must be carried into execution. Seek as much as possible to prevent faults; for O how painful is it for a parent to punish them! Yet, when they are committed, be not so selfishly weak as to let them pass with impunity. The punishment, according to the nature of the fault and the disposition of the child, may consist in a look of sorrow or pity—in a frown of displeasure—in a severe reprimand—or, when the misdemeanour is great, in smart castigation. To cast away the lash may be fashionable, but it was not the approved system in the days of Solomon; and there is not much good to be expected of those modes of education which are at variance with the Bible. "He that spareth the rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes"—"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction will drive it from him"—"The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame"—"Correct thy son, and he will give thee rest, yea, he will give delight to thy soul"—"Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beat him with the rod he will not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell."

Yet how apt is the rod of correction to be abused! How many parents beat their children unmercifully; and instead of driving away foolishness from them, by their savage conduct, render them only more stubborn and perverse. Parents! punish not in wrath. It is no doubt easier to chastise under the influence of anger, but it is neither safe nor salutary. Under the influence of passion you may go too far, and may be guilty of brutally injuring your own children; and though no serious injury should be done to the body, you will in all likelihood either inspire them with slavish fear, or stir up in their little bosoms the angry and malignant passions. "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged," and become careless, thinking it impossible to please those whom they count harsh and unfriendly; and become, perhaps, in consequence of your un-Christian temper, prejudiced against that very religion whose precepts you thus seek to enforce in a manner so different from what is implied in "bringing your children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Let them be "besought by the meekness and gentleness of Christ;" and if punishment should be necessary, they are more apt to be melted and humbled, if they see that, in punishing them, you suffer more pain than you inflict. At no time, perhaps, is prayer more necessary for and with your child, than when the parent is about to lift the rod of chastisement.

When children become capable of receiving religious instruction, it will be found there is nothing so easily understood by them, or which they are so fond of reading or of hearing read, as many parts of the Holy Bible, particularly the Gospels and the historical parts of the Old Testament. If parents would wish their children to be truly religious, they must not confine their religious instructions, as too many do, to the Sabbath, but must let it form part of the business of every day of their lives. Few parents are so very closely occupied, that they could not, if they were much set on it, spend some small part of every day in religious exercise with their children. It is even proverbially acknowledged that the time that is spent in this way is far from being a hindrance to worldly business. It is in general better that the time thus spent should be short, lest through weariness the young should get a dislike to religion. The time or times set apart for these exercises, should be fixed so as to suit the convenience of the family. If circumstances will permit, what time can be better than the hour of prime, when all are fresh and composed, and before the children enter upon their tasks, and the parents engage in the business of the day? How delightful is it to hear their matin song, when, assembled round their dear earthly parents, they raise the voice of thanksgiving and praise to their Father in the heavens! Should not the morning song of the birds of the air teach us how much it is our duty to sing the praises of the Almighty? After praise, a small portion of Scripture should be read, respecting the meaning of which, and the lesson of wisdom to be derived from it, it is of the very greatest importance that they should be questioned by their parents, and every encouragement given them to ask questions for further information. This will greatly increase their interest in it, and render the exercise infinitely more beneficial. If parents are afraid that they are not sufficiently qualified for this important part of their duty, many of them may be able to procure the help of some approved commentator. The short notes and reflections in Brown's Bible are most judicious and pious; and if something fuller is wished, where can a better be found than the excellent Matthew Henry?—the most useful, and, as Jay says, the "sweetest of commentators!" Let the whole be closed with a short fervent prayer, bearing on the passage of Scripture that has been read, and applying to the circumstances of the assembled family. Many throughout Scotland in the lower ranks of life are fully adequate for all this. Let such as are less able, daily exercise, according to their ability, the gifts and graces, however small, that God has bestowed on them; and he whom they serve will gradually strengthen more and more, and enable them with increasing light, and zeal, and grace, to go on in his service.

Children should early be made acquainted with the pure precepts of the Gospel, and kept in remembrance that they are ever in the presence of that God who hears, and sees, and knows all things, and has declared, that "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not pass unpunished." The doctrines which parents should be most anxious to impress on the minds of children are, their own natural sinfulness; the necessity of receiving Christ as their Redeemer; and the necessity of being renewed and sanctified by the Holy Ghost, that they may delight in the service of God, and be prepared for re
lishing the enjoyments of the ransomed in th
world which is beyond the grave. Convin
them that they offend daily—that in everythi
they come short; and that as it is writt
"Cursed is every one who continueth not in
things written in the book of the law to
them," they and all mankind are involved
the curse. Show them that their own wa
wardness is a proof of the corruption of the
hearts. Remind them it is not what the wor
call great and flagrant sins only that expose
punishment; but every sin committed by cre
tures against a holy Creator, deserves exclusi
from his blessed presence, and those aw
punishments that await the rebellious. B
tell them that "God so loved the world as
send his only begotten Son, that whosoever b
lieveth in him should not perish, but sho
have everlasting life;" that they have the mo
gracious invitations to come to God, in the na
of the Saviour, to obtain the pardon of th

sins, and the life-giving influence of his Spirit of grace, to work in them both to will and to do of his good pleasure. But that they may be incited to diligence in the service of God, let them not forget that the eye of God is ever on them—that he has appointed a day when he will judge the world in righteousness by Jesus Christ his Son; when every work will be brought into judgment, and every secret thing, whether it has been good or whether it has been evil; when he will say to the wicked, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels;" and when he will say to the righteous, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Kind parents may injure their children by injudicious praise. When children make rapid progress in learning, how apt are parents to be vain of them! and, either by giving them great praise themselves, or by eliciting, after a display of their attainments, the praises of others, how apt are they to foster the seeds of vanity, plentifully sown in the hearts of their children! Their desire should be, while they stir them up to further progress, to impress them with gratitude for what the Lord has already done for them; and to remind them that "to whom much is given, of them much will be required." On the other hand, if children are not possessed of good talents, how apt are many parents to be fretful and impatient, and to load them with reproaches for their stupidity; forgetful that they are thus not only guilty of cruelty to their children, but of casting reproach on God himself, who made them what they are; and forgetting, also, that by such cruel and sinful reproaches, they are apt to dishearten and distress the minds of their children, and to increase that very dulness by which they are provoked. How much better would it be were they to encourage and stimulate them, by urging them to more strenuous exertions, telling them, under the blessing of God, almost every thing will yield to persevering industry —that many who, when children, seemed dull, have proved the most judicious, and sometimes the cleverest men; and that, at all events, at the great day, the question will not be, Have they been men of genius? but, Have they been found *faithful?* and that to such only the Judge will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Let not parents be so discouraged as to relax in their endeavours to impress the minds of their children with the supreme importance of religion, and to bring them under the influence of the truth as it is in Christ, even though they should see no good fruit resulting from their pious labours. Let them remember that they are discharging their duty, and if this is done under a deep sense of their dependence on God for his blessing on the means; and if it is followed up by their good example, and by their earnest prayers, what reason have they to hope that their labours will not, in the end, be in vain! "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." The instructions of parents and pastors may seem long to be fruitless, yielding nothing but unprofitable tares. The good seed may be long dormant; but when the dew from heaven descends on it, what an advantage is found to have the memory stored with scriptural knowledge, which may at once, when the understanding is enlightened, be turned to great account! Though parents should sow in tears, they may, in the end, reap in joy. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Their labour cannot be in vain to themselves, for it is well-pleasing in the sight of God; and though he should not immediately gladden their hearts, by plucking their children as "brands from the burning," and even though their grey hairs should go down to the dust in sorrow, the prayers that rise may receive a blessed answer, when they who raised them are sleeping in the grave.

FRAGMENTS FROM DANIEL ROWLANDS,

THE WHITEFIELD OF WALES.

There are many people in our country who think it too soon to begin with religion until they approach their end. As Christ was sent for to heal the ruler's daughter when she was at the point to die; so there are many who desire not the prayers nor the company of ministers until they receive the summons of death. They then wish to die in the Lord, though they lived to the devil. They now cry, "Oh! oh! for repentance;" though they despised and rejected the offers of it before. They seek not the ark until they see the deluge coming: they care not for repentance until the devils are around their beds waiting for their souls.

Bodily sores and diseases have been the means of constraining many to seek after the Lord Jesus, while those in health have made no effort to know him. The earth that is not broken and mouldered by the plough, will bring forth nothing but the fruits of the curse—thorns and briers; but when cultivated and manured, it brings forth "herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed." The vines will grow wild in time, if they are not trimmed and pruned; so our hearts would grow wild, and produce hateful and poisonous fruit, were it not that our dear Saviour, the true vine-dresser, is frequently pruning them by crosses and sanctified afflictions. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."—Lam. iii. 27. Our Lord says: "Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."—John xv. 2. No use can be made of gold or silver without fire; nor can fine houses be built except the stones be trimmed and smoothed by hammers. So it is by no means probable that we can be vessels of honour in our Father's house until we be first in the furnace of affliction, and refined as silver is refined; nor can we be living stones in the walls of Jerusalem, except the Lord's hand breaks off our lumps of pride and lust by his own hammers. But the ungodly are for the most part rotting in their prosperity; and like stagnant waters, they breed many ugly and loathsome animals. "Because they have no changes," says the Psalmist, "therefore they fear not God."—Ps. lv. 19. It is said by Jeremiah (xlviii. 11): "Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity: therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed." O Lord our God! rather than that we should have on us the scent of the body of death, and live without the fear of thy blessed name, and be knit to our sins; nay, nay, heavenly Father! rather than this, empty us from vessel to vessel, let thy blessed hand be upon us to awaken us; purify us by fire, beat us with rods, remembering at the same time, gracious Lord, the promise thou hast given to the Son of David: "I will chasten him with the rod of men, but my mercy shall not depart away from him."—2 Sam. vii. 14, 15.

How mean, vile, and insignificant is man, though clothed in scarlet, purple, and gold, yea, though his head should wear a crown, if he be not the servant of Jesus Christ! What is he but an evil spirit in a fine dress—a devil in Samuel's mantle, or the devil himself dressed in gold! Oh! unspeakably better are the servants of Christ in rags. And what are they? Good spirits in a mean attire, or angels unclothed. Jude 9.

When one sins against us, we wish instant judgment to fall on him: but let us fear the Lord. Which of the two sinners ought to be smitten—he who sinned a while ago, or he who sins now, by wishing judgment on his enemy, contrary to God's word? Who hath injured thee? If a brother, forgive him; if an enemy, pray for him, for he knew not what he was doing.

Men are too inclined to depend on everything short of the true rest; yea, even on hearing, partaking of the Lord's supper, and praying. But our Saviour puts, as it were, bitters on everything, as the nurse who wishes to wean her child from the breast. He exhausts and dries every cistern. And why does he employ means so insignificant? Is it not that he might bring his children through and from them to himself? He raised up a serpent, and not man—made of brass, and not of gold, lest the people of Israel should depend on man and on gold; for who would rely on a serpent of brass? So he sends, not angels, but men, to preach the Gospel; not the rich, but the poor; not the wise, but "the foolish things of the world," in order that he might lead us through and from every thing else to himself. So in the sacrament, what is there to be had? Not the feast of Elijah, bread and meat—not much—no more than a morsel. It is nothing but a morsel, in order to lead thee on to seek Him who is the bread of life. And why art thou left cold, heavy, and dead, often in thy prayers? Is it not to show that prayer is not salvation, but the Lord? It is he alone that quickens, awakens, and warms the soul in prayer.—John v. 6.

There are a few sayings of Rowlands appended to his sermons in Welsh.

It is stated that he frequently mentioned them during his latter days, and that he used to say, that "he had four lessons which he had laboured to learn during the whole course of his religious life, and yet that he was but a dull scholar even in his old age." And these lessons are the following:—

To repent, without despairing.
To believe, without being presumptuous.
To rejoice, without falling into levity.
To be angry, without sinning.

It is better to go to heaven by ourselves, than to go in company with the multitude into hell.

Bad examples are like a flood, which hurries along with it everything that has *no root*, or that is not too heavy.

Some men have tears enough for losses among their kine, were they as lean as those of Pharaoh; but for their own souls they have none.

Life was lost in a state of virtue, and found in that of transgression; paradise was lost in Adam, but found on the cross.

Small is his loss who loses his garment, and keeps his body whole; so it is with the Christian when he is wounded even unto death: he still retains what he most values, his soul, and knows that his body is but a corruptible garment.

Had not Paul had the devil to buffet him, he would have buffeted God by exalting himself too much.

Were prosperity always to shine on us, what a wandering star would man become!—how would the monster spread his wings!

Worthy of being kissed is that rod which beats out our sins.

Happy the man that takes warning when he sees another under chastisement.

Slander is like black soap, which seems to soil at first, and then makes clean and white.

The most angelic Christian is he whom Satan hates most. They who are troubled by Satan the least, are those who give the least trouble to Satan.

The nearest enemy is the worst. Behold, our sins are the nearest; let them be counted the worst.

The fear of man will make us hide sin; but the fear of the Lord will cause us to hate it.

The iron must be made hot before it can be worked; so the mind must be heated by the fire of divine meditation before it can be fit to be wrought upon by the Word of the Lord.

God will pull down in thee what is strong, before he builds up what is weak.

Say not, My unworthiness prevents my praying: no, on the contrary, it is an inducement to pray. Thou canst bring thy gift to the altar, though not thy worthiness. Thou canst beg heaven, though thou canst not buy it.

No beggar has ever been too poor to be an object of charity. Hold thy hand to receive, though it may be a trembling hand.

The fire of discord is more ruinous to the Church of Christ than the fire of persecution.

The spirit of our spirit, and the soul of our soul, is the Holy Ghost.

LUTHER IN THE PULPIT.

writer, possibly, has his own peculiar style;
e are only a few men, in any age, whose
of such an original and extraordinary de-
nt as to stamp their works with a peculiarity
allenges public admiration. We never for-
elightful impression made upon our youth-
s by first acquaintance with authors of this
on. Who, for example, can forget the sen-
f pleasure he felt, when, having dealt with
poets, his attention was first directed to the
John Milton, and he was made conversant
t majesty of conception and expression which
him, as a writer, from all mankind? Or can
e reader forget the surprise he felt when,
next taken up the pages of the bard of Avon,
met with a development of genius altogether
in species, and in no degree less wonderful?
eloquence of writing and of oratory, what a
mpression is made when we come across the
ic path of Burke? And not less is the as-
nent which is felt by the young divine, when,
from the perusal of ordinary sermons he, for
st time, glances at those of Thomas Chalmers,
ds sound divinity set forth in all the eloquence
ost wondrous imagination, and powerful under-
ng.

impression such as this was produced upon our
when we first glanced at the works of Luther.
tyle—the very form and phraseology which his
nents assumed—marked him out to be a man by
lf. There was an intrinsic heroism and sub-
in them, which, indeed, were constitutionally
cteristic of Luther, and suited well with the
on in which God placed him, at the most critical
f the world's history.

e public are now well acquainted with the cha-
r of the German Reformer, drawn by the pen of
who could appreciate and adequately represent
or would we at this time re-exhibit him to the
of our readers, except very imperfectly, in his
acteristics as a preacher. These have, indeed,
both noticed and illustrated by D'Aubigné;
the specimens which he has adduced are gene-
short, detached, and rather designed to eluci-
the history, than quoted for the express purpose
nveying an idea of Luther's pulpit ministrations.
des, through the very elegance of his mind, and
efined taste, the rude energy of Martin Luther
s to lose something in his hands as a translator.
sionally some expression is left out, which was
tless considered too vehement for the proprieties
anguage, or even of Christian temper; whereas
readers will agree with us, that it is infinitely
er that his sentiments should be given in manner
vell as substance, just as they issued, like burning
, out of the crustation of an entirely unparalleled
perament.

he passages which we propose giving, in this and
ucceeding paper, are extracted from a folio vo-
e, containing such sermons as he preached in the
rse of his ordinary ministry to the common people of Wittemberg. They were originally circulated in the German language, but afterwards translated into Latin. This volume contains a preface by Luther himself, in which he launches a hearty anathema against those who, according to a pernicious custom of the time, should dare to publish the work with interpolations or corrections—men in whose hands "a good book was like a pearl amongst swine"—"scrupulous weighers of words, religious, and even superstitious in the choice of their expressions, while they taught without scruple the very grossest heresies—straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel—catching at the mote of a misplaced vocable in others, while they adored the beam of downright blasphemies in themselves."

We shall not detain the reader by any general observations of our own, drawn from a perusal of this volume, upon the characteristics of Luther's preaching, but proceed at once to give him specimens, from which he may form a judgment for himself. The first, which represents the Reformer in one of his more vehement moods, is a passage in which he denounces the Popish idea of good works:—

"O for a voice louder than thunder, that I might make myself heard through the whole world, and at once banish this word *good works* from the hearts, the lips, the ears, and the writings of all men; or succeed at last in convincing them what it means! The universal world thinks, speaks, sings, writes of good works. Not a sermon is delivered, but the theme of commendation must be good works. All our halls and all our universities boast of nothing else than good works. In every man's mouth we shall find this word, good works. And yet nowhere are good works done; nor is there a man who knows what good works really are. Would to God that all the pulpits throughout the world were burned with fire and reduced to ashes, that a wretched population might no more be deceived and ruined, in a manner which one shudders to contemplate, by these good works! They give the name to works which God never prescribed: going pilgrimage to the places of their canonized saints; fasting in honour of them; building and decorating temples; bargaining for masses and vigils, as they call them; endless mutterings and unseemly vociferations within their shrines; embracing the state of monks, nuns, and priests; observing distinctions of food, raiment, and places sacred or profane;—but I despair enumerating all their detestable abominations—their foul and most pernicious impostures. And this, forsooth, is that authority of the pope which we must tremble to reject—that sanctity which we must fall down and adore! Is there an individual whom I now address, who has an ear to hear, and a heart to understand?—then I adjure him by the living God to hear me when I tell him what alone are entitled to the name of good works. That, then, is a good work which is of use, and profits the person who is the object of it. Otherwise why give it the designation? Good works are not splendid, dazzling, and imposing works. If I pitch a heavy stone to a distance, that is a great work; but where is the use of it? Or say that I excel in leaping, in the race, or in the tournament: these may be fine and graceful exercises, but what practical benefit do they confer? I parade a rich vestment, or rear a magnificent chapel, and who is the better of it? To bring the point home, I line the walls of our temples, and the statues, stones, or beams of this building, in which we are now met with silver and gold, but who benefits by the action when it is done? What though every paltry village should have ten such splendid halls as that at Erdford? Would that advantage one single individual? What boots it though every edifice, monastery, and university were more magnificent than Solomon's Temple? Who is the better of your fasting to St. Catherine or St. Martin? Of what earthly consequence is it whether you be whole shaven or half—whether you be clothed in black or white? Tell me of what use it were that all men should join in celebrating mass every hour in succession, or that psalms should be chanted night and day without intermission, as at Mysia? Or who would reap one atom of benefit though every shrine were filled with as many idols of silver and gold as they have at Halle and Wittemberg? Mere dreams are all such works together, and unspeakably pernicious impostures! One and all of them we owe to men's lying inventions. They forge them, then they call them good works, and preach that they merit Divine favour and procure the remission of sins. Just as if God cared for our works, or the saints needed them! Stocks and stones are not so senseless and stupid as we are. May I not say, rather, that the very trees of the field teach us what good works are? They bear fruit, not for themselves, but for man and beast. And these are their good works. O stupidity! O frenzy! O inconceivable madness! Ay, and bishops and princes, who should countermand such mad follies, are the first to run into them! Blind, and leaders of the blind! What shall I compare them to? Girls playing with puppy dogs, and boys riding upon a stick? Truly they are nothing better than players with puppy dogs and riders upon a stick. The maid servant who waits upon the mill, if she have faith, does more good, and gets more (truly much more would I trust in her merits), when she but takes the corn from the ass' back, or does some like servile occupation, than all the clergy and monks taken together, though they should even chant whole days and months, and mangle themselves till they vomited blood O your stark folly, ye Papists!—your absolute madness! Ye, then, will save men by your ceremonies! ye will give to others of your merits, and your spiritual benefits! when there is not in the wide world a more miserable set of men—more devoid of the Spirit—more destitute of all that is spiritually good! Then steps forward the pope, and sells you his parchments, and carries you right to heaven—not God's heaven, but his own—that is, the very profoundest hell! These are the fruits of our unbelief and ignorance of Christ! This the reward we have earned for having the Gospel, and suffering it to lie hid under the benches, while we give prominence to the doctrines of men. Again I say it: I wish from my soul that the whole pulpits, one and all in a mass, and the monasteries, colleges, temples, cells, and chapels along with them, had been in the flames long since, and burnt to ashes, when I consider the awful seduction and destruction of souls with which they have inundated the world!"

The passage which we next extract could scarcely be credited to have come from the same pen with the preceding; but, as Carlyle observes, there was a vast deal comprehended between "the two poles" of Luther's genius; and those who are acquainted with his writings will at once recognise the following as conceived in a style which he frequently adopted. It comes in when commenting upon the well-known words of Christ, in which he refers us to the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field for the confirmation of our faith:—

"The fowls of the air do not toil like us, and yet they are supported. Our Lord does not mean that we should give up working, but dismiss anxious cares. The bird, it may be true, cannot ply the processes of agriculture, like us; and yet it has its own work. It fulfils the end of its being; it brings forth its young, cherishes and feeds them, and sings unto our God a song for all his goodness. If God asked it to do more, it would do it. In the morning it is early astir, and, perched upon a branch, sings the song which it has learned, nor ever once thinks about its food or cares for it. Afterwards, when hungry, it flies off in quest of the grain which God has placed for it somewhere, but of which it never thought as it sung, though it had good reason to be anxious about its provision. Let us blush to think that the little birds have more faith than ourselves, who can carol in such a cheerful strain, although they know nothing as to where their food is to come from. We are referred to them that we may feel deep shame at not being able to do what is done by the fowls of the air. A Christian should be ashamed every time he looks upon a little bird, and considers that it knows an art which he has not learned. Should you in spring, when the little birds generally sing sweetest of all, say to one of them: Why dost thou sing so sweetly and cheerfully when thou hast gathered no corn into the barn? it would laugh you to scorn.

"But I bring forward another illustration to upbraid your unbelief. For there stand these flowers, and cover us with shame, and are teachers to us. Thanks to you, ye little flowers, which the cows chew in the field! Does God then raise you to be our masters, and doctors of divinity? What! Are we fit to live on the earth? If this be not a shame to us, I know not what is. Here we are forced to confess that the meanest flower, which the cow or the sheep treads under its foot, is our master of instruction! Now, are we not brave creatures? Solomon is brought forward, the wealthiest and the mightiest of all kings, who was arrayed in purple and gold, and we are told that his clothing cannot be compared with the flower. Is it not incomprehensible beyond measure that the adornment of the flowers of the field should be thus set above all gold, silver, and jewels? But we are blind, and cannot see what our Lord meant. There stands the little flower and glories over us, saying: 'Though thou wert clothed with all the ornaments in the world, though wouldst not be like me, who, standing here, never think whence this garniture of mine must come from: nothing of the sort disturbs me; for in sooth, here I remain, and nothing more besides do I. Indeed thou art gorgeously decked forth, but sickly withal, diseased, and a slave to detestable mammon. Whereas I am fresh and blooming, and wait attendance upon the true God.'"

JESUS, JUSTICE, AND THE SINNER.

"Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified."—Ps. cxliii. 2.

Jesus. Bring forth the pris'ner.
Justice. Thy commands
Are done, just Judge; see, here the pris'ner stands.
Jesus. What has the pris'ner done? Say, what's the cause
Of his commitment?
Justice. He hath broke the laws
Of his too gracious God; conspir'd the death
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,

And heaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.
Jesus. How know'st thou this?
Justice. E'en by his own confession:
His sins are crying, and they cry aloud!
They cried to heaven—they cried to heaven for blood.
Jesus. What say'st thou, sinner?—hast thou aught
to plead
That sentence should not pass? Hold up thy head,
And show thy brazen, thy rebellious face.
Sinner. Ah, me! I dare not; I'm too vile and base
To tread upon the earth, much more to lift
Mine eyes to heaven; I need no other shrift
Than mine own conscience. Lord, I must confess
I am no more than dust, and no whit less
Than my indictment styles me. Ah! if thou
Search too severe—with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand? I have transgressed thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance—not my cause.
Justice. Lord, shall I strike the blow!
Jesus. Hold! Justice, stay!
Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more to say?
Sinner. Vile as I am, and of myself abhorred,
I am thy handiwork—thy creature, Lord;
Stamp'd with thy glorious image, and at first,
Most like to thee, though now a poor accurs'd
Convicted caitiff, and degen'rate creature,
Here trembling at thy bar.
Justice. The fault's the greater.
Lord, shall I strike the blow?
Jesus. Hold! Justice, stay!
Speak, sinner; hast thou nothing more to say?
Sinner. Nothing but mercy, mercy, Lord, My state
Is miserably poor and desperate;
I quite renounce myself, the world, and flee
From Lord to Jesus—from myself to thee.
Justice. Cease thy vain hopes; my angry God has
vowed
Abused mercy must have blood for blood.
Shall I yet strike the blow?
Jesus. Stay! Justice, hold!
My bowels yearn—my fainting blood grows cold,
To view the trembling wretch. Methinks I spy
My Father's image in the pris'ner's eye.
Justice. I cannot hold!
Jesus. Then turn thy thirsty blade
Into my side; let there the wound be made.
Cheer up, dear soul, redeem thy life with mine—
My soul shall smart—my heart shall bleed for thine!
Sinner. Oh, groundless deep! oh, love beyond de-
gree!
The offended dies to set th' offender free!

FRANCIS QUARLES.

BUNYAN'S INDICTMENT AND EXAMINATION.

"I WAS indicted," says Bunyan, "for an upholder and maintainer of unlawful assemblies and conventicles, and not for conforming to the national worship of the Church of England; and after some conference there with the justices, they taking my plain dealing with them for a confession, as they termed it, of the indictment, did sentence me to a perpetual banishment because I refused to conform. So being again delivered up to the jailer's hands, I was had home to prison, and there have lain now complete twelve years, *waiting to see what God would suffer these men to do with me.*"

It is a striking phraseology which Bunyan uses, he "was had *home* to prison;" it was indeed a home to him, for God made it such—sweeter, by Divine grace, than any earthly home in his pilgrimage. He had been preaching for years when he was first taken, which was upon the 12th of November, 1660. He had engaged, if the Lord permitted, to come and teach some of the people who desired it on that day; but the justice of the peace hearing of it, issued his warrant to take Bunyan, and meantime to keep a strong watch about the house; "as if," says Bunyan, "we that were to meet together in that place did intend to do some fearful business to the destruction of the country." Yea, they could scarcely have been more alarmed and vigilant if there had been rumour of a Popish gunpowder plot on foot. "When, alas! the constable came in, he found us only with our Bibles in our hands, ready to speak and hear the Word of God, for we were just about to begin our exercise; nay, we had begun in prayer for the blessing of God upon our opportunity, intending to have preached the Word of the Lord unto them there present; but the constable coming in prevented us."

Bunyan might have escaped had he chosen, for he had fair warning, but he reasoned nobly, that as he had showed himself hearty and courageous in his preaching, and made it his business to encourage others, if he should now run, his weak and newly converted brethren would certainly think he was not so strong in deed as in word. "Also I feared that if I should run, now that there was a warrant out for me, I might by so doing make them afraid to stand when great words' only should be spoken to them. Besides, I thought that seeing God of his mercy should choose me to go upon the forlorn hope in this country—that is, to be the first that should be opposed for the Gospel—if I should flee, it might be a discouragement to the whole body that might follow after. And further, I thought the world thereby would take occasion at my cowardliness to have blasphemed the Gospel, and to have had some grounds to suspect worse of me and my profession than I deserved." So Bunyan stayed with full resolution, and began the meeting. And when brought before the justice, and questioned as to what he did there, and why he did not content himself with following his calling, for it was against the law that such as he should be admitted to do as he did; he answered, that the intent of his coming thither and to other places was to instruct and counsel people to forsake their sins and close in with Christ, lest they did miserably perish; and that he could do both these without confusion—to wit, follow his calling and preach the Word also.

"Now," says Bunyan, in a passage where you have the germ of many a character that afterwards figured in the pages of the "Pilgrim's Progress"—"now, while my mittimus was a-making, the justice was withdrawn, and in comes an old enemy to the truth, Dr. Lindale, who, when he was come in, fell to taunting at me with many reviling terms; to whom I answered, that I did not come hither to talk with him, but with the justice. Whereas he, supposing that I had nothing to say for myself, triumphed as if he had got the victory, charging and condemning me for meddling with that for which I could show no warrant, and asked me if I had taken the oaths, and if I had not, it was a pity but that I should be sent to prison. I told him that if I was minded I could answer to any sober question put to me. He then urged me again how I could prove it lawful for me to preach, with a great deal of confidence of the victory. But at last, because he should see that I could answer him if I listed, I cited to him that in Peter which saith, 'As every man hath received the gift, even so let him minister the same.'"

Lindale. Ay, saith he, to whom is that spoken?

Bunyan. To whom? said I, why, to every man that hath received a gift from God. Mark, saith the apostle, As every man hath received a gift from God; and again, You may all prophesy by one. Whereat the man was a little stopt, and went a softlier pace: but not being willing to lose the day, he began again, and said:

Lind. Indeed, I do remember that I have read of one Alexander, a coppersmith, who did much oppose and disturb the apostles (aiming, it is like, at me, because I was a tinker).

Bun. To which I answered that I also had read of very many priests and Pharisees that had their hands in the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Lind. Ay, saith he, and you are one of those Scribes and Pharisees; for you, with a pretence, make long prayers to devour widows' houses.

Bun. I answered, that if he got no more by preaching and praying than I had done, he would not be so rich as now he was. But that Scripture coming into my mind, "Answer not a fool according to his folly," I was as sparing of my speech as I could without prejudice to truth.

After this, there was another examination with one Mr. Foster of Bedford, who tried hard to persuade Bunyan to promise that he would leave off preaching; in which case he should be acquitted. Bunyan's honest, straightforward truth, good sense, and mother-wit, answered as good a purpose with this Mr. Foster as it did with that "old enemy," Dr. Lindale. Mr. Foster told Bunyan there were none that heard him but a company of foolish people.

Bun. I told him that there were the wise as well as the foolish that did hear me; and again, those that are most commonly counted foolish by the world are the wisest before God. Also, that God had rejected the wise, and mighty, and noble, and chosen the foolish and the base.

Foster. He told me that I made people neglect their calling; and that God hath commanded people to work six days, and serve him on the seventh.

Bun. I told him that it was the duty of people, rich and poor, to look out for their souls on those days as well as their bodies; and that God would have his people exhort one another daily, while it is called to-day.

Fost. He said, again, that there were none but a company of poor, simple, ignorant people that came.

Bun. I told him that the foolish and the ignorant had most need of teaching and information; and therefore it would be profitable for me to go on in that work.

Fost. Well, said he, to conclude, but will you promise that you will not call the people together any more, and then you may be released and go home?

Bun. I told him that I durst say no more than I had said; for I durst not leave off that work which God had called me to. If my preaching might be said to call the people together, I durst not say that I would not call them together.

Foster upon this told the justice that he must send Bunyan to prison; and so to prison he went, nothing daunted, but singing and making melody in his heart unto the Lord.—*Cheever's Lectures on Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."*

ON THE TIMES AND WRITINGS OF MALACHI.

BY THE REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, SALTON.

An interest of a peculiar kind attaches to the times and writings of Malachi, as he was the last of the prophets under the Old Testament dispensation, and it is in them we find the form of that state of things which reached its maturity in the age of Christ and his apostles. The forms of corruption which discovered themselves in that age are strikingly different from those which appeared before the Babylonish captivity, and seem to have sprung from an almost opposite set of influences. And this prophet is the only one subsequent to the captivity, who was called particularly to grapple with and expose the state of mind and character which was then beginning to develop itself, and which, notwithstanding his admonitions, continued to advance in its main features, till it became the unhappy and inveterate distinction of the nation at large. In this respect, therefore, his writings possess an interest peculiar to themselves, and, as a connecting link between the old and the new aspects of Jewish society, are the best fitted to serve as an immediate introduction to the narratives of Gospel history.

In regard to the prophet himself, his book gives us no information either who he was, or at what precise period he lived—a reserve of which we find only two other examples, in the cases of Habakkuk and Obadiah. What is also remarkable, Jewish history, Jewish tradition even, scarcely pretends to give any account of him, although the latest of all the prophets; and at a very early period we find traces among the Jews of the opinion, that Malachi was the name, not properly of his person, but of his office.[*] The word literally means "my angel," or "my messenger;" and the heading of the prophecy, which runs: "The burden of the word of the Lord to Israel by the hand of Malachi," is in the latter part rendered by the old Septuagint translation, "by the hand of his angel;" while the Chaldee Paraphrase has it, "by Malachi, whose proper name was Ezra the Scribe." In regard to his being the same person with Ezra, it is enough to say, that this is a groundless and utterly improbable supposition, which is rejected by some even of the Jewish authorities. Nor is there any reason to imagine that he was a messenger of the Lord in any other or higher sense than the prophets generally were; for example, Haggai, who is expressly called "the Lord's messenger," and is said to have spoken "in the Lord's message unto the people." But the name seems to have been distinctively assumed by him, because the great design

[*] Vitringa Obs., sec. ii., p. 330: "The ancient Jews were thoroughly persuaded that the name Malachi was not the true and original name of this prophet, but a kind of surname formed from his office, since they understood Malachi to be Ezra himself—the priest, reproving the vices of his order." This excellent dissertation of Vitringa has substantially settled the question regarding the time and circumstances of Malachi's appearing. In one point, he has been improved on by Hengstenberg, viz., the derivation of his name, which is simply "my messenger," not "Jehovah's messenger."

of his calling as a prophet was to announce the coming of the "My Messenger," and "the Messenger of the Covenant" mentioned in ch. iii. 1, and to intimate that he, too, was subordinately a messenger to prepare the way for the grand Messenger still to come.

The time of Malachi's appearance on the stage of Israelitish history is now generally agreed to have been nearly, if not altogether coincident, with the period of Nehemiah's second visit to Jerusalem. This took place in the thirty-second year of Artaxerxes Longimanus, which, according to the common reckoning, was in the 434th year before Christ, and about a hundred years after the commencement of the restoration at the decree of Cyrus, though little more than eighty after the second temple was actually built. It was during the latter part of the time this temple was in building that the Prophets Haggai and Zechariah exercised their divine calling; so that two generations must nearly have passed away before Malachi stepped forth to deliver the word put into his mouth. The chief reasons for fixing his agency to that precise time, are the marked correspondence between the evils complained of in his writings and those specified in the latter part of Nehemiah; especially in regard to ungodly alliances in marriage, even by the priests and Levites, with Heathen women (Mal. ii. 8; Neh. xiii. 29), and the general neglect in paying tithes (Neh. xiii. 10–12; Mal. iii. 10.) The agreement in regard to the former extends to the very form of expression which is used to designate the evil—such marriages being represented both in Nehemiah and Malachi as a breach of the covenant made especially with the house of Levi. The prophet calls it a "corrupting of the covenant of Levi;" and Nehemiah charges them with having "defiled the priesthood, and the covenant of the priesthood and of the Levites"—a form of expression which does not occur in any of the earlier books.

The Book of Malachi, which is properly but one discourse, is called a *burden*—intimating that it is chiefly of an admonitory and threatening character.* Its direct and immediate object is to expose the corruption which had by this time risen to a great height in the land, and to show, that as it had already brought upon them to some extent the judgments of God, so if not repented of and forsaken, it would utterly unfit them for receiving the fulfilment of the great covenant promise, and, indeed, would convert their hopes of blessing into unsparing visitations of wrath. A hasty glance into the prophecy, or a rapid survey of its contents, as presented in the analysis, for example, of Diodati, might lead us to suppose that the evils complained and reproved were of a very varied and miscellaneous character; but a closer inspection will satisfy us, that the corruption had properly but one root, and that the external evils come into view only as so many signs and indications of it. This grand root of corruption was a spirit of self-righteousness, which grounded its claim to God's favour and blessing on obedience to his ordinances and commandments—an obedience, however, which showed itself in them, and invariably does so in like cases, extremely partial and defective, even as regards the performance of outward duty, and not inconsistent with great inward depravity—with much worldly-mindedness, with strong disaffection to God, and deep malice and guile one toward another. This self-righteous spirit is, no doubt, to be found under some form in every age of the Church; and before the captivity we find it occasionally made the subject of severe reproof, as in Ps. l.; Isa. i., lviii.; Jer. vii. 4, &c. But it was chiefly after the captivity that the spirit of corruption began to take this form, since the remembrance of that dreadful judgment operated continually afterwards as a check on the more open manifestations of ungodliness, and various circumstances in the condition of the people after their return tended to foster the growth of this. The Pharisaical spirit is as much the reigning characteristic of the times of Malachi, as it was that of the age in which our Lord appeared; only, it was then connected with outward circumstances considerably different, which naturally gave to its workings a corresponding modification.

In the times of Malachi, the affairs of the restored remnant were still in a comparatively feeble and depressed state. Though their return had been attended with peculiar marks of Divine favour, and was made under magnificent promises of future blessings and prosperity, yet they had to struggle from the outset with most formidable difficulties; and even now, when they had reached near the close of a century in the land, how far were they from realizing their bright hopes of aggrandizement!—politically in a state of servitude to Heathen rulers, who exacted tribute from them (Neh. ix., 36, 37), and not only no special manifestations of the Divine presence and goodness in their behalf, but everywhere the signs of impoverishment and distress. See especially ch. ii. 17, where they impatiently ask for the God of judgment, as if he had forgotten his cause; and ch. iii. 9–11, where the prophet himself speaks of a great restraining of the Lord's goodness. Why this depressed and humiliating state of things? Had they possessed the genuine spirit of true humility and faith in God, they would have sought the cause, not in him, but in themselves; in reality, however, because actuated by the spirit of a proud and conceited Pharisaism, they referred it to him—to his neglect of the covenant, and want of due discrimination in the exercise of his government. They conceived themselves, in short, to be treated with grievous injustice, considering how well they had been discharging their own part, and how much they were warranted to expect at the hands of God. And it is specially with a view to beat down this towering, Pharisaical spirit, to silence its murmuring dissatisfaction with the Divine dealings, to show the injustice as well as folly of its hard thoughts of God, that the prophet enters into the expostulation with them, which makes up the substance of his book, and the leading drift of which is, to lead them to turn their eyes inward upon themselves, to show them the real cause of all their outward evils in their own sins and corruptions; and to forewarn them of much greater evils than they had yet experienced, unless their spiritual condition became entirely different from what it then was.

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* That this is the real import of the Hebrew word *massa* (burden), and that, in the words of Jerome on Nah. i. 1, "it is never inserted in a title, unless when something heavy, full of weight and labour, is to be announced," has been so clearly proved by Hengstenberg, in his Christology, on Zech. ix. 1, that it may now be looked upon as a settled point in criticism.

We are furnished, in fact, with a key to the whole in the first words of the prophet's address to them, viewed in connection with their reply to it: "I have loved you, saith the Lord; yet ye say, Wherein hast thou loved us?" He finds them full to the brim with hard thoughts of God, and rebellious murmurings against his procedure toward them—all springing from the conviction that their covenant-standing, and peculiar relation to his service, had not received from him the testimonies of his regard which they were entitled to expect. The prophet is, therefore, led to vindicate the ways of God to them, by pointing out the manifest and palpable difference which distinguished their outward history from that of the posterity of Esau; so that the former, with all its vicissitudes and troubles, still contained clear proofs of special love, which the other as clearly wanted. But presently turning round upon them, he proceeds to charge it upon their own behaviour toward God, that this love had not been able to give more full and unequivocal demonstrations of its goodness. In a strain of severe and cutting rebuke, he first of all exposes the corruptions of the priesthood, justly regarding them as the ringleaders in the apostasy, that was in progress, and as being liable, from their greater guilt, to the heaviest inflictions of judgment. This is disclosed in two leading particulars—their real dislike to the Lord's service, betrayed by the sordid character of their performances and the contemptible nature of their offerings (ch. i. 6–14), and their intermarriages with the Heathen around them, coupled with the most harsh and injurious treatment toward their proper wives, the daughters of Israel. (Ch. ii.) It is not simply the misconduct, however, which, in these instances, is exposed and censured; but the still more melancholy fact is brought out by the incidental allusions and questions which are thrown in, that they were quite unconscious of any wrong, and thought themselves perfectly justified, by the Divine procedure toward them, to act as they had been doing. They received so little from God—such manifestly was their feeling—that he could not expect any more from them than the slovenly attendance and confessedly poor offerings they had been rendering. And since he put so little distinction between them and their Heathen neighbours—nay, seemed rather to exalt these by outward prosperity above his covenant-people (ch. ii. 17, iii. 15), what were they doing but treading in the Divine footsteps, when they put no distinction between the daughters of Israel and Heathen women, or even gave a preference to the latter?

This iniquity in the priesthood, from its very nature, must have been inseparably connected with similar defections in the people at large. The one as well as the other was involved in the guilt of presenting sickly and polluted offerings; and as the priests had manifested such flagrant indifference regarding the public service of God, the people naturally fell into an equally flagrant neglect of that part which properly belonged to them—the presentation of the tithes. (Ch. iii. 8–12). This general defect in paying what the law required, fell, of course, directly upon the priests themselves, who in that should have seen what God really intended—a divine retribution—a treacherous dealing toward them for their treacherous dealing towards God: "I have cursed you already." (Ch. ii. 2. "Therefore have I also made you contemptible and base before all the people." (V. 9.) That it came, however, as a just retribution to them, was no justification to the people, who were also, in their poverty and distresses, visited by God for their profane robbery of his temple. (Ch. iii. 9.) So that, while the corruption of the priesthood is made most prominent, it plainly enough appears, at the same time, that the whole mass was leavened.

Nor was it only leavened with the same species of corruption, but also largely partook of the same spirit of Pharisaism. When accused of robbing God, the people seem astonished and startled at the charge: "Wherein have we robbed thee?" And when again charged with speaking stout words against God, they indignantly reply: "What have we spoken against thee?"—never apparently dreaming that by the feelings they were cherishing, as well as the course they pursued, they were virtually regarding God as unmindful of his covenant, and doing better to the Heathen than to themselves. (Ch. iii., 13-15.)

In immediate connection with this Pharisaical spirit, and as a melancholy indication of its working, there constantly appears a feeling of perfect security as to their interest in God's favour—a feeling that, however much they were dissatisfied with his present dealings, they were still the only persons who had any title to his goodness, and could not but sometime experience it to the full. Hence all the predictions, with a single exception near the close, take the form of threatenings to those whom the prophet immediately addresses; and the language of each of them substantially is, God will fulfil his gracious intentions to his people, but ye shall have no share in the benefits. "Incense and a pure offering" is to be presented on his altar, well worthy of his acceptance; but it is to come from among the Gentiles with whom his name is to be great and dreadful—implying that he could well dispense with such Israelites and Levites as those now existing, and would do so. (Ch. i. 11, 14). The Lord himself whom they pretended to seek, was to come—the Messenger of the Covenant; but the day of his coming would be one of terror to them, an awful sifting time in which much iniquity would have to be purged away, and the few that should escape from destruction would be saved only by fire. (Ch. iii. 1–3. There would be a time of visitation, in which the Lord would manifestly appear to distinguish between the righteous and the wicked; but, alas! not as they imagined—only between Israel and the Heathen—but between Israel and Israel; between the really elect portion of Jacob's family, who proved their interest in the Divine favour by their possession of God's fear and devotedness to his service (ch. iii. 16, 17 and the other and much larger portion, who stood substantially on the same footing as the Heathen, and were vessels fitter for destruction. (Ch. iii. 18, iv. 1). So that, just as Israel at first was called God's "peculiar treasure," in reference to the Heathen (Exod. xix. 5), so now the expression is applied to the elect, as compared with the non-elect portion of Israel itself, who were therefore considered as Heathen.[*] We do not enter at present into any examination of the general import of the predictions, or the times of their fulfilment, which would require an article for itself, but simply to the manner in which they are introduced, as illustrative of the characters whom the prophet chiefly addressed. Each one of them, in its direct and immediate bearing, is evidently a blow levelled at the deep-rooted spirit of Pharisaical delusion, which so strikingly manifested itself then, as in the days of our Lord, and which appears to have no further profited by the admonitions of Malachi, than to yield a more scrupulous compliance with the outward requirements of the law. There were, however, a few who listened to the voice of the Lord—a pious remnant, that never altogether perished till the great era of redemption; and to them is spoken, toward the close, a word of cheering encouragement and unmingled consolation. (Ch. iii. 17; iv. 2, 3.)

In this sketch, it has been our object to give merely a general view of the times of Malachi from the book itself, as a help to the more intelligent perusal of its pages, and to a more distinct understanding of the connection between his times and those of Christ. There is one passage, however, in the admonitory part, which requires a special examination, and is almost uniformly misapprehended. It occurs in connection with the charge against the priests and Levites for intermarrying with the Heathen, and violently putting away their Israelitish wives. In reference to this, the prophet first asks, "Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us? why do we deal treacherously?" &c. Here he traces back the transgression to its source—to slight views of God, and a practical disregard of the peculiar relation in which they stood to him. As a distinct nation or family, they had all one father, the living God, who had created *them* in a sense in which he had not created others; not only having brought them into existence as individuals, but chosen them as a people for a peculiar treasure, put his own name upon them, and endowed them with the highest gifts and privileges of his children. Thus the whole nation of Israel was, by Divine calling, one family or brotherhood; all were, as children of God, brothers and sisters to each other. So that every violation of the love and duty from one member to another, as here in the behaviour of the men to their Israelitish wives, was, at the same time, a dishonour done to God, a virtual rejection of his claims as the common father, and a profanation of the covenant he had made with them. To put the daughters of Israel even on a footing with Heathen women was substantially to put Jehovah on a footing with idols—to part with the one for the other was practically to go over to idolatry; this much is obvious.

But when, in reference to this crying iniquity, the question is put (ch. ii. 15): "And did he not make one? Yet had he the residue of the Spirit. And wherefore one? That he might have a godly seed"—a general misapprehension seems to prevail amongst commentators as to the proper aim of the prophet. Some, including a large proportion of the continental expositors down to Hengstenberg, consider the first question as an objection thrown in by the backsliding priesthood, and pointing to the example of Abraham as a justification of their conduct in this particular; they therefore translate a little differently: "And did not one do so?"—that one, namely, who stands out pre-eminently in the history of our nation, did not he take an outlandish woman to wife, while Sarah was yet living? Yes, the prophet virtually replies, but for different purposes from yours; it was his anxiety to have the promised seed that led him to do so, while you do it merely to gratify your fleshly lusts. Others, again, including the majority of commentators in this country, with Calvin at their head, understand the questions as both proceeding from the prophet, and pointing to the original creation of one man and one woman, to show what was God's intention regarding marriage, and how displeasing it must always have been to him capriciously to put away one wife for another, or to take more than one at a time. Of the two views, the first is certainly the most forced and unnatural; since, in every other case where the objectors are introduced, it is always with, "And ye say," or, "Yet ye say;" and the words are too general to warrant one regarding them as alluding to Abraham. But both views are quite unsatisfactory. In point of fact, Abraham did not do what the priests here spoken of were charged with doing—viz., putting away their covenant-wives, and of virtually making void the covenant with God. Neither does the fact of God's making one man at first properly touch the question here; for, to say nothing of other objections which might be advanced, the question here is not whether they might not have more wives than one, or give one a bill of divorcement and take another—a liberty which, unquestionably by the law itself was conceded to the Jews, but whether they should put away a strictly covenant-wife for another who did not stand in such a relation. Neither Adam's case nor Abraham's have any proper bearing on the point. The *oneness* in question is clearly that very kind of oneness which is, we may say, the fundamental and pervading element of the whole section—their oneness as a family. God has chosen them—them alone, of all the nations of the earth—to be his peculiar treasure. If he had pleased, he might have chosen more: the residue of the Spirit was with him, by no means exhausted by that single effort. He could have done for many nations what he did for Israel; but he did not choose to do so; it was their distinguished privilege to be God's peculiar people. In this they stood nobly pre-eminent, single, and alone; and wherefore? that God might have a godly seed. He separated them from all others that they might be to him a holy nation, and might transmit from generation to generation the true fear of God. How base and sinful, then, for them to act as if no such purpose existed, and no such separation had taken place! To put away their Israelitish wives for outlandish Heathen women, was to undo all that God had peculiarly done for them, and to take effectual means to frustrate his purposes regarding them; it was bringing into the bosom of their families that very defilement and corruption from which it was the great end of his dealings to have them first delivered, and afterwards kept free.

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[*] The "my jewels" of our version, in ch. iii 17, "who shall be mine," should have been "my peculiar treasure," to make the reference manifest to the passage in Exodus.

In conclusion, we would merely say that the main design of this book, as a *burden*, is to impress upon the minds of all what the Jews of old, and so many professing Christians now, practically overlook—the miserable folly and delusion of a self-righteous spirit, and its invariable accompaniment, a resting in mere outward services and distinctions. No man who knows the depths of corruption within—who sees himself as God sees him—will ever trust in, or make a boast of anything of his own. But when he looks merely to what is external—to endless genealogies—to official distinctions, or canonical rites and ceremonial observances, and considers all to hang on a due attention to these, he can then feel at home with the things of God; they are within his reach; he can measure their length and breadth; and by compassing them about, can feel perfectly satisfied with himself and secure. It is, however, the satisfaction and security of the flesh; the righteous God is not to be mocked by such superficial vanities; what he ever seeks is a godly seed—worshippers in spirit and in truth; and for all who are not such, the nearer he comes, the more certain and complete their destruction.

FAITH'S MAXIMS.

(*Continued from page 272.*)

6. BE IT REALLY ILL, NEVER SO ILL, YET IT MIGHT WELL BE WORSE.—Be the suffering what it will, yet whilst here, whilst above-ground, it is far less than I have deserved.—Ezra ix. 13. "Blessed be God," cried out that man of God, Mr. Whitaker, when in a paroxysm, "this, though sharp, is not hell." The worst that we can feel here is not the hundred thousandth part of what we have deserved hereafter. "Every step on this side hell is mercy," saith a sensible believer. God is gracious in his greatest severity—remembers mercy in the midst of judgment. As it is said of Asher: "His shoes were iron and brass, yet he dipt his foot in oil" (Deut. xxxiii. 24, 25); so God tempers his greatest severities with the oil of mercy; corrects but in measure (Isa. xvii. 6), nay, in mercy, in infinite mercy. I that have deserved the blow of an executioner's axe, am sent away with a lash only of a father's rod. God only lops off some luxuriant branches, when in justice he might cut up the vine, both root and branch, and cast them into everlasting flames.

7. And *lastly*. BE IT NOW NEVER SO ILL, IT WILL CERTAINLY BE BETTER.—Thus the Psalmist: "All thy waves are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness."—Ps. xlii. 7, 8. Thus the Church.—Micah vii. 7-9. More particularly, Faith concludes:—

(1.) "*My afflictions, though lasting, will not be everlasting.*"—Though the night be dark and long, yet there will come a day-break and comfortable dawn; my God will not always chide, "neither will he contend for ever."—Isa. lvii. 16; Rev. ii. 10.

(2.) "*My greatest extremity of distress is God's fairest opportunity for deliverance.*"—When the Cassians are most infested with locusts, then, and not till then, do the Seleucidian birds come in to their assistance. "Now will I arise, saith the Lord."—Ps. xii. 5; Deut. xxxii. 36. "When the tale of bricks is doubled to the children of Israel in Egypt, then Moses appears." In the mount there will God be seen.—Gen. xxii. 14.

(3.) And *lastly*. "*Heaven will pay for all at last.*"—Where every tear shall be wiped off.—Rev. xxi. 4. The pleasantness and security of the port will make more than full amends for the danger and difficulty of the passage. And this is that wherein Faith triumphs, as knowing that he that for Christ's sake, in obedience to Christ's will, in conformity to Christ's word, in aiming at Christ's glory, wears the sharpest crown of thorns here, shall, by Christ, have his temples encircled with the fairest crown of glory hereafter. As in this life an hundred fold, so in the world to come, eternal life.—Mark x. 30.—*Lye.*

"NOBODY ASKED ME TO COME."

A FEW weeks ago, in Edinburgh, a local Sabbath school teacher was visiting in a close, and in one of the top flats of a stair, found a poor family living in a small but clean room. From conversation with the father and mother, she soon discovered that it was one of those cases where, from the long illness of the father, the family had fallen from comparative comfort to poverty. He was now, however, better, and had been able for some time to work a little, so as to keep his family from destitution, but by no means to enable them to live in comfort. Having learned so much of their worldly concerns, their visitor next began to speak of their souls' interests. She asked them if they went to any church. "No," said the father; "we used to go long ago, before I took ill; but we went no more after that." "But," said she, "you have been better for a good while," "O," said the father, "*nobody ever asked us to come.*" "Well," said the visitor, "I'll ask you now;" and she directed him to a church where he would hear the glad tidings from a faithful minister. Next Sabbath several of the children were at her Sabbath school, and told her that that day their family had been at church. Since that day they have been hearers of the Word. How many souls are perishing in Edinburgh and other towns, "because though all things are now ready, NOBODY EVER ASKED THEM TO COME!" Will not the blood of their souls be required at the hand of those who profess to have tasted of a Saviour's love, and yet make not one effort to pluck branks out of the fire?—*Scottish Sabbath School Teachers' Magazine.*

FOR PARENTS.

"To give children good instruction and a bad example," says Archbishop Tillotson, "is but BECKONING to them with one hand to show them the way to heaven, while we take them by the other and LEAD them to hell."

JOHN WICLIFFE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS M'CRIE, EDINBURGH.

rticle concluded with an account of r manner in which Wicliffe escaped fangs of his enemies, in consequence ult excited in the Assembly by the Lancaster. The Reformer was equally in the following year, 1378, when an- l, issued by his implacable foe, Pope XI., occasioned a second summons for efore the Papal delegates at Lambeth. y, he had been indebted for his preser- to the patronage of the great; but on asion, as if Providence had designed to hat it was not dependent on any parti- lass of instruments, he owed his delive- to an entirely different combination of . Lancaster no longer ruled in the t; but the doctrine of Wicliffe had begun on the public mind. The people of Lon- ho were formerly so hostile to him that ad sacked the palace of his patron, were alarmed for his safety, surrounded the of meeting, and forced their way into the l, proclaiming their attachment to the n and opinions of the Rector of Lutter- h. Hardly had the clergy recovered from nic thus created, when Sir Lewis Clifford, ting unceremoniously into the conclave, de them, in the name of the queen-mother, proceeding to any definite sentence on the rine or conduct of John Wicliffe. The gates were confounded at the message; and own historian, Walsingham, indignant at subserviency, has recorded that, "Shaken reed with the wind, their speech became as as oil, to the public loss of their own dignity, the damage of the whole Church." Such nterference with an ecclesiastical tribunal ht, under other circumstances, be indefen- e; but in the present case, the secular arm ely interposed its shield to protect an inno- man from those who would have lifted its rd to punish him. It has been alleged by e, that at this meeting Wicliffe gave in a er in which his views were considerably lified; but the whole circumstances of the to which we have adverted, show that the ormer had no occasion for manifesting such idity; and it has been proved that the No. 25.* charge is founded on a mistaken view of the progress which he had reached in his religious convictions, which afterwards became much clearer and more decided than they were at this stage of history.*

Thus did Wicliffe again escape from the machinations of his enemies. The fatigue, however, and the excitement produced by attending on this trial, threw him, on his return home, into a dangerous fit of illness, during which his life was despaired of. It was on this occasion that his old antagonists, the mendicant friars, sent a solemn deputation to him, exhorting him, ere he died, to recant his errors, and more especially those which he had propagated to their prejudice; when, raising himself on his pillow, he exclaimed, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the evil deeds of the friars." The deputies retired in confusion, and the Reformer recovered to make good his promise. He devoted himself more earnestly than ever to the work of preaching; an office to which he attached a very high degree of importance, and which he laboured, in opposition to the abuses of it practised by the friars, to purify and to elevate, by making it subservient to its great ends—the conversion of sinners and the consolation of believers. Travelling from place to place, "bare-footed, and in a long frieze gown," the venerable Wicliffe might often be seen in the village pulpit, surrounded by his rustic auditory, or in the lowest hovels of the poor, ministering at the bed-side of the sick and the dying. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the efforts made by his enemies to burn everything that had proceeded from his pen, copies of nearly three hundred of his sermons have been preserved; bearing evidence to his abundant labours as a preacher, and to the zeal with which he delivered the great truths of the Gospel. The death of his bitter enemy, Pope Gregory XI., in 1378, gave our Reformer some rest from persecution; and "the great schism" which ensued, on the election of two rival popes, with the unseemly contentions to which it gave rise, afforded him a fair occasion to expose the pretensions of the Roman See, which he did not fail to improve.

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* See this proved at great length in Vaughan's "Life of Wycliffe," vol. i., pp. 378-402.

But the great work, which did more to advance his opinions than all his other writings, and with which his name is, and will be, mainly associated, was without doubt his translation of the Bible into the English language—a work which he accomplished, it would appear, almost single-handed. This translation, which was finished in 1380, is supposed to have occupied him for many years. The magnitude of the achievement can only be rightly appreciated by taking into view the circumstances in which it was undertaken. Previous to the time of Wicliffe, small portions of Scripture had been translated into the vernacular language; but these were regarded as "curiosities of literature," which seldom went beyond the precincts of the monastery, and never came into the hands of the people.* Wicliffe's was the first attempt to translate the whole Bible into English. What assistance our Reformer received in the labour of translation cannot now be ascertained, but that he had the chief hand in preparing it would appear from the testimony of his adversaries. That of Knighton affords a specimen of the language of his brethren, and the light in which they regarded this good work. "Christ," says he, "intrusted his Gospel to the clergy and doctors of the Church, to minister to the laity and weaker sort, according to their exigencies and occasions. But this Master John Wicliffe translated it out of Latin into English, and thus laid it more open to the laity and to women who could read, than it had formerly been to the most learned of the clergy. And in this way the Gospel pearl is cast abroad, and trodden under foot of swine." Wicliffe's translation was, indeed, from the Latin Bible; but though Hebrew and Greek, the original languages of Scripture, were then so little known that neither he nor his coadjutors could be much acquainted with them, they appear to have so well availed themselves of glosses and commentaries as to give the sense of Scripture very nearly according to the original text.† The books of the Apocrypha were carefully di tinguished from those that are canonical, an the translation was in good old English, thoug from the change which has taken place in th language, now almost unintelligible to a moder reader.*

The Holy Scriptures, to which Wicliff always appealed in behalf of the truth of hi doctrines, and as the only rule of faith an practice, being now in the hands of the peopl (as far at least as it could extend in the form o manuscript, for the art of printing had not ye been discovered), the progress of the new opi nions became still more alarming to the clerg and various were the means employed to silenc the faithful preacher. In 1382, his zealous opo nent, Courtney, formerly bishop of London, hav ing succeeded Sudbury as archbishop of Canter bury, summoned him to appear before a synod a Greyfriars, London. The Reformer, apprized o some design of personal violence against him declined attendance; and the synod, in his ab sence, declared fourteen of his conclusions t be heretical. On this occasion, as if the ele ments had conspired against the enemies of the truth, an earthquake shook the city, and greatl alarmed the members of the synod—some o whom looked on it as a warning to desist from their unhallowed course, while the primate bent on his wickedness, interpreted it as a omen for good. Thus assailed, our intrepi Reformer only amused himself with ridiculin the proceedings of the meeting, which he termed "the Earthquake Synod," and, "the Counci of Friars in London with the heredene," o hurricane. Having obtained the condemnatio of Wicliffe's tenets as heretical, Courtney's next object was to procure a bill from Parliament, to empower the sheriffs of counties, a the requisition of the bishops, "to apprehend the preachers of heresy and their abetters, and to hold them in strong prison till they should be justified according to the law and reason o Holy Church." This bill did not pass the House of Commons. It is sufficiently remarkable, however, that in spite of the remonstrance o the Commons against the fraud, it was entered as law upon the records; and, if not lately repealed, it remains in the statute-book to the present day. In virtue of this spurious act, Courtney, after a solemn procession, intended to strike a mysterious awe into the minds of the people, summoned our Reformer to answer for his opinions before a large convocation of bishops, doctors, and clergy of all kinds, assembled at Oxford, on the 19th of November 1382. Before this imposing array stood the Rector of Lutterworth, now alone and unsupported. Lancaster had now deserted him. Though only in his fifty-eighth year, he was already grey with premature age, and bending under many infirmities; still, in the midst of circumstances calculated to daunt even the strongest mind, his firmness remained unshaken. His defence was such as to extort praise even from his adversaries. It has been alleged, indeed, chiefly on the authority of one of these writers, that on this occasion Wicliffe made some concession, or something like a recantation, on the subject of the eucharist; and Hume, after remarking with a sneer that the English Reformers then "seem not to have been actuated by the spirit of martyrdom," has volunteered a vindication of their supposed timidity, which, as might be expected, only gives a deeper stab to their reputation. He seems to have forgotten that heresy had not yet been made punishable with death, and that it was not till some time after the death of Wicliffe that the act *De Heretico Comburendo*, or the burning of heretics, was passed. But in point of fact, it is a gross mistake to suppose that Wicliffe made any concession. Walsingham felt himself obliged to acknowledge that his confession at Oxford was a re-assertion instead of a renunciation of his old doctrine. On comparing them together, they are found to be identical. And neither his previous character, nor his subsequent conduct afford the smallest verisimilitude to the charge of vacillation. On the contrary, he defends his doctrine on the subject of the eucharist, declares his determination to support it with his blood, and boldly denounces the heresy of his opponents. "Let the spirit of the faithful awake itself," he said, "and diligently inquire as to the nature of this sacrament, whether it be not indeed bread, as the Gospel, the senses, and reason assure us. Certain I am, that the idolaters who make to themselves gods, are not ignorant of the nature of these gods, though they pretend that there is something of deity within them." "This venerable sacrament," he added, "is, naturally, bread and wine; but is, sacramentally, the body and blood of Christ."

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* The *possession* of the sacred books by the laity in any form, but especially in a translation, was indeed strictly prohibited. The Council of Toulouse, in 1229, enacted as follows: "We forbid the laity to *possess* any of the books of the Old or New Testament, except perhaps the Psalter or Breviary for the Divine Offices, or the Hours of the Blessed Virgin, which some, out of devotion, wish to have; but having any of these books *translated* into the vulgar tongue, we *strictly forbid*."

† We have often been surprised to see Tyndale spoken of as "*the first* translator of the Bible into English." No doubt, he was the first that translated it directly from the original languages, and the first whose translation wa *printed*. But why speak as if Wicliffe's translation had eve existed, or had been no translation at all? Mr. Ander says that "the nation was yet a hundred and fifty yea distant from the English Bible *properly so called*."— (Annals of the English Bible, Int. 40.) Is this becau Wicliffe's Bible was not English, properly so called? or wa it because, as stated before, "of Greek or Hebrew he kne nothing?"

* Some of the phrases employed, though very expressi sound uncouth in modern ears; thus Paul is called " *knave* (servant) of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Such was the high esteem in which Wicliffe was held among the people, and the fame which he had acquired in foreign parts, that the convocation, however willing, durst not proceed to extremities against him, and contented themselves with banishing him from Oxford, the scene of his labours and his triumphs. He retired to his parsonage at Lutterworth, where he prosecuted with redoubled energy his warfare against the corruptions of the Church. Among other tracts written at this time, one is entitled, "The Great Sentence of Excommunication Explained," in which he vindicated many of his articles which had been condemned; and in particular, denounced the crusade which Urban V. had published against the adherents of the rival Pope Clement VII. "They set up the standard of Jesus Christ," he said, "the sovereign teacher of peace, mercy, and charity, in order to murder Christians for the sake of two *knavish priests*, who are manifestly Antichrist. When shall we see the proud priest of Rome grant plenary indulgence to engage men to live in peace, charity, and forbearance, as he does to animate Christians to cut one another's throats!" Having at this time received a citation from the pope to appear before him at Rome, he sent him a letter of excuse, in which he says, that "Christ taught him more *obeishe* (obedience) to God than to man." But the time was drawing near when he was to be relieved from all further citation or disturbance from earthly tribunals. In 1384, he had a stroke of paralysis, and on the last day of December that year, as he was officiating at the communion in his own church, he had a second attack of the same disorder, by which he was struck speechless to the ground, and soon after expired, in the sixtieth year of his age. "Admirable!" exclaims honest Fuller, "that a hare so often hunted with so many packs of dogs, should die at last quietly sitting in his form."

It would occupy too much of our space to attempt an exposition of the theological views of Wicliffe. In its leading features, his system was that of the New Testament and of the Reformation. Its distinctive character appears to have been a simple and supreme deference to the authority of Scripture. Hence the frequency with which he expressed his readiness on all occasions to hear reason, to be convinced of heresy, and to retract if convinced; which has led some to the false conclusion that he vacillated in his creed, and shrunk from adhering to his statements. Such do not advert to the fact that his appeals always lay to the Scripture, and that what they regard as the language of hesitation, was indeed the expression of a mind open to conviction, but determined to be guided in its convictions only by the Word of truth. It was on this principle, so diametrically opposite to the spirit and genius of Popery, which is that of submission to human authority under the name of the Church, that he said to the pope himself, that he took it as his creed "that no man should follow the pope, nor any saint that now is in heaven, but only inasmuch as he followed Christ." It was on this principle, too, that he denounced his opponents, whom he compared to "crabs that start aback" as soon as pressed to give any rational account of their doctrine. In short, he stood out about a century and a half before the Reformation, the bold assertor of its fundamental tenet—the right of private judgment in the matters of God.

In other points, Wicliffe appears to have been in advance not only of the age in which he lived, but even of times subsequent to the Reformation. He condemned war in all its forms. Dr. Vaughan has said, that "he considered the slaughter of men, under any circumstances, as opposed to the spirit and letter of Christianity." Even from the extracts, however, which are given in proof of this statement, it would appear that he went no further than to condemn war as an evil, and to urge that spirit of peace which Christianity enjoins on all men, inspires in all its followers, and is destined, eventually, to extend over all the earth.

In regard to ecclesiastical matters, our Reformer held, with Jerome and the primitive Church, the identity of the office of bishop and presbyter; and in common with most of the Reformed Churches, he condemned the notion held by Romanists, that the clergy, or councils of the clergy, constituted the Church. In his theological system, he was a decided predestinarian, but as zealous an advocate of the doctrine of free grace. "The merit of Christ *alone*," he said, "is *sufficient* to redeem every man from hell; and without the aid of any other concurring cause whatever, all those who are justified by his righteousness, shall be saved by his atonement. God saves us *for nought*."

It only remains to be told, that the malice of his enemies, which had failed during his lifetime to injure the man or silence the Reformer, vainly attempted to follow him after his death. His disciples, whose numbers were daily gmenting both at home and abroad, were persecuted with the most unrelenting fury. His writings, wherever they could be discovered were devoutly committed to the flames. His memory was blackened with every species o abuse, being represented by some as having "recanted, and died conformable to the holy Catholic Church;" by others, as having "breathed forth his wicked soul to the dark mansion of the black devil!" And to conclude, his very bones, after mouldering in the grave for forty-one years, were ordered to be disinterred and scattered to the four winds of heaven. This last effort of impotent revenge was reserved for the Council of Constance, in 1428—the same council which condemned his follower, John Huss, to the flames. "In obedience hereunto," says old Fuller, in quaint but expressive phrase, "Richard Fleming, bishop of Lincoln, diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick scent at a dead carcass) to ungrave him accordingly. To Lutterworth they come, take what was left out of the grave (small reversions of a body after so many years), and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by. Thus the brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wicliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

MASTER AND SERVANT.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON, A.B., EDINBURGH.

In the remarks I proceed to make on this confessedly important subject, *I use the term "master" generically*, and intend that my observations shall bear with equal directness and force upon mistresses and all others to whom has been i trusted the government of families.

The relation of master and servant, nece sarily arises out of the inequalities of societ No sooner have men arisen above the first ru elements of social life, than a division of labo is found to be indispensable. To one is assigne a higher position than to the other, accordin to the means and necessities of each; and eve tually, the one comes to serve, and the othe to be served. But mutual relations, of cours involve and imply mutual duties; and as thi relation, unlike that of husband and wife, o parent and child, has its origin not in affection, but merely in convenience, it is all th more necessary that its duties be clearly under stood and distinctly specified. The whole o what we have to advance on the duties o masters to their servants may, perhaps, be co veniently arranged under one or other of th following heads: Judicious selection, fair remuneration, kind and respectful treatment, and conscientious regard for their religious interests.

I. The *first* duty, then, that I would urge upon masters is, THE JUDICIOUS SELECTION OF THOSE WHO ARE TO SERVE THEM. I know that, strictly speaking, this may rather be called a duty *in reference to servants* than *a duty to servants*, but it is so important and so intimately connected with our subject that it cannot be omitted, and in the order of remark, as well as of time, naturally comes first.

Now, no selection on the part of a Christian householder is entitled to the name of judicious, which does not secure that the party chosen be if possible religious, and at all events of unquestionable moral character. Apart altogether from the obvious remark, that no family can reasonably expect good service to be given where the servant is not under the control of conscience, let us ask what is one of the great ends for which the domestic constitution has been appointed? Is not the family of the Christian intended to be a nursery for heaven and a type of it too? Is it not intended that the gentler virtues shall obtain their chief expansion around the domestic altar? Is it not meant that the whole economy and order of home shall point heavenward, and that all of us shall be Joshuas in that noble resolution of the captain of Israel's host, "As for me and *my house*, we will serve the Lord."

I am well aware that it is not always practicable to obtain servants of decided piety for our families; but where the character is unformed, we should take heed that it is never immoral. David determined that "no liar should dwell within his house." "Mine eyes should be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me. He that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me. He that worketh deceit, shall not dwell within my house: he that telleth lies, shall not tarry in my sight."—Ps. ci. 6, 7. And was not this a wise resolution? Imagine to yourselves the fearful hazard incurred by indifference in this matter. You have children for whom, if you feel like a Christian, you travail as it were in birth again until Christ is formed in them. But what if the lesson of truth which is taught at the parent's knee, be counteracted by the example of deception and falsehood in the nursery? Will not the harmony of religious influence and impression, which ought to exist in every household, be disturbed, and the same fountain be seen to send forth both sweet and bitter? On the other hand, let the influence of religion be seen pervading all departments of the household, from the highest to the lowest—let it be seen controlling alike the voice of authority and the arm of servitude, like the anointing oil upon the head of the high priest, descending even to the skirts of his garments; let there be a fragrant atmosphere of piety in your dwelling—and then is not yours a family over which the words of the promise may be confidently uttered: "Race unto race shall praise thee, and show thy mighty acts?"

And if it be thus your duty to be select in the choice of your own domestics, it is equally your duty to be faithful in the certificate you give of a servant where another mistress is inquiring her character. There is often a shameful want of conscientiousness in the giving of certificates, so that the remark of Dr. Johnson, if applied to many individuals, still would not be too severe: "I would attach no more value to the testimonial of some persons, than to an acquittal at the Old Bailey." In this, as in every other department of relative duty, we should take counsel of the golden rule, and do to others as we would that they should do to us. In giving certificates, we should endeavour to convey our honest impression of the merits of the party. "Nothing extenuate, neither set down aught in malice." To make such a document a vehicle for vindictive feeling against a servant, is a degree of turpitude which even the current morality of the world would brand. But it is the certificate of high-flown superlatives that is the more common evil. Yet even this is severely to be condemned, and all parties are eventually injured by it. The servant herself is injured, who would probably have behaved better had she not been led to calculate on your easy good-nature, or rather, on your want of high conscientiousness; the family that has been misled by your laudations, and has found a plague in what you called a treasure; and you most of all, in the guilt incurred by such a violation of the laws of truth and all the charities of good-neighbourhood.

II. Passing from this introductory statement on the principles that should regulate us in the selection of household servants, I next remark, that the master owes to his servant A FAIR REMUNERATION FOR HER LABOURS. It may here be recommended, as a matter of no small practical importance, that when the intended remuneration is stated, this should be accompanied with a distinct and explicit statement of the nature and amount of the labour that is expected to be given in return for it. I know that this is not always possible, the duties being of much too miscellaneous a nature to admit of detailed enumeration; but even to state this, is to make a somewhat nearer approach to definiteness. The time of hiring or completing the engagement with the servant, is evidently the proper time for mentioning those particular regulations of the house, compliance with which is imperative. I may name, as examples, the hours of rising, of retiring, of shutting up the house, of family worship, preparation for and observance of the Sabbath, and many other regulations which arise out of the circumstances of a family that carries on its affairs by rule. There must be no appearance of entrapping into a bargain. And it has been justly said, that when once the plan is laid down, the master and mistress should be firm in requiring conformity to it. The "kind, easy mistress," as she is sometimes called, who dispenses with conformity to family rules, and connives either at occasional transgressions of a more palpable kind, or at gradual encroachments, is, in reality, sapping the foundations of comfort in her family, and of virtue in her servants.*

I have said the remuneration given to the faithful domestic ought to be a fair one; and so says the Apostle Paul: "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal." Again, in the Epistle to the Ephesians, after describing the spirit in which servants ought to obey—"with singleness of heart, not with eye-service, as men-pleasers"—we find him immediately adding, "And ye masters, do the same things unto them;" treat them in the same spirit as that in which I have enjoined them to treat you—in a conscientious manner, as in the sight of God, acting towards them as you would wish them to act towards you, if your situation and theirs were reversed.

This is a noble rule, to which every heart and conscience loudly and instinctively responds. But in how many forms is it capable of being practically set at nought! It is violated by him who refuses to his servant sufficient food or comfortable accommodation; and its spirit is even disregarded by him who takes advantage of a dependant's necessities to reduce his wages to the lowest possible rate. And the violation of the Divine rule is quite as palpable when the servant is *overwrought*, as when he is *underpaid*. Does that master give unto his servant that which is just and equal, who imposes services that were never bargained for, and exacts an amount of toil that overtasks the strength and breaks the spirit? Does he do it, who so burdens the energies of his dependant as to leave him no time either for mental improvement or for secret devotion? Why, this is not industry, but slavery; and he who exacts it is not a Christian master, but an Egyptian oppressor. There are times in the history of the best regulated households when there will be an unusual strain upon the energies—such as seasons of sickness or of hospitality; but, as a general rule, the whole of a servant's working hours should not be demanded of her. She has a soul as precious as that of her master, and to her the fountain of life and the throne of grace are quite as free. "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal." Let Conscience sit as a divine arbitress over all your actions; let Christian principle touch your conduct at every point, pervading every act in the family, as well as in the transactions of public intercourse, and, like the fabled touch of the ancient king, turning all into gold. "Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

III. Masters owe to their servants KIND AND RESPECTFUL TREATMENT. They are servants, not slaves, and though occupying an humbler social status than ourselves, we should never forget that they possess the same human nature; that they are capable of the same sense of injury or of kindness—bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; and if they be Christians, are brethren of the same Divine Redeemer, and heirs of the same blessed immortality.

Yet there is some danger that, from their dependent situation and our power over them, we shall overlook these solemn considerations, and make them the butt of our pride or the victims of our passionateness. The apostle saw this danger, and wisely placed the barrier where the temptation was likely to be strongest, in this warning addressed to Christian masters—"Forbearing threatening." Avoid all unduly irritating language, nor let your words be more severe because you know that those to whom they are addressed are defenceless. It is an act of base and unmanly cowardice, for a man to utter the bitterest words in the bitterest tones, and expend the most furious gusts of passion upon an inferior, when the same conduct in an equal would have been passed over with the slightest hint of disapproval.

But we overlook half the meaning of such injunctions as "forbearing threatening," when we regard them as merely conveying a warning against over-severity. Thus, when servants are warned against "answering again," they are not merely required to avoid all insolence of language, but to cherish and manifest the opposite sentiment of cordial respect. And so when masters are enjoined to "forbear threatening," we have not exhausted the injunction until we have seen it requiring of us a respectful and kindly demeanour, even to the humblest domestic in our family-circle. Give to your Christianity its full and legitimate influence here, and it will not, indeed, make you stoop from your proper place of dignity and authority, but it will make you considerate of their case, tender of their feelings, prompt to advise, and ready to succour, rendering your domestic sway more easy, because more paternal, and their submission more willing, because more grateful. Remember the condescension of the Persian king to Nehemiah, his cup-bearer, when, observing his sorrowful countenance, he inquired of its cause: "Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? this is nothing else but sorrow of heart," and see in it a beautiful example of the spirit we commend. In short, our duty as masters is not over when we have supplied those under us with their allotment of wages and their measure of sustenance, any more than their duty as servants is over when they have meted out their appointed hours of toil, and "accomplished, as an hireling, their day." Over and above all this, the spirit that pervades our government as masters must be one of such kindness that our reproofs shall be felt to be "an excellent oil," and our dwelling found to be a home of cheerful industry, and not a house of bondage.

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* "The Master and Mistress." London Tract Society.

It is a frequent matter of regret with judicious observers, that, among so many symptoms of a favourable kind in modern society, the distance—the social one I mean—between the parlour and the kitchen should in many instances be so great. This may add to the dignity of our domestic establishments, but it is more than questionable if it contributes to their happiness. We are as far as possible from wishing that the barriers of rank should be broken down. These are salutary, and nothing but evil could accrue from their removal; let them remain as before—as high as before, but do not let them sever the ties of mutual interest and sympathy. We have known of mistresses with whom it was a proud boast that they did not know the names of their domestics. This folly may be fashionable, but it is both short-sighted and inhumane. Treat your domestic as nothing better than a hireling, and by-and-by she will become a hireling. Far better was the spirit of the olden time, when there was mutual interest without undue familiarity—less of fear, but more of true respect; and when the servant who had spent her strength in the service of the family—weeping when they wept, and rejoicing when they rejoiced—who had seen the children grow up to manhood, and womanhood, and followed their fortunes with her wishes and her prayers, came at length, in her advancing years and decaying energies, to be regarded as entitled to a local habitation and a name in the household ever afterwards. There are few lovelier pictures of moral interest in the Old Testament history, than that of Jacob standing over the grave of the aged Deborah, his mother's nurse, and the servant of three generations, and there shedding tears. "She was buried beneath Beth-el, under an oak; and the name of it was called Allon-bachuth"—that is, the oak of weeping. Noble-minded patriarch! "His tears became him, and his grief was just."

(*To be continued.*)

SIN.

Sin is the living worm, the lasting fire;
Hell soon would lose its heat could sin expire.
Better sinless in hell than to be where
Heaven is, and to be found a sinner there.
One, sinless, with infernals might do well;
But sin would make of heaven a very hell.
Look to thyself, then, keep it out of door,
Lest it get in and never leave thee more.

No match has sin but God in all the world—
Men, angels has it from their station hurled;
Holds them in chains as captives, in despite
Of all that here below is called might.
Release, help, freedom, from it none can give
But even He by whom we breathe and live.
Watch, therefore, keep this giant out of door,
Lest, if once in, thou get him out no more.

Fools make a mock at sin—will not believe
It carries such a dagger in its sleeve;
How can it be, say they, that such a thing,
So full of sweetness, e'er should wear a sting?
They know not that it is the very spell
Of sin to make men laugh themselves to hell.
Look to thyself, then, deal with sin no more,
Lest He that saves against thee shuts the door.

BUNYAN.

WE ARE MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

BY THE LATE R. M. M'CHEYNE, DUNDEE.

1. *We conquer even before the battle is done.* In all other battles we do not know how the victory is to turn, until the battle is won. In the battle of Waterloo, it was long thought that the French had gained; and Napoleon sent several despatches to Paris, declaring that he had won. But in the fight with the world, Satan, and the flesh, we know how the victory is to turn already. Christ has engaged to carry us through. He will guard us against the darts of the law, by hiding us in his blood. He defends us from the power of sin by his Holy Spirit, put within us. He will keep us, in the secret of his presence, from the strife of tongues. The thicker the battle, the closer will he keep to us; so that we can sing already: "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." We know that we shall overcome. Though the world were a million times more enraged—though the fires of persecution were again to be kindled—though my heart were a million times more wicked—though all the temptations of hell were let loose upon me—I know I shall overcome through Him that loved me. When Paul and Silas sang in the low dungeon, they were more than conquerors. When Paul sang, spite of his thorn, "I will glory in my infirmities," he was more than a conqueror.

2. *We gain by our conflict.* Often a victory is a loss. So it was in that battle in Israel, after the dark night in Gibeah. All Israel mourned, for a tribe was nearly cut off out of Israel; and so, in most victories, the song of triumph is mingled with the sobbings of the widow and orphan. Not so in the good fight of faith. We are more than conquerors. We gain by our enemies. (1.) We cling closer to Christ. Every wave of trouble for Christ's sake lifts the soul higher upon the Rock. Every arrow of bitterness shot after the believer makes him

hide more in the clefts of Jesus. Be content, dear friend, to bear these troubles, which make you cling closer to your Beloved. (2.) They shake us loose from sin. If ye were of the world, the world would love its own. If the world smiled and fawned upon you, you would lie on its lap. But when it frowns, then Jesus is our all. (3.) Great is your reward in heaven. We gain a brighter crown. Be not afraid; nothing shall ever separate you from the love of Christ. O that I could know that you were all in Christ's love—that the arms of Jesus were infolding you—then I would know that all the hatred of men, and all the policy of hell, would never prevail against you! "If God be for you, who can be against you?" If God has chosen you—called you—washed you—justified you—then he will glorify you. O yield to his loving hands, you that are not far from the kingdom of God! Let him wash you, for then he will carry you to glory.

NOTICES OF COVENANTING WORTHIES.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SIMPSON, SANQUHAR.

The parish of Penpont in Nithsdale contained, in the times of persecution, many worthy families and individuals who firmly maintained that course which the enemies of Zion were labouring so strenuously to suppress. Penpont, in the old British speech, signifies the head of the valley—an appellation strikingly appropriate. It forms part of what is called the central basin of Closeburn, one of the three remarkable openings for which the strath of the winding Nith is so distinguished. And truly there are few streams in Scotland the vale of which is so delightfully picturesque, and whose diversified scenery appears so charming to the eye of the passing stranger. Penpont and its contiguous parishes form a locality not inferior in beauty to any on the long line of this fair stream, from its source in the moorlands of Ayrshire, to where it pours its full flood into the ocean.

The descendants of a covenanting ancestry are still numerous in this district, and cherish, as may well be supposed, a warm regard for the memory of their suffering forefathers. It was in this same parish that the famous Mr. Murray, the friend of the venerable Boston of Etterick, laboured with so much success in the Gospel, and whose memorial has been transmitted to the present times with uncommon respect. But what is still more to the purpose, in speaking of the covenanting times, is the fact, that the good Samuel Austin was the minister of this parish at the time of the Restoration, and was one of those who were banished from their charge at the period of the ejection: this godly man, like the rest of his brethren in the same predicament, was subjected to manifold hardships for his consistency of principle and honest adherence to the good cause.

Owing to the stedfastness of the worthy ministers who occupied the pulpits in the surrounding parishes, the people generally were well instructed in the Reformation principles, and, perhaps, there was no district in Scotland that furnished a fairer average of covenanting worthies than the middle parts of Nithsdale. No fewer than seven contiguous parishes were blessed with the ministrations of their respective pastors, who all to a man renounced their livings rather than submit to attempted usurpation. The names of these men are preserved in the pages of the historian, and deserve to be more generally known in the parishes where they resided. Besides Mr. Austin of Penpont, there were James Brotherstanes of Glencairn, John Liddersdal of Tynron, Adam Sinclair of Morton, John Carmichael of Sanquhar and Kirkconnel, Thomas Shiels of Kirkbrodie, and Alexander Strang of Durisdeer—the spot where, about ninety years afterwards, the good Mr. M'Kill laboured with so much industry and success. All these worthy men, with one consent, refused to conform, and were, therefore, numbered among the ejected, and took joyfully the spoiling of their goods. The amount of truly religious persons then within the district could not be small, if we may reason from the principles, piety, and activity of the men who laboured among them in the Gospel. This is, no doubt, one cause why the witnesses in the hilly parts of Nithsdale are particularly mentioned in those times. Their numbers, it is true, were greatly swelled by those who emigrated from the lower parts, seeking shelter among the mountainous recesses, where they found themselves in comparative safety, and could flee from height to height in evading the ruthless foe.

Daniel Carmichael is a specimen of the worthies who inhabited this part of Nithsdale. He lived in the parish of Morton, and enjoyed the ministry of the good Adam Sinclair. His residence was at Blairfoot, in the farm of Burn, near Morton Castle, a feudal stronghold erst occupied by the doughty Douglases. The foundations of the cottage of the saintly man were recently turned up by the plough of the agriculturist, and only two solitary trees remain to mark the spot where so much worth once found a place. His story has already been told in another publication. He was shot at the mouth of the pass of Dalveen, and buried in the church-yard of the lonely Durisdeer, and his resting-place is covered with a rude *thrugh* stone, bearing the following inscription:—

> "As Daniel cast was into lions' den,
> For praying unto God, and no to men;
> Thus lions cruelly devoured me
> For bearing unto truth my testimony:
> I rest in peace till Jesus rend the clouds,
> And judge 'twixt me and those who shed my blood."

And there were not a few like Daniel, though their names are not invested with the same notoriety.

It was in the parish of Penpont that the subject of the following anecdote lived. Thomas Douglas was, it is said, laird of Auckland, a pleasant residence on the south bank of the romantic Scar, a stream clothed with thickets whose density afforded conceal ment to the fugitives whom the sword of persecution had driven from their homes. Douglas was a credit to the cause in behalf of which he bore witness, and his name is not unworthy of a place beside Daniel M'Michael, whose native cottage was Dalzien, on the same stream, and not far from Auckland. It is to be regretted that so little is retained of Thomas Douglas, the incidents of whose history in those trying times were probably possessed of no common interest, more especially as he was a laird, and therefore one on whom the heavy hand of persecution was likely to rest with a more than ordinary pressure. His dwelling had been frequently visited by the troopers, for the purpose of apprehending him. Auckland was a suitable place for the troopers, who rejoiced to invade a house where something was to be had to gratify their rapacity, either in the way of eating or pilfering. It was not the meaner abodes of the peasantry that altogether suited them, although even these were not to be passed by—it was chiefly the abodes of the wealthier farmers and lairds that they coveted, and where they often quartered themselves for weeks or months as it pleased them; and when they devoured all in one place, they forthwith retreated to another—there, like locusts, to effect the same consumption. Those were riotous times for lazy and hungry troopers, who fed on the industry and substance of the peasantry, while they insulted or shot those who had the hardihood to remonstrate.

The good laird of Auckland, then, was exactly a subject for those men of restlessness and mischief, and hence frequent calls were to be expected from them, so long as anything was to be had. On one occasion, these "boasted apostles" came suddenly in sight of Douglas's mansion, when he happened to be within. To issue from the door was just to advance in the face of the foe, who could not fail to notice him, and to anticipate his flight. In those days, the preparing and carding of wool for spinning was performed in the houses of the peasantry, and even the wives of the farmers and lairds did not think it below them to engage in this occupation. It was then, indeed, their chief work in the long winter evenings, when the family was collected round the blazing hearth after the toils of the day in the fields. When the dragoons appeared, the virtuous guidwife of Auckland was busy smoothing on the bristly cards the snow-white wool, and imparting to it a fine silky gloss, preparatory to her forming it into the lengthened *rowans* to be drawn out on the spindle into the sleek and soft yarn, to be woven into warm and downy blankets, or manufactured into comfortable clothing for the household. She was one of those industrious dames who "laid her hands to the spindle and applied her fingers to the distaff," thinking no service too mean that might contribute to the benefit of her family. When the laird was at his wit's end, not knowing where to hide himself, his wife suggested the hasty expedient of disguising himself in her clothes, if, peradventure, he might escape detection. The plan was instantly put in execution, as not a moment was to be lost, and in a few minutes, Douglas was arrayed from head to foot in female apparel. He then seated himself among the wool, and seizing the cards, applied himself with all diligence to the occupation of his good spouse, and in this situation he was found when the soldiers entered.

The uproarious troopers soon filled the floor of the apartment, asking aloud for the laird, and, receiving no satisfactory answer, they proceeded, with their accustomed license, to search the house, and to use all manner of freedom in prying into every place they thought fit. When they found themselves unsuccessful, they become irritated, and both acted and spoke in a very unseemly fashion. Aukland, who felt his honest indignation rise at the insolence of the unmannerly intruders, exclaimed, in a tone rather harsher than the grating sound of the cards he was plying on his knee, "I think the devil seems to possess these men!" This remark at once convinced the soldiers that the irascible wool-carder was at least no *douce* Covenanter, as she could so easily mouth the name of their master, and consequently they made no inquiries. After satisfying themselves with what mischief they could work, they left the worthy laird in his disguise, to return thanks to Him who had so strangely protected him in the presence of his enemies. After this Douglas was often sought for, but always contrived to elude his persecutors. He was, however, declared an outlaw, his property was confiscated, and his family driven from the place. But he was one of those who took joyfully the spoiling of his goods for the sake of Him in whose cause he suffered hardship.

The mention of the incident in the preceding anecdote respecting the use of the devil's name being the means of lulling suspicion on the part of the troopers, suggests a similar occurrence which befell in Etterick. The heights of Etterick and the wilds of Yarrow were, in those days, frequented by the wanderers, and, consequently, infested also by the troopers, who, like beasts of prey, were found prowling in every direction in quest of fugitives. The ministers of these two parishes, Elliot of Yarrow, and Cunningham of Etterick, were both nonconformists, and were doubtless followed by many of their parishioners. These upland districts were at that time furnished with a sound Gospel ministry, which could not be without its effect on the rural and simple-hearted population, and who, attaching themselves to the cause of the covenants, must have been subjected, like others, to the harassings of the persecutors. The remotest solitudes, in the moorlands, and among the wildest mountains, were visited by the emissaries of an oppressive government, for the purpose of seeking out the poor people who adhered to their religious principles with such unshaken constancy. Hence the deserts of Yarrow and Etterick and wild Eskdale Moor, and the higher parts of Tweed and Moffat Water, were traversed in their breadth and length by troopers and informers, who brought terror into every hut and cottage in the solitudes. One of the worthies who inhabited this district was a man of the name of Biggar, who lived near the head of Etterick above Cossarhill. This good man refused to attend upon the curate in the parish church, and his nonconformity being well known, Claverhouse, in scouring that part of the country, was informed of him, and exerted himself by every means, to apprehend him. The honest man, being fully aware of the intentions of the troopers, kept himself out of their way, and resorted to the hills. Claverhouse, however, was not to be baffled in his object, and being chagrined at his frequent disappointments, rode off with his troop at his back in quest of him. As they marched over the wastes, they came in sight of a man wandering on the heights between Moffat Water and Etterick. Biggar, for it was he, considered that, if he attempted to flee, the circumstance would betray him, and being fully aware that none of the soldiers knew him, he threw his plaid across his shoulders, and assuming an air of composure, walked slowly on, apparently heedless of the approach of the horsemen. Claverhouse rode hastily up to him, and striking him smartly on the head with his whip, pronounced him his prisoner. Biggar turned quickly round, and with an undaunted countenance exclaimed—"I think the devil is in the man—why does he strike me?" On this, the commander turned to his men, and said, "This is not the person we are in search of," and then marched on. The use of the name of the devil in this way, expressive of a truth, was the means, it would appear, of sometimes saving the life of an innocent man. It cannot be denied that the devil actuated these men of blood, so that, in sober truth and in sorrow, the wanderers might affirm that the devil was in them, and if their persecutors should happen to take the affirmation in a profane sense, they who made it were not answerable for that.

It is likely that the Biggar here mentioned was the ancestor, or perhaps the immediate father, of the Biggars of Etterick, James and William, who were so great a comfort to Mr. Boston, the latter of whom died at Penpont, to which place he had accompanied his minister on a sacramental occasion. "He died," says Mr. Boston, "In hopes of eternal life through Jesus Christ. Among his last words were, 'Farewell sun, moon, and stars; farewell dear minister; and farewell *the Bible.*'" Of this worthy man Mr. Boston gives an admirable character in his memoirs. The generation of the upright shall be blessed.

Mr. Boston mentions another worthy in Etterick, Thomas Linton in Chapelhope, respecting whom, on the occasion of his death, he says, "he had been a notable sufferer in the time of persecution, and spoiled of all his goods, but was become very wealthy; and, moreover, he had a heart given him to do good with his wealth, and was very useful in the country that way. On him I bestowed this epitaph, which I suppose is to be found on his tombstone in Mary Churchyard in Yarrow.

All lost for Christ, an hundred fold
Produced, and he became
A father, eyes, and feet unto
The poor, the blind, the lame."

MOUNT CARMEL.

In the cool of the evening, we ascended Mount Carmel by a deep and rocky ravine a little way to the south. We conversed together on Elijah's wonderful answer to prayer obtained on this mountain, and felt that we could well spend the evening of the holy day in such a place. Having soon reached the summit, a considerable way above the Latin Convent, we sat down at a point commanding a full view of the sea to the west and to the north. Near this must have been the spot where Elijah prayed when he went up to the top of Carmel, and cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, and said to his servant, "Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And Elijah said, Go again, seven times." There we united in praying for abundance of rain to our own souls, our friends, and our people, and for the progress of our mission, which seemed for a time impeded. It was awfully solemn to kneel on the lonely top of Carmel. The sun was going down beyond the sea, the air was cool, and delightfully pure; scarcely a breath of wind stirred the leaves, yet the fragrant shrubs diffused their pleasant odours on every side. A true Sabbath stillness rested on the sea and on the hill. The sea washes the foot of the hill on each side, and stretches out full in front till lost in the distance. To the east and north-east lies that extension of the splendid Plain of Esdraelon which reaches to the white walls of Acre, and through which "that ancient river—*the River Kishon*," was winding its way to the sea, not far from the foot of Carmel. These are the waters that swept away the enemies of Deborah and Barak, and that were made red by the blood of the prophets of Baal, after Elijah's miraculous sign of fire from heaven. To the south is seen the narrow plain between the mountains and the sea, which afterwards expands into the Plain of Sharon; and along the ridge of Mount Carmel itself is a range of eminences, extending many miles to the south-east, all of them presenting a surface of table-land on the top, sometimes bare and rocky, and sometimes covered with mountain shrubs. On some of these heights, the thousands of Israel assembled to meet Elijah, when he stood forth before them all, and said, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" and from this sea they carried up the water that drenched his altar; and here they fell on their faces and cried, "Jehovah he is the God! Jehovah he is the God!"

The view we obtained that evening on Mount Carmel can never be forgotten. No scene we had witnessed surpassed its magnificence, and the features of it are still as fresh in our memory as if we gazed on it but yesterday. It was, moreover, a most instructive scene; we saw at once the solution of all our difficulties in regard to the scriptural references to this hill. Carmel is not remarkable for height; and is nowhere in Scripture celebrated for its loftiness. At the point overhanging the sea, we have seen that it is less than 900 feet high. To the south-east it rises to the height of 1200 feet, which is its greatest altitude. But then the range of hills runs nearly eight miles into the country, and was in former days fruitful to a proverb. Indeed, the name Carmel, signifying a "fruitful field," was given to it evidently for this reason. And when this vast extent of fruitful hills was covered over with vine-yards, olive-groves, and orchards of figs and almond-trees, not on the sides alone, but also along the table-land of its summit—would not Carmel, worthy of the name, appear an immense hanging garden in the midst of the land? In the days of its pristine luxuriance, before the curse of God blasted its glory, "the excellency of Carmel," of which the prophet speaks, must have been truly wonderful! How easy at that time it would have been "to hide in the top of Carmel;" for embowering vines and deep shady fig-trees would afford a covert for many a mile along the summit. And would not the beholder in other days at once understand the meaning of the beautiful description of the Church given in the song: "Thine head upon thee is like Carmel?" Would not the jewelry and ornaments, or perhaps the wreath of flowers around the head of an Eastern bride, resemble the varied luxuriance of the gardens of Carmel seen from afar? There are at present in the Convent garden on the hill a few vines that produce excellent grapes; but these are all that now remain to testify of the spot where Uzziah had his vine-dressers. With the exception of these, which are not properly on the summit of the hill, we could not descry a single fruit tree on the top of Carmel. A few verdant olive-trees grow at the northern roots of the hill, and some extend a short way up the side; but the extensive summit, which was once like a garden, was covered as far as our eye reached with wild mountain shrubs and briery plants, all of stunted growth, except where the rock lay bare and without verdure under the scorching sun. The same God who said, "Zion shall be ploughed like a field," and "I will pour the stones of Samaria down into the valley," said also, "*The top of Carmel shall wither;*" and that word we saw before our eyes fulfilled to the letter.—*Narrative of a Mission to the Jews.*

MISSIONARY JOURNEYS.

During the cold season, from November to February, we are in the habit of making excursions to the more distant parts of the country, and to preach the Gospel from village to village. The water, which during the rains covers the plains of Bengal, is then dried up, and we can without danger move about in the open air; the temperature is mild and pleasant, the climate healthy and bracing. I packed my store of books and provisions on a two-wheeled cart, drawn by a pair of bullocks, and to this were added a small tent, a camp-bed, table, and stool. Thus equipped, I travelled daily ten or fifteen miles. The journey is made on foot in the cool of the morning, or sometimes on horseback. When I was joined by fellow-labourers, the wealthy Rajah of Burdwan placed an elephant or two at my disposal, and one of them carried the tent while the other was employed for ourselves. The motion of this bulky animal is rather jolting, and somewhat trying to the chest; but we soon became accustomed to it, and never felt the least disadvantage arising from this mode of travelling. In this way I have made many a mission tour to the more remote parts of Bengal, disseminating the Word of God among the inhabitants of the country. On several occasions my coadjutor or myself preached to the assembled natives from the back of the elephant.

On the arrival of a missionary in a village, the inhabitants generally conduct themselves toward him in a friendly and obliging manner. The mundul, or chief man, usually comes forward, making a profound salam, to inquire if he can assist him in anything. This is owing, not so much to natural benevolence, as to an order of Government to this effect on behalf of Europeans at large. Fuel, milk, eggs, fowls, and other things, are, upon moderate payment, forthwith supplied; a watchman (chowkedar) is carrying water, and watching the tent and furniture; and I do not recollect to have lost anything in my travels from thieves. It is, however, more from fear than from honesty, that the Bengalee respects the property of the European. In the north-western provinces robbers are both numerous and daring.

Mr. Smith, a missionary, was one evening preaching in a street of Benares; his conveyance stood near the place, a man came up to the driver, saying, "Your master is feeling rather cold, and wants me to bring him his cloak," the cloak was made over to him, and the thief walked off with it. Another missionary, on his way to Benares, had all his clothes taken out of his tent, without hearing the least noise. In the morning he went to complain to the police officer of the place, who succeeded, after a short and summary investigation, in recovering them. The method he took to lead to discovery was this: He ordered the watchman to be tied to a tree, who, having received some cuts with a cane, whispered something into the ear of one of the bystanders: this fellow immediately went away, and in a few minutes returned with the stolen articles.

In the jungles, or wooded parts of Bengal, we are occasionally exposed to annoyance, and even to danger, from wild beasts. We pitched our tent one evening near a small village in the neighbourhood of the town of Bishenpore; the place was surrounded by a dense forest. Before going to rest we charged the chowkedar to be careful of our things. "*They* are quite safe," replied the man; "but in all probability we shall have a visit from tigers; you must not be afraid, however, for I know a muntro, or charm, by which I have driven away many a wild beast." We commended ourselves to the protection of God, but charged the watchman to call us as soon as a tiger made his appearance; and we kept two loaded guns ready for his reception. We slept quietly, however, until day-break, when my friend Mr. Lacroix called out, "Watchman, have you seen the tiger?" "Yes," he replied, "but as soon as I repeated my muntro, he walked away." We could not help smiling incredulously at this answer, but to our surprise we soon found that, as far as the visit was concerned, he had spoken the truth, for on leaving the tent, we discovered the fresh foot marks of a tiger near it.

A greater annoyance still are snakes and other reptiles. At the time of an inundation I found a cobra de capella, or hooded-snake, in my study; it was coiled up between the lattices of a Venetian door, and just extending its head to bite me, when I cast my eye upon it, and killed the beast. On returning one evening from the bazaar in Burdwan, I trod upon a cobra de capella; I rushed forward, and the snake darted after me, but providentially I escaped being bitten, having put my foot near to the neck, which prevented its immediate attack.

When the little tent is pitched in the shade of a mangoe grove, on the outskirts of a Hindu village, the inhabitants soon crowd around, and the missionaries enter into friendly conversation with them, preparatory to the proclamation of the Gospel. The natives in the country are usually more accessible to the truth than those in towns, having a natural simplicity and sincerity about them, which are rarely found in large places. There are thousands who would readily embrace Christianity, but for the frowns and persecuting spirit of the Brahmans and Zemindars.—*Weitbrecht's "Protestant Missions in Bengal."*

"LIVING EPISTLES."

WALK with God in your callings. Be upright in your way; admit nothing into your particular callings that is inconsistent with the principles of your general calling, as you are Christians. So carry yourselves, every one of you, that all that deal with you may know you are a real Christian. Were there a greater savour of grace and of the power of godliness in your shops; did you buy and sell in the fear of God, doing all things in faith, as to the Lord, as in his sight, conversing with others in the fear of God—what a comely sight would this be! what a sermon would this be! You would be "living epistles" of that, seen and "read of all men."—2 Cor. iii. 1, 2. And such sermon-notes, gathered out of the lives of professors, may make deeper impressions than those that are gathered out of the mouths of preachers. Godliness, exemplified in practice, shows itself more clearly in the thing, than it is possible for us to do in words. Words convey notions of things to our ears; but a holy life holds forth the things themselves to our eyes. Nothing is so like a man as himself. Godliness in practice is godliness itself, extant in the thing, in its own substance and nature; it is visible grace; it is the very matter and subject of our sermons, standing forth in the lives of professors.

I wish we had more of this divinity walking about our streets—more of these "living epistles," seen and "read of all men." These are the books that will convince gainsayers, and provoke them to real holiness. You hear good sermons, and read good books; but doctrines without examples edify little. You do not see and read *that* in the men of this generation that agrees with Gospel principles. The truth is, saints are not so visible, so legible, as they should be: we can hardly spell out anything that savours of true Christianity. It would pose a discerning Christian, to pick out grace out of the lives of some professors: it is couched under such sinful mixtures, is in such a worldly dress, that it does not look like itself. Hence it is, that many real saints go for hypocrites in this world—are suspected by good men, and hated by bad men, upon this account. Let your light shine out more: away with the bushel that keeps in the light, and take the lantern of prudence, that only keeps out the wind. Christian prudence will direct us in the right performance of our duty; but true Christian prudence never takes us quite off from our present duty. That is hellish policy, not Christian prudence, that distinguishes a man quite out of his duty, and pretends to give sufficient reason for it, too. But God will catch that man in his own craftiness, and turn his wisdom into foolishness.—*Cole.*

"RUN FOR IT!"

THEY that will go to heaven must run for it; because, as the way is long, so the time in which they are to get to the end of it is very uncertain. The time present is the only time; thou hast no more time allotted thee than that thou now enjoyest: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Do not say, I have time enough to get to heaven seven years hence; for I tell thee, the bell may toll for thee before seven days more be ended; and when death comes, away thou must go, whether thou art provided or not; and, therefore, look to it—make no delays: it is not good dallying with things of so great concernment as the salvation or damnation of thy soul. You know he that hath a great way to go in a little time, and less by half than he thinks of, he had need to run for it.

They that will have heaven must run for it; because the devil, the law, sin, death, and hel them. There is never a poor soul that is g heaven, but the devil, the law, sin, death, make after that soul. "The devil, your advers roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he vour." And I will assure you, the devil is he can run apace, he is light of foot; he hat taken many, he hath turned up their heels, given them an everlasting fall. Also the can shoot a great way; have a care thou ke the reach of those great guns, the Ten C ments. Hell also hath a wide mouth; it c itself farther than you are aware of. And angel said to Lot, "Take heed, look not beh neither tarry thou in all the plain (that is, between this and heaven), lest thou be co so say I to thee, Take heed, tarry not, lest devil, hell, death, or the fearful curses of the God do overtake thee, and throw thee dow midst of thy sins, so as never to rise and again. If this were well considered, then well as I would say, They that will have hea run for it.

They that will go to heaven must run for cause, perchance, the gates of heaven m shortly. Sometimes sinners have not heaven open to them so long as they suppose; and be once shut against a man, they are so heav all the men in the world, or all the angels in are not able to open them. "I shut, and can open," saith Christ. And how if thou come but one quarter of an hour too late? thee it will cost thee an eternity to bew misery in. Francis Spira can tell thee what stay till the gate of mercy be quite shut, or lazily that they be shut before thou get withi What! to be shut out?—what! out of Sinner, rather than lose it, run for it; yea, run that thou mayest obtain."—*Bunyan.*

"HOW WILT THOU DO IN THE SWELL
OF JORDAN?"

(JER. xii. 5.)

WHEN Jordan overflowed its banks,
The chosen tribes, by Joshua led,
Marched onward in unbroken ranks;
The ark was there—the waters fled.

If Jesus will my spirit guide,
When I approach death's fearful strea
I'll venture through its highest tide.
Assured of safety—following Hi

Manchester. D. F. F

Two American divines were once conve gether about the various theories concern origin of sin, when one interrupted them by "It seems to me that it would be far bette ministers, instead of puzzling themselves how sin ENTERED INTO the world, to unite their and try how much of it, with God's blessing can drive out." "You remind me, madam," one of the clergymen, "of my aged deacon, after listening to a sermon in which I had end ed to explain why God suffered sin to enter the being asked what he thought of my theory, head, and replied, "Ah, sir, all I know about am a sinner, and WISH I WASN'T."

"Our idle days," says Bishop Hall, "ar devil's busy ones."

THREE GOLDEN RULES.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MACDONALD, BLAIRGOWRIE.

’s **Epistle** to the Philippians are found lessed words: “Be careful for nothing; everything by prayer and supplication, anksgiving, let your requests be made unto God.” In writing thus, Paul ad- l those who were “his brethren, dearly l and longed for, his joy and his crown;” er words, he addressed those who had the one thing needful, even a saving st in Christ; a saving interest in his from being washed in it; a saving inte- n his righteousness, from being justified and a saving interest in his grace, from sing it. This is indeed the *one* thing. He vants it, however rich, is poor; and he who , however poor, is rich. Now, to all who ss this blessing, three blessed directions be given, suggested by the words of the le. 1. Be careful for *nothing;* 2. Be prayer- or *everything;* and, 3. Be thankful for *any-* .

rst of all, they are to be *careful for nothing.* his counsel it is not implied that believers to be careless about everything and utterly fferent—that they are to lay aside ordinary lence and common forethought—that they to be blind fatalists, heedless alike of pre- t circumstances and future consequences. ; this would be an utter perversion of the rds, and dishonouring to the Lord. But it is e implied that believers are not to be like er men—ever fretted, ever anxious and ubled about the various things that befall m. On the contrary, whatever be their trials d difficulties, whatever their hardships and ses, they are to be calm and composed, and en sweetly assured that, come what may, all ust come well to them. Now, why are they be thus peaceful and calm—“careful for no- ing?” There is one infinitely sufficient rea- n for this; and that is, *their God and Father eth for them.* We are not surprised to see an rphan anxious—an orphan, now a stranger to mother’s love and to a father’s care. We onder not to find in such an anxious heart, a eeping eye, and a faltering tongue; for who o friendless as an orphan? But are believers rphans? Are they fatherless? No, not one of them. All of them have a Father who loves and cares for them—a Father whose very eye is tenderness, whose voice is comfort, whose heart is love, whose every act is mercy laden with the richest blessings. Why, then, should they ever be troubled and anxious? Yet, alas! how often they are so? Some of them, for instance, contrary to our Lord’s express command, take anxious thought for their life—what they shall eat; and for their body—what they shall put on. They become filled with cares and fears, as if their wants and necessities were unknown to their Father. But is it so? On the contrary, our Lord assures them, “Your Father knoweth you have need of these things;” he does not forget you have bodies, and that you need food, and raiment, and lodging. He knows, too, how to supply what is wanting—nay, what is more, he has fully promised to do so: “My God shall supply *all your need,* according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus.”

Others of them take anxious thought about spiritual things. They do not so much fear for the gifts of God’s providence, as for the gifts of his grace. They are ever thinking of the various difficulties in their way—of the snares of Satan—of the allurements of the world —of the corruption of their hearts; and thus are ever troubled about their safety. But why should they? Is their Father’s ear heavy that it cannot hear, or his arm shortened that it cannot save? He who reigneth over all can surely restrain their enemies; he who made the sun can surely dispel their darkness; and he who stilled the tempest by a word can surely still the avenger, and give peace to their souls. And he is not less willing than able to save. “He who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?” Mark the words, “He *spared not his Son*” (though he spared the sinner), but gave him up to reproach, to suffering, and to death. And for whom? Just, among others, for these fearing, doubting believers. And when was this done? Not after they were reconciled and changed, but before—even while they were enemies. After such grace as this, what will God not do?—after such a gift, what will he not give? God has given in Christ a pledge and earnest of every other needful gift—of the full and eternal salvation of his people. O if believers would but think of this, they might well blush and be ashamed of their unworthy fears, and, banishing all unbelief away, learn "to be careful for nothing!"

2. *Be prayerful for everything.* If one thing is more evident than another, it is that prayer is at once an imperative duty and a delightful privilege. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath—absolutely essential to his very spiritual being. This is generally admitted, but it is not so generally realized, even by Christians, that it is their duty and privilege to carry *everything* to a throne of grace. While many admit the propriety of mentioning great and important things to God, they object to the carrying of little things—such as little cares, little crosses, little difficulties, little temptations, and little burdens—to a throne of grace. These things they think are too trifling, and unworthy of God's notice. And must, then, believers carry these little burdens and these little crosses themselves, and contend with little temptations and little difficulties in their own strength? If so, their prospects are sad indeed; for even the lightest burden is too heavy for them—the smallest care is too harassing—the smallest temptation is too powerful for them. Indeed the littlest cares are often the worst, for they are the most frequent—they are our weekly, daily, hourly cares; and it is by them our patience is most tested, our tempers most tried, and our weakness most exhibited. But, blessed be God, it is not so; for it is He himself who says, "Casting all your care on him, for he careth for you." Yes, *all* your cares—great cares and small cares, temporal cares and spiritual cares—cares for time and eternity—cast them all on him. In *everything* by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, we are to make our requests known unto God.

Those who make the objection referred to forget the real *greatness of God.* It may be that great men may not be able to attend to great things and small things at once. But the greatness of our God is seen in this, that while he rules and guides the universe, he can and does attend to the minutest wants of the humblest of his people, wherever they may dwell, however widely apart, and however varied and numerous their wants may be.

They forget, too, that believers are not servants, but *children.* Were they servants only, there might be reserve—they might be afraid of coming too often, and asking too much. But surely children can do what servants dare not. They can rush at any time into their father's presence, sure of a welcome. And believers are children; often it may be, sinning children, backsliding children, yet children still, whose blessed privilege it is to say, "Abba, Father." O that believers would but use this privilege more! If they were ever casting their cares on God as they arose, what fretting would be allayed—what unbelief would be banished—what impatience would cease! Nothing would then disturb them. Their peace would flow like a river, and they would find Christ's yoke to be easy, and his burden to be light.

3. *Be thankful for anything.* We deserve nothing at God's hands, and should, therefore, be thankful for anything; yes, even for the very *smallest mercies*, for the least are undeserved. We cannot claim as much as a cup of cold water, or a breath of fresh air, as in any way due to us. The very commonest blessings of Providence are entirely the fruits of Divine mercy, and not the purchase of human merit. We should be thankful, too, even *in the greatest depths;* for whatever be the depths into which we might have been cast, we might have been in greater depths still—greater depths of sin, of sorrow, of affliction. We might have been in the very depths of hell; and, therefore, anything short of this demands our gratitude. Nay, not only should we be thankful *in*, but even *for*, these very depths. Often have believers there experienced the sweetest tokens of God's love. Their most fervent prayers have generally come from the depths; and it is by the depths of adversity, they are graciously prepared for the heights of prosperity and glory that yet await them.

But, especially, and above all, must they be thankful for Christ, the Lord's *unspeakable gift*, through whose suffering and death it is that now they can so sweetly sing, "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling." Can they even show a gratitude too deep or abiding, or make a return too large and liberal, for such benefits as these? Impossible! They will find even eternity too short for their adoring praises. To be holy, happy, and useful, then, believers must be careful for *nothing* prayerful for *everything*, and thankful for *anything*.

ROBERT POLLOK, A.M. *

ROBERT POLLOK was born on Friday the 19th day of October 1798, at North Moorhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, Renfrewshire. His father belonged to that respectable class of small farmers, among whom

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* From an admirable Biographical Sketch prefixed to new edition of the "Tales of the Covenanters," by the Rev. Andrew Thomson, Edinburgh.

ı trace the simple manners and rigid
ıt have grown, for ages, from that noble
ich was restored to Scotland at the Re-
His forefathers appear for centuries be-
been tenants of the soil in this district;
eresting to notice that his ancestors, on
l side, were honoured to suffer in those
s which desolated this part of Scotland be-
ınd 1688—one having suffered banishment;
ring not only been driven into exile, but
slavery; and a third apprehended by a
goons, and shot. This was a noble pedigree,
t a manifest influence on Pollok's disposi-
astes.
lhood, spent amid the simplicity and soli-
se rural scenes, gave frequent indications
omitable resoluteness and energy which,
period, formed so prominent a feature of
ter. But two circumstances in his early
ırve especial notice, as exerting a permanent
ry influence in training the intellect and
of the future poet.
these was the instructions of a mother who,
cares of a numerous household, and the
sed by circumstances which called for in-
well as frugality, found time to imbue the
her children with heavenly truth. "By
as taught to read the Bible, and made to
o memory the Shorter Catechism, with part
alms of David." The testimony of many of
llent of the earth, from the days of Timothy
st century, to those of Richard Cecil in the
th, might well vindicate us from any suspi-
ttaching too much importance to the home
n which Pollok enjoyed from this woman of
ned piety;" but we have his own grateful
y recorded long afterwards, when his "Course
" had been given to the world, and his ear had
o drink in the voice of fame. Speaking of
logy of his poem, he remarked to his brother,
my mother's divinity—the divinity that she
me when I was a boy. I may have amplified
what I learned afterwards, but in writing
n I always found that hers formed the ground-
he point from which I set out. I always drew
first, and I was never at a loss. This shows,"
ed with devout gratitude, "what kind of a
she was."
, in tracing the development of a mind of high
l susceptibility like Pollok's, should we attach
mportance to the scenery around Mid-Moor-
to which he removed with his parents in his
h year. The daily communion which he there
ith Nature formed a large part of his education
inker and a poet; and few spots could have
etter fitted for a poet's sanctuary.

* * * * *

ile the elements of poetry were thus gathering
him, a little incident occurred, which, however
ortant it might seem in the lives of most men,
be regarded as marking an important era in the
l history of Robert Pollok, which it is the chief
a of these remarks to trace. While residing in
ouse of an intelligent relative, two books fell
his hands, which introduced him to his first ac-
tance with British poets. One of these was
e's Essay on Man," which charmed him with
xquisite harmony of its versification, and led him
ake some attempts in rhyme. It could not be
of him, however, as of Pope, that he "lisped in
bers, for the numbers came;" and it soon became
ent that rhyme was not destined to be the vehicle
s thoughts. Soon after, another book fell into
ands, which exerted a far mightier influence over
haracter, not merely informing him in regard to the structure of poetry, but unveiling to him its essence, and haunting him with thoughts which at length stirred within him, if not an equal, at least a kindred flame. This was Milton's "Paradise Lost."

"He found a copy of it one day," says his brother, "among some old books on the upper shelf of a wall-press in the kitchen, where it had lain neglected for years. Though he had never seen "Paradise Lost" before, he had often heard of it, and he began to read it immediately. He was captivated with it at the very first: and after that, as long as he stayed at Horsehill, he took it up whenever he had the least opportunity, and read with great eagerness. When he was leaving the place, his uncle, seeing him so fond of the book, gave it to him in a present, and from that time Milton became his favourite author, and, I may say, next to the Bible, his chief companion. Henceforward, he read more or less of him almost every day, and used often to repeat aloud, in bed, immediately before rising in the morning, what was his favourite passage in "Paradise Lost"—the apostrophe to Light in the beginning of the Third Book.—From this hour, Pollok became the subject of a new impulse.

* * * * *

At the close of the session of 1822, Pollok finished his course of study at the University of Glasgow, and left behind him that venerable seminary, bearing with him a degree in Master of Arts, and other more decided marks of distinction.

In the autumn of the same year, we find him entering on the study of theology, in the Hall of the Secession Church, under the tuition of Dr. Dick; a professor whose finely balanced powers fitted him not merely to occupy, but to adorn this office; combining, as he did, in most rare conjunction, independence of judgment, without the silly affectation of originality or novelty; solid learning, without pedantic display; dignity, without reserve; and in whose academic instructions theology was beheld, not in the ungainly dress of the schools, but in the beautiful and seemly garments of an elegant literature—

> "Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
> But musical as is Apollo's lute."

It was in the earlier part of Pollok's career as a student of theology that the "Tales of the Covenanters" were produced. The immediate circumstance that prompted their publication must not be unnoticed in a sketch of his character. He was in straitened circumstances; and yet, at the age he had now reached, he could no longer brook the thought of being dependent on a parent, who had laboured up to his ability, yea and beyond his ability, to secure for him and his brother the privileges of a college life. What was to be done? He would write a tale—a series of tales. And where could a fitter theme than the days of the Covenant be found for one whose earliest associations were interwoven with stories of martyr and moss-trooper; whose enthusiasm had led him, in his earlier days, to institute an annual pilgrimage of all the youth of the district to Lochgoin, where John Howie penned the "Scots Worthies," and where a flag, a drum, and a pair of drumsticks, with Captain Paton's sword and Bible—strange associates, but all the fitter emblems of the times—are still preserved as venerable relics of the days when the Church registered her second martyrology, and a second time won her birthright? The Tales were published, and realised a sum sufficient to relieve the immediate wants of Pollok.

* * * * *

But we now reach the most important era in the life of Pollok, when, with a mind braced by studious nights and laborious days, girded by vows not rashly taken, and by the study of ancient bards of honourable name, with a heart sublimed and purified by the faith of the truth, and no stranger to the hard lessons of adversity, he set himself to that work which was to enrich the English literature, to give at once expression and impulse to the deep-toned piety of his native country, and to earn for himself an early immortality. There are not wanting indications that he had, more than once, been in some danger of being seduced to those frivolous themes which were the fashion of the hour, and of wandering from that holy mount on which Milton and the ancient prophets sat. But these temptations, like the ill-omened birds that crossed the path of the seer, rather passed before his mind than rested on it, and, when at length he did consecrate his genius to a worthy theme, it was with no lingering look to those more crowded regions where poetry submits to be shorn of its strength, and to make sport before the Philistines, when it might have roused slumbering nations to life, and sounded a note that would have been heard through all time.

* * * * *

It was in this spirit of devout self-consecration that Pollok entered on the composition of "The Course of Time," in the beginning of December 1824, and at the age of twenty-seven. The first hint of his poem, we learn from some interesting reminiscences by his brother, was suggested by Byron's lines to darkness, which he took up one evening in a moment of great mental desolation. While perusing those lines, he was led to think of the resurrection as a theme on which something new might be written. He proceeded, and on the same night finished a thousand verses, intending that the subject of the poem should be the Resurrection. Meanwhile, thoughts and images crowded upon his mind, which it would have been unnatural to introduce, under such a theme; when all at once the whole plan of his work rose before him, with the completeness and the vividness of a prophet's vision. "One night," says his brother, "when he was sitting alone in Moorhouse" old room, letting his mind wander back and forward over things at large, in a moment, as if by an immediate inspiration, the idea of the poem struck him, and the plan of it, as it now stands, stretched out before him; so that at one glance he saw through it from end to end, like an avenue, with the resurrection as only part of the scene. He never felt, he said, as he did then; and he shook from head to foot, overpowered with feeling; knowing that to pursue the subject was to have no middle way between great success and great failure. From this time, in selecting and arranging materials, he saw through the plan so well, that he knew to what book, as he expressed it, the thoughts belonged whenever they set up their heads."

From this time till the finishing of his poem, his whole soul was on fire with his subject. In the old room at Moorhouse, on the sublime path between Moorhouse and Eaglesham, when hastening to join the worshippers on the "hallowed morn," on the lofty summits of Balagich, and, oftenest of all, when he communed with his own heart upon his bed and was silent, he was struggling with his great argument, and seeking to give to the images of truth that moved before his spirit "immortal shape and form." Thoughts rushed upon his mind as if, like the widow's cruse, it had been supplied by miracle, and only the weariness and faintings of his body seemed to clog the movements of a spirit that, at this period, spurned repose.

In some poets, such as Pope, we trace the progress of the composition from the first rude and inharmonious sketch, to the perfect verse; but in Pollok some of his finest passages were thrown off at once; they were not laboriously beaten into shape, but coming forth fused and molten, in a [illegible] their appropriate and permanent form.

There is one fact connected with this [illegible] which we have peculiar pleasure in recording. [illegible] brother informs us that "he kept the [illegible] stantly beside him, and read in different [illegible] according to the nature of what he was [illegible] ing; so that his mind, it may be said, was [illegible] regulated by the Bible. Finally, he prayed [illegible] daily, morning and evening, for direction and [illegible] ance in the work." "The Course of Time" [illegible] literally the fruit of prayer; the inspiration [illegible] dictated it was implored on bended knees; and [illegible] beautiful lines of his invocation are not a mere [illegible] pliance with the fashion of poets, but the [illegible] "cardiphonia—the deep utterance of the heart."

In the beginning of July 1826, Pollok [illegible] writing of his great poem to a close. [illegible] months had thus elapsed from the time of his [illegible] mencing the composition; but enfeebled [illegible] other influences had created considerable [illegible] we have his own authority for believing [illegible] time in which he was actually engaged in [illegible] did not exceed eight months.

The intense and protracted mental exertion [illegible] by the composition of such a work, in so short [illegible] of time—an exertion, compared with which [illegible] the study of the most difficult Greek and [illegible] classics to be an amusement, and which, [illegible] night, brought him to the borders of fever [illegible] well be imagined to have told unfavourably [illegible] stitution which had already been shaken by [illegible] The chariot-wheels had indeed caught fire [illegible] the rapidity of their own motion, the consequence [illegible] which was, that by the time that the poem was [illegible] cluded, he appeared emaciated and pale, and [illegible] tressing fears were awakened, that in writing [illegible] Course of Time" he had been entwining a [illegible] wreath, to be laid upon an early grave. The [illegible] and anxieties connected with obtaining a [illegible] and carrying his poem through the press, [illegible] give the disease a deeper seat in his constitution [illegible] to bring out more unfavourable symptoms.

The consequence was, that when, in the [illegible] 1827, having been admitted a licentiate of [illegible] cession Church, he delivered his first [illegible] course in one ofthe chapels of his own [illegible] in Edinburgh, the practised eye of Dr. [illegible] Slateford, a minister and physician of the [illegible] ligious body, detected in his feeble [illegible] countenance alternately flushed and wan, the [illegible] of pulmonary disease. This was followed [illegible] of the kind physician, by an invitation to [illegible] Manse, a lovely retreat, situated a few [illegible] Edinburgh, at the base of the Pentland Hills, [illegible] Pollok, in addition to the luxury of retirement, [illegible] enjoy the double advantage of Dr. Belfrage's [illegible] friendship and medical skill. The invitation [illegible] gratefully accepted, and from this sweet [illegible] Pollok soon after writing to his venerable [illegible] Moorhouse, in terms of high satisfaction both [illegible] host and with the scene. "I am still at [illegible] says he; "my health is improving; but Dr. [illegible] insists that two or three weeks more of [illegible] treatment are necessary, and he refuses [illegible] leave him. I am therefore a prisoner, but [illegible] paradise; for everything here looks as if [illegible] had never fallen."

The growing voice of fame now began to [illegible] him from all quarters of the kingdom. [illegible] highest authority sounded the praise of the [illegible] poet, who, all at once, unpatronised and [illegible] had ascended to mid-heaven. From the very [illegible] of criticism, laurels were flung upon his path, [illegible] men of high authority, whose praise was fame, [illegible] the young poet in his retreat to cheer him in nward course. Among these attentions, none fied him so much as the visits of the venerable ry Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," in his eighty-fourth year: "I felt his attention," he in his letter to his father, "to be as if some ary patriarch had risen from the grave, to bless nd do me honour."

ill the insidious malady was secretly advancing, its progress was at once increased and betrayed n alarming illness, which seized him in the th of June, and greatly diminished his strength. ow became evident to Dr. Belfrage, and other ical advisers of first eminence, that removal to a gn climate was indispensable, and even this was blingly recommended, as affording but faint hope his sun would not go down at noon-day.

aly was proposed, and especially the salubrious of Pisa in the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. In this posal Pollok cheerfully acquiesced; and it is with nd of sad interest that we behold the dying poet er the influence of that false hope with which sumption dazzles her victims, indulging day-ams of returning health, to be devoted to yet ier achievements in literature, when he returned n with the classic stores, and refreshed by the ght remembrances of Italy.

enerous friends now hastened to provide a fund icient for the respectable maintenance of the poet foreign clime. Among these, honourable men- must be made of Sir John Sinclair, Dr. John own, Dr. Belfrage, and Sir John Pirie, afterwards d Mayor of London, whose prompt and thought- regard, not exhausted in a few distant and splendid s, displayed all the tender earnestness of parental icitude.

short experimental voyage to Aberdeen and a farewell to Moorhouse, in which, under the in- ence of dark forebodings, scarcely owned and yet ossible to be repressed, every eye but his own suffused with tears, and every voice but his own ered with emotion, was followed by a speedy de- ture for London, whence it was intended that he uld now sail, with all despatch, for Italy. Arrived London, places were taken, in a ship bound for ghorn, for himself and a kind sister, who was sen to be the companion of his voyage.

But it was destined that he should never see the lian shores. The ship not sailing on the appoint- day, he was visited by a distinguished physician in interval, who, perceiving that all hope of recovery now gone, soothingly but firmly discouraged his ing his native country. A residence in the south- t of England was recommended, and the neigh- rhood of Southampton ultimately fixed upon. re, after a journey of two days, most fatiguing to fevered and emaciated frame, we find him arriv- on Saturday, 1st September; in a few weeks re to "shake hands with Death, and smile that he free."

He took up his abode in a neat cottage at Shirely mmon, about a mile from Southampton. The d air of that rich and lovely region helped to the his chafed spirit. In a spacious garden ad- ing the cottage, where the air was so calm that ou could hear the apples falling from the trees one er another," he delighted to walk with his sister l feel at times the gentle breezes borne to him n the neighbouring sea, and laden with autumnal ense; and then sitting down, at intervals, on a hion which he had brought with him from London, would hear his sister read to him from the Bible, ich had now become his only book.

But his weakness rapidly increasing, he was soon mpelled to abandon this congenial exercise and to confine himself entirely to bed. His faithful sister, whose deep affection had so long made her "hope against hope," now found it necessary to apprize him of the solemn prospect that "the earthly house of his tabernacle was soon to be dissolved." This was done with all the tender skill of a woman and a sister, and was received by him in a manner worthy of the author of "The Course of Time." His mind was solemnized, but not saddened; and if, in the thought of soon entering on eternity, he knew no raptures, neither did he know any fears. Once, and only for a moment, did a shade of doubt obscure his hopes, but it passed away, leaving him gazing upon the unclouded truth. There have been men of genius who have rushed into the arms of Death mortified by the world's ingratitude or neglect; but Pollok, with the voice of the world's praise swelling and deepening around him, willingly heard the summons which called him up to a nobler immortality.

Writing to his father, of whom he had frequently spoken during his illness with great veneration, he thus expressed himself: "My sister is often much distressed, but we pray for one another, and take comfort in the gracious promises of God. I hope I am prepared for the issue of this trouble—whether life or death."

His growing weakness brought on frequent seasons of drowsiness, the intervals between which were employed by his sister, at his own request, in reading to him from the Scriptures, especially from the Book of Psalms and the Gospel of John, which he greatly relished. In this manner several of his last days and nights were spent, when at length, on the morning of Tuesday, September 18, 1827, he gently breathed his last, and entered into the joy of his Lord.

His mortal remains were interred on the following Friday in the church-yard of Millbrook, a quiet spot, remote from the din of cities and near to the sea. He was buried according to the forms of the Church of England, the Rev. Mr Molesworth reading the burial-service by the side of his grave. An elegant obelisk of granite, reared by those admirers of his genius who had sought to prolong his life, marks the last earthly resting-place of this highly gifted man, and bears, with the dates of his birth and death, the following simple inscription:—

THE GRAVE OF
ROBERT POLLOK, A.M.,
AUTHOR OF "THE COURSE OF TIME."

HIS IMMORTAL POEM
IS HIS
MONUMENT.

Thus ended, at the early age of twenty-nine, the earthly course of Robert Pollok—a course too short for hope, but not too short for immortality. There have been small critics, who, since his death, have sought, with captious arrogance, to depreciate his poem by petty and nibbling fault-finding; and, even one great man, in an hour of conversational ease, let fall a remark which, when taken at its real value, was more fitted to injure his own fame than Pollok's. But that poem is not to be lightly estimated which, in the rapidity and extent of its circulation, has found no equal in modern times; parts of which, such men as John Wilson declared, would compare to advantage with any thing in British literature, and which the venerable James Montgomery, with the generous admiration of a kindred spirit, has pronounced to be one of the most extraordinary productions of the age.

[Mr. Thomson concludes with an extremely well-drawn, and, to our mind, judicious estimate of

Pollok's character and talents. We have extracted so largely from the memoir, that we have no space for even a specimen of this part of the sketch. The whole, however, is eminently interesting.]

THE MINOR PROPHETS.

Each prophet had a gift of his own. His natural talents were not superseded, but were used by the Spirit who inspired him; and men of every grade and of every turn of mind found themselves suitably addressed. "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would he have gathered thee under his wing!" Joel is chronologically the first of the minor prophets, ministering about 865 years B.C. Hear his words. They pour forth a flood of desolation on the land, but at the same time declare what might be gotten instead. As he is the first, the very first prophet since David, whose words were committed to writing, how interesting it is to find in him the prediction of the *outpouring of the Holy Spirit.* Jonah then appears, B.C. 810. In him we see a prophet who shrank from his awfully solemn burden; but we also see in him how the Lord can use whom he will, and effect what he will. He is the prophet of Nineveh, blessed to awaken a mighty metropolis by few and feeble words. He is himself a monument of the Lord's grace to the rebellious, and his success is not the less so. Amos, a few years later, lifts his voice suddenly among the Ten Tribes; while Jonah is sent from Galilee to Nineveh, Amos is sent from Judah to the kingdom of Israel. And there he appears, a shepherd and a stranger, yet a man of power, speaking to Israel in words all tinged with rural glow, while his theme is the Lord's righteous judgments. Soon is he followed by Hosea, whose blasts against the backslider are like notes of Sinai's trumpet, waxing louder and louder, ever abrupt and startling. He, too, traversed the Ten Tribes, and exhibited to them their God unwilling to punish, but by no means clearing the guilty. About 730 B.C., Micah appeared in Judah, cotemporary with Isaiah, and possessing much of his texture of mind, with even more sensitive tenderness. Mercy as well as judgment are his themes, and we leave him in the attitude of one rapt in adoring love at the view of the God whom he proclaims to his fellow-sinners: "Who is a God like unto thee?" &c. Nahum, whom some have fancied a dweller in Capernaum, and at all events a Galilean, prophesied B.C. 710. In him we see how men of Galilee—how James and John—might be truly "sons of thunder." He is the prophet that announces Nineveh's doom; and never were thunder-claps heard more terrific than in his message. No Greek tragedian ever approached his sublimity of style. Let us stay for a moment, and hear him describing the entering in of the foe at the breach in the walls:—

——" They are fleeing;
Stop, stop! but none turneth back.
Plunder the silver, plunder the gold—
There is no end to the store;
There is abundance of all covetable vessels;—
Emptiness, and emptiedness, and void;
Heart-melting, and tottering of knees;
There is intense pain in all loins,
And all faces withdraw their colour."

Ch. ii. 10, 11, *Dr. Henderson's Tr.*

Or stay one moment longer to see him painting the besiegers pouring into the city. His language so arrested Jerome (see Henderson), that he despaired of translating it, and every critic has spoken of it as unrivalled:—

" The sound of the whip, and the sound of the rattling of the wheels;
The horses prancing, and the chariots bounding;
The mounting of horsemen, the gleaming of swords;
The lightning of spears,
The multitude of slain,
And the mass of corpses;
There is no end to the carcases—
They stumble over their carcases."

Ch. iii. 2, 3, *Henderson's Tr.*

It is probable that Nahum uttered his prophecies among the Ten Tribes. It was some comfort to the godly there to know that God would glorify himself on his proud enemies. About 630 B.C., in Judah, Zephaniah arose, a man of God in spirit like Jeremiah, and cotemporary with him. Both he and Jeremiah began to prophesy (it is thought) in the reign of tender-hearted King Josiah. This prophet points out the moral causes of Jerusalem's ruin. It would add interest to his history if it could be proved, from chap. i. 1, that he was great-grandson to good King Hezekiah. But seldom has a more rapt prophet appeared than the next we meet—Habakkuk. It is likely he was a Levite, if not even one of the singers of Israel (iii. 1, 19); and it may have been in one of his watchings by night in the house of the Lord (ii. 1) that he received his message. We feel him to be a prophet in the position of watchfulness and expectation—his loins girt, his lamp burning, his soul calm and happy. His magnificent strains set before us God our gladness, in times of sin, and trial, and judgment. It was about his time, or somewhere probably about 590 B.C., that Obadiah was heard, perhaps in the temple, denouncing Edom's doom. He is the prophet of Edom, soaring, like the eagle, above the rocky dwellings, and darting down upon them with his message of woe. Sin against the brethren is the burden of his prophecy. After this, the seventy years' captivity came on. And at the return from Babylon, Haggai appeared, with his five messages, delivered with interrogatory vehemence to selfish men. Zechariah, like another Ezekiel, full of both clear and dark sayings, stands beside him, dealing with the destiny of Israel, and exhibiting them at last under the happy booths of the Feast of Tabernacles. Malachi closed the whole. He is the prophet who gives "a last lingering look at the Mosaic dispensation." The sins of Israel and their future hopes are set before them, and then we are suddenly left by the prophet in expectation of some scene yet to arise. The Jews call him "the seal of the prophets," because with him ends the line of prophets until the Baptist arose, breaking the silence of four centuries, and ushering in "the prophet like unto Moses." *Proximus huic sed longo proximus intervallo!—Presbyterian Review.*

THE UNTHANKFUL.

IS IT THE WILL OF GOD IN CHRIST JESUS THAT IN EVERYTHING WE GIVE THANKS?—Then this serves to condemn the horrid ingratitude of Christians.

1. *Those that in nothing will give thanks, at no time, for no mercy.*—These are swine that devour all that drops from the tree of God's bounty, and never look up whence it cometh. These are worse than the ox and ass that know their owner's and master's cribs.—Isa. i. 3. These are mere Heathens, who, though they profess "they know God, yet do not glorify him as God, nor are thankful."—Rom. i. 21. These are like buckets that run greedily down into a well when they are empty with open mouth; but when they be full, they turn their hinder part upon the well that filled them. Thus do unthankful men call greedily for mercies; and when God hath filled them, they "turn the back, and not the face."

2. *Another kind of unthankful men is that sort who, having received mercies from God, arrogate the honour of them to themselves.*—Let Papists and Pelagians, old and new, who attribute more to free-will than to grace, which the one makes the root of merits, the other gives the casting of the scale in man's conversion to it—let these see how by such principles they can acquit themselves from the crime of sacrilegious ingratitude, for they rob God of his glory; and then let them hear, not me, but St. Austin, thundering against them: "O Lord, he that assumes the glory of any good he hath to himself, and ascribes it not to thee, that man is a thief, and a robber, and like the devil, who robbeth thee of thy glory." Thus also they who attribute their riches, children, honours, victories, health, safety, knowledge, &c., to their wits, labours, merits—these are ungrateful robbers of God. Thus they burnt incense to their drag and yarn.—Hab. i. 15, 16. Thus Nebuchadnezzar gloried in the great Babel of his own building.—Dan. iv. 30. Thus the Assyrian also ranted and vaunted himself, as if by his own great wisdom and valour he had conquered the nations.—Isa. x. 13-15. But mark the end of these men; how the Lord took it, and how he dealt with them for it. He turned Nebuchadnezzar out to graze among the beasts. He kindled a fire in the Assyrian's forest, and burnt it. He struck Herod, that he was eaten up with worms, because he gave himself, and not God, the glory.—Acts xii. 23.

3. *Another sort of unthankful ones there is, that seem to be very thankful; but it is only complimentally, and with the lip.*—These are like apes that eat up the kernel, and leave God the shells; they care not to go to the cost of a heart or a life-thankfulness; they are cursed hypocrites; they put him off with the blind and the lame in sacrifice, and never once give him the male of their flock.—Mal. i. 14. God will pay them in their own coin; they are thankful in jest, and God will damn them in earnest. "That man," saith Lactantius, "cannot be a godly man that is unthankful to his God." And Aquinas saith, that "unthankfulness hath in it the root and matter of all sin;" for it denies or dissembles the goodness of God, by which we live, move, and have our being, yea, and all our blessings, the thankful acknowledgment whereof is our indispensable homage unto God. Unthankfulness was a huge ingredient into Adam's sin: to sin against his Maker as soon as he was made; yea, by whom he was so fearfully and wonderfully made—little lower than the angels!—Ps. cxxxix. 14, viii. 5. Unthankfulness was the sin of Noah and Lot after their deliverances—the one from water, the other from fire (Gen ix., xix.); the sin of Israel, that forgat their Rock, their Husband, that found them in "the waste howling wilderness" (Deut. xxxii.); and when they "lay in their blood, no eye pitying them, cast out to the loathing of their persons" (Ezek. xvi. 1-36); the sin of David (2 Sam. xii. 7-9); the sin of Solomon (1 Kings xi. 9); the sin of Hezekiah (2 Chron. xxxiii. 25).

The great sin of the Gospel is unthankfulness, by sinning against the light, love, free grace, and rich patience of God in it. This is "to turn his grace into wantonness;" to prefer darkness before light; to "neglect so great salvation;" not to come under Christ's wing when he calls to us; to "despise his goodness and long-suffering, leading us to repentance," not to "come to him that we may have life;" to resist his Spirit, and trample on his blood. The sin of the greatest sinners in the book of God is unthankfulness; the sin of the angels that kept not their first station, the sin of Cain in his offering, the sin of the Sodomites, the sin of the old world, the sin of Saul, the sin of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, the sin of Nabal, the sin of Hanun, the sin of Judas, the sin of Julian, and of Antichrist—all is unthankfulness.—*Cooper.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE EVIDENCES.

EGYPTIAN GARDENS, VINEYARDS, ETC.

BY JAMES TAYLOR, D.D., GLASGOW.

AMONG the ancient Egyptians horticulture seems to have received great attention. Their gardens were laid out in the old French style, as common in England a century ago.

> "Grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother,
> And half the garden just reflects the other."

The flower beds are square and formal, the raised terraces run in straight lines, arbours of trellis-work occur at definite intervals, covered with vines and other creepers. Some of the ponds are stored with water-fowl, and others with fish. Vegetables are depicted in great variety and abundance. It is, indeed, impossible to look at any representation of an Egyptian garden without feeling some sympathy for the complaints and murmurings of the Israelites in the desert. "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic; but now our soul is dried away, there is nothing at all beside this manna before our eyes."[*]

Closely connected with the garden was the vineyard, which opens a new field of scriptural illustration. The infidel philosophers of last century endeavoured to prove the late origin of the Mosaic history from the mention which it makes of wine as used in Egypt. They affirmed, on the authority of Herodotus, that no vines grew in Egypt; and on the authority of Plutarch, that the Egyptians abhorred wine as being the blood of those who had rebelled against the gods. In reference to the dream of the chief butler of Pharaoh

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[*] Bible Illustrated, &c., p. 47.

(Gen. xl. 10), Von Bohlem remarks: "An important specification of time for the late origin of the narrative is contained here in the dream of the butler, in which the existence of the *vine* in Egypt is implied; for after Psamaticus, consequently just about the time of Josiah, had its cultivation been commenced in a small degree, and could, in a low country, which at the time of the ripening of the grape is overflowed, find entrance only at some few points." Various theories were proposed for the purpose of removing this supposed difficulty. Some have assumed that in the dream of the chief butler of Pharaoh there is no mention made of wine, but only of drinking the newly pressed-out unfermented juice of the grape. This, however, is merely an evasion of the difficulty, for to say nothing of the fact that wine is elsewhere referred to in the Pentateuch, the employment of a butler, a cup-bearer, as a distinguished officer in the royal household, was not at all likely to have taken place if the preparation of the drink had been so remarkably simple as this supposition implies. Others have supposed, with the learned Michaelis, that wine was employed in the Jewish sacrifices expressly to break through any Egyptian prejudice regarding it, and to detach the Israelites still more from their overweaning affection for that country and its institutions.

The monumental sculptures have, however, finally settled the question, and it is scarcely necessary to say in favour of the Jewish legislation. On these monuments there is a minute representation of wine growing in all its parts. The dressing of the vine—the watering of its roots to keep it moist—the gathering of the grapes—the conveying them in a basket to the wine vat—the treading them out in the press—the drawing off of the juice, and the compression of the crushed pulp in a bag, so that no part of the precious fluid might be lost. "In the grottoes of Beni Hassan," says Champollion, "are found representations of the culture of the vine. The vintage; the bearing away, and the stripping off of the grapes; two kinds of presses, the one moved merely by the strength of the arms, the other by mechanical power; the putting up of the wine in bottles or jars; the transportation into the cellar; the preparation of boiled wine;" &c. Rosellini, who has a separate section on grape gathering and the art of making wine, says: "Numerous are the representations in the tombs which relate to the cultivation of the vine; and these are found not merely in the tombs of the times of the eighteenth and some later dynasties, but also in those which belong to the time of the most ancient dynasties." "These pictures," he adds, "show more decidedly than any ancient written testimony that in Egypt, even in the most ancient times, the vine was cultivated and wine made."

In the representations of the offerings which the kings present to the gods, and of the festive entertainments, the different kinds of wine are distinguished, as among us, by inscriptions or labels on the bottles. In the inscriptions of the times of the Pharaohs, no fewer than seven different kinds of wine are represented. On some of the sculptures men are seen who, unable to walk, are carried home from a feast by their servants, and it would even appear that the ladies were not altogether free from similar excesses. The force of these overwhelming proofs of the accuracy of the sacred narrative can scarcely be said to have been increased by the discovery, in the ruins of old Egyptian cities, of the remains of wine vessels still incrusted with the tartar deposited by wine.

The whole history of Joseph, from the period when he was sold by the Ishmaelites to Potiphar, the captain of Pharaoh's guard, down to his death, when he was embalmed and put in a coffin in Egypt, displays, in a very striking manner, the minute and accurate knowledge which the sacred historian possessed of Egyptian manners and customs. We can find space for only a very few examples; but the subject is treated in a very elaborate manner by Hengstenberg in his "Egypt and the Books of Moses,"* to which we refer our readers.

In Gen. xl. 16, we are told that the chief baker or head cook of Pharaoh dreamed that he had three white baskets on his head, and that in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of bake-meats for Pharaoh. The words "white baskets" are in the margin rendered "baskets full of holes," and should be translated; "baskets full of *hole-bread*,"—*i.e.*, of bread baked in holes. The allusion is to a mode of baking peculiar to the East. A shallow hole, about six inches deep, by three or four feet in diameter, is made in the ground; this is filled up with dry brushwood, upon which, when kindled, pebbles are thrown to concentrate and retain the heat. Meanwhile the dough is prepared, and when the oven is sufficiently heated, the ashes and pebbles are removed, and the spot well cleaned out. The dough is then deposited in the hollow, and is left there over night. The cakes thus baked are about two fingers thick, and are very palatable. From the manner in which they are baked, they are called *hole-bread*. As the process is slower, and the bread more savoury than any other, this kind of bread might certainly be entitled to the distinction implied in its being prepared for the table of the Egyptian king.† The various delineations of cooking and kitchen scenes on the monuments clearly show that the art of baking was carried to a high degree of perfection among the Egyptians.

"It is clear," says Rosellini, "that the Egyptians were accustomed to prepare many kinds of pastry for the table, as we see the very same kinds spread out upon the altars and tables which are represented in the tombs. They made even bread in many and various forms. These articles are found in the tombs, knead from barley or wheat, in the form of a star, a triangle, a dish, and other such like things."

The chief baker dreamed that he carried the baskets full of bread *on his head*. Examples of this custom, which is peculiarly characteristic of the Egyptians, are frequently found on the monuments. According to Herodotus, the habit of bearing burdens on the head by the men, is one by which the Egyptians are distinguished from all other people. "Men," says he, "bear burdens on their heads, and women on their shoulders." *

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* Clark's edition is preferable to the American one, as it contains some valuable notes by Dr. W. E. Taylor.

† See an able article on bread in the Biblical Cyclopædia, vol. 1.

In Gen. xli. 14, we are told that when Pharaoh sent and called Joseph, *he shaved himself*, and changed his raiment, and came in unto Pharaoh. We might at first sight be apt to imagine that in shaving himself Joseph only performed an act of cleanliness, rendered necessary by his neglect of his person while in the dungeon. But the fact is, that the Hebrews, like all other Oriental nations, except the Egyptians, attached a very great value to the possession of a beard, and to be deprived of this cherished ornament and badge of honour, was a mark of infamy that degraded a person from the ranks of men to that of slaves and women. Joseph, on this occasion, prepared himself for presentation to the king, by conforming to a custom, which both the representations on the monuments and the testimony of ancient writers prove to have been a peculiar and distinguishing characteristic of the Egyptians. "So particular," says Wilkinson, "were they on this point, that to have neglected it, was a subject of reproach and ridicule; and whenever they intended to convey the idea of a man of low condition, or a slovenly person, the artists represented him with a beard. Although foreigners, who were brought to Egypt as slaves, had beards on their arrival in the country, we find that as soon as they were employed in the service of the civilized people, they were obliged to conform to the cleanly habits of their masters; their beards and heads were shaved, and they adopted a close cap."

According to chapter xli. 42, "Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See I have set thee over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck; and he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, Bow the knee: and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt." We have here an enumeration of the various steps by which Joseph was naturalized among the Egyptians, and invested with the office of vizier. The gift of the seal, or signet-ring, was a matter of special importance. "At the present day," says Dr. Taylor, "public documents in the East are more frequently authenticated by the royal signet than by the sign manual. The seal, however, is a stamp giving an impression with ink, similar to those made for Henry the Eighth and George the Fourth, when disease rendered those monarchs incapable of writing, and is rarely used to give an impression on wax or any similar substance. The bestowing it on Joseph was equivalent to intrusting him with the charge of the administration; because its impression, attached to any document, gave it as much authority as if it had been signed by the king's own hand." The "vesture of fine linen" was a dress peculiarly Egyptian. According to Herodotus, the garments of byssus were considered by the Egyptians as pure and holy, and therefore the priests wore these only; and they were held in high estimation among the other classes of the Egyptians. In reference to this passage, Infidel writers have affirmed, with the most unhesitating confidence, as if it were matter admitting of no doubt, that "these objects of luxury, especially polished stones, belong to a later time." The inaccuracy of this statement has been incontestably proved, not merely by the pictorial representations on the monuments, where necklaces of gold appear as regular ensigns of rank, but by the actual discovery of the necklaces themselves in the Egyptian tombs.

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* See Hengstenberg, p. 27.

MASTER AND SERVANT.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON, A.B., EDINBURGH.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IV. The *fourth* and last duty which we shall mention, as due by masters to their servants, is that of CONSCIENTIOUS REGARD FOR THEIR RELIGIOUS INTERESTS. A servant is not a mere appendage of the family, but a part of it. She has come within the enclosure of that sacred circle in which your influence is unequalled either for good or for evil. The duties of your mutual relation are not discharged by the mere payment of wages on the one hand, and the return of toil on the other—a human soul has been brought within the reach of your influence, and if you leave unheeded the great question of its salvation, there is a day coming when "its blood will be required at your hand." We must not allow our judgment on these subjects to rise no higher than the provisions of human legislation, or the low and flexible morality of the hour;

> "For many a crime, deemed innocent on earth,
> Is registered in heaven."

This states the breadth and length of the relation between the Christian master and his servant—"I know him," says God, "that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." This surely implies that the Christian master will carefully restrain his servant from all unnecessary exposure to irreligious influences, and that he will do all in his power to secure her in the full enjoyment of Christian privileges. And yet there are practices by which both portions of this rule are violated. Are there no occasions, for example, in which servants are detained from ordinances for mere purposes of cookery, when they might have enjoyed an unbroken Sabbath had those above them been contented with a somewhat less luxurious fare? And here especially let me raise my solemn protest against another custom, which I understand is by no means uncommon in many of our towns and cities. The servant's day of liberty and recreation is the Lord's-day. The agreement is, that she shall have that day to herself from a certain hour early in the forenoon to another hour far on in the evening. She may go to church, or not go to church—she may spend the day in visiting her acquaintances, or in strolling in the country—no cognizance is taken, no questions are asked, provided only she returns punctually at the appointed hour in the evening. O how much of guilt and shame rests on the head of those who give way to such a system! Perhaps your servant is an orphan child whom Providence has thrown under your roof to be a counsellor to her and a guide; or perhaps she is the daughter of parents that dwell in some remote corner of the land, and whose poverty more than their will has constrained them to yield her up to a life of reluctant servitude. And is this the way in which thou, the Christian master, dischargest the stewardship committed to thee by confiding parents and a watchful Providence? Seasons of occasional recreation should indeed be allowed to our servants, but not from God's time, but from our own—not from their Sabbath-day rest, but from their weekly toil. O tell them that it is the law of thy house reaching to thy son and to thy daughter, to thy man-servant and to thy maid-servant, and to thy stranger, that is within thy gates, that the first day of the week shall be consecrated to the hallowing of the name of the Lord!

And even when these wholesome regulations of the Christian household have been enforced, the half of our duty to our servants has not been discharged. There should be the systematic instruction of them along with our own children in the lessons of Christianity, and the resolution, prayerfully formed, and prayerfully acted out, that no servant shall depart from beneath our roof, without an adequate acquaintance with the theory, at least, of the Divine method of mercy. There should be brought habitually to bear upon them the hallowed influences of family devotion. Their afflictions, as well as our own, should be recognised in the family prayer. And crowning all, our every instruction should find its interpretation, and all our devotion its meet exponent, in a holy and consistent walk with God in the quiet circle of our own habitations. It is within the bosom of their own families that men appear as they are. There all formality is thrown aside, and all studied attitude forgotten, as too cumbrous and oppressive for such a scene. So convinced was the sagacious John Newton of this, that when he heard a friend on one occasion praising the religious character of another very highly, and appealing to him for assent, his reply was: "I should like to see the man first at his own fire-side." And if even at your own fire-side your conduct prove in a great degree the reflection and confirmation of your doctrine, who can calculate the amount of beneficent influence that you may be privileged to shed around you? Look at that Abraham, who commanded his children and his household after him, and see the reflection of his sanctity in his servant Eliezer of Damascus. Look at yonder Cornelius, and behold the reward and the fruit of his piety in "the devout soldier that waited on him continually."

To persons of a superficial and frivolous habit of mind, some of these remarks may seem unduly minute, and others extravagantly earnest. We have penned them under a deep persuasion of their importance.

Is the fact generally known and pondered, that, taking the entire population of our country, of those between the ages of fifteen and forty, one-fifth are female servants? Viewing them, therefore, even numerically, their importance is great. And this importance is almost indefinitely magnified, when we consider that the morality of servants must very seriously affect the morality of our families, and that the morality of families is the morality of the world.

We ascend now to a higher point of observation, and look at the servant as a being possessed of the same moral and immortal nature as ourselves; and we announce the appalling fact, ascertained by most accurate inquiry, that among the inmates of female penitentiaries at the present hour, three-fourths had once been household servants. Is no part of the blame of this to be ascribed to the relaxed authority or the neglect of Christian masters and mistresses? Had they been watched and warned, instructed and advised—had they been gathered around the family altar, and taught to remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy—might they not still have been adorning the paths of an humble virtue, and never have known the agony of broken hearts, the pangs of torturing remorse, and the shame of branded and dishonoured names? How many voices come from those gloomy refuges, to which they have returned with bleeding feet!—how many voices cry from that place where hope never comes—"No man cared for our souls!" Awful thought, to have resting on our consciences the blood of souls! "We are verily guilty concerning our brother."

O ye who are masters and mistresses, resolve, in the strength of Divine grace, that no servant shall ever pass from beneath your roof uninstructed, or, by the help of God, unconverted! Let them have reason to refer back to your holy and happy dwelling as the place where, in your example, they saw religion to be real, and felt it to be lovely. Let them, in future life, point back to your domestic training as the perfect model on which they form their own. Let your house, like the sanctuary, be rich to them in holiest remembrances. And remember that ye too, are servants, for "your Master also is in heaven, and there is no respect of persons with him." A part of the service he has intrusted to us is, to bring our house to serve the Lord. And there is an impartial day coming, when we shall appear before him, to be judged of our stewardship. No distinctions shall be known then, but such as are moral and essential. All else, with eir grave-clothes, men shall have put off. ne shall rule, none serve.

> "No king, no subject then; unscutcheon'd all,
> Uncrown'd, unplumed, unpedigreed,
> Unlaced, uncoronetted, unbestarr'd."

thing shall be forgotten, nothing concealed. d we are filling up the history now which is be unrolled then. Awful thought, impress- , as with the stamp of eternity, the deeds of ne. To masters, then, and to servants alike, address the inspired words of exhortation: Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the rd, and not unto men; knowing that of the rd ye shall receive the reward of the inheri- nce; for ye serve the Lord Christ. But he at doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong hich he hath done; and there is no respect of rsons."—Col. iii. 23–25.

OBJECTIONS TO THE DOCTRINE OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE CONSIDERED.

(From Dr. Dick's Theological Lectures.)

The *first* which I shall mention is, that the doc- ine of providence supposes God to have his atten- n occupied and distracted with a multitude of res, of which some are in danger of being neglected, d all are inconsistent with undisturbed felicity. his was the great argument of the Epicureans, but can have effect only on shallow minds. Human inds can attend to many and complicated affairs, quick succession; and were these greatly en- rged, or made equal to those of angels, their sphere observation, and power of embracing broad and mplicated subjects, without fatigue, would be stly increased. And if God's understanding be finite, it is competent to attend to all the affairs of e universe without effort. His knowledge must nbrace all things, however obscure or minute; and ing intuitive, is as easy to him as a glance of the e. All created things are naked and open before m, with all their essences, properties, operations, oughts, and designs. It costs him no more labour know all creatures and events in the universe, than does a man to see what is under the scope of his e; nor is the care of all things any burden to him ho is almighty, who does all things without effort fatigue. "The Creator of the ends of the earth inteth not, neither is weary."

In the *second* place, it has been objected that the ctrine of providence degrades the majesty of God bringing his attention to objects unworthy of him -to a fly, to a mite which the human eye cannot rceive. But it will be acknowledged that such eatures exist, and that by the will of their Creator. , then, it was worthy of God to give them being, hy is it unworthy of him to uphold them? The jection lies not against the *care*, but against the *istence* of such creatures. To a man of piety such eatures furnish matter of admiration and praise. od's power is wonderful in the least, as in the great- t of his works. In a fly or an animalcule there e muscles, and nerves, and blood-vessels, and organs digestion and of sense, and these assembled in a oint indiscernible to the keenest human eye. And hat a sublime idea does it give of the goodness of od, to think that it communicates itself not only to e angelic hosts, and to the rational inhabitants of r globe, and to the lower animals, but to the myriads of the living particles nestling on a leaf, or swimming on a drop of water, or burrowing in a grain of sand.

In the *third* place, it is objected that many facts appear to be inconsistent with the wisdom and benevolence of an Almighty Ruler of the world—such as the physical evils which impair the beauty and happiness of creation—the barrenness of many places of the earth—the profusion of weeds and noxious plants—the excesses of heat and cold, of drought and moisture, and all the calamities to which men are exposed. This objection arises from inattention to the fact that this world is not an abode for innocent beings, where unmixed happiness is to be looked for. It is not an Eden, but the ground that was cursed for man's sake. It is a rebellious province, under the tokens of its Sovereign's displeasure. And these evils existing in the world, go to confirm the doctrine of providence—they are instances of the interference of a righteous God for the punishment of sin.

The last objection which I shall mention is founded on the afflictions of the righteous and the prosperity of the wicked. With regard to this I remark, that the righteous are chargeable in the sight of God with many transgressions, which render them worthy of correction. Pure virtue, if it existed on earth, might be expected to have a portion of pure felicity assigned to it; but mixed virtue has no reason to complain at receiving a cup mixed with bitter ingredients. No good man ever makes his own afflictions an argument against the doctrine of providence; because he is conscious that he deserves more than he suffers; nay, so far are the afflictions of the righteous from disproving the care and goodness of Providence, that they are the surest evidences of his love, because their express design is to purify them from sin, and by a salutary discipline to prepare them for heaven.

As to the prosperity of the wicked, it sometimes comes with the merciful design of leading them to repentance. At other times it is given, not on their own account, but for the sake of making them the channels of God's bounty to their families, their dependants, their neighbourhood and their country; and sometimes it is given as a token of God's displeasure, and operates as a means of nurturing wicked passions, and preparing the way for a more dreadful ruin. When, as the Psalmist did, we come to contemplate the end of the wicked, we shall not be perplexed with a view of their present prosperity.

When we speak of divine providence, we do not mean by it a perfect moral administration. We see only the commencement of things here, and wait for a full development at the proper season. Now men are in a state of trial—having opportunities of doing good or evil; and though they may be treated in part according to their conduct, yet the full retribution will not take place till the season of their trial is ended. There are wise and necessary reasons why retribution is delayed; and the appearances of injustice which have distressed good men, and furnished the bad with arguments against providence, should give us no disturbance. Amidst the darkness which surrounds us, we see enough to convince us that there is a Supreme Governor, and that he loves righteousness and hates iniquity, and that ere long his judgment will be openly revealed. There is sufficient evidence that heaven is on the side of virtue, notwithstanding its trials, and against vice, notwithstanding its occasional success; and we are authorized to believe, that virtue will ultimately triumph, and vice will be expelled from the kingdom of God. "He cometh to judge the earth; he shall judge the world in righteousness, and the people with his truth."

(From Leighton.)

God fills his own work; he is not only over it, but he is also in it. If we ascribe to him the origin of this fabric, and all things in it, it will be most absurd and inconsistent to deny him the preservation and government of it; for if he does not preserve and govern his creatures, it must be either because he cannot, or because he will not; but his infinite power and wisdom make it impossible to doubt of the former, and his infinite goodness of the latter.

It is, to be sure, a very great miracle, merely to know so great a multitude and variety of things; not only particular towns, but also provinces and kingdoms, even the whole earth: all the myriads of creatures that crawl upon the earth, and all their thoughts—at the same instant, to hear and see all that happens in both hemispheres. How much more wonderful must it be, to rule and govern all these at once, and that with one glance of the eye!

It is a great comfort to have the faith of this providence constantly impressed upon the mind, so as to have recourse to it in the midst of all confusions and all calamities, whether from without or from within—to be able to say, The great King, who is also my Father, is the supreme ruler of all these things, and with him all my interests are secure—in every distress, when all hope of human assistance is swallowed up in despair, to silence all the fears with these comfortable words, "God will provide."

SAMARIA.

It is most affecting to look round this scene of desolation, and to remember that this was the place where wicked Ahab built his house of Baal, where cruel Jezebel ruled, and where Elijah and Elisha did their wonders. But above all, it filled the mind with solemn awe to read on the spot the words of God's prophet, uttered 2500 years before: "I will make Samaria as a heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof." Every clause reveals a new feature in the desolation of Samaria, differing in all its details from the desolation of Jerusalem, and every word has literally come to pass. We had found both on the summit, and on the southern valley, at every little interval, heaps of ancient stones piled up, which had been gathered off the surface to clear it for cultivation. There can be no doubt that these stones once formed part of the temples, and palaces, and dwellings of Samaria, so that the word is fulfilled: "I will make Samaria as a heap of the field."

We had also seen how completely the hill has been cleared of all edifices, the stones gathered off it as in the clearing of a vineyard, the only columns that remain standing bare without their capitals; so that in all respects the hill is left like "the plantings of a vineyard"—either like the bare vine-shoots of a newly planted vineyard, or like the well-cleared terraces, where vines might be planted. Still further, we had seen that the ruins of the ancient city had not been left to moulder away on the hill where they were built, as is the case with other ancient cities, but had been cleared away to make room for the labours of the husbandman. The place where the buildings of the city stood has been tilled, sown, and reaped; and the buildings themselves rolled down over the brow of the hill. Of this, the heaps in the valley, the loose fragments in the rude dykes that run up the sides, and the broken columns on their way down into the val- are witnesses; so that the destroyers of Samaria very names are unknown), and the simple dman, have both unwittingly been fulfilling God's word: "I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley." And last of all, we had noticed that many of the stones in the valley were large and massy, as if they had been the foundation-stones of a building, and that in many parts of the vast colonnade nothing more than the bases of the pillars remain. But especially we observed, that the ruined church had been built upon foundations of a far older date than the church itself, the stones being of great size, and bevelled in a manner similar to the stones of the temple wall at Jerusalem, and those of the mosque at Hebron, and these foundations were now quite exposed. So that the last clause of prophecy is fulfilled with the same awful minuteness: "I will discover the foundations thereof." Surely there is more than enough in the fulfilment of this fourfold prediction to condemn, if it does not convince, the Infidel.—*Narrative of a Mission to the Jews.*

DECEIVE NOT YOUR OWN SOULS.

Lord! how generally do the Christians of our age deceive themselves with a self-sprung religion! Divine indeed in the institution, but merely human in respect of the radication and exercise; in which respects also it must be divine or nothing. What! are we yet to learn that a divine power must work and form our religion in us, as well as divine authority direct and enjoin it? Do all such Scriptures go for nothing that tell us, it is God that must create the new heart, and renew the right spirit in us; that he must turn us, if ever we be turned; that we can never come to Christ, except the Father draw us, &c.? Nor is there any cause of discouragement in this, if you consider what hath before been said in this discourse. Ask, and you shall receive; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you. Your heavenly Father will give his Spirit to them that ask, more readily than parents do bread to their children, and not a stone. But what if you be put to ask often, and wait long?—this doth but the more endear the gift, and show the high value of it. You are to remember how often you have grieved, resisted, and vexed this Spirit, and that you have made God wait long upon you. What if the absolute sovereign Lord of all expect your attendance upon him? He waits to be gracious; and blessed are they that wait for him. Renew your applications to him. Lay from time to time that covenant before you, which yourselves must be wrought up unto a full, entire closure with; and if it be not done at one time, try yet if it will at another, and try again and again. Remember it is for your life, for your soul, for your all.—*Howe.*

VALUE OF PRAYER.

It was a memorable saying of Ambrose to the mother of Augustine, when she lamented to him the indisposition which her son at that time displayed to all religious feeling: "I have never known the son allowed to perish for whose soul so many prayers and holy tears interceded." Nor when we hear, in like manner, complaints from parents and teachers, of education, of example, and entreaty thrown away on the levity and stubbornness of those whose hearts they have desired to soften and meliorate, can we avoid sometimes suspecting that their pains might have had a happier effect, if His help had been duly sought for, who only giveth the increase, either to the earthly or spiritual husbandman.

HOLY ZEAL.

BY THE REV. JAMES BEGG, NEWINGTON.

An explanation, in the first place, of the true nature of Christian zeal is essential, because this, like every grace of the Christian character, has many counterfeits. Satan, and all the followers of Satan, have assumed the garb of angels of light—presumption has been substituted for faith—the alarm of death and judgment for repentance—a vague complacency, even in regard to falsehood and sin, has endeavoured to usurp the place of Christian love—outward acts have assumed the title of holiness—intolerance and persecution have endeavoured to palm themselves upon the world as zeal. About the nature of no grace do more mistakes exist, or have more mistakes existed in all ages, than about the nature of Christian zeal. Many false appearances have passed for it. Some imagine that all men have enough of it—some that many have too much of it, and that, instead of labouring to stir men up to be zealous for the truth and cause of God, it is more the duty of Christian ministers to smooth down the energy of their brethren, and moderate the warmth which they exhibit. The nature of this grace, in a word, is misunderstood where it does not exist, and despised and vilified where it does; and when we see how Satan takes advantage of all this ignorance and folly—and how cold and careless, in regard to spiritual things, professing Christians in general are—how few make any efforts to advance the cause of truth—how many are zealous in the service of sin, and in urging on a thousand follies which drown themselves and their brethren in perdition; is it not our duty to endeavour to rescue this essential mark of holiness, and to set it before men in all its vital necessity and importance, as the impelling cause of all active Christianity, the beauty and perfection of the Christian character?

What, then, is the true nature of Christian zeal? It is one of the precious fruits of the Holy Spirit, and consists simply in an earnest and enlightened desire to promote the glory of God and the good of men. It is a fire from the Divine altar, touching the hearts of the followers of the Lamb; and it makes the understanding acute—the memory retentive—the conscience alive—the affections warm and ardent. It pervades the whole man. It makes the countenance shine—the eyes beam—the tongue quick to defend truth, as the pen of a ready writer—the hands active in every good work—the feet swift to run in the way of God's commandments. It rules over the whole conduct. It makes us ready to devote our time, our wealth, our talents, our influence, our all to the glorious Redeemer, and the cause of truth and righteousness. Such, and so powerful, so essential to ministers and people, is Christian zeal. It is not an affection, but it heightens and brings out all affections. It is not a principle, but it gives energy to all principles; and without it all principles are dead. It is not a separate faculty of the mind; but it gives power to all the faculties, lustre to all the graces, intensity to all the feelings of the human soul. With it, we are ready to every good work; without it, we are dead even whilst we live.

There is much zeal in the world, altogether apart from Christianity; and by examining it you may discover the true nature of Christian zeal; for it appears that men, after they are converted, retain the very same elements of nature, only quickened and purified, fixed on new objects, and increased in intensity. In the "new heart," the direction of the affections has been entirely changed; but as the king eagerly gazes on his crown, and on the princes and men at arms by whom he is surrounded, all indicating the majesty of his kingdom—as the mother earnestly watches her infant, and would defend its life by the sacrifice of her own, all the deep feelings of her nature being roused into activity—as ambition fixes its eyes stedfastly upon the hill at the glittering height of which it hopes to arrive, and as all the energies of its nature are quick to discern and pursue every object by which the result may be achieved—as the miser fastens his eyes on heaps of gold and silver, and is never seen, waking or sleeping, to unloose his grasp or lose sight of his favourite object—as the hero eyes his army with fixed interest, by whose aid he hopes to press his way through fields of blood to garlands of perishing glory; so a zealous Christian beholds with fixed interest the object of his pursuit—the glory of God and the good of souls. All his perceptions and feelings are alive —nothing diverts him from his object—nothing will make him relax, till the loud proclamation is heard—"It is done: the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." As the angels on high are zealous, and cease not day nor night to perform their holy duties—as they never have tired, and never shall—as they have wings with which they fly like lightning to execute the purposes of God; so Christians, inspired with similar feelings, are said to "mount up with wings as eagles, to run without being weary, to walk without being faint." In a word, as it is zeal of one kind or other which keeps the whole world in motion; so it is zeal of a higher and nobler kind which sustains and urges on the energies of the Christian Church. It is a fire from heaven, which, after pervading the sanctuary below, rises in a sweet cloud of incense to heaven again.

Do you wish instances of the manifestation of this heavenly feeling? You will find them in the histories of all the prophets and holy men who have been since the world began, and who, in consequence, "wrought righteousness, quenched the violence of fire, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." You will find them in the history of the "twelve tribes, who instantly served God day and night." You will find an instance in "Anna the prophetess, who departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day;" in Paul, standing at Athens, "his spirit being stirred within him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry," and who, amidst all his wanderings, and amidst all his perils, was a zealous man, fervent in love, eager in desire, longing in hope, perfect in hatred against all iniquity and every form of evil. In the histories of the Reformers and Martyrs, who have since adorned the world, you see living specimens of that heaven-born zeal whose nature we are endeavouring to describe; and above all, and before all, in the history of Him who went about continually doing good, and who left us an example that we should walk in his steps.

It may be necessary, however, to advert for a little to the counterfeits which have endeavoured to pass current in the world, under the name of this holy feeling. These may be summed up under three heads:—

I. A man may be zealous for falsehood as well as truth, or he may endeavour to advance right measures by false means. There may be strength and energy in connection with blindness. Samson may be strong, but he may be deprived of his eyes. Respecting the Jews, th Apostle Paul says: "I bear them record th they have a zeal for God, but not according t knowledge;" and any one who sees them in th present day in all lands, clasping the Word o God to their bosoms, and zealous for the traditions of the elders, eagerly longing for a Messiah that can never come—any one who sees them with the veil of darkness upon their eyes but full of zeal and eagerness, sees a who nation in the state in which Paul was before hi conversion, touching which he says, "Concerning zeal, I persecuted the Church." We see th same thing in the priests of Baal of old, and i the followers of the Man of Sin at present, whose priests have "hid the key of knowledge, not entering themselves, and hindering tho that would enter." We see them zealous f a thousand traditions and ceremonies, condemned by God, and even by human reason, a were the proceedings of those who in a frenzy of old made their sons and daughters pass through the fire to Moloch.

But we have said there is blindness not on in choosing the objects about which to exerci our zeal, but in choosing the manner in which we should manifest it. We may see what i truth and rectitude, and yet we may seek to promote them by means different from those prescribed in Scripture. "Shall we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, as Elias did?" said the disciples to our Saviour; and he answered, "Ye know not what spirit y are of;" and yet, in spite of this admonition, w find that cruelty of every kind has been employed, and the fire has spread from house t house, from land to land, from age to age; s that even the blood-thirsty inquisitor, blinded by Satan, has believed himself to be zealous fo the truth upon the earth.

II. There is an ostentatious zeal, the fruit of pride and self-righteousness, which is equally condemned in Scripture, and especially by our blessed Saviour. There is a generation wh take especial care to have all that they say or do properly noticed, appreciated, and recorded of men. None of the sacrifices which they make, or deeds which they do, must be done in a corner. The more widely these are noised, abroad, the more gratified are they. "Come, see my zeal for the Lord," said the wicked Jehu. And the Pharisees at the time of Isaiah afflicted their souls, bowed down their heads like a bulrush, and spread sackcloth and ashes under them. The Pharisees at the time of Christ made long prayers in the corners of the streets, ed a trumpet before them, and did alms, to n of men.

w, it is to be observed, that it is not the of Christians to conceal all that they do, it possible. Their light must shine before that others may see their good works, and y their heavenly Father. "They are as a et on a hill, which cannot be hid." But is must be with no desire after ostentation ain display. Their light must be the calm, y, ever-increasing light of principle, and he broad glare by which the world may be ved. Pretended zeal is generally very tatious, and a cloak for falsehood and ity; we see the greatest effort when the d is looking on and admiring, profuse ex- iture only when it is to be greeted with hosannas of the multitude. Within, all is of selfishness and guilt; and such manifesta- s are sometimes only a covering for the sest wickedness. "Proclaim a fast," said infamous Jezebel, "and set Naboth aloft ngst the people;" whilst, at the very time, was plotting his murder. Demetrius was lous for Diana, but the secret motive was t his own craft was in danger; and if any l look abroad in the present day, he will netimes see men carrying on their avarice, ir deceit, their cunning, their hypocrisy, all der pretence of zeal for the best interests men. It is, therefore, necessary to distin- ish, and to beware.

III. False zeal is fluctuating and momen- ry in its duration, "like the morning cloud d early dew, which passeth away." Like haraoh, when Moses is before us, and when e are smarting under the rod of God, we ay appear penitent, and ready to any good ork; but when both are removed, our zeal eparts with them. It may spring like the ed sown on the rock, which, when the sun ses, withers away. In church we may feel a low of zeal, at the time of sacrament, when eated into ecstasy by an eloquent preacher, or y some unusual excitement, we may seem to atch the fire of zeal; but, like a hasty spark, straightway dies. True zeal, like the fire in he temple of God of old, must never go out ntil He comes whose we are; faith and hope tand round and kindle upon true zeal fresh oals of fire, until all is swallowed up in the laze of glory of that resurrection morning which shall consummate the joy of all the sons of God.

Having thus explained the nature of Christian zeal, and distinguished it from those false manifestations which usurp its name, let us state the objects towards which it ought to be directed. Time would fail to mention all these; but it is our duty, first of all, *zealously to secure our own salvation*. All desires must give way to this; for "what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" and how miserable a thing will it be to say on the day of judgment: "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils," if Christ shall say, "I never knew you!" This was the zeal of the Apostle Paul, who said, I labour "lest, having preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." And when we think how fearful it will be to be like those inanimate statues which stand on the staircases of the great, to light others up to halls of glory whilst themselves are motionless and dead, we may well "give all diligence to make our own calling and election sure."

But, next to our own salvation, we should labour to advance that of all other men. Let us but think of the interest which God himself has exhibited in man from the very first—from the time when he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and gave him dominion over the creatures; think of man now fallen and condemned, and of God laying aside his majesty, descending from heaven, and in human form offering a glorious oblation, that he might build out of these very ruins a glorious everlasting temple to himself; think that every one you see passing along the street is the possessor of an immortal soul—a soul that shall live in happiness or misery for eternal ages; that God has given his ambassadors commission to preach the Gospel to every creature, and assured you that he will be the more delighted the greater the number of these wandering outcasts that are raised to glory; that he has not intrusted the high work of converting men to angels, but to the sons of men—to you, and me, and every man to whom the word of this salvation has been sent; think that time is so short that it is compared to a vapour—so uncertain, that death comes like a thief in the night, and say if zeal is not required in the work of converting your fellow-men.

But about the external ordinances of God's appointment you should also be zealous. It is madness to say, God will maintain his own truth whatever we do. He will not maintain it without human agency—he will not maintain it amongst men who are careless about its existence, but remove it to other lands, whose inhabitants will rejoice in the privilege, and bring forth the fruits of it. To them that have, in others words, that rejoice in their spiritual possessions, shall be given, and they shall have abundance; but from them that have not zeal and anxiety to defend the blessings of God, shall be taken away even that which they have. It is madness for men to say, Why should we defend the external ordinances of religion—the Sabbath-day, a standing ministry—these are not the essence of religion, and it is for that we should be zealous. O fools and blind! do you not see that for the same reason we should give up the Bible itself, all prayers, all sacraments—these are not the essence of religion, they are merely helps to religion, and manifestations of its power.

To bring these remarks to a close, we say, If anything is clear from Scripture, it is, that zeal is essentially necessary in all Christian undertakings. In regard to our own salvation, how clear is this! All the figures under which personal Christianity is set forth are made to indicate it. If heaven is a house—if there is a door by which that house must be entered, we must *strive*, *ask*, *knock* at the door—force our way as it were into everlasting blessedness; for the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force! Is it a battle against the depravity of our own hearts, enemies without, enemies within, spirits of darkness in mid-air, and spirits embodied who go about watching for our halting?—we must take the whole armour of God, that we may stand in the evil day, and having done all, may stand. Is it a work to be done?—it must be done with our might; we must give all diligence to do it. Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently. Is it a race to be run?—we must lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth most easily beset us, and run this race. If we are cold, or neither cold nor hot, we are rejected by God. If we have no earnestness, it is an evidence that we have neither part nor lot in the matter, but are as yet in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity.

Not only is zeal in general required in prosecuting our personal Christianity, but every particular duty is required to be discharged with zeal. Is it love?—the Scripture says, Have fervent charity—cast thy bread upon the waters—give a portion to seven and also to eight—give cheerfully, for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. Is it hope?—we must abound in hope; it must be an anchor of the soul, sure and stedfast, entering into that within the veil. Is it prayer?—it must be effectual fervent prayer; we must always pray, and not faint. There was in a certain city a widow, and there was a judge who neither feared God nor regarded man; but she succeeded by her importunity: and shall not God avenge his own elect, who cry day and night to him? Is it reading the Scriptures?—we must search the Scriptures—we must delight in them as those who have found great spoils. O how I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day. My son, if thou criest after Knowledge, if thou seekest her as silver, in search after which men descend into the bowels of the earth, piercing rocks and mountains, then shalt thou find the knowledge of God. We must not only do good works, but "be zealous of good works," clothing ourselves with zeal as with a garment, and making way through all opposition. No doubt, in regard to all matters indifferent our zeal is unnecessary; if the dispute be about eating of flesh, or circumcision, or any frivolous matter, let it pass. If any man contend for these, the apostles had no such custom, neither the Churches of God; but if it be a Christian principle or duty, our whole souls and all that is within us must be stirred up; if it be a question affecting the glory of God or eternal interests of the men, there must be no compromise—friend and foe must be rebuked, if necessary, even as Paul withstood Peter to the face when he was to be blamed.

A SABBATH SCHOLAR'S REWARD.

(From the Christian Spectator.)

Descending Cairn Mountain to the farm-house, where we had left our chaise, we were warmly invited to enter. Though I have designated it thus, let no English reader imagine to himself anything approaching to the so-called neatly-thatched, substantial buildings that abound in this country, and that in their internal arrangements and comfort can generally vie with the conveniences of houses in town, and sometimes surpass them. This was a genuine Irish cabin, with blackened rafters, hard clay floor, and open chimney, up which the peat smoke ascended in volumes; dispensing at times, however, a few of its favours, more readily than welcome, in the direction of the door. Yet here was the ready, hearty welcome by the inmates, to their dish which consisted of potatoes and salt herrings. The mountain air, and three hours' walking and climbing, had given me a keen appetite, and I do not remember ever enjoying a meal with more zest than I did the potatoes and butter-milk which were set before me; made doubly sweet by the glad looks of the mother of the family who sat round the table, and whose honest sunburnt countenances corroborated her expressions of pleasure, that the English gentleman should honour their poor cabin by taking a meal in it. Whatever the honour was to them I could not divine: the benefit to me of their hospitality was real and substantial.

While sitting at the table, my attention was directed to a venerable old man, who appeared to have recently risen from his bed, and who was sitting by the side of the fire-place. My companion had greeted the patriarch with a familiar expression of esteem as he entered, and as soon as we were fairly seated, I got into conversation with him; and from him and his pastor (for such was the relation my friend sustained towards him) I learned the few particulars of his history. With these I shall conclude the chapter.

Thomas Murray—that was the old man's name—was born near Belfast, and wrought as a farm-labourer from his boyhood. At the age of forty-two he came to reside in the cabin where I found him, which he had not left for above a day for forty years. His dwelling was half a mile from any other; and the intercourse which he and the members of his family held with any others was infrequent and short, except at times when mutual aid was given and required in the harvest seasons. His farm consisted of forty Irish acres—"a power of acres," he called them; for he had regarded himself, and was esteemed so by others, a large landholder, although half was mountain land, and more productive of heather than anything else. Still here he obtained a subsistence for himself and family, until "auburn locks" gave place to "reverend grey." Seventy-five years had passed over him, and left their traces in many a furrow on his bronze brow; and yet, although so near the close of his career, he was "without God in the world." No thoughts of a future eternity appear to have stirred the depths, or even to have ruffled the surface of his mind. He seemed to be "let alone:" "but God, who is rich in mercy," remembered him. At the age of seventy-five, he was laid aside from his accustomed duties by an affliction which confined him to the house; and he who had always led an active life, and to whom the healthful breezes of the mountain were as necessary as food, felt the irksomeness of his detention at home; and having nothing wherewith to while away the tedium of the lagging hours, he became exceedingly irritable and impatient. The tidings of his sickness were communicated to the inmates of the next cabin, in which dwelt a little girl, who was a scholar in the Sabbath-school at Strade. For her attention in the class, she had received a reward from her minister—one of the publications of the Tract Society. When she heard that old Murray was ill and fretful, because he knew not how to spend his time, she thought that the absence of books might be one cause of the time passing heavily; and under the promptings of a kind and benevolent heart, she resolved to go over to the old man's cabin, and offer the loan of her treasure for him to read. Murray, more with the design of gratifying the child, and glad to have something that might help to relieve the weary days of sickness, accepted her book, and promised to peruse it. He did so. As he read, he became conscious of unusual emotion. It was neither old age nor feebleness from his affliction, that made his hand tremble so, as he turned over the pages; neither was it a natural dimness that at times hid the words from him. Tears were swelling up from his heart, deep convictions were struggling in his soul; and, like Felix, he trembled as he read of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. That was a memorable day to him. Mightily did the Spirit of God strive with him; the neglects, the transgressions of a long life were brought home to his conscience; the terror of the law flashed upon his guilty spirit, and everlasting ruin seemed inevitable. He wept, and read, and prayed; he prayed, and read, and wept again. He regarded his sickness with alarm—it might be unto death, and he felt unprepared; and the prayer of his trembling heart was, "O spare me, that I may recover strength before I go hence, and be no more." Eagerly now did he thirst for instruction, and again and again was the book perused which had at first awakened him. It was intended more for direction than conviction; yet as it had produced the latter, so also did it give the former. Light broke in upon the old man's soul, and a Bible was now prized that had been before disregarded. The child when she heard that Murray had recovered his health, called for her book. He had learned very highly to value it, and was therefore unwilling to part with it. Misunderstanding his refusal, she repaired with tears in her eyes to her minister, and told him her tale. He, quickly discerning how matters stood, cheered her with the promise of another volume, and immediately repaired to the mountain cabin. It proved as he had anticipated. Thomas Murray had become a new man, and was bending over the pages of the precious volume the child had lent him. Mr. B—— took it up; it was "The Anxious Inquirer" that had found its way into the old man's hand, and its truths had penetrated his heart. From that day he grew in divine knowledge with a rapidity as delightful and satisfactory as it was surprising. When I saw him he spoke as one who had caught glimpses of "the land that is very far off," and of "the King in his beauty." Our intercourse was refreshing to my soul; and I parted from him with a reverence for his piety as well as for his grey hairs.

A few weeks ago, I received from his pastor the intelligence of his death. His last illness was short, and his departure sudden. The day prior to his death he visited his neighbours, and gave each member of the family a tract, with a suitable admonition. "He sent for me in the evening," says Mr. B——, "and in my presence requested his family with his dying words to turn from that refuge of lies (they were Arians), and come to the Lord Jesus Christ; and early in the morning he breathed his last. Such was the death of poor old Thomas!" "At evening time it shall be light." "Let me die the death of the righteousness, and let my last end be like his!'"

JERUSALEM DURING THE FEASTS.

Jerusalem, in ordinary circumstances, was comparatively tranquil: in the language of Isaiah it was "a quiet habitation." The laws of Moses, with all their particularity, gave no directions about internal commerce; and a foreign trade, bringing Jews and Gentiles into ensnaring communication, was wholly antagonist to the genius of that economy. Besides, Jerusalem was not a sea-port town, nor did any considerable river flow in its vicinity, to facilitate intercourse with distant localities. Indeed, the Holy City had ceased, in the days of our Lord, to be the capital of the country. Cæsarea, of Palestine, so called by Herod the Great, who enlarged and adorned it, in honour of his patron, Cæsar Augustus, had become the residence of the Roman governor, and was the principal seat of fashionable resort, and civil administration. It may be supposed, then, that on common occasions the old metropolis was sufficiently quiescent, and wore something of a sombre and deserted appearance.

But if a traveller, taking up his abode there, had remained for some months, he would have seen a wonderful alteration in the aspect of affairs. There were three annual feasts, named respectively the Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles, which all the males of the Jews were imperatively required to celebrate "in the place which the Lord had chosen, to put his name there." Besides these, there were two other annual feasts—those of Trumpets and Expiation—which were celebrated in Jerusalem; and though attendance on these last was voluntary, they were numerously frequented. When any of these solemnities was at hand, it gave note of its approach. Houses of merchandise were taking in stores. The various sections of the priesthood were all activity about the temple. The streets resounded with the bleeting of sheep and the lowing of cattle that were to be offered in sacrifice. Not only were inns and similar establishments put into condition to receive visitants, but almost every family were providing for others besides themselves, and striving to make the most of their spare accommodation.

A glance at rural districts was sufficient to show that the excitement and commotion were not confined to the town. Every footpath had its passengers. They travelled in companies, and carried with them tents and kindred insignia of lengthened pilgrimage. In eyeing them more carefully and extensively, it might be seen that they were moving towards a common centre; and that, although coming from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, they had all their faces "as going to Jerusalem." They had many partial gatherings and comminglings, short of their final destination. As smaller rills of water lose themselves in the larger, and these again coalesce to form more considerable rivers, so the tributary by-ways furnished each its scores or hundreds of pilgrims to the principal roads; and near to Jerusalem the advancing population became as a Nile or a Ganges, rolling in all its accumulative might before emptying itself into the ocean. "They go from strength to strength," says the Psalmist; "every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." The marginal reading is, "They go from company to company;" and if this translation be correct, it conveys the sentiment I have expressed, and represents one band as joining with another, till they presented in Zion one "general assembly."

It appears that they relieved the tedium of travelling by devotional exercises, and more particularly by celebrating God's praises: to which allusion may be made in such sayings as these: "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage"—"They shall sing in the ways of the Lord; for great is the glory of the Lord"—"The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads." When the fatiguing marches were nearly concluded; when their hardships and perils were almost surmounted; and Jerusalem, the object of their longing, the completion of their hopes, burst on the view, we can readily imagine that the ardour of the worshippers would uplift the strains of rapturous salutation. The city of their God was before them! There stood its walls, its gates, its battlements, its palaces, and, most conspicuous of all, towered the temple, with its courts and pinnacles, and holy of holies, from the golden covering of which the sun reflected far and wide its beams, as if to conduct, by messengers of light, to the God of glory. Every Hebrew had his native town or country district; but here was Jerusalem, the mother of them all. Now every pilgrim was at home,—and what a home! "Beautiful for situation, the joy of all the earth, was Mount Zion." On descrying it, well might their collecting hosts sing and shout: "His foundation is in the holy mountains. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God!" As the travellers came from all directions, these accents would break on the city from all sides, so that it would be literally "compassed about with songs of deliverance."*

MEMORIALS OF THE INQUISITION.

NO. I.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

Popery has been called the masterpiece of Satan, and the Inquisition is the masterpiece of Popery. As the deceiver of mankind has lavished all his ingenuity on the system of which the Man of Sin is the head, he has concentrated all his malignity against the truth of God in that engine of Satanic cruelty, constructed and employed by Dominic, who has long been worshipped as a saint by the Church of Rome on account of this invention. It was not enough to corrupt or caricature the revelation which Jehovah gave, and substitute the counterfeits of an alleged infallibility for the simple truth as it is in Jesus. To complete, if possible, the extirpation and overthrow of what God had planted—to rob man of his sole hope of escape from the wrath to come—to leave him as the victim of superstition, groping his own darkling way through this world to the second death, instead of allowing him to move onward to glory in the light which God in Christ shed down, the Gospel must be perverted in all its doctrines. And not only so. Some might still keep hold of the truth. The felt need of it on the one hand, or the felt blessedness of it on the other, might have rendered some victorious over all Satan's wiles. But to stratagem and cunning he added violence and bloodshed. What could not be corrupted by the Papal heresy, or erased from the mind by a false creed, was crushed by the tortures of the body. Rome, in short, by her Inquisition, extirpated the truth from Christendom; and having all but succeeded in her diabolical crusade, she sat down like the fallen hero among the ruins, and rejoiced in spirit amid the devastation she had made.

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* From work on "The Lord's Supper," by Dr. King of Glasgow.

It may serve to manifest more clearly the spirit of false religion, and warn men against its subtle and insinuating wiles, if we lay before our readers some Memorials of the Inquisition. That institution has been subjected to various changes. It has at one time been established, at another abolished, at a third restored. Its spirit has on some occasions appeared even among Protestants. Let us try, then, to delineate its character, its principles, and doings; for what if the Inquisition were to be restored, even in the land in which we dwell, before a quarter of a century roll away?

It was Dominic, the founder of the Popish sect of Dominicans, that was the author of this infernal machine. Born at Calaroga, in the diocese of Osma, in Spain, about the year 1170, he became in due time a fit apostle of Popery by the cruelty of his dispositions, and the ferocity with which he assailed and put to death all who dissented from the Church of Rome. The pope of the day saw that what he called heresy was spreading, in spite of all his efforts to repress it. The bishops in detail were not sufficiently exterminating. For that reason, the universal bishop took the matter into his own hands, and soon found a fitting ally, as the executioner of his remorseless will, in Dominic of Calaroga. He and some others were instructed to *seek out* all who were supposed to be infected. Their number, their rank and influence became objects of inquiry; and hence the name *Inquisitors* and *Inquisition*. The secular arm was called in to aid them in this work of inquest and extermination. It was the early announced resolution of Dominic to eradicate the very memory of heretics; and Toulouse and other districts in France soon bled at every pore amid his murderous campaigns against the followers of Christ. Carcassone, La Vaur, Villeneuve, Castres de Termes, Avignon, and other places, were sacked, burned, or razed to the ground, because they were reputed the haunts of heretics. As a specimen of the method of procedure, we mention that at Castres de Termes they burned the wife, the sister, and the daughter of Raymond its lord, in the same fire, because they would not embrace the creed of Rome. Successes like these prepared the way for the thorough and secure establishment of the Inquisition as a system of murder. Toulouse, Narbonne, and some neighbouring places were among the first to be scourged with this terrible curse. In 1232 the Inquisition was established in Spain: in 1251 in Italy, under Innocent IV.; and the whole of Christendom was parcelled out by the spiritual despot among his ghostly executioners. In 1478 a new extension and greater consolidation was given to the horrid system, under Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. The Jews were remorselessly afflicted, and within a few years two thousand of both sexes were burnt. The bones of some were even taken from their graves and reduced to ashes; but their lot was a happy one compared with that which awaited the living sufferers. In 1494 the ferocious monarchs of Spain ordered all the children of Israel to quit their dominions in four years; and death was to be the award did any one dare to linger or return. One hundred and seventy thousand families—eight hundred thousand individuals—were thus driven into exile, to poverty, to death, and all the ills that persecution could inflict or humanity endure. The Moors of Granada shared a similar fate. The foundations of the Inquisition were laid in murder, and its walls cemented with blood.

At length, under the gradual development of truth, the Inquisition came to be regarded as the only safeguard of Popish kingdoms. Charles V., who had wielded its awful power with tremendous severity against heretics in some parts of his vast dominions, bequeathed it as a legacy by will to his son, the fierce and bigoted Philip II. During his bloody reign it was no longer solitary heretics that were consumed at separate places. All the condemned throughout the kingdom of Spain were collected like sheep droved for the slaughter, and kept till the king should return from the Netherlands to Spain, when they were immolated at Seville and Valladolid, in an *Auto-de-fe* to grace and give pomp to the entry of the monarch. In the wholesale butchery on that occasion, men and women of all ranks were cast into the flames; and on another, in the presence of King Philip, twenty-eight of the chief nobility of Spain were tied to stakes and burnt. Such were the proceedings of one whom Pius I. called his "most dear son in Christ"—proceedings which were extended to both elements; for in his ships on the ocean, as well as his cities by land, did Philip set up the Inquisition, and urge the Inquisitors to ply their horrid work. In Peru and Mexico (1571) the Spanish invasion brought with it the Spanish religion and its tortures. In the Marquesas, an *Auto-de-fe*—the name impiously given to these murders—

on one occasion lasted from six in the morning till five in the evening; and from year to year these acts were repeated, under the prostituted name of religion, with princes and princesses among the spectators, nay, stimulating the barbarity by their words and example. Portugal and Spain long vied with each other in perpetrating these enormities.

In subsequent Numbers we hope to lay before our readers some accounts of the principles on which the Inquisitors acted, the regulations adopted for their guidance, the cruelties and tortures practised on their victims, the method in which the trials were conducted, and to submit some specimens of the murders which they committed. Meanwhile, we describe an *Auto-de-fé*, as practised by the myrmidons of Rome on thousands of those who dared to trust the God of truth, and follow the Lord fully, while rejecting the abominations and the bondage of Popery.

A general *Auto*, then, was conducted with all the pomp and circumstance with which Popery knows so well to invest its ceremonies, whether to awe or to attract.

A number of heretics were collected together, and the pomp of their execution was partly an imitation of a Roman triumph, and partly of the judgment-day. The Lord's-day, or some high festival, was selected by the Inquisitor, that the largest possible confluence of spectators might be present. The ceremony was previously announced in the churches and made public by criers, and all was done that could give effect and grandeur to the coming scene. A public square or a spacious church was selected. The clergy, secular and regular, attended in crowds, and, in order to render the affair yet more impious and yet more Popish, an Indulgence of forty days was promised to all who took part in the act. At midnight, previous to the day of execution, a Confessor entered the cell of those who were doomed to die, and intimated *for the first time*, the lot that awaited them, urging them to recant and return to the faith of Rome. If they did so, they were strangled before they were committed to the flames; if they held fast their opinions, they were left to perish; and the most callous heart may easily credit what is written regarding the heart-rending scenes which then took place.

On the morning of the *Auto*, all the bells of the churches were early tolled. The Inquisitors proceeded to the prison, and clothed the prisoners in the vestments to be worn at the spectacle. The less heretical were dressed in black garments. Those whose pravity was signal, wore the *san-benito*, a loose garb of yellow cloth; and in the case of those who were to be mercifully strangled before they were cast into the flames, the vestment was marked with the figures of fire burning *downwards*, to indicate that the wearer had escaped from the bitterest form of death; while those who were to perish without mercy had on their *san-benito* the figure of flames ascending, with the images of devils fanning the fire. A cap of pasteboard covered the victim's head, marked with the same insignia of torture and disgrace, and thus arrayed, the unhappy men were, in horrid mockery, invited to partake of a sumptuous breakfast previous to their death!

Thus marshalled and prepared, the mournful procession began. In some countries, the Dominican monks marched first, in honour of St. Dominic, the founder and inventer of the Inquisition. The banner of the Holy Office, a name for this diabolical invention, was carried before them, with the figure of St. Dominic wrought in needle-work, holding a sword in one hand, and an olive-branch in the other. On other occasions, other standards were employed. The crucifix was borne before those who were appointed to die. Each one of them was accompanied by a Familiar, a servant of the Inquisition, and by two Jesuits, who constantly preached the duty of abjuring the heresies imputed to the victims; and if they offered to speak in their defence, they were immediately gagged. "This I saw done," says Dr. Geddes, "to a prisoner immediately after he came out of the gates of the Inquisition, upon his looking up to the sun, which he had not seen for years, and crying out, in rapture, "How is it possible for people who behold that glorious body, to worship any being but its Author?""

After the prisoners the Familiars rode on horseback; after them the Inquisitors and other officers of the Court, and last of all, the Inquisitor-general, upon a white horse led by two men, and attended by all the nobles who were not employed as Familiars. When this imposing cavalcade reached the place of execution, the Inquisitors took their place on a scaffold erected for them, and the prisoners were stationed opposite to their judges or persecutors, and all the spectators around them. A sermon was next preached by some distinguished prelate. The penitents were absolved, though that did not imply acquittal; they were punished by banishment, whipping, hard labour, or imprisonment, according to the sentence of the Inquisitors. The next part of the ceremony consisted in an oath administered by the presiding Inquisitor to all assembled, binding them to live and die in the faith of Rome, and to uphold and defend it against all gainsayers. The sentences of those who were to die were next publicly read. Those who were in orders were publicly degraded, by being stripped of their vestments; and ignominy and execration, we are told, accompanied every step of that procedure. They were next delivered to the secular judge to be punished by the civil arm, and it was now that that hypocritical farce was acted which would, of itself, have been enough to brand the system with which it stands connected with indelible ignominy. In handing over the victim of

tition to the civil law, the Inquisitors
ght the magistrate to treat the criminals
lemency and compassion, though he was
faithfully to execute the sentence against
retics. In horrid mockery of righteous-
nd mercy and truth, clemency was im-
on behalf of those whom the Inquisitors
ready racked, tortured, and lacerated, till
bodies were distorted, in the recesses of
fice impiously called holy.

er this solemn mockery, then, the pri-
condemned to die were led to execution.
ivil magistrate made no inquiry regarding
crime. He could not imagine that men
mned by the Inquisition, could be aught
iminal—he pre-supposed them guilty.
were loaded with chains when that was
sary, then strangled if they were only
Catholics; or burned alive if they were
ess heretics, or *Negatives*—deniers of the
es brought against them. Amid this
d exhibition scenes of atrocity occurred
h it is appalling even to describe. Those
to be put to death were teased by
ts to recant. The executioners and these
ly attendants united their endeavours to
o the misery of their victims; and when
was no hope of recantation, they were
in the hand of him who was supposed to
e fomenter of their heresy—Satan. When
riests abandoned them, a shout was raised
he people. This was like the death-
l, and, amid coarse and ribald expres-
blazing furze was first thrust into the
of the sufferers. This inhumanity was
monly continued until the face was black
al, and was accompanied with loud acclama-
from the spectators. If the wind was mo-
te, the agony of the murdered men lasted
aps for half an hour, but on other occasions
our and a half or two hours were needed
erminate their sufferings. "But, though
of hell," says one who witnessed an *Auto-*
"there cannot possibly be a more lament-
spectacle than this, added to the sufferers
ong as they can speak) crying out, '*Misere-*
por amor di Dios!' yet it is beheld by
of both sexes, and all ages, with such
ports of joy and satisfaction as are not, on
ther occasion, to be met with." He adds,
other place: "That the reader may not
that this inhuman joy is the effect of a
al cruelty that is in these people's dis-
ons, and not of the spirit of their religion,
y rest assured that all public malefactors,
t heretics, have their violent deaths no-
more tenderly lamented than amongst
me people, even when there is nothing
manner of their deaths that appears in-
n or cruel."

h is a brief account of an *Auto-de-fe*, as
ated in Portugal and Spain—a syste-
part of the religion of Rome in its palmy
ion, when it was free to put forth its native energies in a way congenial to its spirit. Protestants have startled the world by one or two such atrocities. Romanists have reduced them to system, and rendered them a part of their faith; nay, the fiendish barbarities we have described are, by excellence, termed *An act of Faith*, as if the creed of Rome were condensed into such a transaction. The Inquisition is now shorn of many of its terrors; but the spirit that fostered it into such fiery vigour is still unchanged. In the States of the Church it is still at work; and could Popery regain what many are willing to concede, we might, sooner than many will believe, find a renewal of what even Pegna, a Spanish Inquisitor, was forced honestly to describe as "*horrendum ac tremendum spectaculum*."*

WHISPERERS.

Among the many evils abounding in society, that of *secret slander*, called *whispering*, is not the least. The word *whisper* signifies to murmur, to utter complaints. When this is done *openly* against a person, it is called reproaching him; but when done secretly, it is whispering, or clandestine slander. The malignant operation of the slander is occasioned by its *secrecy*. The whisperer makes the person to whom he confides the secret slander *promise* that he will keep it a secret.

The *causes* of this mischievous custom are as various as men's circumstances.

Envy longs to blot the *character* of a rival, to obscure his *talents*, to diminish his influence, to obstruct his success in business, and to lessen the number of his friends.

Resentment of some real or imaginary offence, which, if *public*, would expose itself, may be gratified by a *secret insinuation*.

Covetousness, wishing to monopolize trade, will often induce the *selfish* tradesman to slander his neighbour secretly.

The influence of *prejudice*, or of a party spirit; a *mean jealousy* lest another should be as highly esteemed as yourself, will often whisper something unfavourable against the rival. Indeed, the bond of union between some families and friends, is to think evil and speak evil of all persons whom they wish to degrade; and to such little, narrow, selfish souls a secret slander is sweeter than honey.

A disposition to *please* men, to obtain their applause, will lead a person to *backbite* his own brother, to procure the good opinion of the person with whom he is conversing. Such a person will join you in censuring or applauding any one; for he seeks the "praise of men," and the price of it, he thinks, is to say as they say. Hence a temptation to slander *you* to please

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* See M'Crie, with his authorities; Dr. Geddes; Chandler's History of Persecution; Llorente, and others. The ceremony of an *Auto-de-fe* differs at different places. We have given the substance.

me, or to slander *me* to please *you*, will equally prevail.

Ambition, a thirst for power, will, by secret falsehood, degrade the man who stands in its way, by some sly opposition—some dark saying which may render his character or qualifications suspected.

Who can calculate the *evil consequences* of malignant whispers?

To the person into whose ear the whisper is conveyed, how seriously injurious may it prove! It leads him to suspect the most faithful friend—disturbs his peace—sows distrust and prejudice in his mind—influences his passions against the man worthy of his tenderest regard, and deprives him of all the advantages he might have derived from his friendship. And after receiving the tale-bearer into his bosom, and becoming the dupe of his artifice and secret lies, he commits a thousand sins in the evil surmises which he harbours, the severe censures he secretly passes, and the resolutions he forms against his old friend. "The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds, deep wounds," to him who receives the cruel tale, as well as to the person against whom the whisper is directed.

Believing now his friend to be his enemy, his suspicions are awake—he is ready to put the worst meaning into all his looks, words, and actions. When he meets him, he dare not tell him what he has heard, for the whisperer has bound him to secrecy: but he betrays the coldness of his heart towards him, for "his *countenance* is not toward him as at other times." As he does not speak of his friend with his usual kindness, the distance is soon perceived by *others*. They wonder, and express their wonder to others.

The *connection* in which this sin stands shows its malignant effects; as covetousness, which whispers slander to injure others in their property; malice and envy, which pine at the well-being of others, whisper detraction from their character; *deceit*, in misrepresenting the words, actions, and motives of others; "*swellings*" of pride and prejudice, which are relieved by secret whispers. Debate, tumult, and murder have been occasioned by the concealed insinuations of the whisperer.

Whilst a whisperer blasts the *character*, and injures the interest of others, he disturbs the peace of society.

What guilt is contracted by such slander! How difficult, how improbable is the *repentance* of the whisperer! for repentance implies *restitution*, as far as possible. In some cases, the injury done by a whisperer can never be repaired; in others, persons are unwilling to retract their falsehoods. Should the whisperer be detected, his character is ruined; and if his lies are not detected, he will probably add one slander to another, "till God, the God of recompenses, shall expose him, and fully requite him."

THE MINISTER'S STIPEND.

OUR story will carry the reader back a little more than fifty years, when all north of the Ohio River was an almost unbroken wilderness—the mysterious red man's home. On the other side a bold and hardy band from beyond the mountains had built their log cabins, and were trying to subdue the wilderness.

To them every hour was full of peril. The Indians would often cross the river, steal their children and horses, and kill and scalp any victim who came in their way. They worked in the field with weapons at their side, and on the Sabbath met in the grove or the rude log church to hear the Word of God with their rifles in their hands.

To preach to these settlers, Mr. Joseph Smith, a Presbyterian minister, had left his parental home east of the mountains. He, it was said, was the second minister who had crossed the Monongahela River. He settled in Washington County, Pennsylvania, and became the pastor of the Cross Creek and Upper Buffalo congregations, dividing his time between them. He found them a willing and united people, but still unable to pay him a salary which would support his family. He, in common with all the early ministers, must cultivate a farm. He purchased one on credit, proposing to pay for it with the salary pledged to him by his people.

Years passed away. The pastor was unpaid. Little or no money was in circulation. Wheat was abundant, but there was no market. It could not be sold for more than twelve and a half cents in cash. Even their salt had to be brought across the mountains on pack-horses, and was worth eight dollars per bushel, and twenty-one bushels of wheat were often given for one of salt.

The time came when the last payment must be made, and Mr. Smith was told he must pay, or leave his farm. Three years' salary was now due from his people.

For the want of this, his land, his improvements upon it, and his hopes of remaining among a beloved people, must be abandoned. The people were called together, and the case laid before them. They were greatly moved. Counsel from on high was sought. Plan after plan was proposed and abandoned. The congregations were unable to pay the tithe of their debts, and no money could be borrowed.

In despair they adjourned to meet again the following week. In the meantime it was ascertained that a Mr. Moore, who owned the only mill in the country, would grind for them wheat on moderate terms. At the next meeting it was resolved to carry their wheat to Mr. Moore's mill. Some gave fifty bushels, some more. This was carried from fifteen to twenty-six miles on horses to the mill.

In a month, word came that the flour was ready to go market. Again the people were called together. After an earnest prayer, the question was asked, Who will run the flour to New Orleans? This w a startling question. The work was perilous in th extreme. Months must pass before the adventur could hope to return, even though his journey shou ınate. Nearly all the way was a wilderness, omy tales had been told of the treacherous More than one boat's crew had gone on that and came back no more.

, then, would endure the toil and brave the ? None volunteered. The young shrunk nd the middle-aged had their excuse. Their ceme seemed likely to fail. At length a hoary-man, an elder in the Church, sixty-four f age, arose, and to the astonishment of the ly, offered his services. The deepest feeling e pervaded the whole assembly. To see their ted elder thus devote himself for their good, them all to tears. They gathered around ther Smiley to learn that his resolution was taken—that rather than lose their pastor, ıld brave danger, toil, and even death. After lelay and trouble, two young men were induced, ›e of a reward, to go as his assistants.

ay was appointed for starting. The young and om far and near, from love to Father Smiley, ıeir deep interest in the object of his mission, red together, and with their pastor at their came down from the church, fifteen miles , to the bank of the river, to bid the old man 'ell. Then a prayer was offered by their pastor. rting hymn was sung. "There," said the old hman, "untie the cable, and let us see what Lord will do for us." This was done, and the floated slowly away.

re than nine months passed, and no word came from Father Smiley. Many a prayer had been hed for him, but what had been his fate was own. Another Sabbath came. The people together for worship, and there on his seat, re the preacher, composed and devout, sat Father ey.: After the services, the people were requested eet early in the week to hear the report. All e again.

fter thanks had been rendered to God for his safe rn, Father Smiley arose and told his story: that Lord had prospered his mission; that he had sold flour for twenty-seven dollars per barrel, and then safely back. He then drew a large purse, and red upon the table a larger pile of gold than t of the spectators had ever seen before. The ng men were paid each a hundred dollars. Father ley was asked his charges.

le quietly replied, that he thought he ought to e the same as one of the young men, though he not done quite as much work. It was immedi- ly proposed to pay him three hundred dollars. s he refused to receive till the pastor was paid. on counting the money, there was found enough ay what was due Mr. Smith; to advance his salary the year to come; to reward Father Smiley with ee hundred dollars, and then to leave a large divi- d for each contributor. Thus their debts were d, their pastor relieved, and while life lasted he ke for them the bread of life. The bones of both stor and elder, I believe, have long reposed in the me church-yard, but a grateful posterity still tell s pleasing story of the past.—*Presbyterian Advo- te.*

HEAR THE WORD OF THE LORD.

O earth! earth! earth! hear the voice of the Almighty! Could He forget thee who has given thee life? Could He who called thee into existence, fail to show thee the path of happiness? Must not He who formed thee understand thee perfectly, and know certainly what is best for thee? O man! where wilt thou find a protector more powerful, a friend more tender than thy Creator and thy God? To whom oughtest thou to listen, if not to him?

It was early spring time; all was calm. The silver moonlight streamed into a spacious hall, lately resounding with the voice of song and laughter; graceful forms had glided through the dance there, and sounds of deep melody had floated on the evening air. But the gay groups had separated; the silence of night had succeeded to the confused murmur of the festival; and thought awoke. The hearts of some amongst them said: "This is not happiness; we need something beyond this. The period of our life is as nothing in God's sight. There is a higher, an eternal happiness. Who will give it to us? who will show us the way to it?" And I seemed to hear a voice from heaven, answering: "THE WORDS OF YOUR GOD! O sons and daughters of men! behold the guide to that better land—READ THEM."——

It was summer; all was activity in city and field. The merchant was busy at his counting-house, the workman in his shop, the mother in her household, the soldier at his post, the labourer in his field.

There was a murmur, like the humming of insects in the heat of the day, but vast and deep: for it was the busy hum of men. And numbers among them said, with hollow eyes and mournful voice: "Alas! true happiness is not found in the whirl of business. Who will tell us where to seek it?" And again I seemed to hear a voice from heaven, answering—"THE WORDS OF YOUR GOD, O children of men, will show you the path of happiness—READ THEM."——

It was a day in autumn. The wind had stripped the trees, their dry leaves carpeted the earth; old men and women were reposing in the faint sunshine before their houses, while their children were at work; and each one thought to himself: Soon my last sun will rise; soon will the sharp blasts of death detach me from the tree of life, and lay me low, like these leaves, on the earth. Who will give me the assurance of immortality? who will give me eternal life? And again I seemed to hear a voice from heaven, answering—"Aged men, THE WORDS OF YOUR GOD can give it to you—READ THEM."——

It was winter. Every thing was dry, frozen, dead. It was the time when men, assembling, incite each other to crime; but it was the time also when God speaks powerfully to the soul. Conscience, that invisible witness, which each of us bears within, seemed awakened in many. Men and women, young and old, in the country and in town, mourned over their faults. One voice in a tone of terror exclaimed, "I have sinned! The death which now reigns over all nature dwells also in my soul! I do nothing but what is wrong! Who can endure the day of the Lord's coming? Who shall stand when He appeareth? My sins, my sins, who will deliver me from them? who will save me?" And I seemed to hear a voice from heaven, saying, "JESUS CHRIST! JESUS CHRIST will deliver thee! He has come to seek and save that which was lost. READ THE WORD OF GOD, and thou wilt know thy Saviour, thou wilt possess salvation!" —*Tract by D'Aubigné in "Nelson's British Library of Tracts for the People."*

THE PINNACLES OF THE TEMPLE.

THERE were several pinnacles belonging to the temple. These pinnacles stood on the top aloft in the air, and were sharp, and so difficult to stand upon: what men say of their number and length I waive, and come directly to their signification.

I therefore take those pinnacles to be types of those lofty, airy notions with which some delight themselves while they hover like birds above the solid and godly truths of Christ. Satan attempted to entertain Christ Jesus with this type and anti-type at once, when he set him on one of the pinnacles of the temple, and offered to thrust him upon a false confidence in God, by a false and unsound interpretation of a text.—Matt. iv. 5, 6; Luke iv. 9-11.

You have some men who cannot be content to worship in the temple, but must be aloft; no place will serve them but pinnacles, pinnacles—that they may be speaking in and to the air—that they may be promoting their heady notions, instead of solid truth. Not considering that now they are where the devil would have them to be, they strut upon their points, their pinnacles; but let them look to it, there is difficult standing upon pinnacles; their neck, their soul, is in danger. We read God is in his temple, not upon these pinnacles.—Ps. xi. 4; Hab. ii. 20.

It is true Christ was once upon one of these; but the devil set him there with intent to dash him in pieces by a fall, and yet even then told him, if he would venture to tumble down, he would be kept from dashing his foot against a stone. To be there, therefore, was one of Christ's temptations, consequently one of Satan's stratagems: nor went he thither of his own accord, for he knew that there was danger. He loved not to clamber pinnacles.

This should teach Christians to be low and little in their own eyes, and to forbear to intrude into airy and vain speculations, and to take heed of being puffed up with a foul and empty mind.—*Bunyan.*

LOVE YOUR CHILDREN, BUT WISELY.

GIVE them your hearts into their bosoms, but not the reins on their necks. When you do so, at the same time mount them on your fiercest beast, furnish them with switch and spur, but without bit or bridle; and then do but pause and think soberly of the period of their full career. Love them, I say; but still be careful to maintain that just authority and pre-eminence that God hath given you over them. A parent that hath lost his authority, is as salt that hath lost its savour: like the log sent from Jupiter, every frog in the family is apt to leap upon him. And remember it, fond parents, there is nothing in the world that renders you more vile, cheap, contemptible in the eyes even of your children themselves, when they begin to put forth the first buds of reason—nothing that lays your authority more in the dust, and exposes you to the foot and spurn of your child—than sinful indulgence. "A foolish man despiseth his mother."—Prov. xv. 20. His mother's folly made him a fool; of a foolish child he at length grows up into a man, but "a foolish man;" and this "foolish man despises his mother." If you are fathers, then, take care of your honour; if mothers, be sure to carry it so as to preserve in your children that awful respect and reverence which they owe you.—Mal. i. 6; Heb. xii. 9.—*Lye.*

THE DEVIL'S CURE FOR SADNESS.

THE devil hath a cure for the sad and melancholy, which is, to cast away all belief of the immortality of the soul and the life to come, or at least not to think of it; and for to take religion to be a superstitious, needless fancy; and for to laugh at the threatenings of the Scripture, and go to play-houses, and cards, and dice, and to drink and play away melancholy. Honest recreations are very good for melancholy persons, if we could get them to use them; but, alas! this satanical cure is but like the witches' bargain with the devil, who promiseth them much, but payeth them with shame and utter misery. The end of that mirth is incurable sorrow, if timely repentance cure not the cause. The garrison of Satan in the hearts of sinners is strongly kept when they are in peace; but, when they have fooled away time, and mercy, and hope, die they must—there is no remedy; and to go merrily and unbelievingly to hell, after all God's calls and warnings, will be no abatement of their torment. To go out of the world in the guilt of sin, and to end life before they would know the use of it, and to undergo God's justice for the mad contempt of Christ and grace, will put a sad end to all their mirth. For, "There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God."—*Baxter.*

Fragments.

Men are like children of a larger growth. They *must* have the bowl by all means, but they are not aware what is in it till they feel it.

As to daily occurrences, it is best to believe that a daily portion of comforts and crosses, each one the most suitable to our case, is appointed us, and adjusted by the hand that was nailed to the cross.

Wherever the path of duty leads we are safe; and it often does lead and place us in such circumstances as no other consideration would make us choose. If we can answer to this question, What doest thou here? by saying, I believe it to be the voice of God, then we need not burden ourselves about what we cannot avoid or alter.

A frozen snake cannot sting till warmed; nor can the snake of mortified sin hurt us till we again warm it in our bosom, by indulging the thought with delight.

As many locks, whose wards differ, are opened with equal ease by one master-key; so there is a certain comprehensive view of scriptural truth which opens hard places, solves objections, and happily reconciles, illustrates, and harmonizes many texts, which, to those who have not this master-key (frequently styled the analogy of faith), appear little less than contradictory to each other. When we obtain this key, we shall be sure to have the right sense.

We should be as frugal of our time as a miser of his money. Indolence and ease are the rust of the mind. The bed; formal visits; reading useless books; wrong method of studying, and an unnatural bent of the mind to a study to which it is not disposed:—these are thieves of time. Give the best time to the best things. Whatever must be done, and may be done now as well as hereafter, had better be done now. A traveller, who must reach his home by a given time, would not be thought discreet, if, by loitering at the beginning of his journey, he is forced to run himself out of breath at the end. Enter upon nothing but what you are destined to pursue and find.

SCIENCE AND CHRISTIANITY COMPARED.

BY F. A. COX, D.D., LL.D., HACKNEY.

(*Concluded from page* 206.)

III. The pre-eminent character of the knowledge of Christ appears from the consideration, that while science is important both to the occupation and the improvement of the intellectual powers, and to the advancement of the social as well as personal welfare of man in his present condition of existence, this is essential to the salvation of the soul. It is not disparaging to general science, and contains no denial of its pretensions, to affirm that it is inadequate to salvation; for it never professes that this is its aim. It has a mental, not a moral design; its relations are temporal, not eternal; it converses with things that are seen, and cannot unfold the hidden things of God, or bring to view the realities of the invisible universe.

The comparison thus instituted between the two branches of knowledge, involves the facts that the salvation of the soul is supremely important, and that the knowledge of Christ secures it; and they are facts which demand a distinct and very serious consideration.

The salvation of the soul, it is maintained, is important above all other conceivable objects; so that in reality nothing can be worthy of comparison with it. Our great Instructor has represented this in the most impressive manner: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Thus it is intimated, that whatever may be on other grounds deemed most profitable or advantageous, is in the comparison, unprofitable—is no gain—is nothing. And this is truly the case, though we should comprehend in our imagination of what is valuable the entire world. Undoubtedly this may be regarded as a hyperbolical expression, and must be understood to mean, that although a person should become possessed of every thing which is supposed to render life desirable or splendid — although we might conceive of his attaining the very summit of the most outstretching ambition—having accumulated unmeasured stores, secured the greatest fame, and being blessed with that very flower and bloom of existence, continual health; and although he enjoyed not one only, but each of these in rare and unrivalled combination, yet if the salvation of the soul were not obtained, the acquisition would be as nothing—an impalpable shadow and a viewless breath; and this, too, would still be the just computation were we even to cast out of sight the depreciating circumstances which of necessity attach to all sublunary delights and possessions; such as their intrinsic impotency to afford real satisfaction—the uncertainty of their continuance, and, at the best, the brevity of their duration. Unite them in thought with all that even in the indulgence of the fondest vagaries of a dreaming fancy and an ardent enthusiasm you would conceive might be imputed to them, and then suppose the *loss of the soul* (that is, suppose the gift of immortality to become a curse); suppose an utter alienation and banishment from God—the darkness of a destiny from which should be for ever excluded a single ray of the divine favour; and suppose this as contrasted with the smile of his love, the bliss of his presence, the fulness of joy (to which all other joy is emptiness) at his right hand for evermore;—think of the short-lived enjoyments of the present state, which must surely be regarded in comparison with eternal death on the one hand, and everlasting life on the other, as only like bubbles and sparkles on the stream of being, that break and vanish at every breath; then, think of the unfolding grandeurs of eternity, that open, as in endless perspective, to the view of the sanctified spirit; and then put the momentous question of Him who, in first propounding it, was balancing time and eternity. If the soul be lost, then all is lost. Its destruction is not like a passing thunder storm, terrific, but of brief duration; it is rather like, and *is*, to that soul, the wreck of the universe. Separation from God is hopelessness—helplessness —woe—a deathless death!

But another consideration involved in the general statement of the pre-eminent value of the knowledge of Christ is, that it secures the salvation in question, and consequently averts the awful loss which ignorance and unbelief must incur. The knowledge of Christ implies a just appreciation of his character, and a relying faith; and the express declaration is, "He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life." "Without faith it is impossible to please God" and secure salvation; for "he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life." By ascertaining the natural phenomena and laws of the universe, we may scale the heights of our intellectual being, and become instrumental in extending the boundaries of discovery, or aid the accumulations of possession; but we cannot by these pursuits "see life," or attain to the heavenly blessedness; for amidst the utmost eagerness of mental enthusiasm, and the finest acquisitions of natural genius, it is but too common to "neglect the great salvation," and thus be the proper subjects of the pertinent inquiry, "How shall we escape?"

The attainment of salvation through the knowledge of Christ is a question of fact, and not of metaphysics; for it belongs not to reason to determine—it is not a problem given it to solve, or submitted to it for investigation. It is a question of pure revelation, determining not what *might* be, but what *is*; what, in consequence of divine appointment, cannot be otherwise, but is a fixed, unalterable law of the moral universe. If, therefore, "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures," nothing can be so essential to our happiness as to "know him;" it must be knowledge of infinite worth and necessity.

IV. A further observation we have to make in our instituted comparison, respects the moral influence of Christianity. Although science and religion, as we have remarked, are unhappily but too often dissociated, yet general knowledge must be admitted to have many beneficial tendencies. It detaches from inferior pursuits, enlarges the mind, and imparts views of a lofty character respecting the greatness, wisdom, and goodness of the Deity. It is not, however, comparable to the science of salvation—the knowledge of Christ, which having a more direct bearing on man as a moral being, sanctifies as well as elevates his nature. There are three points of great interest here, which, without attempting to expatiate upon them, we would suggest as topics of thought for the meditative mind.

1. The knowledge of Christ may be said to *reveal* morality—to show what it really is, by representing the peculiarities of that "conduct and conversation" which "*becometh* the Gospel." The sages of antiquity never imagined such a character as that which is the special purpose of Christianity to form; it lay beyond the conceptions of their philosophy, and is an order of morals, constituting in fact the only sound morality, which springs from principles too pure and divine for the wisdom of this world, or the detection of human reason.

2. The knowledge of Christ *secures* morality by purifying the heart, which is the fountain of it. The motives suggested by the Gospel to form human character and regulate the actions of mankind, are deduced from the example and the cross of the Redeemer. It is perpetually inculcated upon us that we cannot be his disciples without self-annihilation and a spiritual conformity. The love which ensues upon the knowledge of him, and is cherished by the perpetual approximations of devotion, attracts the soul into resemblance, producing the moral and permanent image of Christ upon the man. It is true there are many who "name the name of Christ," but who do not "depart from iniquity;" this is only, however, to say that many who profess religion act contrary to its tendencies, oppose its real spirit, and falsify their vows. We must, therefore, ever distinguish between intellectual speculation with an outward compliance, and a deep-seated, genuine, and soul-renovating Christianity.

3. The knowledge of Christ *perfects* moral conduct. The same volume which supplies the facts of the Christian religion is replete with precepts arising out of them and its doctrines to promote universal holiness; and the Spirit of God producing *experience*, which is the knowledge of Christ in the *heart* transferred from the Bible, tends to the advancement of spirituality to the highest degree. Some have mistaken the New Testament idea of detachment from the world, by supposing it consisted in an actual separation from the duties of life, and that the most perfect religion was to be found in the seclusion of the desert, and the solitude of the hermitage; whereas, it is obvious that the separation inculcated by Christianity is a separation of the passions, a withdrawal of the mind from its carnal associations, and a purification of the activities of life from base and earthly motives; and hence the perfection of Christian morality does not consist in repudiating the claims of social and domestic life, but in the minutest fulfilment of their various obligations under the influence of a zeal for God kindled by a live coal from the altar.

V. Lastly, we remark the superiority of the knowledge of Christ, as preparing the mind for affliction, death, and eternity. In these great

f our being, nothing else can avail. The
f a refined mind, indeed, who has devoted
rs to intellectual cultivation, is suscep-
f pleasures far surpassing those which the
est exploits of ambition can produce; and
he researches of literature or the accumu-
of science, especially if he has a consci-
s of having used them for the benefit of
nd, he may enjoy the highest degree of
pective satisfaction; but these will not
ce to real peace of conscience, by pro-
g reconciliation with God, or filling the
with the hope of eternal life. To depre-
science would argue a Gothic taste and a
rted judgment, nor is it in the least degree
ul in order to adjudicate the claims of re-
. The argument is not that the one is
ble, and the other nugatory; but that both,
in their respective relations and degrees
lent, the one surpasses the other, by how
"godliness," which has "the promise of
ife that now is, and that which is to come,"
eds attainments whose purposes, however
ed, terminate with the present world, and
in in them no elements of salvation. The
of science irradiates a lower sphere, or
in his inferior condition; but the light of
knowledge of the glory of Christ shines
ugh the darksome valley of death, and
s its everlasting splendours upon the region
lies beyond. It is precisely at that mo-
t when all other sources of mental or physi-
enjoyment fail, when the lamp of philoso-
expires, when the discoveries of reason
and when the applauses of a world that
ows all the fame it can, die upon the ear—
precisely then that religion, consisting in
knowledge of Christ, exhibits its noblest
mphs, secures its amplest rewards, and
ngs to immortality.

A CHAPTER ON PRAYER.

FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

BY THE REV. J. FAIRBAIRN, ALLANTON.

UR parents tell you that it is your duty to pray.
ur ministers also tell you the same. This chapter
ntended for your use. It shall be taken up about
e of the things that have respect to the duty of
yer, which your parents and ministers are so
ious to impress upon you.

ou ask what prayer is. It is a proper question.
u must understand what prayer is before you can
A short description will be best, and most
y remembered. "Prayer is an offering up of our
res unto God." "Our desires;" that is, what we deeply feel, and earnestly wish for. "An offering up of our desires;" that is, a making mention of them—a speaking of them out—a telling of them. Prayer, then, you will see, is *an asking*. It is an asking for something we want—asking earnestly, that we may receive.

Suppose a man has for a long time been out of work, and has no money to purchase clothes and food for his children. His children are in misery. They are half-dead with cold and hunger. Every time he comes home he sees them sickly and pining, and hears them cry for bread. He has none to give them. What does this man want? He wishes to procure some employment, by which he might win some money, by which he might buy food and clothing for his poor dying children. And what will he do to get this money? He will go to all his neighbours and friends, and ask them to assist him to get employment. He will go about from farm to farm, from shop to shop, from manufactory to manufactory, and ask employment, and never cease to ask till he find something to do, by which he may earn bread for his family. From this example you may learn what prayer is. It is an asking for the pardon of sin, and peace with God, and many other blessings that shall be named afterwards, with the same desire and anxiety to get them that the poor man, whose family is starving, feels when he goes about asking employment and help from this person and that, until he obtains them.

You will say, Now we understand what prayer is, it is an asking for those things we stand in need of. But if it be *an asking*, there must be some one we are to ask from, and who is it we are to pray to? from whom is it we are to ask the thing we desire and seek for in prayer? This is also a proper question. And the answer to it is: We are to pray to God, and to God only. There are many reasons for this. Only two of them shall be told you at present; the other reasons you will have opportunity of learning afterwards.

The first reason why we are to pray to God, and to God only, is, because God only can hear our prayers. This will perhaps seem strange to you. You will say, If one prays aloud when another person, or many other persons, are present, can they not hear what the one that prays is praying for? Yes, they can hear. How, then, do you say that God only can hear prayer? You will see how this is, if you think upon what follows. Suppose a person is praying in secret, where there is no other near him—it may be in his closet, it may be in the field, or some other place where no other person is within sight. None of his companions can hear him then. But God can hear him. And if he is really praying, God does hear him; for God is everywhere present—in the house, in the field, on the sea, everywhere. You cannot go to any place where God is not. No one can shut himself out for a moment from the presence of God. Take another case. Many people have been at prayer this morning. Many in this land, many in other lands—in England, America, India, and many other places at great distances from each other. No man has heard all the prayers that have been offered this morning. No man could hear them all. You cannot be present in two places at the same time. Let the places be ever so near to each other, you cannot be in two places, in this room and in the next room, at the same time. But all these prayers which have been offered have been heard. Though no man has heard them, God has heard them. And how has God heard them? It is because he is present everywhere at the same time. England and India are very far distant from each other. It requires some months to pass before we can learn what is doing in India, because of the distance between the two countries. Suppose a Christian to be praying at this moment in this country, and another Christian to be praying in India, God hears them both, because he is equally present here and in that distant country. This attribute or perfection of God, by which he is present in all places, and that at all times, is called his *omnipresence*. And it is the reason, or one of the reasons, why God only is the hearer of prayer.

The other reason why we are to pray to God only, is this; God alone can answer our prayers—God alone has power to give us those things we stand in need of. There are, indeed, many things that our fellow-creatures can do for us. We have many desires and wishes they can gratify. A father can do many things for his child, a friend can do many things for his friend; but there are many things also which we stand in need of, which none of our earthly friends can do for us. When a man is sick, his friend cannot restore him to health. When a man is dying, his friend cannot prevent his death. In any extremity, it would only be a loss of time and labour, to go for assistance to any one who is utterly unable to be of the slightest service to you. The things which we most of all stand in need of, and without obtaining which we shall be miserable here and hereafter, are the things which no earthly friend can bestow upon us. The Lord only can help us in regard to them. And, therefore, it is to him only we are to go for them, to ask them from him. What we may ask from God in prayer, is the next thing to be mentioned.

In praying to God, we are encouraged to ask from him all things we stand in need of. We have a great number of wants. Our Saviour tells us, "Whatsoever ye ask of the Father in my name, he shall give it you." Our wants stand under two divisions. Temporal mercies and Spiritual mercies. A few words regarding these. By temporal mercies are meant health, food, clothing, prosperity upon our honest industry in our worldly calling. The temporal mercies which the Lord bestows upon us are very precious. When we awake in the morning, it is a precious thing to awaken in health of body and soundness of mind, to have our food and raiment, and other conveniences. It might have been far otherwise. Death might have come upon us and called us out of this world amidst the slumber and darkness of night. It has happened so to thousands. Or we might have awakened in sickness, or in madness. But we have awakened in health and in comfort, because the Lord has watched over us, and been merciful to us. For such unwearied loving-kindness which the Lord extends to us, there are two things we ought to do. We ought to feel very grateful for so much undeserved loving-kindness; we ought also, with humble and sincere hearts, to pray unto the Lord—to ask him that he would be graciously pleased, if it be his holy will, to continue to us the enjoyment of these precious mercies. There are many who do not do so. They do as the beasts of the field do. A beast rises from its rest, and immediately begins to eat. It does so because God has not endowed it with knowledge. He has not given to the beast a rational soul. It cannot meditate upon his works and his goodness. There are many persons, young and old, who do as the beasts do. They rise from their rest to their meat, from their meat to their work, without feeling any gratitude to God for preserving them through the night—for continuing them in health—for furnishing a table for them. They do not stop to give thanks to him. They do not pray to him for a continuance of these blessings if it be his holy will. Let any who act thus, endeavour to find out in what respect their conduct differs from that of a beast. Who does not see how guilty they must be, possessing a rational soul, and yet living as the beasts that perish?

But though we may pray, and pray earnestly (for whenever we pray it ought to be done earnestly) unto God for a continuation of his great goodness to us as regards temporal blessings, there should always be a limitation introduced. The limitation is, that the Lord would be pleased to bestow such and such temporal blessings upon us—if they be for his glory and our own good. The reason is, we are very ignorant of what is best for us. The things of this world, on which we often set our hearts most, are things which, were they given to us according to our own measures and wishes, might greatly damage us in our best and highest interests. If we had our whole will regarding worldly things, we would never choose sickness, or poverty, or separation from our friends—no cross providence—nothing that would interfere with or mar our enjoyment in this world. This world would get a complete mastery over us, and we should regard it as our permanent and happy dwelling-place, which we are too apt to do even with all the abatement of felicity in it, and all the temporary disrelish of it, which the trials we meet with in it produce. Solomon's prayer was an admirable one. He prayed not for health, riches, worldly prosperity and power, but for wisdom. This also is one of the prayers of Moses in the 90th Psalm: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Another thing respecting temporal blessings to which we should always attend is, never in our desires, or in our prayers, to put them on a level with spiritual things. It is easy to enjoin this, and very easy to satisfy our understanding about the propriety of it; but to practise it is very difficult. Every one who has exercised himself upon it must constantly have felt how difficult it is. In comparison with spiritual things, we ought to consider worldly things, the most precious of them, very cheap. They should be kept in a very subordinate place. Many parts of Scripture teach us this most impressively. "If ye be risen with Christ, set your hearts on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God"—"Set your affections on things above." The believer is only then in a prosperous state, when he is looking, not to the things that are seen and temporal, but to the things that are unseen and eternal. The temporal blessings of the covenant of grace are bread and water. The Lord often bestows a great deal more, but he is not pledged to bestow anything more. Whatever more he bestows, it is thrown in as a gratuity. It is worth noticing that nothing more but our bread and water are promised. It is as if the Lord should say to his people: You shall have your bread and water. I will find you in these. That is enough for you. Your portion is not in this world. It is in heaven. When you enter heaven, you shall come to your inheritance. Yet fear not what may befall you upon earth, for your bread and water shall be sure.

Many instances are on record of the faithfulness of the Lord to this promise. If we are truly anxious about the "better part," we may be easy about the inferior. If we are really walking in the fear of the Lord, we need not be over-solicitous about the things of this world. If we are seeking the kingdom of God and his righteousness, let us not be drawn from it by worldly cares, for we are assured that needful worldly things shall be added to it. Take the case of Elijah. The dearth has begun—the three and a-half years during which no rain is to fall. Elijah feels the pinching of the dearth as well as others; but the Lord takes care of his servant. He commands the prophet to go to the brook Cherith. His water is thus provided—"Thou shalt drink of the brook." As to his bread, the ravens must fetch it to him. They bring him bread and flesh twice a-day—a repast in the morning and one in the evening. The brook is at length dried up. Its channel is as dry as the dust in the wilderness. This supply fails. But what next? "The word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Arise, get thee to Zarephath, which belongeth to Zidon, and dwell there; behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee." "Bring me, I pray thee," said Elijah to the widow, "a morsel of bread in thy hand." "As the Lord thy God liveth," she answered, "I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse; and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die. And Elijah said, Fear not, go and do as thou hast said; but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth." Thus the Lord took care of the prophet, the widow, and her son, during that famine—of many more also, though their names are not mentioned. He took care of all who placed their trust in him. He made their bread and their water sure to them.

But we are also, and chiefly, to pray for spiritual blessings. These spiritual blessings which we are to ask from God in prayer are the main concerns. They are to be placed in our desires and prayers far above all other things. There are many spiritual blessings we are to ask. Sometimes they are in Scripture summed up together, and spoken of as one. Our Saviour says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Here you observe they are all placed together, and "called the kingdom of God." They are also mentioned by our Saviour as "the one thing needful." "One thing is needful." All other things are not to be named in comparison with this. All other things are to be counted as dross when put in comparison with "the one thing that is needful." All other things gathered together, and thrown into your arms, can do you no good, if "the one thing needful" be lacking. These spiritual blessings we are to ask from God, are also mentioned individually, and set forth in detail. And when we examine the Scriptures, our directory for prayer, we find everything that can promote our welfare and true happiness is provided for, and set down as what the Lord is willing to bestow upon us, and what, therefore, we may freely ask from him.

Having learned, in some measure, what prayer is, to whom we are to pray, and what things we are to pray for; it will be proper to ask next—how we are to pray? After what sort—in what manner are we to pray? Before answering this question, let me put a question to you. My question is, How, or in what manner, do you now pray? Perhaps the following sentences may be a tolerably correct description of your state of mind. The set time comes at which you are in the habit of engaging in prayer. You say, Now I must go about my prayers. You observe the time regularly. But are you concerned to feel, every time you go to prayer, how solemn a thing prayer is? Do you feel a true wish to speak to God, and have communion with him? Do you not often, perhaps oftener than otherwise, go about prayer in the same sort of way as you would go about any common matter? Do you not also very often feel that you have no true desire and inclination to pray? no great delight in drawing near into the presence of God? Do you not very often feel that you would let the duty slip if your conscience would allow you to do so? Do you not often feel as if you could say, I feel very little disposed to prayer this night, and had as well not engage in prayer, as engage in it in so cold a frame of mind as I now feel: I hope to feel in a better frame of mind in the morning, when I shall be sure to engage in prayer with greater delight and interest?

These remarks apply to the state in which your feelings may be when you are about to engage in the duty of prayer. What are your feelings when you are actually engaged in the duty? Are they always what they ought to be? Are they what they ought to be even once in five or in ten times you engage in prayer? Are not the words you use in prayer often a mere form in your mouth? Do they not often completely overshoot your feeling? Perhaps they express what you once felt, but do they not often express a great deal more than you habitually feel? When the body is in good health, the appetites of hunger and thirst return at the usual interval.

After his day's work the labouring man feels oppressed with sleep. If our souls were in good health, they too would feel an appetite for their portion of spiritual food and rest. This teaches, that indifference in prayer (and there is indifference in prayer, when the desires of the heart do not keep pace with the words of the mouth) is a bad sign. It is a sign that things are not well with us. Suppose that for several nights you could get no sleep, but lay tossing from side to side—that for several days you could take no food; you would think there was something wrong with you—you would think of sending for the physician, and would be bemoaning you in a variety of ways. Yet how little alarm do we feel, though our coldness and indifference in prayer are as sure a sign of a deranged spiritual state as the want of sleep and the absence of our common appetites are of a deranged state of the body!

There is yet another thing which should be noticed about the state of feeling when engaged in prayer. What has already been said refers to the want of feeling—to indifference—to cold inactivity. Now about an activity of mind which is as bad, if not worse than a cold inactive dulness about spiritual concerns—a restless activity of worldly and corrupt thoughts. How often is the mind disturbed by such? What an irruption!—whole legions of them often whirl through the mind when one is engaged in prayer. When you are speaking to God with your lips, how often is your heart speaking with the world! You are making arrangements about your games, pleasures, pursuits, holidays, and many other things. It need scarce be said that this is not the manner in which we should pray. We are not to pray with the heart and the mouth speaking different and opposite things; nor with the mind entertaining swarms of vain, wicked, and worldly thoughts; nor in cold indifference and deadness. This is what is called formality in prayer. When formality is present, the true spirit of prayer is absent. Formality and true spiritual devotion cannot agree. They cannot endure each other's company. When the one enters, the other is sure to depart. "If I regard evil in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

We are to pray, having our minds deeply impressed and overawed with a sense of the great majesty and holiness of God, in whose presence we stand, and to whom our prayers are addressed. When we pray, we speak to God. We are to pray in faith. We must be clearly persuaded that God, to whom we pray, is the hearer and answerer of prayer, and that he really knows all we stand in need of—and possesses, and is willing to bestow upon us, all those things mentioned in Scripture, as the things we are to pray for.

We are to pray in sincerity; that is, really to desire the things we pray for.

In prayer, we are to ask all that we ask in the name and for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is only through him that we can come to the Father. It is only for Christ's work sake that the Father will hear us, and bestow anything upon us.

You will observe, that the things spoken of in the above pages are these: What is prayer? To whom are we to pray? What things are we to ask when we pray? How are we to pray? Several other things should have been noticed. Want of room at present hinders; but another opportunity may occur.

HE STANDETH AT THE DOOR AND KNOCKETH.

In the silent midnight watches,
  List—thy bosom door,
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
  Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulses beating:
  'Tis thy heart for sin:
'Tis thy Saviour knocks and crieth,
  Rise, and let me in!

Death comes down with reckless footstep
  To the hall and hut;
Think you Death will tarry knocking
  Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;
  But the door is fast:
Grieved, away the Saviour goeth;
  Death breaks in at last.

Then is't time to stand entreating
  Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
  Wailing for thy sin?
Nay, alas! thou guilty creature,
  Hast thou then forgot?
Hast thou waited long to know thee?
  Now he knows thee not!

ANON.

Biographical Sketch.

THE LATE HUGH HEUGH, D.D., GLASGOW.

THIS eminent servant of Christ, who has just been taken away in the midst of his years and usefulness, was born at Stirling on the 12th of August 1782. His paternal ancestors, for at least three generations, were clergymen. His grandfather and great-grandfather were both ministers of the Established Church of Scotland. The former, who was ordained to the charge of the parish of Kingoldrum, in Forfarshire, in the early part of last century, finished his course at the age of forty-nine, in the year 1731, just before the origin of the United Secession Church. An account of his death-bed experience is, it seems, preserved among his descendants, from which it appears that in his dying hours he felt great anxiety lest after his departure his flock should be intrusted to the care of an unfaithful pastor—an apprehension far from groundless in those times. John Heugh, the younger son of this good man, during the course of his studies, considered it his duty to connect himself with the party who had recently seceded from the National Church.

On the division which took place among the Seceders, respecting the lawfulness of swearing the burgess oath, Mr. Heugh took part with the section who deemed the oath inconsistent with the Secession testimony, and after officiating for some time as tutor in logic and metaphysics at Abernethy, where the Secession Divinity Hall then met, he was ordained to the charge of the Anti-Burgher congregation in Stirling. For fifty-six years he discharged the duties of the pastoral office in this place in a manner which secured to him not only the affection of his congregation, but the esteem of all classes and denominations in Stirling and its vicinity.

Dr. Heugh was the youngest but one of the ten children of this devoted and successful minister of the Gospel. His grammar-school education was conducted under the care of that celebrated scholar, Dr. David Doig, by whom he was imbued with an accurate and extensive knowledge of Roman literature—an advantage by no means generally to be obtained at that time in Scottish schools. At what period Dr. Heugh's mind was brought under the saving influence of Divine truth is not known; but there can be no doubt that he "early" sought and found an interest in the Saviour. In the opinion of those who had good opportunities of forming an accurate judgment on the subject, he was decidedly pious before he entered college. This event took place in 1797, when he had reached the age of fifteen. His academical career was eminently successful, and drew forth the marked approbation of Dr. Finlayson, who then filled the chair of logic in the University of Edinburgh. In the autumn of 1799, he entered the Divinity Hall in connection with the General Associate Synod, which was at that time under the superintendence of Professor Bruce of Whitburn. In the year 1804, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Stirling. The acceptability of his services as a preacher obtained for him three calls—one of which was from the congregation of Stirling, to be colleague to his aged father. To this call the Synod gave the preference, and on the 14th of August 1806, his ordination took place—an event which his venerable father survived for four years. For the space of fifteen years, Dr. Heugh laboured in Stirling with remarkable fidelity and success. Under his care the congregation was, in every sense of the word, prosperous; and he established for himself a high standing, not only in the denomination to which he belonged, but in the community at large.

His distinguished reputation, as an able and successful minister, attracted the attention of the newly-formed congregation of Regent Place, Glasgow, and repeated but unsuccessful attempts were made by them to obtain his settlement among them as their minister. After the union of the two bodies of Seceders, they repeated their invitation, which on this occasion, however, had to compete with a call from the congregation of Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, who were equally anxious to obtain him as a colleague to their distinguished pastor, the Rev. Dr. Jamieson. The Synod, at its meeting in September 1821, gave the preference to the call from Regent Place; and Dr. Heugh was accordingly inducted to the pastoral charge of that congregation on the 9th of October following. This event, it is well known, was a very painful trial to Dr. Heugh. The attachment between him and his congregation was of no ordinary kind, and their separation was therefore felt with peculiar severity. He has been known to say, that this event cost him the greatest struggle he should have to encounter till that which should terminate all his labours on earth, and carry him into the presence of his Lord. The result, however, has abundantly shown the wisdom of the Synod's decision. The opportunities of usefulness which he enjoyed among the dense and spirited population of Glasgow were necessarily both numerous and important, and he set himself, with all the zeal and unconquerable energy which characterized him, to employ all the means in his power of doing good. "He made it plain from the beginning, that he was expecting great things by attempting great things. His first object was to 'approve himself as a minister of God' to 'the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer'—to make himself useful to them, and by them useful to others. He understood well that the foundation of extended useful influence in a Christian minister must be laid in a diligent, conscientious discharge of pastoral duty. He had no idea of making 'the care of all the Churches,' which few men ever felt more strongly, an excuse for diminishing, in the slightest degree, his care for his own flock. He kept his own vineyard well, and thought rightly that this was the first step towards his being influential in having other men's vineyards well kept."*

His congregation is the best monument of his pastoral talents and diligence. He was their first minister, and throughout the whole of the quarter of a century during which they enjoyed the inestimable benefit of his ministrations, they continued to be one of the most flourishing congregations in Glasgow, whether as respects number, respectability, or usefulness. From the first they took a lead in the liberality of their contributions; their "praise in the Gospel is in all the Churches, and by their zeal they have provoked very many."

The labours of Dr. Heugh, however, were not confined to his congregation: the welfare of the Church universal lay near his heart. He possessed highly effective talents as a controversialist, both on the platform and through the press; and his candour and fairness in advocating his own views were admitted even by those who most strongly disapproved of his sentiments. His public spirit and expansive benevolence caused him to take a deep interest in every scheme calculated to promote the prosperity of the Church and the welfare of his fellow-men. As a public-spirited citizen, an enlightened philanthropist, a liberal patriot, a catholic Christian, and an ardent advocate and generous supporter of missionary enterprise, he had few equals—certainly no superior. Whatever seemed calculated to advance the interests of education and of piety, to raise the standard of morals, to check the prevalence of iniquity, and diminish the mass of human depravity and wretchedness—whatever sought by scriptural means to enlighten and convert the ignorant, to enlarge the boundaries of the Church, and to subject the nations to the benignant rule of her King, by subduing them to the obedience of faith, found in him a willing, an able, an eloquent, and an untiring advocate.

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* Funeral Sermon, by Dr. Brown, p. 77.

Among the members of that Church which his virtues adorned, his practical sagacity, disinterestedness, and spotless integrity, gave him an influence probably not equalled, certainly not surpassed, by that of any of his brethren. This was very strikingly manifested during the recent controversy respecting the extent of the atonement; and all parties have freely acknowledged that his exertions were, under the Divine blessing, mainly instrumental in saving the Secession Church from shipwreck in that stormy sea of doctrinal discussion, and without sacrifice of principle, and with the least possible loss of members, securing the integrity, purity, and peace of the body.

Dr. Heugh's constitution was naturally robust, and amidst all his abundant labours he enjoyed the blessing of uninterrupted good health; but it was evident that the incessant toil which he underwent must in the end wear out the most vigorous frame. His health began at length to give way, and by medical advice he suspended for a time his public labours, and spent part of the summer of 1843 in Geneva, where, with his characteristic activity, he employed himself in collecting materials for his chief work, "The State of Religion in Belgium and Geneva," which was published soon after his return. This temporary relaxation was productive of the most beneficial effects: but the intimations of coming infirmity returned, and continued to increase. With his usual foresight, he perceived that the undivided charge of so large a congregation had become too heavy for him long before this had become apparent to his people themselves, and at his own repeated suggestion, steps were taken to secure the services of a colleague, which were at length crowned with success, in the settlement of Mr. Taylor of St. Andrews (now Dr. Taylor) as Dr. Heugh's associate in the pastoral office. In this choice, Dr. Heugh most cordially concurred. He presided on the day of his colleague's induction, and introduced him to the congregation on the succeeding Sabbath. This, however, was all but his last public service. He appeared in the pulpit only once more—on the administration of the Lord's supper in April—and on that occasion addressed his people for the last time.

His health had for some months been declining, and from this period he rapidly lost strength. It was while in this state of indisposition that an infamous attack was made upon Dr. Heugh's character by a young minister of his own denomination, who has since, by a unanimous vote of the Synod, been cut off from the fellowship of the Church. Dr. Heugh's conduct under this attack, which called forth the indignant reprobation of all classes of the community, was in strict accordance with his own high character, and with the laws of Christ. His mind was kept in "perfect peace" throughout the whole of this "fiery trial;" and we are gratified to learn that on the termination of the business by the sentence of the ecclesiastical court, he seems entirely to have banished it from his thoughts, and that, even amid the wanderings of his mind towards the close of his sufferings, while he spoke occasionally of almost everything which interested him, the allusion to it never escaped his lips. In the very peculiar circumstances of the case, the Synod unanimously agreed that an address should be sent to Dr. Heugh, expressive of their tender sympathy with him in his afflictions. A strong expression of similar sentiments and feelings was made by his own congregation, and by the sessions of various other congregations. With these testimonies of esteem and kindness he was much affected; and on a near relative asking him if he should, in acknowledging them, say he was gratified by their kind attention, he replied "No, no! don't say that; say I am very *grateful* for it."

The following entry in his diary, the first after this painful affair was begun and ended, gives a most interesting view of the state of Dr. Heugh's mind under this trial: "*May* 9.—Long blank, owing to long illness. Much to notice of the Lord's goodness, but cannot now. Hope the Lord has been with me, has cordially reconciled me to his modes of dealing with me, and has often blessed me with peace in believing—in believing in his own Son as my Saviour, made unto me wisdom, &c.—in believing the marvellous love of God in Christ—in believing that God will fulfil, for Christ's sake, the promises of his covenant.—Ps. xxiii. Enough!"

His death-bed experience was in all respects worthy of his character, and beautifully in harmony with his eminently holy life. On the 13th of May a medical consultation was held respecting his case; and at that date there is the following entry in his diary, the last he ever made : "Felt excited, but I hope trustful. My powers of body fail daily; but I have good hope through grace. Have been considering death as going to church—to the Church of the first-born in heaven. But what a Church! The house of God where he is gloriously manifested. What a minister in that upper sanctuary! What a pure, happy, glorious assembly! May my family and flock lay hold on eternal life, by receiving Him, in whom it is, and we shall have a happy meeting there!"

In a letter directed by him to the Rev. Dr. Harper, dated a week later, he says: "My very dear friend,—I am in no condition to reply to your letter which I received on Friday last, or to the unexpected, unmerited one from the Synod, which it enclosed, both of them so replete with Christian sympathy and love. 'The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.' Should it please the Lord to restore me to any measure of strength, I shall endeavour to reply more suitably to both. I have been overwhelmed almost with expressions of human kindness, and I hope I have not been a stranger to the visitations of the Divine favour. The Lord has commanded his loving kindness in the day-time, and in the night his songs have been with me."

At the same time, in reply to a communication from his long-tried friend Dr. Brown, he says : "I thank you for the book, but especially for the parchment. We have infinite plenty to trust to, if we would but trust; yet I do hope that I place my confidence in the great foundation Christ Jesus, made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, and on the immutable promises of God in him. I account it, as you do, a soul-establishing truth, that God will be infinitely glorified to all eternity in saving any sinner who believes in Jesus."

On his death-bed he often referred to his prospects in the view of dying, not only with perfect composure, but even with cheerfulness. "I have not even disquietude," he said, "not to speak of fear, at the near approach of death. He has undertaken the work for me, and will perform it." On Sabbath, 31st May, ten days before his death, he said : "One should not be in the least afraid to die; if he believes Christ, it should not even be a painful thing. It is like going to church for ever, to come no more back to working days, and to enjoy the company of the just made perfect, and of God himself. Perhaps," he added, "to use a modern figure, the passage is a little dark—a kind of tunnel; but it is soon passed, and we are *sure* of what is beyond."

A few days later, he said, "My case is not beyond the Divine power; but I am disposed to think it is beyond Divine practice, and, if so, I am ready, and joy to depart and be with Jesus, which is far better." And again, while in a state of great weakness: "I am always able to remember and believe he has said, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for He is with me.' He has said it, and he will do it. I can trust him for that, and for all else, seeing he has given himself for me." When asked by the medical attendant how his mind was—if it was clear, or if it wandered, he said : "It is so fatigued that I cannot well follow any particular train of thought; but my mind rests constantly on the general scriptural truth, and so resting is willing that whatever God's will is with me should come to pass."

On the 7th of June, the last Sabbath he spent on earth, he said: "The ground of my peace is not myself, nor anything about myself, but entirely Jesus and his sure promise to me." In a little, he added: "There is no peace but in him, but in him is great peace." He said also: "I desire to suffer whatever is allotted to me, but I think it will not be more than two or three days ere I see Jesus." On the evening of the same day, he said: "Oh! I have been so wondrously exempt from trials and loaded with mercies! every day might have brought evil—merited evil—but it never came." He repeatedly dwelt on the sin of unbelief. "There is nothing," said he, "I feel more than the criminality of not trusting Christ without doubt—without doubt. O to think what Christ is, what he did, and whom he did it for, and *then* not to believe him—not to trust him! There is no wickedness like the wickedness of unbelief!"

On Tuesday evening, June 9th, two or three hours before his death, he dwelt with much relish on the thought of committing all to Christ. On being asked if this was his last message, he said, "Yes, my last message; but I cannot now distinguish and enlarge. If you had a thousand souls, commit them all to Christ." "Now," he added, after a pause, "that is a relief." On being asked, if it was a relief to be able to say these things. "Yes," he instantly replied, "and to *do* them." After a short time, he repeated, speaking with the utmost difficulty, but with great solemnity, and with all the energy he could command, "We must have our loins girt, and our lights burning, and be like those who wait for the coming of their Lord." He repeated four times, "Whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." "This is the whole Gospel. It is a terrible thing to overlook the Gospel by stinting it. It is a terrible thing to stint the Gospel. It must neither be divided nor contracted." His last words were in reference to the prospect of meeting in heaven those dear to him whom he was leaving behind him on earth. "And having said this, he fell asleep."

———" Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace; how calm his exit.
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft!"

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

We may conclude our brief sketch of this illustrious man of God with the words of his colleague, to the truth of which all who knew Dr. Heugh will readily bear witness: "He was 'a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith,' of enlightened and fervent piety, of spotless integrity and honour; a safe counseller, distinguished not more by practical wisdom in counsel, than by power and promptitude in action; sagacious in forming his schemes, and indefatigable in carrying them into effect; a sound divine, 'in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity;' an earnest and impressive preacher, skilful in 'rightly dividing the word of truth;' a devoted, affectionate, and eminently successful pastor; 'in labours most abundant,' in the pulpit, and from house to house; instant in season and out of season 'doing good;' the liberal and eloquent supporter of every good cause; 'a pattern' in all his domestic and social relations; an open, hearty, generous, and most trustworthy friend, tenderly weeping with those who wept, and cordially rejoicing with those who rejoiced; a Christian gentleman, of simple, unaffected, yet elegant and dignified manners; most expansive in his benevolence, with 'largeness of heart even as the sand that is on the seashore;' a 'lover of good men;' and unwearied in his exertions to promote the peace and prosperity of Zion. In a word, we may say of him, in the language of inspiration, 'The law of the Lord was in his mouth, in his lips was no guile; he walked with God in equity and truth, and turned many from iniquity.' How much have we lost in losing such a man! 'My father! my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.' Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men."*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The mother of the well-known Richard Cecil was a woman of real piety.

Richard, when but a young man, had pursued a bold and determined career, till sunk in sin, hardening himself in Infidelity, and instilling the same principles into others, there seemed no prospect of any change. His excellent mother, however, had performed her part, and still remembered that it was good, not only to pray always, but not to faint or desist upon any account. At last, one night he lay contemplating the case of his mother.

"I see," said he within himself, "two unquestionable facts—*First*, My mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body and mind; and yet I see that she cheerfully bears up under all, by the support she derives from constantly repairing to her closet and her Bible. *Secondly*, That she has a secret spring of comfort, of which I know nothing; while I who give an unbounded loose to my appetites, and speak pleasure by every means, seldom or ever find it. If, however, there is such a secret in religion, why may I not find it as well as my mother?" He instantly rose and began to pray, but was soon discouraged, by recollecting that much of his mother's comfort seemed to arise from her faith in Christ. Now, thought he, "This Christ I have ridiculed; he stands much in my way, and can form no part of my prayers." In utter confusion he lay down again; but, in process of time, conviction of sin continuing, his difficulties were gradually removed, his objections answered. He now listened to those admonitions of his mother, which he had before affected to receive with pride and scorn; yet they had fixed themselves in his heart like a barbed arrow; and though the effects were concealed from her observation, yet tears would fall from his eyes, as he passed along the street, from the impression she had made on his mind. Now he would discourse with her, and hear her without outrage, which revived her hopes, especially as he then attended the public worship of God. Thus he made some progress, but felt no small difficulty in separating from his favourite connections. Light, however, broke into his mind, till at last he discovered that Christ Jesus, so far from "standing in the way," as he once thought, was indeed the way, the truth, and the life, to all who come unto God by him."

After such a change, it is not wonderful that Mr. Cecil should have written and spoken with so much pathos on the influence of the parental character. "Where parental influence does not convert," he would say, "it hampers—it hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them; I was a professed Infidel; but then I liked to be an Infidel in company, rather than when alone—I was wretched when by myself. These principles, and maxims, and data, spoiled my jollity." Again he says: "I find in myself another evidence of the greatness of parental influence. I detect myself to this day in laying down maxims in my family, which I took up at three or four years of age, before I could possibly know the reason of them." "Besides, parental influence must be great, because God has said it shall be so. The parent is not to stand reasoning and calculating. God has said, that his character shall have influence, and so this appointment of Providence becomes often the punishment of a wicked man. Such a man is a complete selfist. I am weary of hearing such men talk about their 'family,' and their 'family,' they 'must provide for their family.' Their family has no place in their real regard—they push for themselves. But God says: 'No! you think your children shall be so and so, but they shall be rods for your own backs. They shall be your curse. They shall rise up against you.' The most common of all human complaints is—Parents groaning under the vices of their children! This is all the effect of parental influence."

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* Sermons occasioned by the death of the Rev. Hugh Heugh, D.D., p. 33.

QUESTIONS WHICH CONCERN YOU.

. HATH CHRIST GIVEN UNTO YOU HIS HOLY SPIRIT?
s Spirit, wherever it is, it is,
. *A praying Spirit.*—A " Spirit of supplication "
f faithful, sincere, fervent, constant, humble, sup-
:ation. (Zech. xii. 10.) Ask, then, thy soul, " Canst
u, dost thou, go to God, and cry, as a child, with
erence and confidence, ' Abba, Father?' (Rom.
. 15.) Does this ' Spirit help thine infirmities '
rse 26), and enable thee to understand both for
om, and what, and how, thy prayer is to be
de?"

. *A mourning Spirit.*—It puts a believer into a
re-like frame, mourning for the loss of its mate
zek. vii. 16); yea, mourning for the offence of a
acious God, as for the loss of an only son. (Zech.
. 10.) Tell me, then, poor soul, art thou apt ever
d anon to strike on thy breast, with the contrite
blican; to " smite on thy thigh," with broken-
arted Ephraim (Jer. xxxi. 19); and in a holy con-
rnation of spirit, to ask thyself, " What, O what
ve I done?" (Jer. viii. 6.) Do thy God's bottle,
d thy tears therein for sin as sin, speak for thee?

3 *A sanctifying Spirit.*—(1 Cor. vi. 11; 1 Pet. i. 2.)
ıd that with respect to sins, graces, duties. (2 Thess.
13.)

(1.) *Sins.*—The Spirit, wherever it is, " mortifies
e deeds of the flesh." (Rom. viii. 13.) Speak, then:
thine " old man crucified " (at least as to dominion)
ith thy Christ? (Rom. vi. 6.) More especially
ot to speak of thy more gross, dangerous, dis-
nourable sins), dost thou spit out the sweet morsel
ıder thy tongue? Dost thou, with Samuel, hew thy
licate Agag in pieces?—with David, " keep thee
om thine iniquity?"—(Ps. xviii. 22)—that iniquity
which thy constitution, custom, calling, interest,
ostly incline thee? What sayest thou to thy Isaac,
enjamin, Absalom, Delilah, Herodias, the calves of
an and Bethel? Tell me: Art thou apt sadly to
remember thine own evil ways, and thy doings that
ere not good, and to loathe thyself in thine own
ght for all thine iniquities, and for all thine abomi-
ations?" (Ezek. xxxvi. 31.)

(2.) *Graces.*—Speak, believer: Art thou " renewed
the spirit of thy mind?" hath the Spirit of God
-instamped that glorious image of God? Hath
he north wind so risen, the south wind so " come,
nd blown upon thy garden, that the spices thereof
ow forth?" (Cant. iv. 16.) " Beholding the glory
f the Lord," art thou " changed into the same image
rom glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the
ord?" (2 Cor. iii. 18.) Art thou still " perfecting
oliness in the fear of God?" (2 Cor. vii. 1.)

(3.) *Duties.*—Wherever the Spirit is, it " causeth,"
ffectually causeth, the man " to walk in God's sta-
ates, to keep his judgments, and to do them." (Ezek.
xxvi. 27.) It " worketh" in believers " both to will
nd to do of God's good pleasure" (Phil. ii. 13)—to
orform natural, moral, spiritual duties, to spiritual
nds, in a spiritual manner.

2. DOTH " CHRIST DWELL IN THY HEART BY FAITH?"
Eph. iii. 17.) Namely, by such a faith as purifies the
eart; as works by love to God, the word, saints,
nemies; as overcomes the world, its Midianitish
miles, its Anakim-like frowns? If thou hast such a
aith, remember it is an infallible and momentous
ruth—that faith's application of Christ to a believer,
f saving, is always joined with a believer's applica-
ion of himself to Christ. Ask, then, thy soul, thy
conscience, " Canst thou truly say, with David,
Lord, save me; I am thine?'—Ps. cxix. 94.
Dost thou indeed, not only ' lean on thy Beloved,'
but ' cleave to thy Christ with full purpose of heart?' (Acts xi. 23.) Does it content thee to apply Christ to thy soul only as a plaster to a wound, to have healing from him? or not rather as a seal to the wax, which takes an impression from it?"

3. DOST THOU " CRUCIFY THE FLESH WITH ITS AFFECTIONS AND LUSTS?"—They that are united unto Christ do so. (Gal. v. 24; Rom. vii. 13.) Dost thou detest, loathe, hate sin—all sin, in thought, word, deed; and that, not so much for its effects, as its nature? Dost thou " hate " it rather " *as* hell," than *for* hell? That is our duty (Rom. xii. 9): is it our sincere endeavour? Dost thou ever groan out under the sense of that intolerable burden—of that wolf that lies in thy bosom? Does it make thee cry out, as Paul—" O wretched man that I am?" (Rom. vii. 24.) Dost thou, when thou appearest before the Lord in prayer, or at his Word, or at a sacrament, put thy Uriah, thy dearest, darling sins, in the front of the battle, that when Christ discharges his keenest arrows, they may be sure to be hit and slain? When God sends a tempest, is it thy first, greatest care to throw those Jonahs overboard? When God seems to beleaguer thee with sharp and threatening providences, is it thy main endeavour to cast the heads of those Shebas over the wall?

4. ART THOU " A NEW CREATURE?"—He that is in Christ is so. (2 Cor. v. 17.) Hast thou a new head, heart, lip, life? Canst thou now properly say, I am no longer my former self? Is the lion become a lamb, the raven a dove, the wolf a kid, the persecutor a preacher, or, more, an adorer, of Christ Jesus? Dost thou act from new principles—the Spirit of Christ (Ezek. xxxvi. 27), faith (Gal. ii. 20), constraining love (2 Cor. v. 14), filial fear? (Jer. xxxii. 20.) Dost thou act for new principles—that thou mayest preserve them in thyself, and propagate them to others? (Acts xxvi. 20.)

5. DOST THOU BRING FORTH FRUIT?—Every branch in Christ is a fruit-bearing branch. (John xv. 5.) Art thou " filled with all the fruits of righteousness " (Phil. i. 11)—first and second table fruits? Art thou " fruitful in every good word and work?" (Col. i. 10.) Dost thou bring forth fruit suitable to the means vouchsafed? or does the seed of a homer bring forth only an ephah? Dost thou remember, that where much is given, not a little is required? (Luke xii. 48.) Briefly: Dost thou bring forth fruit, like the land of Egypt, " by handfuls?" (Gen. xli. 47.) Hast thou any bunches of pomegranates to show? Is thy soul a spiritual Eshcol? And then, too, art thou so desirous of bringing forth more, that thou lookest on the vintage of thy attainments only as gleanings? In a word: Dost thou " bring forth fruit " constantly, every month, " in old age?" Art thou ever " green and flourishing?" (Ps. xcii. 14.) Do not those apples of Sodom, bitter fruits of apostasy, in principles, in practices, spring from thee? Are not thy grapes turned into thorns, thy figs into thistles? Art thou not like Orpah, that the other day kissed and complimented, but now forsakes? But rather, like Ruth, dost thou resolve and say concerning thy God, thy Christ, " Whither thou goest, I will go; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried?" (Ruth i. 16, 17.)—*Lye.*

THE CONNECTION OF TRUTH.

EVERY truth single is very precious, and indeed of infinite value, as purchased with, and ratified in, the blood of Christ; but to see the truths of the Gospel linked together in their proper union, facing one another like the cherubims (Exod. xxv. 20), is very glorious: as the stones of the temple, when they were squared and polished in the forest, were very costly for both matter and workmanship; but when they were laid into the building, and formed up into a temple, what a beautiful and magnificent structure did they make! The disciples, beholding it, were filled with delight and wonder. (Luke xxi. 5.) The curtains of the sanctuary, each by themselves, were very rich, both for the materials and curious embroideries; but had you seen them in their connecture, each curtain fastened to the other with taches of gold, and so making up one entire perfect tabernacle, sparkling and shining in all its native splendour, it would have been a ravishing sight. It is in a most eminent manner observable in the creation of the world, that of every single day's work it is said, "God saw that it was good;" but when the whole "structure" of heaven and earth was set together into one entire fabric and creation, "God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was *very* good." (Gen. i. 31.) Such a rare piece are Gospel truths in their variety and uniformity; not less glorious and admirable than heaven and earth, sun, moon, stars, elements, in all their order and ornament.

Gospel truths in their series and dependence are a chain of gold to tie the truth and the soul close together. People would not be so easily trepanned into heresy, if they were acquainted with the concatenation of Gospel doctrines within themselves. As, for instance, men would not certainly be so easily complimented to worship that idol of free-will and the power of nature, were they well principled in the doctrine of the fall, and the design of God in permitting it, held out in Scripture in such large and ligible characters that he who runs may read. (Ps. li. 5; 1 Cor. i. 29–31, &c.); if they did with sobriety of spirit observe what the Scripture proclaims concerning the impotency of the lapsed and ruined creature, man's helpless condition in himself (Rom. v. 6; Eph. ii. 1); of the absolute necessity of the quickening, helping, and stablishing influence of the Spirit of Christ, &c. When a chain of pearls is broken, a single jewel is easily lost: divine truths are mutually preservative in their social embraces and coherence.—*Case.*

CHRIST'S LOVE.

The rabbins have a saying, that upon every *apex* or "tittle" of the law, there hangs a mountain of sense and doctrine: in every drop of Christ's blood there is an ocean of love: "Who loved me, and gave himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.) The death of Christ was such a demonstration of love as the world never saw. When God made the world, he intended the evidence of his power. He ordained hell, digged Tophet, and filled it with fire and brimstone; and thereby manifested the severity of his justice. He humbled himself to death; and therein his purpose was to demonstrate the transcendency of his love. This made the love of Christ of such efficacy and constraining influence upon the Apostle Paul: "Because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead." (2 Cor. v. 14.) When Christ once wept at Lazarus's grave, by-standers made this inference upon it: "Behold how he loved him!" (John xi. 36.) But if weeping at the grave for his death argued such love, what love was it, then, to die and go down into the grave for Lazarus! It were an easy thing to lose ourselves in this delightful maze and labyrinth of love—the righteous Judge of all the world unrighteously accused and condemned; the Lord of life was dying; the eternal and ever-blessed Son of God struggling with his Father's wrath; he that had said, "I and my Father are one" (John x. 30), crying out in his bitter agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matt. xxvii. 46.) He that "hath the keys of hell and of death" (Rev. i. 18), lay sealed up in another's grave. Blessed and dear Saviour, whither hath thy love to sinners carried thee? Well might the apostle, in a holy rapture and ecstasy, express himself in an elegant contradiction, when he desired that the Ephesians might "know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge!" (Eph. iii. 19.)—*Meriton.*

A GREAT CHANGE.

The most experienced in grace can very inadequately estimate beforehand the happiness of standing in the glorious presence of Him, "whom having not seen, they love; and in whom, though now they see him not, yet believing, they rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Had a person been shut up in a dungeon from his infancy, and seen no light but what was transmitted through some chink in his immuring cell, it would be difficult, or impossible, to give him any such impression of the splendour of the sun as he would inevitably derive from personal observation. On being emancipated from his prison-house, and beholding the darkness of the night flee at the approach of the king of day, not yet revealed—on witnessing the starry host successively absorbed in the increasing radiance of dawn and morn—on seeing at last the sun himself appear above the horizon, and prosecute a bright and brightening ascent through heaven's arch, the spectator, if we suppose him enabled to sustain such contemplation, would be not less surprised than delighted, and every feature of his countenance would say—the half had not been told me. But what, after all, is such an object, a material inanimate object, compared with its Creator—with the living and life-giving Saviour? And how much more powerful must be the emotions of saints who, on escaping from the incarceration of the grave, shall fix their eyes on the Lord of glory, the unclouded Sun of Righteousness?—*King on the Lord's Supper.*

"O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?"

When a bee hath fastened its sting in a man's flesh, and thereby lost it, it ever after (they say) turns a drone. Death once fastened its sting in Christ, and hath ever since, to them that are in Christ, been like a drone, that can hum and affright, but not sting and hurt, them. Death now drives a poor trade amongst them: it may destroy the body; and when it hath played that prank, it hath done all its feats: as a fierce mastiff, whose teeth are broken out, it can bark, or rend and tear the tattered and threadbare coat; but it cannot bite to the bone. How feeble an enemy is death, since it travelled, and took a walk to the top of Mount Calvary!—*Meriton.*

THE NINETEENTH PSALM;

OR,

THE SERMONS AND SONGS OF NATURE.

BY DR. A. THOLUCK OF HALLE.

(*Translated from the German.*)

"The nature of thy God, O man,
Three testaments declare:
Rightly the *first* to comprehend,
It with the *second* well compare;
And to the *third* you oft must go,
If well the *second* you would know."

1. Man very frequently wishes for *preachers*—should he not much rather wish for the proper *ear?* For verily there are preachers all around, wherever we direct our eye—preachers in the sky above us, preachers beneath upon the earth, preachers within and without. What does not even the firmament of heaven above preach?—the clear blue sky! the sky covered by the storm-clouds! The heavens, with all the wonders of their glory, declare the glory of God—they declare it with the glory of day and with the glory of night. But how many hear? How undeniable is it, that so long as God does not speak into a man's own heart, man cannot understand the language of God, which is loud around, and above, and beneath him! Tauler* beautifully expresses this: "As to a man who looks for a long time at the sun, the sun impresses itself upon everything that he sees; so is it with a man who looks much at God." And there are hours when we can stand among the works of nature as though we were in a congregation of God's people, where a cheerful song of praise bursts forth from every breast, so that we cannot help it, but must unite in their hymn—absorbed into the universal strain of devotion, we are borne along upon it. But, at other times, how silent and dumb seem all creatures around us—they go as though there was no hand in heaven that led them! It depends upon this, whether God speaks in us!

2. It is still the same heaven to which the Saviour looked up when he prayed; it is the same heaven to which the childless Abraham raised his eyes, when in the still night the promise was made to him: "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars if thou be able to number them; so shall thy seed be!" It is the same heaven which our first parents saw, whilst they still walked in Paradise as pious and innocent children. Beneath upon the earth everything has become different, at least among men; but for six thousand years, day unto day uttereth, and night unto night declareth the one great, eternal narrative, of Him who hath made heaven and earth. There is something unusually great and elevating in the thought, that Nature throughout thousands upon thousands of years has still continued the same, and yet it always preserves the charm of novelty, since nothing merely *is*, but everything grows. Can one refrain from saying with the poet,

"And thou, fair Nature, thou
Art not of one sort, yet art ever alike,
And all is old and all is new
In thine everlasting realm?"

O how does the human heart, that, by the contrast with the order and obedience of Nature to its laws, becomes conscious of its own fickleness and changeableness, long after that inward stedfastness over which the change from light to darkness, from day to night, no longer has any influence! It is this, even this, that gives Nature so edifying, so salutary an influence over man.

3. The voice of Nature is such that it can be heard and understood in all languages. The voice with which Nature addresses man is like the look of a friend or the faithful pressure of the hand, which are understood among all nations without the utterance of a word. Is it not also really the eye of God, that most faithful of friends, that looks out of Nature upon us; and have not the nations of the earth in some measure understood this voice? But true understanding was wanting in their hearts; there was no interpreter within, for they worshipped the creature instead of the Creator. (Rom. i. 21–23.) And thus they supposed that the song of praise, which all creatures in heaven and upon earth sing, was a song of praise to the *creature*. Yet all creatures declare only *the*

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* A German preacher before the Reformation, greatly admired by Luther.—*Trans.*

glory of God, who has made them! How many are there among *us* who do not rightly understand this! When I hear the outbursts of enthusiasm at the beauty of Nature, it pains me deeply that nothing is spoken of but the honour of the creature, and that the spirit never ascends from this to Him who has created it. I could sometimes go to the enthusiastic admirer and say: "Alas! my fellow-mortal, you do not properly understand the true import of this song of praise! It celebrates the honour of God, who has made all his works so beautiful!"

"Fair lily! which in gorgeous robe
Upon the mead I see,
Thou art a pattern for my life—
A teacher given to me."

"O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand." (Ps. xcv. 6.)

4. Everything in the firmament of heaven does indeed declare the glory of God, and everything impresses us with the idea that "everything is old, and everything is new in that everlasting kingdom;" but especially do we receive this impression from the sun, when each morning it again arises to its circuit in the sky, with perfect freshness, as though it had just been bathing. To beings like us, it appears as though it had been gathering fresh strength, as we, children of men, renew our strength during the quiet night; yet its setting here is only its rising in another hemisphere. How, with its shining, does it extinguish everything else that would shine alongside of it, and thus ascends the sky entirely alone! How does it, without respect of persons, like a monarch send its beams over mountain and valley, over the lowly, and over the lofty! It is not so very astonishing that men who had not the second, to explain the first testament of God, namely, the book of Nature, should have fallen down before the sun and worshipped it as a god. And yet it is only the servant of Him who can call it *my* sun. It is written: "Who maketh *his* sun to rise upon the evil and upon the good." And yet it is only the servant of his servants, for it is itself in turn but the servant of other suns, which all at last revolve around Him who is called "the Father of lights." (James i. 17.) Truly the blessed apostle is right, when he says that God in the creation of the world hath declared his invisible nature, his eternal power and Godhead—"so that they are without excuse." (Rom. i. 20.) But this is first properly recognised to be so by us, in whose hearts the precious word of God, the Bible, has enkindled a light that also makes Nature clear. When it is said that the three revelations of God, in Nature, in the Old Testament, and in the New, is a book of three parts, yet is it a book that we must begin to read at the back in order properly to understand it. But when one once rightly understands those two parts, and then again opens the first, what sermons of which he never before thought resound upon him! The disciple of Christ first rightly knows what he says, when, enthroned amid the glory of Nature he exclaims to him, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground!" Yea, the Christian first rightly knows why he calls the earth holy ground—whereon the Holy One of God walked with pure feet—whereon a Son of God poured forth his holy blood in sacrifice—whereon, when consecrated anew, "the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God" for ever and ever. (Rev. xxi. 3.) That is looking into the heart of God's grace, and after we have once looked into this, we see the world filled with miracles of grace. O! with what new eyes is the book of Nature then read! We can everywhere read of God who so loved the world that he did not spare even his only begotten Son, but tore him as a leaf out of his own heart, and offered him up for the world!

Heavenly Father! I know and have experienced it, that everything in thy heavenly kingdom can become a preacher unto us, and that it is altogether the fault of our dull ear that Nature, both in her glory and in her terrors, preaches so little unto us. A declaration of thy glory pervades all creation, day unto day declares, night unto night records it. O grant me, gracious, heavenly Father, a truly childlike heart, that I may understand this preaching! Grant me a collected mind, that in the voice of every creature I may perceive the voice of my uncreated God, my Father, and my Lord. I will exercise my mind upon the holy word of thy revelation, that I may thus become more fully aware of that which thou sayest unto me in the book of Nature; and from every beauty of Nature as it now lies before me, let me derive an anticipation, a blessed anticipation of what it will be when the earth, this cradle of fallen humanity, shall, together with its Lord, be elevated to that un-decaying glory to which thou hast destined it! *

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* While we do not think it advisable to suppress the concluding sentence, we are, of course, not to be understood as committing our periodical to the doctrine at which it points. —ED.

HE CHARACTER OF INFIDELITY.

NO. I.

THE REV. JOHN G. LORIMER, GLASGOW.

DAVID HUME.

ave lately been reading, and with no small st, "The Life and Correspondence of David , by John Hill Burton, Esq., Advocate," a re- nd able publication in two volumes, and it has red to us, that, without any detailed account of abject of the memoir, and without any formal w of the book, it would be possible to give such w of Hume's character, chiefly disclosed in an ental form in its pages, as would prove a warning , and especially the young, against the tempta- of Infidelity. The reader, then, will see what ntemplate—not an abridged life of Hume, there l be little interest in this, as the incidents are nany or striking—not an account of his philosophy, h would scarcely be suitable even though it could nade intelligible to the readers of a popular reli- s periodical. Our aim is practical. We wish to the facts of Hume's character and history against nfidelity, and that as a warning to others against iles. In short, we wish to survey "The Life and espondence of Hume" in a Christian light; to e of the man by Christian standards, and to do whole for Christian ends. In attempting to rea- our idea, we take the accuracy and impartiality he biographer for granted. We presume that he s a fair account of his hero. We do not rely en- ly upon his information, and we are not without suspicions that on some occasions he has given a e favourable view of Hume than truth warranted; it is not necessary to our object to make Hume to be worse than the facts detailed and his own respondence represent. He may have been less imable—considerably worse than his biographer scribes. There is on several occasions a loose way speaking, on the part of the biographer, on sacred bjects, which does not inspire strong confidence; where he speaks of Infidels as being objects of pity, t of blame—softens away the danger of Hume's ssay on Miracles, as if the principle on which it pro- eds were not fatal to revelation, and speaks with rcasm of some ministers and Church courts of the ne presuming to call public attention to Hume's epticism, and to condemn it. We have reason to spect, too, that the correspondence of Hume with e Moderate ministers, who were embraced in his iendship, was not so harmless and creditable to them, or the death-scene of the Infidel philosopher so tran- uil as his biographer represents. But, as we have lready said, we do not quarrel with Mr. Burton. rom the fulness and the candour with which he tates much that was far from honourable to the sub- ect of his book, we have little doubt that his main bject was to make an interesting work, by relating ircumstances and events as he believed them to have aken place.

Before proceeding to our more immediate object we may be permitted to say, that we are not conscious of any prejudice against Hume; our feelings are much more akin to those of compassion than of anger. We deeply regret to see a man of most acute and powerful understanding, rich and varied acquirements, fine taste, cheerful manners, not only an enemy of revelation himself, but the subtle, laborious, and successful subverter of the faith and hope of others. We believe him to have been deeply criminal in this. Such is the testimony of the Word of God—there is guilt and just condemnation in unbelief for one's self, and in being the overthrower of the faith of our fellow-men. But we have no desire to detract from the character of Hume—to withhold from him the praise which is due, much less to blacken or misrepresent him. We cheerfully acknowledge his high, almost unrivalled powers as a writer—his eminent services in the cause of political economy, and the general improvement of the literary taste and style of his country. We acknowledge his moral propriety and correctness of deportment; his contentment, frugality, and order; his pleasing social qualities; his cheerfulness and pleasantry, which drew a warm band of friends around him, and made him a favourite in the domestic circle among ladies and children. Comparing him with Infidels and men of literature, both in Britain and on the Continent—comparing him with such a man as Voltaire, all must at once yield him the palm; nay, it is to be feared that not a few, bearing the Christian name, could not, in point of correctness, and kindness, and desire to be agreeable and instruct, stand a comparison with the Infidel. His was not the life of a gay, frivolous, perhaps profligate man of the world. It was the life of a studious philosopher, whose happiness lay among his books, who was unstained with vice, and who came forth from his retreat from time to time, to spend a pleasant hour in the circle of literary friends or of youth, for the most part carefully avoiding whatever he knew would offend. We have no desire to deny to Hume the praise which belongs to such qualities. It is not necessary to the warning which we are anxious to found upon his character to do so. It is rather favourable to our object to confess that Hume was in many respects an attractive man. It was such qualities which rendered him the more dangerous in his own day, and which, along with other things, render his writings so seductive in ours.

And this leads us to remark, that as we have no desire to depreciate the character, so we have no wish to disparage the influence of Hume.

Beyond all question he is the most able, unoffending, and dangerous of Infidels. The character of many of the same school so strongly outrages all moral propriety, that it constitutes itself a protection against their wiles; their coarseness, bitterness, and malevolence, are conspicuous. It is not so with Hume. He seems an amiable man, whom one may trust without hazard. He offends no one; outwardly he appears as good, as unexceptionable, as a great mass of the friends of revelation—superior to many; and then his Infidelity is not confined to one department, fitted only to one class of minds, and these the lowest. It does not show itself, for instance, in sarcastic attacks on detached passages of Old Testament Scripture, aiming, like Paine, at an impression among the vulgar. Hume disdains so low and unworthy a course; his scepticism is all-comprehensive and universal. It not only subverts revelation, it saps the principles of morals, and the proofs of providence, and the evidence of the very being of a God. And all the while there is little to alarm. Instead of courting the vulgar, he rather despises them, writing for the cultivated and the thoughtful; and yet, from his simplicity and clearness, intelligible to multitudes of all classes, and becoming more and more intelligible with every enlargement of the means of popular education.

From the circumstances adverted to, one would expect the *influence* of Hume's writings on the side of Infidelity to be great; and the expectation is verified by fact. The reference which we find to Hume in all the leading writings published subsequent to his day, bearing on metaphysics, morals, religion—not to speak of those written for the express purpose of counteracting his false principles—is a plain proof of their felt importance. He continues to be thus quoted still. Then it is well known that his writings exerted a great influence on the leading writers of the French Infidel school, and doubtless, hastened on the dread catastrophe to which they conducted. Much of the Infidelity of this country in the last and the present century, especially in the higher ranks and cultivated classes, is directly traceable to Hume. There is reason to fear that, after a partial obscuration, his Infidelity is recovering in our day. It is not improbable that the "Life and Correspondence" which have been published, though not intended, may, by calling public attention to his writings, have the same effect. Hence the propriety of guarding all, and particularly those most likely to be affected, against the influence of this celebrated sceptic. We know not how this can be better done, than by showing the defects and vices of his character, and so his unfitness to be the guide of others on moral and religious subjects. If it can be shown that the most able and attractive of Infidels—the man most unexceptionable in life, and, if we are to believe the testimony of friends, most contented and happy in death—was yet, in point of character, grievously disqualified for the office which he assumed, and unworthy of the confidence which multitudes repose in him; if it can be shown, moreover, that his Infidelity sadly injured *his* character, superior as that character was to what the ordinary race of Infidels can pretend to, surely it may be expected, that while Hume is weakened for moral mischief, others will be altogether incapacitated—that Infidelity in general will be exposed, and the cause of revelation in the same degree indirectly protected and confirmed. Providence seems to have allowed Infidelity to appear in all forms, associated with various descriptions of character and condition, the attractive as well as repulsive, that there might be the better trial of the faith of the Church, and that his truth, subjected to every conceivable ordeal, might in the end come out the more conspicuously victorious. Hume, so to speak, had no temptations to Infidelity. He was not a poor neglected misanthrope—without education—without friends—suffering from bodily pain, or constitutional depression, and so tempted to quarrel at once with the providence and revelation of God. He was a man of old family—received an excellent education—was quite a scholar—was ere long possessed of independent means—was always surrounded by attached friends—was blessed with fine health and the finest flow of animal spirits; and, in short, was an entire stranger to many of the temptations to unbelief to which others are exposed. He was a bachelor, with an income of £1,000 a-year, living in literary ease and retirement in Edinburgh, when he was correcting and maturing those works which shake the foundations of natural and revealed religion. Do his outward circumstances not aggravate the guilt and ingratitude of his own Infidelity, and of his labours to make others Infidels? Do they not at the same time show the strength and perfection of Hume's Infidelity? His was not an Infidelity of accident or temptation. It was a deliberate, a chosen, a cherished Infidelity. It is the more important to neutralize its influence, by showing how little it did for him—how poor, defective, and even vicious, was the character which Infidelity created, or at least, in which Infidelity continued to inhere, without conferring any favourable change.

What, then, are some of the leading characteristics of Hume, apparent from a Life and Correspondence published by an admirer? While Christians are humbled over the memory and the consciousness of their own defects, such a contemplation is fitted to enhance Christianity in their esteem, revealing, as it does, a character so incomparably superior, both in its Founder and in multitudes of its disciples, to all the attainments of the most boasted specimen of Infidelity arrayed in the dress of Reason and Philosophy.

1st, It appears that Hume was a STRANGER TO THE HIGHER IMPULSES OF GENEROSITY. We have remarked that he was kindly and agreeable—loved in society, and liked by the young; but his amiability does not seem to have extended very far—to nothing that implied a real sacrifice of self. He seems to have been insensible to patriotism, which is a high and generous feeling. He did, indeed, discover a generous desire to patronize young Scottish authors; but this appears to have sprung rather from hatred to England, where his own claims as an author had been long overlooked, than from any real love to country. His biographer remarks, that there is no trace of attachment to home-scenes and localities in his writings—scarcely any allusion to them, even in circumstances where, by foreign contrasts, they seemed to be forced upon the remembrance of the heart. He was extremely anxious, in point of style and sentiment, to be completely expurgated of everything Scottish. Indeed about nothing does he seem to have been more anxious; the greatest favour was to correct a Scotticism in his language. He appears to have regarded what was Scotch as provincial and vulgar. Though he lived through the rebellion of 1745, and was surrounded by parties deeply interested, he discovers as little interest in it as if it had been a rebellion in the heart of Africa. Of his Essay "On the Protestant Succession," he says himself in a private letter: "I treat the subject as coolly and indifferently as I would the dispute between Cæsar and Pompey." The times of Greek and Roman greatness had far greater charms for him than the historical periods, at least the earlier ones, of Britain; so much so, that his biographer regrets that he did not rather illustrate the one than the other. It is plain, we think, that his heart lay far more in France, where he had been caressed and honoured, than in any part of Britain. While this absence of patriotism must have prevented him doing justice as an historian to Britain, and hence, among other reasons, the failure of his "History of England" as a real history of that country, can it be doubted that Infidelity had its influence in making him cold-hearted and indifferent to country? Patriotism is a Christian virtue. Paul, and Paul's Master, afforded beautiful illustrations of its power. It was impossible that Hume could do so. It is to be considered, too, that the struggles of the Christian Church are identified in Britain with patriotism. Hence if a man has not religion enough to sympathize with the Church of Christ, he is not in circumstances to feel very warmly as a patriot. Over the finest passages of his country's history he must be dumb, or look on with ill-suppressed anger. Hume, then, was a stranger to one of the noblest and most generous impulses of the human mind, the patriotic. Whatever might have been the original susceptibilities of his mind, in this direction they were extinguished by his Infidelity. What a contrast to the Scottish Reformer, to whom the Infidel bore so deadly a grudge! how warmly did patriotism beat in his heart! Concerned for the everlasting salvation through Christ of the existing generation of his beloved Scotland, he was scarcely less concerned for the salvation of their posterity; in other words, his patriotism was hallowed to latest ages. Being truly religious, he was necessarily truly patriotic. It is scarcely necessary to notice, that, constituted as Hume was, by his Infidelity, he *could* not appreciate the patriotism of the Bible; and, in so far, was an incompetent judge of its spirit. We may well ask, Is it a recommendation of Infidelity, that it is not propitious, that, on the contrary, it is injurious, to patriotism, one of the most generous emotions of the human mind—an emotion leading to deeds which even Heathens can eulogize?

2*d*, But more than this, Hume appears not only to have been a stranger to the generous, but in a large manner to have been ANIMATED BY THE MERCENARY. Though, as a philosopher and religious reformer, and accustomed, moreover ,to denounce the cupidity of the Christian ministry, under the foolishly misapplied name of "Priests," it might have been anticipated that he would have been a pattern of the disinterested; yet it is a remarkable fact, that in money matters he was repeatedly involved in disputes—disputes which were conducted with a keenness and perseverance, anything but honourable to the professed character of the philosopher. When a young man of twenty-six—not an old man, on whom avarice might be supposed to have made some inroad—he entered in "a most stringent manner," according to his biographer, into pecuniary arrangements with his publishers—arrangements which seem to have been unusual at the time. Nine or ten years later, he had taken charge, chiefly for gain, of a half madman, a Marquis of Annandale. For this service, he was to receive £300 a-year. The charge was particularly degrading; only one strongly mercenary in spirit could submit to it. A question arose at the termination of the year, about a sum of £75 which Hume thought himself entitled to, and for this paltry sum he battled and litigated as for his life. Fourteen years after, we find him still insisting on it, and threatening a law-suit, though apparently baffled after all. What, if possible, adds to the humiliation and selfishness of the exhibition, is the fact that after Hume had met with enough to disgust any man of the smallest sense of honour, on the place being proposed anew, at a reduction of *one-half* the salary, Hume intimated his willingness to accept the terms. Even his friend Henry Home (Lord Kames), who was noted for his penuriousness, trusted that Hume "would not be so mean-spirited" as to accept of lowered terms. The philosopher, however, in his selfish love of gain, though but a young man of thirty-five, was prepared to submit to the degradation. Let it not be supposed that this was some peculiarly unhappy case. It was a case illustrative of general character. Unwarned by what had taken place, Hume was shortly after employed as Secretary to General St. Clair on a trifling military expedition to the coast of France. Its great charm for him, seems to have been that he could make some money by it. Not satisfied with what he received, he made some claim for half-pay as Judge Advocate on the expedition; the claim was disallowed, but for seventeen years thereafter, we find him urging his suit, and only reluctantly abandoning it. A year or two subsequent to the period referred to, he had collected and saved £1,000. This sum, like a miser's heap, seems to have filled and possessed his soul; so that thirty years thereafter, when writing his autobiography, we find him dwelling upon it with exultation. Is this a very creditable exhibition of character, worthy of a philosopher? What would Hume have thought or said of a Christian, above all, of a Christian minister, acting in this manner? The man who was robbing others of the hope of a future world, took care to afford a good illustration in his own person of tenacity and grasping at the present. Strange as it may seem, these two are connected. If Infidelity did not originate Hume's love of gain, it did nothing to check it, but the reverse. More than this, a disbeliever in futurity, Hume's heaven consisted in a comfortable independency upon earth; hence his anxiety about a secure competency, and hence the mercenary selfishness which degraded and disgraced him while yet a young man. What a contrast to the spirit of true Christianity! "It is more blessed to give than to receive"—a spirit embodied and exemplified on the cross of Calvary. No wonder that Hume was an Infidel; the generosity and self-sacrifice of the Bible could find no favour in such eyes as his. Well may we ask, however, Are the mercenary and the avaricious recommendatory of philosophy or scepticism, or anything else?

To be continued

LITTLE THINGS.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be;
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it, silently.

Anon.

MEMORIALS OF THE INQUISITION.

NO. II.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

In adverting to the facts which illustrate the spirit of the Inquisition, and along with it the spirit of Popery, out of which that institution arose, it must suffice to exhibit only a specimen. We feel as if humanity were revolted, and the religion of the Prince of Peace not merely outraged, but utterly extinguished, by such a system of scientific persecution. But as with the anatomist, in examining the human structure, though much that is painful or offensive may be encountered in our inquiry, it must be endured for the sake of the remedies to which that examination may point, or the warnings which it may supply.

So high, then, did the office of Inquisitor rank in the estimation of Rome, that the title of "Most Reverend" was early attached to it, so that to be an Inquisitor was to be equal to a bishop; and so complete was the ascendency of the Holy Office, that the proud kings of Castile, prior to their coronation, bound themselves and all their subjects, by a solemn oath, to obey the Holy Tribunal.

When any heretic was excommunicated by it, no authority but that of the Pope could absolve him. The Church was no sanctuary against its power, as it was to other offenders. A delinquent could be dragged from the horns of the altar; while the Inquisitors could grant indulgences, partial or plenary, to all who died in their service, not one of themselves being exposed to the perils of purgatory. Their indulgence was *ex officio* plenary —that is, there was no purgatory for them. They could proceed for heresy against bishops, priests, and friars; nay, against cardinals and archbishops as well as laymen. Not even princes and kings were exempted from their power; and Charles V., despot as he was, trembled before the Inquisition; while members of the imperial family, when cited, appeared before it as their menials would have done.

The Inquisitors could further compel civil governors to extirpate from their territory all who were known as heretics. Witnesses might be compelled to give evidence, under pain of excommunication or the torture; and the former was the award whenever a layman dared to dispute about the faith, whether in public or private. The power of the Office extended also to books, not one of which could be published without the Inquisitor's permission; while Torquemada burned six thousand volumes in one fire at Salamanca. To render the Officials sufficiently stringent in the application of their laws, they were, for any instance of leniency, forbidden to enter a church for a period of four years. In examining prisoners, lawyers acted as assessors to the clergy, to help forward their cruelty. They were sworn to secrecy regarding their diabolical proceedings, as were the other officers of the Tribunal; and so strict were the instructions to certain of the functionaries, that, in recording the dealings with the accused, every trivial incident connected with the criminal required to be noticed. If he changed colour, trembled, hesitated or faltered in his speech, or coughed, or spoke with tremulous tone during the inquest—all must be engrossed, "that by these circumstances the Inquisitors may know when to put the criminals to the torture." If any one refused to aid in detecting or apprehending a criminal, he was fined and put to the ban. The bailiffs or *Familiars*, who apprehended the accused, were chiefly the nobles of the kingdom, and not one of them dared to claim exemption from the service—nay, that despicable office was coveted as an honour even by them. So expert were these myrmidons of old, that a father, with his sons and daughters, six in all, were on one occasion apprehended in the same house, carried to the Inquisition about the same time, and detained in it for seven years, in perfect ignorance of each other's destiny, till they met when they were brought forth in an *Auto-de-fe*. Of these Familiars there was one order, instituted by Dominic, who took an oath to defend the Popish faith at the cost of fortune and of life; and one section of the persecutors was called by that saint *The Militia of Christ*. Strange soldiers these in the service of the Prince of Peace!

In accordance with the general spirit of this system, civil magistrates were in complete subjection to the Inquisition. They swore to exterminate heretics at the bidding of the Inquisitors; and if any lord of a province refused obedience, or, in technical language, declined "to purge his dominions from heretical pravity," his territory was ordered to be seized, after a year of grace; and the person who seized it possessed it thereafter without challenge. Surely Peter Martyr had reason to exclaim: "O, unhappy Spain, mother of so many heroes, how unjustly disgraced by such a horrible scourge!"

It may easily be supposed that the prisons of these horrid tribunals were inhumanly constructed for torture. They have been likened to graves for the dead, though they varied according to the degree of alleged delinquency. A jail in Spain and Portugal was actually named Santa Casa, or the *holy house*, because the Inquisition imparted of its own sanctity to all connected with it. On entering it (in Portugal), the prisoners were shaved and dressed. Their fare was wretched, and kept in some cases as near as possible to the point of starvation, that if the prisoners had property, the more might remain to the Inquisition at the confiscation that followed upon the sentence. The harpies of the Holy Office often lived upon the prisoners, if they had means, like vermin upon those whom they infest. Hence annoyances and privations more galling to some generous spirits than even the torture and the rack. Those who were confined in the worst class of cells, generally sat in utter darkness, and were sometimes kept there for several years, without a visitor but their keeper, that they might be subdued by the horrors of their dungeon, and compelled by suffering "to confess things which oftentimes they had never done." No one durst even mutter a syllable in those dungeons. The silence was absolute and profound, like that of the grave; and if a lamentation, a moan, or a wail was heard, the rules of the Inquisition, commanding silence, were strictly enforced against the sufferer. If admonition failed to restore it, bodily correction was resorted to; and a case is on record, in which one of those confined died of blows inflicted because he could not refrain from coughing. One design of this stringency was to preserve perfect secrecy, which was proverbially regarded as "the strength of the Inquisition," and prevent any intercourse between cell and cell. Any relaxation that was granted, was in word and appearance rather than reality, and if danger was dreaded, the prisoner might be laid in irons. In short, of all the systems ever devised for harassing and tormenting men accused, and wearing them out by a kind of living death, the system adopted by the Inquisition, especially in Spain, was the most perfect—solitude, starvation, silence, bodily correction, and chafing insult, were the bitter ingredients which made up the lot of the prisoners. From such wretchedness even the rack was a kind of relief; and if any other alleviation was vouchsafed, it was rather in contravention of the laws than in harmony with them, while in all that regarded what was reckoned heresy, men and women shared the same fate. On one occasion clemency to one of the accused, on the part of a servant of the prison, was rewarded with incarceration for a year, with two hundred stripes, wearing a garment of yellow (the badge of disgrace), and banishment for ten years from the city and territory where the mercy had been shown; while the odious title, "The Protector of Heretics," was attached as a stigma, on account of the humanity displayed.

In our next notice we design to advert to the crimes of which the Inquisition takes cognizance, with the mode of procedure before the Tribunal. Meanwhile let us ask, Would any one suppose, while glancing over these paragraphs, that we have been describing measures adopted for spreading and upholding the religion of peace, and mercy, and love? Has it ever occurred to think that all these diabolical plans were executed by men professing the religion, or pretending zeal for the cause, of Him who would not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax? Nay, rather, do not these details exhibit, as in the lurid light of the fires which the Inquisition so often kindled, the origin, the spirit, and the tendency of the revolting system? We here see into the very heart's core of Popery. We discover its real nature, as the Antichristian system which tends to overlay the religion of love, and rear in its place the invention of fiends. Popery is, no doubt, now shorn of much of its virulence. The Inquisition now has not the same startling sound, nor the same Satanic power, as of old. But let that creed regain its former sway over men's consciences, and souls, and fears, and the system will be found essentially and unchangeably the same. Its errors are part of its very being—nay, Popery has no existence but as error, inasmuch as it is, in all its parts, the direct antagonist of the revelation of God, which is truth. Then, its delusions are organic, and not merely functional — you cannot remove one of its dogmata without destroying Popery itself. In other words, it must be utterly swept away—it cannot be improved or amended; and unless the nations become alive to the horrors of the system, others besides Constantine of Seville, one of its murdered victims, may have reason to exclaim—"O my God, were there no Scythians in the world—no cannibals more fierce and cruel than Scythians, into whose hands thou couldst carry me, that I might escape the paws of these wretches!"

Let no Romanist, or no enemy of God's truth here retort, Did not Melancthon, did not Cranmer, did not Calvin, did not others of the Reformers persecute in their turn? Popery itself, the creed in which they were reared, must be held responsible for all such violations of the law of love—the liberty which man enjoys of being responsible only to his God for his faith. So thoroughly does Popery appear to be the religion of blood, that even those who had escaped from its thraldom in other respects, retained some marks of their bondage in this; and all who seek the emancipation of mind, the salvation of the soul, the glory of God in the growth and propagation of liberty, civil and religious, will seek, by Christian means, and in a Christian spirit, the downfal of the Man of Sin, the overthrow of Antichrist, the unmasking of the Mystery of Iniquity, the extinction of that deceivableness of unrighteousness which signalizes the system which exalts itself above all that is called God. It is mercy to the nations, it is mercy to the Romanists themselves, to unveil the real nature of that false faith. The well-being of man throughout the world is identified with its downfal; and all who are knit together in the bonds of the true Catholic religion should labour and pray, in the spirit of their Lord, for the subversion of the delusions of Rome. Since Friar Thomas Torquemada gave the Inquisition its laws in 1483, and Valdes recast them in 1561, how many thousands of God's saints have been slaughtered! Though dead, do they not still speak against the odious system?

THE WHOLE FAMILY.

(*From Rev. B. Stowe's "Whole Family in Heaven and Earth.*")

WHOLE family! It is not easy to conjoin other two words that would awaken so many tender associations ,or furnish so many topics of exhilarating or saddening interest.

"God setteth the solitary in families;" and you can probably recollect when you was a constituent of a whole, and, in some respects, of a happy family. Then you were all, parents and children, sheltered by the same roof, and grouped at the same fire-side. Then, thrice a-day, you surrounded the same table, and partook of the bounty of Him who "openeth his hand and satisfieth the desires of every living thing." Then you "went to the house of God in company," and occupied the same pew, and listened to the same expounder of the heavenly oracles. Then, morning and evening, you sat in reverent silence, and heard a chapter read from the family Bible—a peculiar book, whose shape and appearance you can never forget, and the like of which you have never yet seen. Then you bowed, an unbroken circle, around a common altar,

> "When kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
> The saint, the father, and the husband prayed."

Then, as you had one home, and sought no other, your joys, griefs, and interests were one. You had "all things common." Then, as affection bound together, the thought of separation was inexpressibly painful. You deprecated the rupture of the family tie as an evil of unsurpassed magnitude.

Those days of home comfort—of sweet domestic endearment—are fresh in your recollection, and only by the annihilation of your being can they be extirpated from your memory. Your thoughts love to linger about those sunny scenes, and from them extract the honey that sweetens the bitterness of present cares and disappointments. And the farther you advance in life, the more frequently do your minds recur to them as a fount of solace that the heart knows how to appreciate.

But that circle of home kindred, once and so long complete, has been broken. That family, once whole, has felt the touch of the breaker's wand, and some of the fragments are mouldering in the tomb where other dead are congregated, or in some country grave-yard, where in summer grow the fern and the wild-brier, and in winter the cold north wind spreads over them a snowy mantle. Other portions, widely sundered, have become centres around which new circles are forming, that are soon, in like manner, to be broken and dispersed. O how tender and subduing are the reminiscences of family connections and family scenes! Father! mother!—blessings on their memories!—where are they? Brothers! sisters! where are they? Husband! wife! children! where are they? Youthful readers, how little do you know what lies before you in the pathway of life. These touching, melting recollections, will soon be yours. While the family, in whose warm bosom you now nestle, remains whole, prize the blessing as from Heaven, and improve this season as the happiest of your temporal existence.

> "We all are here,
> You that I love, with love so dear;
> This may not long of us be said—
> Soon must we join the gathered dead,
> And by the hearth we now sit round
> Some other circle will be found.
> O, then, that wisdom may we know,
> Which yields a life of peace below;
> So, in the world to follow this,
> May each repeat, in words of bliss,
> We're all—all here!"

THE ANNALS OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.*

(*From the Free Church Magazine.*)

OUR present design is to gather from the pages of the elaborate work whose title we have prefixed to this paper, some notices of the English Bible. It never was the policy of Popery to put the Scriptures into the hands of the people. Till nearly the end of the fourteenth century there was no translation of the Word of God into the English language. Translations of some small fragments there were, but no translation of the whole Bible. Those who were unacquainted with the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, knew as much or as little of the Word of God, which maketh wise unto salvation, as an ignorant and vicious priesthood might be able and willing to teach them.

Wickliffe was the first who translated the whole Bible into English. He knew neither Hebrew nor Greek, and translated from the Latin. His, therefore, was a translation from a translation, and so far it was imperfect, though still an unspeakable boon to his country. It was finished in 1380. Printing was not invented till about 1435, and therefore copies of Wickliffe's translation could be multiplied only by the slow and expensive process of the transcriber's pen. Notwithstanding this it obtained a wide circulation, and exercised a great and salutary influence. Wickliffe's opinions, or rather the knowledge and belief of Scripture truth, made great progress. The Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester, sons of Edward III., favoured and protected Wickliffe; and the former, in his place in Parliament, opposed successfully a bill brought in to suppress the English version of the Word of God. England possessed no Bible in her own language, except this version in manuscript, for the next 150 years; and it is not a little singular that Wickliffe's translation is now being printed for the first time.

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* The Annals of the English Bible. By Christopher Anderson, in two volumes. London: William Pickering. 1845.

The substratum or foundation of our present English Bible is not the translation of Wickliffe, but that of William Tyndale, which, after five revisions from the Hebrew and Greek, still stands, word for word, in many places of our authorized version. Tyndale was a man of considerable learning, having studied at both the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. At an early period of his life he was deeply convinced that the best remedy for the ignorance of the laity, and the corruptions of the clergy, was the throwing open to all the Scriptures of truth; and, in an argument which he had with a dignitary of the Church, he was roused to say to his opponent, "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do."

Tyndale went abroad, probably to Hamburg, where he seems to have published a translation first of Matthew and then of Mark. In 1525 he is believed to have removed to Cologne, where he put his translation of the New Testament to the press. But the printing had proceeded only as far as the tenth sheet, when John Cochlæus, one of the bitterest enemies that ever lived to the translation of the Scriptures, came to the knowledge of what was going on. By his influence with Herman Rinck, one of the leading men of Cologne, the senate was prevailed upon to interdict the printer from proceeding with Tyndale's work. Tyndale immediately fled from Cologne, taking with him the printed sheets of his translation, and went up the Rhine to Worms, where there was more Lutheranism and more freedom. And striking enough, that which Cochlæus designed to be a hindrance to the publication of the Scriptures in the English tongue, proved the occasion of two editions instead of one issuing from the press; for at Worms Tyndale not only completed the printing of the quarto edition begun at Cologne, but also printed an octavo edition.

Cochlæus and Rinck, on discovering what was going on at Cologne, had written to England informing Henry VIII. and Wolsey of the translation of Tyndale, and beseeching them to be on their guard against its introduction into England. Tyndale was aware of this —was aware that his book had been minutely described to the king and Wolsey; and this seems to have led him to change its form, with the view of baffling the vigilance which might be employed to keep it out of the hands of his countrymen. The quarto size was changed for the octavo, and certain notes or glosses which he had added on the margin were omitted;—indeed, Tyndale seems to have come very early to the conviction that the Word of God, without note or comment, was the best weapon with which to combat ignorance and superstition.

The quarto edition was completed as well as the octavo one, and both of them found their way into this country soon after they came from the press. But as it was of the quarto edition that the king and Wolsey had been forewarned, it was that edition which was seized, denounced, and condemned; whilst its smaller companion, the octavo edition, was circulating unnoticed and unopposed in thousands throughout the land. And it is a remarkable fact, that God permitted man's condemnation to fall first on that translation which was loaded with glosses and comments, and to fall so heavily as to crush it entirely; whilst the translation without note or comment remained, and spread, and multiplied in spite of the most furious and persevering endeavours to destroy it. God will take care of his own Word: when man makes addition to that Word, even in the shape of an honest and faithful comment, the mingled gold and clay must take its chance among human compositions.

Tyndale's New Testaments arrived in England in the early part of 1526. It is not known from what port of the Continent they were shipped; it was probably from several, as the stock which had been printed was wisely kept in different places. Simon Fyshe, a lawyer in London, and George Harman, a merchant in Antwerp, were the first active instruments in bringing over the English New Testament, and putting it into circulation among the people. And so early as January 1526, many of the learned youths in London, and in the two universities, were eagerly reading the Word of God in their own language. In a very short period the effects of this appeared. A number of the most promising students of Wolsey's own college (Cardinal College) at Oxford were suspected of heresy, apprehended, and subjected to very harsh treatment.

To stay the progress of the evil, a number of Tyndale's New Testaments and other books were publicly burnt in London by Wolsey's order, and in his presence, in February of the above year. This was immediately followed by an address in the king's name, denouncing Tyndale's quarto New Testament, the only one apparently yet known to the enemies of the Word of God, and ordering the book to be burned wherever it could be found.

But all this was of no avail. Unable to prevail on the people to give up the treasure of the Scriptures to be destroyed, it was determined by Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, to try what could be done by purchasing up and burning this very troublesome and dangerous translation. Three editions had been published, and the archbishop succeeded in obtaining a part of these, at a cost of £60 : 9 : 4d. of the money of those days, and equal to about £997 of our money. Of course, as far as the suppression of Tyndale's translation went, the attempt was perfectly futile. Many copies continued to be brought over from the Continent. Zealous, active men were found who engaged heartily in circulating them in England. These carried them to the principal towns, and travelled through the country disposing of them to the people, who were now both well prepared to receive, and anxious to possess them. From February 1526, we have Garret, Necton, Lome, Fyshe, and others, receiving books from abroad, including the quarto and octavo editions, and also the editions of Matthew and Mark, published separately, and disposing of them in London, Oxford, Cambridge, Bradford, Lynn, and many other places.

Tyndale, who was still on the Continent, now set himself to translate the Old Testament; and by the year 1530, the five books of Moses were published and introduced into England; and in 1531 he further published a translation of Jonah, with a bold, searching, seasonable prologue.

In 1534, whilst the star of Anne Boleyn was in the ascendant, the Scriptures were brought freely into England; no one hindered.

But the translator's life was drawing to a close. He had been hunted from place to place by the active enmity of Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, the king, and the bishops, for many years; but the hand of the Lord had protected him; at length he was apprehended at Antwerp by one Phillips, at the instigation probably of the enemies of the Bible in England, and under the authority of certain persecuting decrees of the German Emperor. This was in 1535. He was imprisoned in the Castle of Vilvorde for about a year and a half, and suffered martyrdom on the 6th of October 1536; being first strangled, and then consumed to ashes. Before his death about twenty editions of his translation of the New Testament had been published; and at the very time when he was suffering martyrdom, a folio edition—the first copy of the New Testament printed in England—was going through the press of the king's printer in London.

In 1537 the whole Scriptures were translated into English, and published by Miles Coverdale. A curious circumstance attended the publication of Coverdale's translation. It was dedicated to Henry and Queen Anne Boleyn. But after it was printed, and before it was published, that unfortunate queen was beheaded. The dedication, therefore, must needs be changed, and accordingly some copies are found in which the ANNE has been altered by the pen to JANE.

In the same year another translation of the entire Scriptures was published by John Rogers, otherwise called Thomas Matthews, a dear friend of Tyndale. This consisted of Tyndale's version as far as it went; that is, the whole of the New Testament, and the Old Testament to the end of Second Chronicles, with sundry detached portions left by Tyndale in manuscript. These Rogers carefully revised, and added the remaining portion from the end of Second Chronicles to the conclusion of the Old Testament, from Coverdale's translation, carefully compared with the original, or from a new translation of his own.

The Word of God was now all translated into the English language, the art of printing was invented and in full operation, and nothing could either send back the Scriptures to repose in the learned languages, or stay the spread of them in the vernacular tongue. Edition after edition poured from the press, many of them printed in England, in despite of the policy and violence of the partisans of Popery, till the Word of God swept away all opposition to the reading of it, and had free course throughout the land.

We turn now to Scotland. Fragments of Wickliffe's translation in manuscript found their way into that country; and there can be no doubt but that manuscript copies of the New Testament, in the vernacular tongue were possessed by several Scottish families before Tyndale's translation was printed. With regard to that translation, many copies of it were brought over to Scotland by the Scottish merchants trading with the Continent, about the same period that it was introduced into England. We find Hackett, the English ambassador, thus writing from Mechlin, of date February 20, 1526, to Cardinal Wolsey: "By my last writing to Mr. Brian Luke, I advertised him how there *were divers merchants of Scotland that bought many* of such like books (New Testaments), and took them into Scotland—a part to *Edinburgh*, and *most* part to the town of St. *Andrews.*" Popery, as usual, opposed the introduction of the Scriptures, and many suffered because they bought them, read them, believed them, obeyed them. At length, in 1543, the Parliament issued a proclamation, declaring it to be lawful for all to have and read the *Holy Writ, both the New Testament and the Old, in the vulgar tongue, in the English or Scotch.* Still, and the fact is singular enough, Scotland was supplied with Bibles almost wholly from England and the Continent. No Bibles were printed in Scotland for more than a hundred years, except a folio edition in 1579, and another folio edition in 1610. The first pocket Bible printed in Scotland did not appear till 1638.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

"THE inhabitants of Maroth waited carefully fo good, but evil came down from the Lord unto th gate of Jerusalem." "Behold," says Hezekiah, "fo peace I had great bitterness." "We looked fo peace," says the Church, "but no good came: an for a time of health, and behold trouble!" Indeed, whatever engages our affection may become a sourc of sorrow; whatever excites our hope may prove th f disappointment. Such is the hard condition hich we take all our earthly comforts.

we secure from disappointment with regard This is the tenure by which we hold all our ons; and nothing can be more uncertain. man also knoweth not his time: as the fishes taken in an evil net, and the birds that are in the snare; so are the sons of men snared vil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them." now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we into such a city, and continue there a year, y and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know at shall be on the morrow. For what is your It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little nd then vanisheth away."

we secure from disappointment in our *health?* lessing is necessary to our relishing every other nent; but how precarious is the continuance of Jpon how many delicate and combined causes depend! How easily may some of them be ged! Are we ever safe from those accidents may strike, or those diseases which may invade How many have been compelled by pain and osition to drop an enterprise which they had taken—a journey which they had begun!

we secure from disappointment with regard to *en?* The forebodings of the parental mind are and flattering; but, oh! how unanswerable to expectation have events often proved! "This shall comfort us," has been said of many a who has been dismembered or sickly in body, uded in understanding, vicious and disorderly in embarrassed and miserable in circumstances. ather had looked forward and promised himself tertaining companion; and behold the care and xpense of fourteen years carried down to the ! See Rachel—she has been laying aside the garments her busy hands had wrought, and ng out of sight the toys which lately charmed esire of her eyes—and, "weeping for her children refuses to be comforted, because they are not."

e we secure from disappointment with regard to *dship?* How many of our connections have ped us already, and by their painful defections called upon us to cease from man! How small e number of true sterling friends who will abide day of trial! Some of those who are now fawnwould not, if a change of circumstances occurred, know us. They leave the garden in winter—e is nothing to gather. The flower which they ed in their bosom, as soon as it has exhaled its fume, they throw withered into the dust. Of t use is the scaffolding when the building is hed?—it is laid by out of sight. "My brethren," the renowned sufferer, "have dealt deceitfully brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass y: what time they wax warm, they vanish; when hot they are consumed out of their place."

re we secure from disappointment with regard to *perty?* Where can you safely lay up treasure n earth? Water inundates, flames devour, moth rust corrupt, thieves break through and steal. hes make to themselves wings and flee away. pearances may be favourable, plans may be well , every assistance necessary to success may be cured; but "the race is not to the swift, nor the tle to the strong; neither yet bread to the wise, yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to m all." "Money is a defence," and hence it is so tiously desired, so universally pursued; but how ny have fallen from the highest affluence into the pths of indigence, and have had their necessities bittered by the recollection of the plenty which ce made their cup to run over! "Woe to him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, that he may set his nest on high, that he may be delivered from the power of evil!" "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest amongst the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord."—*Jay.*

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE RAIN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"MOTHER, it rains," said a little girl, who was looking out at the window. "I am sorry not to make a visit to Emma. She invited me twice before, but it rained, and now it is raining hard again."

"I hope you will not be unhappy, my dear," said her mother. "I think I notice the tears upon your cheeks. I will not say it is a little thing, for the troubles of children seem great to them, but I trust you will be patient, and wait pleasantly for good weather."

"Mother, you have told me that God knows everything, and that he is always good. Then he certainly must know that there is but one Saturday afternoon in the week, and that all this time I have to play with my little friends. He must know that it has rained now these three holidays, when I wished so much to go abroad. And can he not make sunshine whenever he pleases?"

"We cannot understand all the ways of God, my child; but the Bible tells us he is wise and good. Look out into your little garden and see how happy the rose-buds are to catch the soft rain in their bosoms, and how the violets lift up their sweet faces to meet it, and as the drop falls into the quiet stream how it dimples with gladness and gratitude. The cattle will drink at the stream and be refreshed. Should it be dried up, they would be troubled; and were the green grass to grow brown and die, they would be troubled still more, and some of them might perish for want of food."

Then the good mother told her daughter of the sandy deserts in the East, and of the camel who patiently bears thirst for many days, and how the fainting traveller watched for the rain cloud, and blessed God when he found water; and she showed her the picture of the camel and of the caravan, and told her how they were sometimes buried under the sands of the desert. And she told her a story of the mother who wandered into the wilderness with her son, and when the water was spent in the bottle, she laid him under the shade to die, and went and prayed in her anguish to God; then how an angel brought the water from heaven, and her son lived. She told her another story from the Bible, how there fell no rain in Israel for more than three years, and the grass dried up, and the brooks wasted away, and the cattle died, and how the great prophet prayed earnestly to God, and the skies sent their blessed rain, and the earth gave forth her fruit. Many other things this good mother said to her child, to teach and entertain her. Then they sang together a sweet hymn or two, and the little girl was surprised to find the afternoon so swiftly spent, for the time passed pleasantly.

So she thanked her kind mother for the stories she had told, and the pictures she had shown her. And she smiled, and said: "What God pleases is best."

Her mother kissed her child and said: "Carry this sweet spirit with you, my daughter, as long as you live, and you will have gathered more wisdom from the storm than from the sunshine."—*Youths' Cabinet.*

WHY WILL YE DIE?

POOR, self-destroying caitiff, look yonder on that amiable Jesus Christ, for a marriage between whom and thy precious soul I am now wooing. Do but observe his condescending willingness to be united to thee. That great Ahasuerus courts his own captive Esther. The potter makes suit to his own clay; woos thee, though he wants thee not; is infinitely happy without thee, yet is not, cannot be, satisfied but with thee. Hark how he commands, entreats, begs thee to be reconciled (2 Cor. v. 20); swears, and pawns his life upon it, that he desires not thy death (Ezek. xxxii. 11); seals this his oath with his blood. And if, after all this, thou art fond of thine own damnation, and hadst rather be at an agreement with hell than with him, see how the brinish tears trickle down his cheeks (Luke xix. 41, 42): he weeps for thee, that dost not, wilt not, weep for thyself. Nay, after all this obdurate obstinacy, he is resolved still to "wait, that he may be gracious" (Isa. xxx. 18); stands yet, and knocks, though his head be wet with rain, and his locks with the dew of the night. (Cant. v. 2.) Fain he would have thee "open the door," that he may come in and sup with thee, and thou with him. (Rev. iii. 20.)—*Lye.*

METHOD—ITS ADVANTAGE AND IMPORTANCE.

THE reason why people generally remember no more of the sermons they hear, is for want of catechising, whereby they might come to know the principles of religion in their order and methodical contexture. Usually in sermons truths are delivered single and apart; and the ignorant hearer knows not where the minister is, nor what place the doctrine delivered obtains in the body of divinity, nor how they are knit together; and so the memory leaks them out as fast as they are dropped in. Order is the very glue of memory. Method in a single sermon, when the hearer is acquainted with it, gratifieth the memory, as well as the understanding; while it doth not only lodge things in their own place, but locks the door upon them, that they may not be lost. When things are knit and linked in one with another (as in a chain), pull up one link, and that will pull up another; so that the whole chain is preserved.

"Loose hearing may please, but the fixed will profit:" skipping hearing, for the most part, makes but sceptical Christians. When people hear at random; have a snatch here, and a snatch there; here a truth, perhaps, and there an error; here a notion, and there a novelty, &c.; such mixed hearing makes up the garment of knowledge, but just like a beggar's cloak—full of patches. They are never able to bring their knowledge into any form or method; "ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth" (2 Tim. iii. 7), their knowledge is like a heap of pebbles, upon which a man can never raise a superstructure. Whereas, they that sit under a fixed ministry, one that is master of his art, they are acquainted with the way, and course, and project of his preaching; as the apostle tells Timothy: "But thou hast fully known my doctrine, purpose," &c.; that is, the design and method of my ministry. Such hearers, if judicious, can follow their teacher through the series and deduction of his ministry, from subject to subject, and from text to text, and from head to head, till at length they have, before they take notice of it, a *hypotyposis*, or collection, of Gospel truths formed in their understanding. Such a hearer begins where he left the last time; and so, from time to time, is still going on, "shining" and growing and enlightening "unto the perfect day" (Prov. iv. 18); from faith to faith, from knowledge to knowledge, and from truth to truth; "till he comes in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." (Eph. iv. 13.) Various hearing makes variable Christians—St. James' professors (for the most part)—"double-minded men, unstable in all their ways." (James i. 8.) They are still beginning, but never able to make any prosperous and successful progress in the knowledge of Christ.—*Case.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S CALLING.

1. *It is a holy calling.*—And therefore "be ye also holy in all manner of conversation." (1 Pet. i. 15.) Methinks, it should sound as harshly in our ears to hear of a wicked Christian as of a dark sun.

2. *It is a high calling.*—Do you live high? Scorn baseness: blush to appear in your old rags—to be seen catering for your lusts as you used to do. Crown yourselves with the stars—clothe yourselves with the sun—tread the moon under your feet. Let the Gospel be your crown—let Christ be your clothing—let the world be your footstool—let hidden manna be your constant diet. Keep open house to all comers: set your spiritual dainties before them; bid them feed heartily, and welcome: and, for discourse, tell them what great things God hath done for your souls. (Ps. lxvi. 16.)

3. *It is a heavenly calling.*—Let your "conversation be in heaven" (Phil. iii. 20): you have a good Correspondent there. Maintain a constant trade and traffic thither—expect returns thence. "Lay up your treasure" there, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." (Matt. vi. 20.) Be always preparing for your passage thither.

4. *It is an immutable calling.*—Do not droop and hang your heads for the changes and mutations which there are in the world. "The foundation of God standeth sure" (though the foundation of States be overturned, overturned, overturned); "having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his" (2 Tim. ii. 19), and will cause "all things to work together for their good."—*White.*

DYING COUNSEL.

I ONCE entered a room where a beloved youth was dying; and having directed him to Jesus as his only refuge, and urged him to give his heart to God, I asked, "And what shall I tell your young companions?" "Tell them," said he, in effect, and with a look and tone of voice which I shall not attempt to describe, "tell them to repent, and give their hearts to the Saviour; tell them to seek religion now—*a death-bed is a poor place to prepare for eternity!*"

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD;

A Sermon.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFACKER.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall rise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee. The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come: they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall show forth the praises of the Lord."—ISA. lx. 1-6.

IN considering this passage, my heart is impressed with the glorious truth, that in Christ the Saviour, the light of day has been ushered in. With God's assistance, therefore, I would speak to you of Christ, and how, in him, the day-spring has arisen over the world. But we must first ask the Lord for his blessing.

Dear Saviour, king of the nations, thou who hast arisen as a bright star, arise in our hearts, and remove all darkness, that we may see! Open the eyes of the nations, that they may walk in the brightness of thy glory! Let thy light now illuminate our souls! Amen.

We come now to speak of Christ, and how, in him, day broke over the world. Such is the intimation made to us in many passages of Scripture, as well as in our text. Thus speaks the Saviour himself: "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." And is not every soul that has received Christ, that has been saved by his grace from the power of darkness, and that is enabled in consequence to walk in the light of truth and love, in the light of the new covenant—is not every such soul a bright witness to the truth of this his declaration? "The night is far spent, the day is at hand:" thus all the apostles preached. What was it they announced? Hear it, ye poor miserable sinners who are still in thick darkness; it was, The day has dawned. Jesus Christ the Saviour has come into the world, has suffered, and died, and risen—has scattered the darkness, and brought you light. He is able to destroy the works of the devil; he can break the cords of sin and Satan; he can make bright that which was dark; he can set free from the bondage of death; he can help, where none else can give relief. Come to him, then. The night has disappeared, the day has arisen. Every witness of Jesus must preach this, and tell it to every soul: The day has dawned; Christ the Saviour is born; behold we bring you "good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people"—a joy, whose light, opening your hearts, and entering in, will disperse all darkness.

But if the sun has arisen, there must have been previously a night of darkness. And so there was. Before the appearing of Christ, night brooded over the world. Until "the Sun of Righteousness" shines in upon a soul, all is the thick darkness of night, even although the wisdom of the world be there. I shall not speak of the Heathen who, in the vanity of their mind, live in blindness and "without God in the world," and who have changed the glory of the unchanging Creator into lifeless pictures of the creature. The condition of the Heathen, their idolatry, their sins, their ignorance, and their misery—all this is expressed in the words of the prophet: "Darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people." Standing on some elevated spot, he looks round on the world, and what does he behold? Darkness, the thickest darkness. He can scarcely discern the face of the landscape, because of the thick darkness of the night. And true it is, in this night have all the Heathen walked, and many millions walk in it still. In this night once walked our fathers. O how melancholy it was with Germany centuries ago! Nothing but idolatry, cruelty, drunkenness, and the grossest immorality, was to be found—where now stand the temples of the living God, where the name of God and of the Lamb is now worshipped and adored. And if we look back to the time before Christ came into the world, O, how many nations walked in the darkness of night! The most wretched superstition, the most lamentable idolatry, reigned. No love to God, no love to one's neighbours, no true humility; but pride, and arrogance, and the horror of darkness. The gods they fancied as objects of worship, were of the most vicious character—adulterers, liars, deceivers, thieves, and murderers. And who were the gods of those who perceived the foolishness of this idol service? Themselves, their own selves, were their gods. "Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people."

But it was also night with the people of Israel. They had, indeed, the revelation of the law and the promises. God the Lord had not concealed himself from them, as he did from the Gentile nations. And where the Lord reveals himself, there is not the darkness of night, but light; and the coming of the day cannot be far distant. It was, however, an imperfect revelation; the brightness of the Lord was not fully displayed. They looked forward with hope to a bright day when the promised Messiah should arise; but the veil of Moses was still between them and the sun, so that the heavenly brightness was in a manner obscured. As yet, there were only types and shadows of future blessings. Under the economy of the Old Testament, there was, as it were, a fire kindled from time to time in the midst of the darkness, so that those around it were enabled to see, but not so distinctly as in the light of day. The fire was, however, the token of night; for if it had been day, its light would not have been needed.

It was thus with the patriarchs. They died in the belief that the promises would be fulfilled. "These all," says the apostle in his Epistle to the Hebrews, "having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise; God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." Throughout the whole of the Old Testament, there is an earnest longing after the great day of redemption—after the ushering in of the Messiah's kingdom. The patriarchs of the Old Testament were as they who long for the day, and that the night may disappear. Their language was, O that the day were come, that the dawn of the morning were arisen! "Watchman, what of the night?" is written on every page of the Old Testament, although in different forms. The Old Testament believers were as prisoners who longed for liberty; and the voice addressed to them was, Wait a little, thou shalt soon be free.

In the meantime, the great hour of salvation drew nearer and nearer. Through trials and afflictions, the Lord prepared the hearts of his people for his great day; and such was the intensity of their longings, that shortly before the birth of the Saviour, many felt assured that "the Consolation of Israel" would speedily come, and that they should see that glorious day. Simeon was assured by the Holy Ghost that "he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ;" and as he "took the child Jesus in his arms" in the temple, he exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation"—the Saviour for whom I have longed and waited. There was, indeed, amongst those who gave heed to the word of the Lord in Israel, an earnest waiting for the Salvation of God—for Him who should come, who is spoken of by Zacharias in his song of praise.

At length Christ was born—"the *Light* of the world" appeared; but in poverty and meanness—in the lowly estate of a poor man-child. There was nothing here to nourish the hopes of the carnal mind. It was only he who had eyes to see that could discern the *light*. But this outward lowliness was accompanied from beginning to end by a great glory. The extremes of poverty and riches were blended together. While the parents could find no room in the inn for the child, angels from heaven appeared to the shepherds, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men!" Why all this on account of the child that lies so lowly in a manger? And one of these angels is the first evangelist of the new covenant; for he says, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The child grew; and few of the Jews knew that this was the Messiah, the Son of God. From afar must men come, and bring to him gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and tell the Jews that this is their new-born king. They were not ashamed to do homage to this poor child as their sovereign. How deep must have been the *conviction* that had taken hold of their hearts!

But thirty years had to run their course before he should make known to the people his saving and redeeming power. Now the patriarchs were all asleep. Simeon had laid himself to rest, for he had seen the Saviour. The Son of God himself dwelt at Nazareth in obscurity, as any other man—yea, as a poor workman. None thought any more of the glory of the dawn. "He that was unjust, was *unjust* still, and he that was filthy, was filthy still: he that was righteous, was righteous still; and he that was holy, was holy still." Then came forward a man, John the Baptist, a man "in the spirit and power of Elias," and preached, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand; prepare the way of the Lord, make his paths straight; he standeth among you, and ye know him not." As he stood by the Jordan, preaching to the multitude, he saw Jesus of Nazareth walking by the shore, and knew that he was the Messiah; for his heavenly Father had testified at his baptism, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Then this great witness, the forerunner of his Lord, stretched forth his hand, and pointing to him, exclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!"

Now was the Lord announced to the people. Now he arose, and taught, and preached the kingdom of God, and wrought many signs and wonders, and glorified the Father, proving that He it was who should come in the power of God, "to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." His footsteps brought blessings, and his hands wrought mercy. He was the compassionate Jesus, rich in blessings; the Saviour of sinners, the friend of the needy. When the Apostle John would describe his entire walk among them, he says, "We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." But how was it with the children of men? "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." The darkness hated the light; the children of darkness would not suffer the light. They sought to extinguish it; and this was so far permitted by God, that his decrees might be perfected. They seized the Son of the Father, led him forth out of their city, and hanged him on a tree. Then it looked as if the Light had been extinguished—as if the Sun of the world had gone down. But it was as it had been with Joseph: "Ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good."

Out of this cruel wickedness has salvation arisen to man; the darkness has unconsciously given birth to the light. In Gethsemane, where he prayed, his prayers being mingled "with strong crying and tears;" on Golgotha, where he hung upon the cross forsaken of all, where by every one he was beheld as if he had been a deceiver, where his work seemed to be over for ever—yes, there pre-eminently has the light arisen; thither does the Holy Ghost direct every soul that is thirsting after divine light; for yonder it is that there is indeed light. Over Golgotha is the Sun of the world arisen, with salvation in his wings for all who fear the name of the Lord. Thence, to poor sinners, flow light and life. O, how blessed are they who comprehend aright that yonder dwells the brightness of the Lord! That which is written in our text, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee," has been mainly accomplished on Golgotha. It is here that we exclaim, "Arise, shine!" for here are fulfilled the words of Jesus, "I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I if it be already kindled? I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" "For it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day, and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations." Then was fulfilled the word of prophecy, "O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get up into the high mountain: O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city: for henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean. Shake thyself from the dust; arise, O Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bonds of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion."

The fire of God, which was kindled on Golgotha, continued to burn till the day of Pentecost; and from that day it has burned till now. For it is said, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!" This was the day that expelled the dark night: now began "the fulness of the Gentiles" to come in. Multitudes came from every land, and walked in the light that arose over Jerusalem. Comforted by God, enlightened by faith in the reconciliation-sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and sanctified by the Spirit of truth, thousands are now standing before the throne of God on high, "clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands," and singing "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever." Bright rewards of the work of Jesus! Bright children of light, who have "come out of great tribulation," and through the blood of atonement, have had an "entrance ministered unto them" into the everlasting mansions of light and life, and to whom multitudes will be added!

But the end is not yet. Even now the fire of God burns in many places throughout the world; and, praised be his name, it is burning in the midst of us; for in our land the standard of the cross is erected. The Gospel, the light which arose over Jerusalem, has been with us for centuries. And O! it is a heavy reckoning that awaits us, if we sin against the light. But the counsel of God respecting fallen man is not yet completed. And it becometh thee to ask, Can it be so? while thou art far from him. Can the counsel of God be fulfilled, so long as "the kingdoms of this world" are not "become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ?"

"No day of peace nor rest can be,
Till his love conquers all;
Till earth, with her ten thousand tribes,
Before his feet shall fall;
Till he, in new and glorious life
Before his Father's face,
Can bring a world from sin and death,
Saved by redeeming grace."

And therefore have so many evangelists, in our day, gone abroad over this poor world, to proclaim salvation through Christ, to tell of the light of day to those who "sit in darkness and the shadow of death;" to testify of that light which has illuminated their own hearts, and which may enlighten sinners of every description. Dear brethren and sisters, behold and consider what is doing in our days. Shut not your eyes and ears; read intelligence of God's work among the heathen; consider and own that we live in momentous times. Read, and acknowledge that in our day the kingdom of God, as well as that of Satan, is making rapid progress. Under the standard of which kingdom are you marching? Are you journeying to heaven, or to hell? Read, and acknowledge that God's thoughts are thoughts of love; for he would have men everywhere to be saved, and is calling the far-distant Gentiles to the marriage of the Lamb. O! he has long been calling us: let us now listen to his voice.

"Cloth'd in the wedding garment,
Unsullied by a stain,
To joys and endless glories
He leads the heathen in:
And those that were far from him,
Whose souls were dark with sin,
He now presents all glorious
Before his Father's throne."

The heathen, dear brethren, will outstrip us: many of them have come to Christ before us. Behold how the heathen, and kings of the heathen, worship the Lamb that was slain read how they cast their crowns at his fee And what hast thou laid down at thy Saviour' feet? Hast thou denied thyself a single pleasure or advantage for his sake?

But all is not yet accomplished. Still si or eight hundred millions of our brethren ar sitting in darkness: and while the bread o life is liberally distributed to us, they hunge for the Word of God; and, benighted in misery during life, have only sorrow in death. Is it however, always to be thus? No: the Fathe hath said unto the Son, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth fo thy possession." O what a time will that be when the word of prophecy which we hav this day read is wholly fulfilled, when all t kingdoms of this world shall have become kingdoms of God and of his Christ! Then will they sing of victory in the dwellings of the righteous; then will they sing "the song of Moses and of the Lamb;" then, from the one end of the earth to the other, there will be a spiritual temple, wherein the name of Jehovah is worshipped and adored. Every knee will bow at the name [illegible]us, and every heart will acknowledge him; and by every tongue will be uttered praise, and honour, and glory to the Lamb which was slain, and to our God. Great, glorious time!

But, dear hearers, there are two things of which I would speak. God has permitted us to be born in these momentous times; and are we to contribute nothing to the building of Zion? What is your answer? How have we acted towards Jesus and his great cause? Ask yourselves, Has it been your earnest and heartfelt prayer that light may arise unto the heathen? Ask yourselves, Have you lent your aid by word or deed, or are you keeping aloof! Let me speak to you with earnestness. O what might not be accomplished, were each one to give even of his overflowings—were each, from time to time, to give out of his abundance! O how much is spent in vanity—in the service of the devil! Will you not lend something to your Saviour? Hear his own words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me: I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink."

Let none excuse himself on account of his poverty. Is it not oftentimes because one has not the will, that he has not the means? But if you cannot give of your substance, you can give your prayers. O pray as Moses did, when, during the conflict with the Amalekites, his hands were upheld because they were heavy. It will gladden you in eternity, when all that has been effected by the prayers of the saints shall be fully revealed. Can you not spare even a mite, that you may give it to the Lord? Not that he is in need of it; but it will be estimated by him according to the heart of the giver. O, dear hearers, the Lord is putting you on your trial in the matter of the heathen. If we put not our hand to this work, what if the Gospel be taken from us, and given to the heathen?

But this is not all. We must beware of imagining that, because we have given of our abundance, and have contributed to the advancement of the kingdom of God, we ourselves are necessarily in the light. That which was announced of old to the Jews—that which the apostles preached—that which is proclaimed to the heathen—is addressed to us; and I stand here to proclaim to every one amongst you, whether old or young, high or low, "Arise, for the light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." It may be, you have sought light in other things—in human wisdom, or in the praise of man—but have not found it, and are still in darkness. But

"The wisdom of this world below
Can ne'er give light to thee
Jesus alone, his glorious light
Thy light must ever be:
Jesus must be thy only sun;
There's light and life in him alone."

Ye who have hitherto loved the world, forsake its pleasures; and you will wonder because of the light that will arise over you, and be amazed as you advance from light to light, till you enter the everlasting mansions. And O, if there be any weary, heavy-laden sinners amongst you, to such would I call—

"O why with ever-weeping eyes
Wilt thou thy sins and sorrows view?
O why not rather look to Him
Who shed his precious blood for you?
Thy soul will ne'er find joy or light,
Nor strength nor courage for the fight.
Although with doubts and fears opprest,
O come, and lean on Jesus' breast.
Look forward to that home of joy
Where Jesus reigns, and reigns for aye."

Behold, thy Saviour comes to thee; light is risen upon thee: go forth to meet him. O that the light which has arisen over Jerusalem may arise in every heart! How often have we spoken of that light, and yet how many are still in darkness! How often have we spoken of Jesus, while many think we are speaking of one with whom they have nothing to do! How many are there who know him not, and who will not come unto him!

Dear Saviour! thou art the light of the world. Awaken us, that we may hear the call, "Arise, shine!" Lord Jesus! awaken us, and leave us not to remain in darkness, but give us grace to press forward to everlasting glory. Amen.

MEMORIALS OF THE INQUISITION.

NO. III.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

The crimes of which the Inquisition took cognizance were heresy, and all that seemed to favour it, together with sorcery, witchcraft, and similar delinquencies. Fortune-telling and blasphemy were severely reprehended; and, as we have already seen, the whole weight of its power, and the whole malice of its cruelty, were brought to bear with relentless severity on the descendants of Abraham, on the Moors, and all who were not Romanists in every jot and tittle of their creed.

Instead, however, of entering into any abstract account of its general principles, we think it best to select some illustrative cases, as the briefest and most graphic mode of conveying right notions of this engine of oppression. We might dwell on the "Edicts of the Faith," or monitory letters, sent forth, promising indulgences for three years to all who should inform against persons heretical or suspected of heresy. We might expatiate upon the punishment that awaited those who read or kept prohibited books—excommunication, whipping, confiscation of property, imprisonment, or exile, were the awards of this crime. But, passing from these and similar topics, we draw attention rather to the following instances of ferocious cruelty, as exhibiting the doings of men whose *religion* stript them of every feeling of humanity, and led them to perpetrate enormities which make the ears of them that hear it to tingle. Izarn, a Dominican missionary, employed poetry to inflame the minds of men against heretics, and fan the fires which the Inquisition had lit. The following lines, addressed to an obstinate heretic, embody at once the spirit and the logic of the Inquisition:—

"As you declare you don't believe, 'tis fit that you should burn;
And, as your fellows have been burnt, that you should blaze in turn.
And as you've disobeyed the will of God and of St. Paul,
Which ne'er was found within your heart, nor pass'd your teeth at all,
The fire is lit, the pitch is hot, and ready is the stake,
That through these tortures, for your sins, your passage you should take."

The first illustration that we offer of the atrocities perpetrated by the Inquisition is the case of Thomas Maynard, English consul at Lisbon in the time of Oliver Cromwell. He was accused of having said or done something prejudicial to the religion of Rome, and was immediately seized by the Familiars of the Inquisition. In the name of the Protector, the consul's liberation was demanded from the King of Portugal, who replied that it was beyond his power to comply with Cromwell's request—Maynard was in the hands of the Inquisition, and over it the king had no control. But the Protector was not thus to be baffled, and instructed Meadows, the representative of England at the Court of Lisbon, to inform the king that he must either declare war against the Inquisition or stand by the results. The king and the Inquisition were alarmed by the message, and opened the prison doors to Maynard. He refused, however, like the apostles before him, to go forth privately, and demanded a public liberation; which was granted. Had it not been for Cromwell's decision, the rack or life-long imprisonment might have become his portion.

But Maynard was not the only Englishman that suffered from the Inquisition. A man named Burton also encountered their vengeance as a heretic, and his case drew forth remonstrances from foreign powers, though they were long disregarded. He was at last burned alive, and another Englishman and a Frenchman were consumed at the same stake with him. So fierce were those priestly oppressors that even the English ambassador at Madrid could obtain only a personal exemption from the authority of the Holy Office—his attendants were obliged to go to mass. Foreigners who resorted to that kingdom as merchants, were often persecuted for their religion; among others, William Lithgow, the well-known traveller, was imprisoned and put to the torture at Malaga (1620); and in 1714, Isaac Martin, another Englishman, was subjected to the same treatment at Granada.

Nicolas Burton, already mentioned, was a seaman, and the freight of his vessel belonged to a merchant of London. When Burton was seized, he sent John Frampton of Bristol to Seville, in the hope of recovering his property, but the Holy Office both resisted the claim and persecuted the agent. He returned to England for more ample powers, and on his return was seized by two Familiars, conveyed in chains to Seville, and lodged in the secret prisons of the Triana, the central depôt of the Inquisition. Its agents, urged in this instance by cupidity as well as hatred to the truth, were unable to establish a charge against Frampton, but they insisted that he should clear himself of the suspicion of heresy, by repeating the Ave Maria. He omitted the words, "Mother of God, pray for us," and was immediately put to the torture. After enduring three strokes of the pulley, and while "he lay flat on the ground, half dead and half alive," he agreed to confess whatever the blood-hounds desired. On his confession, his property was confiscated; and he appeared as a penitent at the *Auto-de-fe* at which Burton and his companions were burned alive.

The most harrowing, however, of all the accounts that we have seen furnished by Englishmen regarding the Inquisition, is the following: In the year 1706, Mr. Wilcox, afterwards bishop of Rochester, was chaplain to the English factory at Lisbon, and furnished Burnet, bishop of Salisbury, with the following account of an *Auto-de-fe*, at which Wilcox attended as a spectator. "Five condemned persons appeared," he says, "but only four were burnt—Antonio Travanes being reprieved after the procession. Heytor Dias and Maria Pinteyra were burned alive, and the other two were strangled. The woman," says Wilcox, "was alive in the flames for half an hour, and the man above an hour. The king and his brother were seated at a window so near as to be addressed for a considerable time, in very moving terms, by the man as he was burning; and though he asked only a few more faggots, he was not able to obtain them. Those who are burned alive," Wilcox continues, "are seated on a bench twelve feet high, fastened to a pole, and above six feet higher than the faggots. The wind being a little fresh, the man's hinder parts were perfectly roasted; and as he turned himself, his ribs opened before he ceased to speak, the fire being recruited only so far as to keep him in the same degree of heat. All his entreaties could not procure for him a larger allowance of wood to shorten his misery and despatch him."

Now all this was done by a tribunal founded to preserve the purity of religion, and uphold the cause of the Prince of Peace! All this is part of the practices of a Church which at this day holds the same dogmas, avows the same convictions, and glories in the same unchanging principles, as when these atrocities were openly perpetrated in thousands.

It would be endless to narrate the instances in which the Holy Office has thus usurped the province of the Eternal, and trampled on the consciences of men. An English ship on one occasion arrived at Cadiz, and was visited by the Familiars and searched for contraband religion, as men now search for contraband goods. Several English persons on board were seized and thrown into jail; among others, a youth ten or twelve years of age, the son of the owner of the vessel. He had in his possession the Psalms of David in English, and that was the ostensible reason of his seizure. The ship was confiscated, the child and the other captives were carried to the prison of Seville, where they lay for six or eight months, till the dampness of the cell, and the wretchedness of the fare, superinduced disease. After various hardships, the boy lost the use of both his limbs, and no one ever ascertained where or how he died.

Nor were the English the only foreigners against whom the Inquisition let loose its vengeance. The Moors suffered the same treatment if they did not embrace the faith of Rome, although some of them declared that the Christians were more vicious and corrupt than themselves. One of that nation who had been baptized, but had subsequently been suspected of heresy, was cast into the dungeons of the Inquisition, where he boldly declared that he was ashamed of the Christian faith, and suffered for his intrepidity in witnessing against atrocity.

The wretchedness to which men, when immured in those "graves for the living," were reduced, is illustrated by the following case: One who had long been imprisoned confesses that, owing to the cruel treatment which he received, he sank into despair, and repeatedly attempted suicide—first, by starvation, and when that failed, by feigning sickness, prevailing on the physician to bleed him, and then tearing open the wound when left alone in his cell. When these attempts had also failed, he broke a piece of money, sharpened one of the edges, and therewith opened a vein, in the hope of finding relief in death. These efforts were persevered in for months; and when the unhappy man was at last found in a swoon, amid his own blood, the Inquisitor ordered him to be loaded with chains, and closely watched in his cell. Provoked by this cruelty, he strove to dash out his brains against the walls of his dungeon; and all this despair and wretchedness was occasioned, let it not be forgotten, because men felt that the truth of God was of more value than the corruptions of his creatures. The brief of the Pope empowered the Inquisitor-general to persecute and degrade all who were suspected, "whether they were bishops, archbishops, patriarchs, cardinals, or legates, barons, counts, marquises, dukes, princes, kings, or emperors;" and the gigantic power that dared thus to assail even imperial offenders, rioted in ruthless ferocity among the humbler victims of its stern Satanic vengeance.

But for the present we must pause, although there rises up before us, as we think of this atrocious system, a long line of cruelties, confiscations, and murders, which could scarcely be credited upon any amount of evidence, did we not know that the natural heart is enmity even against God, and much more against them that are his. To some of these cases we shall recur in our next Number, with the view of further analyzing the cruelty that enters into the very essence of the Papal faith. Meanwhile, we observe that the Inquisition has been called "the Palladium of Spain." The following facts prove its claim to the title:—

In that kingdom alone, it is computed that thirty-one thousand nine hundred and twelve human beings were burned alive by the Inquisition; seventeen thousand six hundred and fifty-nine in effigy, and two hundred and ninety-one thousand four hundred and fifty subjected to punishment, penances, exile, or imprisonment. Three hundred and forty-one thousand and twenty-one immortal beings were thus either butchered or made wretched, and that in only one kingdom, called in mockery "The Catholic," to glut the vengeance of Popery against the truth of God. The horrid system was abolished there in 1808; but including all the territories subject to Spain, perhaps HALF A MILLION of men have suffered from this inexorable Tribunal. It was an outrage on Protestant principles and God's truth for the magistrates of Geneva to burn Servetus; but what shall we think of the creed which, on system, and with a regularity that is almost scientific, burned thirty-one thousand nine hundred and twelve people for their religion![*]

"O SAVIOUR! I DO THIS FOR THEE."

[Exclamation of Mrs. Comstock, of the Burman Baptist Mission, on parting with her two children, whom it was found necessary to send to America.]

Morn came, and in that silent bay
  Beneath the Burman sky,
So motionless the vessel lay,
You could not dream, ere close of day,
  How swiftly she would fly;
How, like a mist of summer, part
  From that deep inlet's quiet berth,
And sever from a mother's heart
  All that she loved on earth.

A woman, in a stranger-land,
  Ten thousand miles away
From kindred soul or friendly hand—
A mother, too! can Heaven demand
  Her life's last earthly stay—
Her children? From her throbbing breast
  Cast forth the babes that on it grew,
And nightly go alone to rest
  Where once they slumber'd too!

Was the cup bitter to the taste—
  The cross a weary load?
Friendless and childless to be placed
Alone amid a darkling waste,
  By hostile footsteps trod?
Ah! whence shall strength to bear such ill
  To woman's gentle heart be given?
Proud man, be all thy boasting still:
  Such strength descends from Heaven.

But who shall paint the agonies,
  The wrung soul's torturing power,
When woman's startled fondness flies
Thought-swift o'er years of memories,
  And crowds them in an hour?

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[*] Different numbers are given by Llorente, M'Crie, Ency Brit., and others.

Yea, it is death! for woman's heart
No middle feeling owns or knows,
And once its tendrils torn apart,
No other tendril grows.

The livelong night that mother's prayer
Went up to Christ above,
That as for her the cross he bare,
Her cross for him she too might wear,
Supported by his love.
O! how she kissed them as they slept,
And sobbed that prayer each kiss between,
And closer, closer to them crept
When the first light was seen.'

Morn came. She led them to the strand,
And pointed o'er the main.
It was almost too much to stand,
And clasp in her's the little hand
She ne'er might clasp again:
It was too much to see the face
That she had pillow'd on her heart,
Turned up to plead for her embrace,
And tell them they must part.

One burning kiss—one wild good-bye!
Put off—put off from shore—
In mercy to the mother fly,
And swiftly waft them from her eye,
For she can bear no more!
She knelt and cried, as o'er the sea
Faded their forms like sunset ray,
"*O Saviour! I do this for thee!*"
And sobbing, turned away.

Lov'st thou thy Lord? Ask of thine heart
A sacrifice like this:
And when thou dar'st with such to part—
Though scalding tears unmaster'd start,
And wild farewell and kiss,
'Till thy dear heart-strings bursting be—
O blest art thou, if thou can'st say,
"My Saviour! I do this for thee!"
And turn, to tread *His way.*

SPENCER WALLACE CONE.

DAVID HUME.

NO. II.

BY THE REV. JOHN G. LORIMER, GLASGOW.

3*d*, Another leading feature in Hume's character, more prominent than those which have been noticed, was his VANITY. A philosopher might be supposed to be superior to its temptations—it is often associated with the weak and the vulgar—but it was quite a ruling principle with Hume, nay, it was the parent of much of his philosophy. Though the vanity connected with family is one of the weakest of vanities, against which philosophy has often powerfully directed its shafts, yet our philosopher was far from insensible to its charms. He defended the love of family descent in his own case by the example of Europe, and had no hesitation in filling up gaps in the succession on principles of evidence which would have found little favour in his eyes if applied to the proof of a divine revelation. But literary vanity was his idol. To raise up a great name for himself—to be quoted and spoken of in after ages, was the chief end which he proposed to himself. Ample evidence of this can be traced from youthful days, through active life, down to his bed of death, where he regretted that he was about to be taken away just when his fame was breaking out, and new editions of his works were called for. His biographer, speaking of him at the age of twenty-three, says, "that his lot should be cast among that of ordinary mortals with good physical health, and common-place abilities, appeared to him the most awful calamity which fate could have in store for him." Writing of the same period Hume himself says: "Here lay my *greatest calamity;* I had no hopes of delivering my opinions with such elegance and neatness as to draw to me the attention of the world, and I would rather live and die in obscurity than produce them maimed and imperfect." Again: "I resolved to regard every object as *contemptible*, except the improvement of my talents in literature." In the earliest work which he published, he incidentally confesses: "I feel an ambition to arise in me of contributing to the instruction of mankind, and *of acquiring a name by my inventions and discoveries.*" And what a striking proof did the work itself afford of literary vanity and ambition! A young man before he is twenty-five writes "A Treatise on Human Nature," which, according to his own language, is to innovate on all the sublimest paths of philosophy; in other words, which is to subvert all established belief in metaphysics, morals, and religion! Such is his self-confidence and vain-glory that not one confidential adviser is admitted to his counsel; no eye sees it but his own. It is brought out in London, and the youthful author waits with astonishment, wondering and mortified that his work does not upset the world. What an exhibition of vanity! But perhaps this was a juvenile dream of vain-glory. No; we find the same spirit to the end, unchecked by the mortification to which it was repeatedly subjected. At the age of forty-three, referring to his History, he quotes with approbation the saying of Boileau, "the misfortune of a book is not the being ill spoke of, but the not being spoken of at all." What is this but the sentiment of intense vanity, which will rather be blamed and abused, than not enjoy notoriety? His biographer, referring to this period, confesses that he was greedy of fame, "and what would have been to others pre-eminent success, appears to have in his eyes scarcely risen above failure." Hence he was continually inquiring of his bookseller about sales of his books, and seems never to have been satisfied, though the prosperity was far beyond what their intrinsic value or the safety of society warranted.

Under the moral government of God, the proper restraint on, and punishment for, vain-glorious ambition, are failure in notoriety, with obscurity and neglect. This, accordingly, was the discipline meted out to Hume; but he does not seem to have been aware of it—at least it did him no good. Very different ought to have been the result. Of the "Treatise on Human Nature," his first production, he himself tells us, "that never was literary attempt more unfortunate. It fell dead-born from the press, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots;" in other words, the Christians. Ten years later he published his "Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding;" but he tells us that at first it was little more successful than the former. He adds, in the spirit of true vanity, "On my return from Italy I had the mortification to find all England in a ferment on account of Dr. Middleton's 'Free Inquiry,' while *my* performance was entirely overlooked and neglected." Of the first volume of his History, again, published six years later, he tells us that, thinking *he was the only historian* who had at once neglected present power, interest, and authority, and the cry of popular prejudices, he "expected proportional applause; but miserable was my disappointment. I was assailed with one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation." After referring to the various parties who opposed him, he adds: "And, after the first ebullition of their fury was over, what was little more mortifying, the book seemed to sink into oblivion. Mr. Millar (the London bookseller) told me, that in a twelvemonth he sold only forty-five copies of it." So deeply was Hume wounded, that, had it not been for circumstances, he intended to have retired, he tells us, to France, to have changed his name, and never more to have returned to his native country! There was only one of his works, his "Political Discourses," which was successful on its first publication. The one which he himself considered incomparably the best came, according to his own account, "unnoticed and unobserved into the world."

Such righteous moral discipline should have taught the writer wisdom—should have led him to subdue his vanity, and entertain more sober thoughts of himself and more just thoughts of others; but philosophy was too weak to work any cure. He continued the vain-glorious man to the end; and, though before the close of life he was regaled with the incense of applause, yet the incense never reached the standard which his greedy appetite demanded; and, since his death, though there have been many editions of his different works, there has also been a withering exposure going forward, particularly of late years, of the most popular of their number, till the authority of Hume's History, on many interesting political and religious questions, is reduced pretty much to the standard of a romance. Such is the retribution which has tracked his steps.

Some may think the vanity of Hume, like the vanity of many authors, too absurd and ridiculous to be treated soberly. We would not only remind such persons that Hume was no common author—that he not only was the head of the Infidel school, not only the intended reformer of the morals and religion of the world, but that there was a strict connection between his vanity and Infidelity. We have little doubt that his Infidelity nursed his vanity. A man who denied an eternal world must, to gratify the secret longings of the human soul, try and make an eternity out of time, by providing for himself present and posthumous fame. But there can be as little question that the vanity created the Infidelity. The Word of God expressly attributes unbelief to a desire of the praise of men. Why did Hume become the Infidel, and such an Infidel? Was it in an earnest though mistaken search for truth, and out of genuine love to man—man borne down by superstition and error? No; the other parts of his character and conduct contradict the interpretation. The only explanation is furnished by his biographer, when speaking on another point he says: "His ruling object of ambition, pursued in poverty and riches, in health and sickness, in laborious obscurity and in the blaze of fame, was to establish *a permanent name, resting on the foundation of literary achievements*, likely to live as long as human thought endured and mental philosophy was studied." (Vol. i., p. 18.) In order to accomplish this selfish object, and at the same time gratify a love of subtile speculation, Hume stood forth the sceptic, attacking all the foundations of human belief, and labouring to introduce universal doubt. In no way could he more easily or more certainly attain for himself a permanent name in the world; but what a name of selfishness and cruelty, to sport with the faith and hope of multitudes—a rich man at his ease to rob the poor man of his only consolation amid the sorrows of life; and all merely to gratify personal vanity, and provide that he himself should be spoken about, attacked and defended to the end of time; praised as a very clever man, or condemned as a very dangerous one! How serious is vanity, when it assumes such a form as this! It ceases to be ludicrous—it becomes cruel. The union of Infidelity and vanity has been noticed by various acute observers. Robert Hall, in his celebrated sermon on Modern Infidelity, expressly enumerates vanity among the leading aspects of modern unbelief, and dilates upon its operation with great power. And Sir Samuel Romily, who visited France during the period of the French Revolution, states, that nothing struck him more in the character of general society there, than the anxiety of the young men to distinguish themselves and be spoken about, no matter how extravagant or wicked the proceeding which brought them into notoriety; in other words, their vanity goaded on their Infidelity. Let all, and especially the poor man, understand this—let him remember that Hume did not care one farthing about him in all his sceptical writings—that he was not seeking his enlightenment or freedom—that what he was bent upon was his own selfish name and notoriety, and that but for this he would never have been a sceptic. Should any—particularly generous youth—think favourably or well of an Infidelity which originates in selfishness, and which is pursued at the reckless sacrifice of the happiness of man, and the happiness of those who most need consolation and hope? To the young followers of Hume we would say: "Do not cast away your hope to please Hume's vanity. If you are to be an Infidel, be one for a worthy reason, and not to gratify another man's selfishness."

Here, as on former heads, we may remark, that it was not possible for a man of the intense and incorrigible vanity of Hume, to appreciate the Word of God, which inculcates the denial of self, and the suppression of vain-glory, and which exemplifies a character the very reverse of his own. We may ask, in these circumstances, whether the judgment of such a man against the Scriptures is entitled to much weight or consideration? The Scriptures condemn the selfishness which was dearest to his heart. Is it strange that, in revenge, he should condemn the Scriptures?

THE ANNALS OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

(Continued from page 346.)

We proceed next to give some account of our present *authorized version*. Soon after his arrival in England, James I., by royal proclamation, called "a meeting for the hearing and for the determining things pretended to be amiss in the Church." This led to "*The Conference at Hampton Court*," in January 1640. In that Conference Dr. John Rainolds proposed a new translation of the Bible, and the proposal met with the king's approbation. Fifty-four learned men were selected, but only forty-seven sat down to the work. These were divided into six sections, to each of which a certain portion of Scripture was intrusted. Two of these sections were to sit at Westminster, two at Oxford, and two at Cambridge. Certain instructions or rules were given to the translators, among which were the following: "Every particular man of each company to take the same chapter or chapters; and having translated or amended them severally by himself where he thinketh good, all to meet together, confer what they have done, and agree, for their part, what shall stand. As one company hath despatched any one book in this manner, they shall send it to the rest to be considered of seriously and judiciously. If any company, on the review of the book so sent, shall doubt or differ upon any places, to send them word thereof, note the places, and therewithal send their reasons: to which, if they consent not, the difference to be compounded at the general meeting, which is to be of the chief persons of each company at the end of the work. When any place of special obscurity is doubted of, letters to be directed, by authority, to send to any learned man in the land for his judgment in such a place."

The translators seem to have set about their work immediately. Four years was occupied with the *first* revision of the sacred text. When that was completed two men from each of the six sections, or twelve in all, met in London, and spent nine months in a second revision of the whole Scriptures. The work was then put to press, and the printing occupied about two years more, so that the revised translation was not published till 1611. Such is the history of our present authorized version. In the Long Parliament in 1653, a bill was introduced for "a new English translation of the Bible out of the original tongues," but nothing was done in the matter. Walton, when publishing his Polyglot in 1656, seems to have contemplated a revisal of the version of 1611, under Parliamentary authority, but the intention was abandoned, and, in the words of Mr. Anderson, "from about this period the general acquiescence of the nation in that version of the Bible, which has been read and revered ever since, may be considered as having taken place." From the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the English Scriptures were printed under authority of a patent from the Crown. The effect of this patent was to raise very much the price of the Sacred Volume to the public, and many complaints were made of it. The patent for Scotland expired in 1839, and was not renewed. A board, of which the Lord Advocate is the official organ, was appointed to superintend the printing of the Scriptures; and any respectable printer can, on application to this board, obtain a license to print such an edition as he may mention in his application. The consequence of this has been a great number and variety of editions of the English Scriptures from different presses, an immense reduction of the prices, and a prodigious increase of circulation. Indeed, the cheapness of our English Bibles is now such as to surprise many, and nothing but the very large circulation could enable the publishers to sell them at such prices. The English patent does not expire till 1860; but in that country, as well as in Scotland, the price of the Bible has been greatly lowered. Thus, in the beginning of 1841, the folio Bible, printed in England, was reduced from £4, to £1, 10s.; and a small Bible, formerly charged 8s., was reduced to 3s.

The British and Foreign Bible Society was formed in 1804. Its object was to circulate the Word of God without note or comment. From the period of its formation till 1844, it had printed and circulated nearly sixteen millions of copies of the Word of God. Of these nearly ten millions were in the English language. During the same period, above four millions of copies more have been printed and circulated in Scotland; and by general sales, unconnected with Bible Societies, there have been given to the public nine millions of copies; making in all *twenty-two* millions of copies of the English Scriptures printed and circulated since the commencement of the present century.

In reference to the *number* of copies of the English Bible, and the *extent* to which it is perused, we shall give some interesting extracts from the preface to Mr. Anderson's volumes:—

> Notwithstanding all that has been printed and sold for more than two centuries and a-half, the number of English Bibles and New Testaments separately, which have passed through the press within the perfect recollection of many now living, has exceeded the number of souls in Britain! It has been more than double the population in 1801.
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> Should we suppose the printing-presses to have been employed incessantly every lawful day, or 313 days in

the year, and for ten hours daily, throughout the four seasons of all these years; then has it been moving, on an average, at the rate of more than *three* copies of the Sacred Volume, whether of the Bible or New Testament separately, *every minute;* or five hundred and sixty thousand four hundred annually! But the speed at first, or for several years, was slow, when compared with that which followed. For some time past it has nearly doubled, so that, in the space of twelve months the press has sent forth more than a million of copies; or say above nineteen thousand every week, above three thousand every day, three hundred every hour, or five every minute of working time! At this rate there has been producing equal to an entire volume, and *such* a volume, in less than twelve seconds!

But if the English Bible be so distinguished for the number of its copies, it is equally, or rather more so, by the *extent* to which it is now being read. With the exception of the most remarkable of all people, the Jews, the English-speaking population has become the most widely diffused of any branch of the family of man.

To many, no doubt, it might seem too bold, were we at once to affirm that the English Bible is at present *in the act of being perused from the rising to the setting sun.* The assertion might appear little else than a figure of speech, or an event to be anticipated; and yet this is no more than the *half* of the truth. The fact, the singular and unprecedented fact, demands deliberate reflection from every British Christian, whether at home or abroad. This Bible, at this moment, is the only version on which the sun never sets. We know full well that it is actually in use on the banks of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, as well as at Sydney, Port Philip, and Hobart Town; but before his evening rays have left the spires of Quebec or Montreal, his morning beams have already shone for hours upon the shores of Australia and New Zealand. And if it be reading by so many of our language in Canada, while the sun is sinking on Lake Ontario; in the eastern world, where he has risen in his glory on the banks of the Ganges, to the self-same Sacred Volume many, who are no less our countrymen, have already turned.

We have thus sketched the progress of the English Bible from the manuscript edition by Wickliffe, and the first printed edition by Tyndale, to the present times—from the clandestine introduction of the first copy from the Continent in 1526, to the millions of copies annually pouring from the press in the few years prior to 1846—from solitary individuals stealthily reading the Sacred Volume in peril of being burned for so doing in the days of Henry VIII., to the period when all round the world there exists in an unbroken series, during every day, and every hour of every day, the reading of the English Bible by countless myriads of the English race, speaking the English language. What a progress, and in what a cause!

EARTH'S CONTRASTS.

What strange contrasts this earth of ours presents! It seems to be the middle spot between heaven and hell, and to partake of the character of both. Beings from both are found moving over its surface, and scenes from both are constantly occurring upon it. The glory from one, and the midnight shades from the other, meet along its bosom; and the song of angels, and the shriek of fiends, go up from the same spot. Noonday and midnight are not more opposite than the scenes that are constantly passing before our eyes. The temple of God stands beside a brothel, and the place of prayer is separated only by a single dwelling from the "hell" of the gambler. Truth and falsehood walk side by side through our streets, and vice and virtue meet and pass every hour of the day. The hut of the starving stands in the shadow of the palace of the wealthy, and the carriage of Dives every day throws the dust of its glittering wheels over the tattered garments of Lazarus. Health and sickness lie down in the same apartments, joy and agony look out of the same window, and hope and despair dwell under the same roof. The cry of the new-born infant, and the groan of the dying, rise together from the same dwelling; the funeral procession treads close on the heels of the bridal party; and the tones of the lute and viol have scarcely died away, before the requiem for the dead comes swelling after. O, the beautiful and deformed, the pure and the corrupt, joys and sorrows, ecstacies and agonies, life and death, are strangely blent on this restless planet of ours!

But the past and future presents as strange contrasts as the present. What different events have transpired on the same spot! Where the Indian's wigwam arose, and the stealthy tread of the wolf and panther was heard over the autumn leaves at twilight, the population of New York now surges along. Where once Tyre, the queen of the sea, stood, fishermen are spreading their nets on the desolate rocks, and the bright waves are rolling over its marble columns. In the empty apartments of Edom the fox makes his den, and the dust of the desert is sifted over the forsaken ruins of Palmyra. The owl hoots in the ancient halls of kings, and the wind of the summer night makes sad music through the rents of once gorgeous palaces. The Arab spurs his steed along the street of ancient Jerusalem, or scornfully stands on Mount Zion, and curls his lip at the pilgrim wearily journeying to the sepulchre of the Saviour. The Muezzin's voice rings over the bones of the prophets, and the desert wind heaps the dust above the foundations of the Seven Churches of Asia. O how good and evil, light and darkness, chase each other over the world!—*J. T. Headley.*

THE OLD COLLIER.

A minister, giving an account of a pious old collier, narrates the following circumstance:—

In the cause of missions he was deeply interested; the tenor of his actions showed that it lay near his heart, and that he was anxious in some way to be instrumental in carrying forward the benevolent operations. When the anniversary meetings of the district were being held in the several places of worship in the neighbourhood, he was generally present at them all; allowing no trivial matter to deprive him of the luxury of the feast he was there accustomed to enjoy. As an officiating minister was going to one of these meetings, he overtook the old collier on the road, who put into his hand a *brown paper parcel,* very securely packed, and tied and sealed, with an injunction not to open it until after the chairman delivered the introductory speech. The meeting, as usual, commenced with prayer. Next followed the chairman's speech; it was a very good speech, well adapted to the occasion, but to the minister it appeared very long, for he was wishing to open the brown paper parcel. Presently the time came, the chairman finished his speech, and introduced another speaker to the meeting, when the minister sitting by his side resolved to satisfy his curiosity, by learning the contents of the brown paper parcel. Out came the penknife—snap went the string, and lo! on opening it, the brown paper parcel became changed into a *white* paper parcel, having on it the inscription in bold letters, "WE ARE ALL INSIDE, SIR." All inside, thought he. And pray, who are all you inside? To work again went the penknife, prepared to make a valiant assault upon these mysterious "all insides." The reader may imagine his surprise on discovering them to be eight silver coins, equivalent to five dollars, offering themselves for missionary work, accompanied with the following letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—We have been in many different places, and in many very different companies and conditions, not always the most respectable. At last, one by one, we have come into the possession of our present owner, who has put us aside for a while, and now offers us to the Lord of missions, if you will accept of us for his service. We are yours faithfully, from "AN OLD COLLIER.

"*N. B.*—We have no objection to go abroad, as any country or climate will suit us."

In a corner of the church sat the old collier studiously observant of the countenances of the audience, to ascertain if it were probable that many others would be disposed to engage inside places on an embarkation to the Heathen. A day or two afterward, the last meeting in the district was held, and an appropriate sermon was preached from the words "The end." The old collier returning home under a deep impression produced by the subject, said to a young friend with much emphasis and solemnity, as though he had a presentiment of his own approaching dissolution, "Who can tell? perhaps the end may be near to some of us." And so it proved. The next morning as he was descending the pit, a large stone fell upon his head, and the accident terminated fatally. He was numbered with the dead, and his happy spirit took its flight to the regions of purity and bliss, where he that soweth and he that reapeth rejoice together.

TWO KINDS OF PRAYER.

WHEN Luther first set himself against the torrent of idolatry and corruption, in the year 1517, assuming a task, to human view, as hopeless as for a man to set his shoulder to a mountain to remove it, he communicated his designs to a wise and prudent friend, who had as deep a sense of Romish corruption as he. But that friend advised him to abandon his design, and retire to his cell, and pray, *Lord have mercy on us!* He would pray him into a state of despair, unbelief, and inaction. But Luther more effectually prayed, *Lord have mercy on us!* when, believing the promises of God, he put forth efforts corresponding with his prayers. The one prayed and did nothing, because he believed that God could or would do nothing. The other "acted" and prayed, and in faith took hold of God's strength, and the work was done. He put his shoulder to the mountain, yea, to the seven hills on which Antichrist had laid his throne, and, weak as he was, yet in God's strength he made the mountains tremble, shook the foundations of the throne of the Beast, and gave him a deadly wound, from which he never has, and never will recover. When we pray that prayer, Lord have mercy on us, we profess to believe, that however desperate our case may be to the human view, it is not beyond the power of God; and the prayer engages us to obedience to the commands of God, while we appeal to his power and grace.—*N. E. Puritan.*

CHANGES OF FORTUNE.

A MAGNIFICENT column was commenced by Napoleon upon the heights near Boulogne, to commemorate his celebrated intended invasion (of England). The column is now finished, and its history should afford a salutary lesson to the princes of the earth. As Bonaparte never accomplished his invasion, so he never finished his monument. But when the Bourbons came back to the throne of France, they resumed the prosecution of this magnificent work, with a design to make it a monument of their restoration; but before they could complete it, they were driven from the kingdom; and Louis Philippe has finished the column as a memorial of his elevation to the throne from which both Napoleon and the Bourbons had been banished.—*Dr. Fisk's Travels.*

Fragments.

"Faith is a hearty credit of whatever God hath said, be that what it may." A cold assent, so far from being saving faith, is *criminal*. The assent, so far as it goes, is right; but the *coldness* of it is criminal, and even *detestable*. Now what constitutes the Gospel is "*good news!*" but whatever faith a wicked man may have in it as a piece of *news*, he has none in the *goodness* of it; he is therefore an unbeliever in the very *essence* of the Gospel, or in that without which it would not be the Gospel. Men may believe many things concerning Jesus Christ and his salvation, but they only amount to their simple existence, without taking in their adhering qualities. But as the Scriptures as fully reveal what they are, namely, their real excellency, as that they are at all, I conclude, they who do not believe the one as well as the other, disbelieve a great part of the report of the Gospel, yea, the very essentials of it.

Many sweeten an error with truth, to make men swallow it more readily.

If Satan fetter us, 'tis indifferent to him whether it be by a cable or a hair; nay, perhaps the smallest sins are his greatest stratagems.

The work of the ministry is truly honourable; but, like the post of honour in a battle, it is attended with peculiar dangers.

A whole discourse may be considered acceptable by having one jewel set in it; similitudes should be sought to clothe our ideas.

Sermons should be well studied; nothing but well-beaten oil for the lamps of the Golden Candlestick.

We are most sure in those points we have most doubted in.

It is observable, that all the three voices from heaven, by which the Father bore witness to Christ, were pronounced while he was praying, or very quickly after it.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

BY J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, D.D., GENEVA

In the first place, the *Word of God* should be *read*, and sometimes, perhaps, other Christian books. In how many families that admirable book, that Book of the nations, has been in all ages, and is still, the most precious of treasures! In how many dwellings has the Bible diffused righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, and submission to all authorities appointed by God! The various books which compose the Bible are almost all of a different nature from one another; it were difficult to have a greater variety in one volume, though the same Spirit of God is in each. This circumstance makes it remarkably appropriate for the nourishment of families; and hence so many poor and obscure families in Protestant countries, possessing that book, do without any others, and by it are brought to the acquisition, not only of eternal life, but of a remarkable intellectual development. The child, the old man, the woman, and the full-grown man, alike find something to interest them there, and to lead them to God. There is something for every situation in life. What abundant consolation have all troubled and afflicted, but faithful souls derived always from the Psalms of the Royal Prophet! It is well to read throughout some book of the Scriptures; but it is not necessary to follow the order in which the different books are placed in the Sacred Volume. On the contrary, it is, perhaps, best to turn from the New Testament to the Old, and from the Old to the New; from one of the Prophets to one of the Epistles of the Apostles, and then to one of the historical books of the Old Testament. It is desirable that the person who reads should make some remarks on the passage read. You know how to speak about any other book that you read; is it only here that thoughts and words are wanting? Do you find nothing there that is applicable to the state of your heart, to the situation of your family, to the character of some one of your children? Read that book always, not as a history of past times, but as a book written for you, addressed to you now; you will readily find circumstances and occasions which render it suitable. Nevertheless, if nothing has been given to you, be content with asking the Holy Spirit to impart to every heart the fruits which he has promised for his Word. "As the rain cometh down, and the snow, from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it."

Another act of worship is, *prayer in common*, or together. It is true that there are good written prayers; but can you not pray to God aloud yourself? You know very well how to speak to a friend; why should you not know how to speak to God? Is he not your greatest and most intimate friend? How easy is it to approach him when it is in the name of Christ crucified that we come! "Thou art near, O Lord," says David. "While they are yet speaking," God has said, "I will hear." If you can pray in secret, can you not pray aloud? Do not be so anxious about what you shall say. "Prayer requires more of the heart than the tongue, more faith than reasoning." How can it be otherwise than salutary, when, for instance, a father or a mother prays aloud for the children who are present, and enters into detail respecting their sins before God, asking him to give his help and his grace! And how often a family is in a situation in which it is called upon to offer up prayer unto God, for deliverance, for assistance, for consolation! "Ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart," saith the Lord.

A third act of worship which ought, if possible, to form part of domestic devotion, is *singing*. In these days man has associated singing with his occupations, and especially with his pleasures; but to praise God was certainly its primitive object. It is to this that the Royal Prophet consecrated it, and shall not we do likewise? If so many profane things are sung in some houses, why should we not sing to the honour of the God who has created and redeemed us? Still more, if sacred hymns are sometimes sung for the sake of the beauty of the sound, shall they not be sung with humility and fervour to celebrate the Lord? "Admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." . . . . .

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* From vol. of tracts translated by Dr. Baird of New York.

But, my brethren, if you wish to erect an altar unto God in your house, you must, first of all, erect one in your own heart. And is there one there? I ask you, my brethren, is there one? Ah! could I draw back the veil, could I now penetrate into the hearts of those who listen to me, what would I see? or, rather, O Lord! what must thou see in our hearts—thou, from whom nothing is veiled, and before whom all things are naked and visible?

In your heart, my dear hearer, I see an altar erected to pleasure and worldliness; there you offer up your morning sacrifice; there you sacrifice, especially in the evening; and the incense arising from it intoxicates and bewilders you even at night.

In your heart, my dear hearer, I see an altar erected to the good gifts of this world, to riches, to Mammon.

In yours, my dear hearer, I see an altar consecrated to yourself. You are the idol whom you worship, whom you exalt above everything else, for whom you wish for all things, and at the foot of whom you would fain see all the world kneel.

My brethren, is there an altar in your hearts erected to the only living and true God? Are you the temple of God, and does God's Spirit dwell within you? So long as there is no altar erected to God in your souls, there can be none in your houses; "for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? and what agreement hath *the temple of God with idols?*"

Be converted, then, in your hearts! Die to the world, to sin, to yourselves even, and live to God in Jesus Christ our Lord. Immortal souls, Christ hath redeemed you at a great price! He gave his whole life on the cross for you. Learn, then, "that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again." "Wherefore come out from among idols, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

O happy is that family, my brethren, which has embraced that God who says, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people!" Happy for time, and happy for eternity! How can you hope to meet with those whom you love near Christ in heaven, unless with them you seek Christ on earth? How shall you assemble as a family there, if you have not as a family attended to heavenly things here below? But as to the Christian family which shall have been united in Jesus, it will, without doubt, meet around the throne of the glory of Him whom it will have loved without having seen. It will only change its wretched and perishable dwelling for the vast and eternal mansions of God. Instead of being a humble family of the earth, united to the whole family of heaven by the same ties, it will have become an innumerable and glorious family. It will surround the throne of God with the hundred and forty-four thousand, and will say, as it said on earth, but with joy and glory, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power."

O my brethren, if but one father or mother would now resolve to meet together in the presence of the Lord; if one single person not yet bound by domestic ties were to resolve to raise an altar unto God in his own house when he shall be so bound, and would, in some future day so act, that abundant blessings would descend upon him and his, I would give thanks unto God for having spoken!

Dear hearer! may the Lord so affect your heart that you may now exclaim, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

THE PREDICTIONS OF MALACHI.

In a previous article on the *times* of Malachi, we showed how closely in this respect the writings of that prophet, the last of the Old Testament, join themselves to the Gospels, the first of the New. The representation given in both alike of the prevailing religious character of the Jewish people, is that of a proud and conceited Pharisaism—boastful of its title to God's favour, and its attainments in his service, while chargeable with the most grievous failures, and utterly mistaking the whole nature of his true worship and service. If we look also to the *predictions* of this prophet, we find an equally close relation subsisting between the last of the Old and the first of the New Testament books; for few as the predictions were which he uttered, they are those which more especially meet us at the commencement of the Gospel history; and it seems as if the earlier events in the dispensation of the New Testament were ordered with an immediate reference to what had been foretold in Malachi. In none of the prophets are the circumstances connected with Christ's appearing, the character in which he was to manifest himself, and the results that were to flow from it, more pointedly described; so that the Gospels have somewhat of the appearance of a continuation of this prophet, or a filling up of the outline which he presented to the Church some centuries before. What is also striking, and gives peculiar force to this branch of fulfilled prophecy as an evidence of the truth of Christ's mission, is the fact, that the leading features in the predictions were of such a kind as to differ most materially from the general views and expectations of the Jews—differed so much, indeed, that to the last they would not receive them. We shall take a brief survey of them, chiefly for the purpose of bringing out the striking peculiarities now referred to.

1. There are predictions bearing on the circumstances connected with Christ's appearing. These are principally two; and the one first announced is, that "he should suddenly come to his temple." (Chap. iii. 1.) A very important and instructive word! for it implies, that he who was to come, and to come as a messenger, should still be an essentially divine person—the very being who could claim that temple as his own; in other words, the God who was worshipped there. The Scribes and Pharisees of our Lord's time did not understand this; for if they had, they could have had no difficulty in answering the question, how he could be at once David's son, and yet be represented by David himself as his Lord; nor would they have held him guilty of blasphemy, when, as Messiah, he declared himself to be the Son of God. (Matt. xxii. 45; John v. 18, x. 33.) The Jews both of that time and of all future periods have been quite ignorant of the real constitution of Messiah's person as at once God and man; and have been almost unanimous in holding, that while he might be called in a sense the Son of God, it was not in that sense which bespoke his being equal with God.[*] In this they, as well as the Socinians and Arians of our day, stand plainly condemned by the testimony of Malachi.

The prophecy declares that he should come *suddenly* to his temple. "And it is remarkable, that the temple was the place of his very first public appearance; and in his coming on that occasion there was an extraordinary suddenness." This circumstance, however, which is noticed by Horsley, was rather a kind of sign and token of the approaching fulfilment of the prophecy, than the fulfilment itself; for Christ's appearing as a babe in the temple was not exactly his coming in the sense intended by the prophet, as the grand messenger of Heaven personally to transact with men. But any event may justly be called sudden, for which men are not rightly prepared, and consequently are apt to be taken by surprise by it when it happens. In this sense Christ's appearance in the temple throughout was emphatically a sudden one, since the mass of those he found there were entirely unfitted for standing in his presence; of which he gave them a strong and sensible demonstration in the symbolical action which he twice performed, of driving the money-changers and the traffickers out of the temple. Such an exercise of righteous authority also implied that he regarded the temple as strictly his own, while it manifested the persons about it to be anything but prepared and looking for his coming. And as if to leave no doubt as to the name or authority by which he then acted, he expressly asserted on the last occasion his absolute lordship over the house: "*My* house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." (Luke xix. 46.)

But there is another circumstance more fully brought out in Malachi's predictions respecting the appearance of Christ on earth—it was to be preceded by the agency of a special forerunner: "Behold I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me;" and this preparatory messenger is at the close of the book more exactly characterised as Elijah the prophet. (Chap. iv. 5.) The Jews here again so entirely misunderstood the prophet's meaning, that they might justly be said to disbelieve it. They looked for the re-appearance of the literal Elias (as indeed they do for the most part to this day), and deemed it one of the marks of honour which God was going to put upon their nation, the sending of such an exalted messenger to announce the immediate approach of the Redeemer. In this idea concerning the object of his coming, they made a far more serious mistake than in regard to the person meant by the name Elias. For it mattered comparatively little who that might be; the work to be done by him was the point of chief moment; and if Elias was to come, or another with his name, because sent to do substantially *his* work, what did this betoken? Alas! the very reverse of a state of preparation on their part, or a mark of honour on God's. Be the person who he might, that in his mission there was to be the sending of an Elias, clearly bespoke him to be a preacher of repentance—a stern reprover of sin—a herald mainly of a God of judgment, proclaiming by his very name and office that all was in a state of disorder and corruption, and would inevitably go to perdition unless the hand of this strong one might prevail, under God, to set it right again.

The event proved that the Jews of our Lord's time could as little take in the true doctrine of Malachi's prediction regarding the forerunner, as that regarding the Lord himself. Their own Scriptures stand here also as a strong witness against them, and for Christ. Such a preacher of repentance as Elias did go before his manifestation to Israel—not actually Elias, indeed, in the sense understood by them, so that John said he was not that prophet, but one clothed with the spirit and power of Elias; in his gifts and office greater even than he, but, like him, calling aloud on men, as with a voice of thunder, to return from their evil ways, and striving, as with the might of a giant, to turn back the tide of corruption, and revive in the degenerate children the hearts of their pious fathers; so that in him was really fulfilled the part of the messenger, the Elias foretold by Malachi. In short, there did thus appear the Elias "who was for to come;" but they knew him not, and did to him, as to his great prototype in the times of Ahab, "whatsoever they listed." He was sent forth to prepare the way, but the hardness of their hearts prevented this in great measure from being effectually done—a small remnant alone made themselves ready; and the curse, which was to smite the earth in case of that repentance-work not being accomplished, ere long fell upon most of them with unsparing severity.

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[*] Those who wish to see the proof from Jewish authorities, will find it in Lightfoot, vol. ii. 388, 622, 702. Schoettgen, indeed, produces various extracts from Jewish writings (De Messia, l. iii.), which seem to assert the proper divinity of the Messiah; but these writings contain such a mass of conjectures and contradictions, that some confirmation might be found in them for almost every truth, as well as every heresy. There can be no doubt, however, that Lightfoot here gives the true account of what is now, and has always been, the general belief among the Jews at and since the time of Christ.

2. The predictions in Malachi, which describe the *character* in which Christ was to appear, are chiefly of a threatening kind, and import a work of judgment. In the 3d chapter, immediately after his appearance in the temple is foretold, it is asked, "But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap," &c. And in the first verse of the next chapter the same idea is again presented, when the prophet speaks of the day coming, namely, the day of the Lord's appearing, "which should burn as an oven, so that the proud and all that do wickedly should be stubble." We are not to suppose, as is very commonly done, that the prophet here suddenly starts off from Christ's first to his second coming, as if such a description did not properly suit the manner and purposes of his first appearing upon earth. John the Baptist might instruct us better; for when he comes forth to Israel as the herald of Christ's immediate approach, it is with the solemn truth, and partly also with the very language, here found in Malachi. For what does he say was to take place at that new era in the kingdom of heaven? The hewing down of every tree that was not bearing fruit—a thorough purging of the floor of God's house—a baptizing with fire, and even a burning up with fire of what was unprofitable and vain. (Matt. iii. 11, 12.) These expressions unquestionably represent the character of Christ's first appearing as consisting much in the execution of a work of judgment; and in this, again, the thing foretold was so widely different from what the mass of the Jewish people expected, that in the face of their own Scripture they rejected him in whom, at the very time, it was receiving its fulfilment.

There can be no doubt that John, in speaking of the character of Christ's appearing, used the peculiar expression of "baptizing with fire," and referred generally to the consuming property of fire, with the view of forcibly impressing on all, that what had been foretold by Malachi was then actually on the eve of being realized. It is true that Christ did not come into the world avowedly to judge or condemn, but rather to save it; but it is not less true, on the other hand, that his manifestation had all the effect among men of a work of judgment, and that the spiritual regeneration, which he came to produce on them, necessarily proceeds, both in the world at large and in each individual heart, by the destruction of what is evil, as well as the implantation and growth of what is good. Every word Christ spake, every action he performed, every gift of the Spirit he shed forth, was, from its very nature, of a quick and searching character, reaching to the inmost thoughts of the heart; it was on men's souls like the action of fire on the earth's metallic ores, separating between the precious and the vile, that the one might be preserved, and the other destroyed. So that the time of Christ's tabernacling upon earth, though presenting nothing majestic or alarming in outward appearance, was in reality a dreadful searching time—a time of trial and judgment such as had never been known before. And, alas! how few proved able to stand it. To how many did he become a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence! To how few a ground of safety and deliverance! The thoughts, truly, of many hearts were revealed; but these, excepting in a few cases, were thoughts only of evil, the thoughts of hearts that would not submit themselves to the righteousness of God, and were therefore ripening to perdition.

We need scarcely say, that this must be in a measure the character of Christ's revelation still, through a preached Gospel; and that it behoves all who enjoy that privilege to take heed that the process in their case be a regenerating, and not a destructive one—a destructive one, indeed, but only of the old man of corruption, that their spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus Christ. The prediction of Malachi implies, that amid all the appearance of severity, there still was a design of mercy in the manifestation of Christ; his mission was still to be of a salutary and saving character to those who were prepared to receive him; to them the promise is given of his arising on them with healing under his wings, and of being preserved as jewels, while the work of judgment is proceeding (chap. iii. 17, iv. 2); and only because men are so prone to resist the purification which he seeks to accomplish on their natures, and thus to lose their interest in his mercy, was the character of his appearing invested with so stern and terrible an aspect.

3. In regard to the results that were to flow from the manifested presence of the Lord, as these are described in Malachi, a few words only are needed, as they have been partly hinted at already. They were to be of a very mixed nature, but manifestly with a preponderance of evil in respect to the greater part of those for whom the prophet more immediately writes. Amid the images of life and death, blessing and cursing, which pass before us in reading his pages, we cannot but feel that the dark side occupies decidedly the largest place; nor is it without meaning that the prophet seals up the vision of the old covenant with a threat, that the Lord's coming might possibly be to smite the earth with a curse. How far were the Jews of our Lord's time—or of this, for the delusion cleaves to them as inveterately as ever—from entering into this part of the prophetic message, when they expected a Messiah who should be the deliverer of their nation as a whole! who had only to do a work of outward healing and recovery, in which all were to be alike interested! Still, however, there was to be a glorious and blessed work accomplished in a certain portion of the mass;

was to be a purification among the sons of Levi, t they would present to the Lord an offering of ousness; and a blessed company was to come replenished with the favour of Heaven, and like good soldiers of the Lord, to tread the d beneath their feet. (Chap. iii. 3-5, iv. 2, 3.) of course, had its earliest fulfilment in the case se whom the apostle calls "the remnant accord- grace;" but it is also meeting with fulfilment day, as often as believing souls are added to hurch. And when in one passage the sons of alone are mentioned as partakers of the blessing, simply because the Lord was represented as ng to his temple, where none but the sons of were allowed to minister. These, however, sented in their ministrations the whole profess- eople of God. And viewed in reference to the le, the purified sons of Levi stand for the entire any of a ransomed Church; although we know prediction had a fulfilment also in a more re- ted and literal sense; for it is expressly written, multitude of priests [the sons of Levi] were obe- t to the faith."

e brief review that has now been taken of this ion of prophecy and its fulfilment, suggests mat- of deep and profitable reflection. 1. It shows sure God's word of prophecy is, travelling on to ccomplishment in spite of all the misunderstand- and oppositions of man, and proving God to be , though well-nigh every man should be found to liar. 2. It discloses the awful blindness and ersity of the sinful heart, especially when taking form of Pharisaical pride and hypocrisy, so that an reject the plainest testimonies of God, and set hopes in direct opposition to his declared mind will. 3. Finally, it is a witness how sadly the ruption in the Church and the world disturbs the of God's goodness, ever forcing him to mingle revelations of judgment with the tidings of mercy. e first promise of a Saviour was given in the shape a doom upon the adversary; and so much has the rit and cause of the adversary prevailed, that the t predictions describe Christ's coming even to the ofessing Church as an occasion of fear and trembling ll more than of rejoicing.

Salton. P. F.

THE DIVER.

is a pleasant thing, when pilgrims are tra- lling the same road together, to beguile the me by the relation of their past adventures. Zion-bound pilgrim lately gave me an inte- esting history in nearly the following words:—

"Often, in the days of my youth, have I azed on fragments of ruddy coral, goodly shells nd pearls, costly stones and curious sea-weed, nd thought of those wrestlers of the ocean who live down to the caverns of the deep in search f pearls.

"The wild wonders of the ocean, explored y the pearl-diver, in his painful struggles to win the treasures of the raging ocean, have been at such seasons present with me. The broken ship and half-buried anchor; the monsters of the world of waters; the sharp, craggy rock; the deep, dark cavern; the glittering spar, the sparkling gem, and light-reflecting pearl—'They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep;' and he who pursues the wild and life-wasting calling of a diver, has scenes of terror and beauty presented to his eyes that others never saw. I speak of these things feelingly, for I myself have been a diver; but do not mistake me. Pearls though I have, costly beyond all price, yet they were not brought up from the mighty deep: listen, and you shall hear my relation.

"For twenty years of my life I was a diver in books, and brought up stores of knowledge that to me were prizable—gems of thought and costly pearls of reflection: but all this time I was as much a stranger to myself as I was to the bottom of the sea. I sought my own pleasure; I delighted to hear some new thing, and to see some new sight; but there was one sight I could never see, and that was the sinfulness of my own heart.

"One Sabbath-day, as I sat in the house of God, it pleased the Holy Spirit to take of the things spoken by a zealous and faithful minister of the Gospel, and apply them with power to my soul. The word of the Lord was 'quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow,' and was, 'a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' The man of God seemed to smite me 'with the rod of his mouth,' and to dash me in pieces 'like a potter's vessel.' That sermon, for the first time in my life, set me diving into my own bosom. I descended, not altogether unattended by the light of his Spirit who will 'search Jerusalem with candles,' into the deep caverns of my own evil heart. What I found there I will not make known, nor attempt to describe the terrors that filled my soul at the discovery. Blessed be the God of mercy! in my distress I became a diver in the Scriptures of eternal truth; and though for a long time I was unsuccessful, through his goodness who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, I became possessed of the pearl of repentance, and cried out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' (Luke xviii. 13.)

"Though I then possessed a gem more precious than the gold of Ophir, in the pearl of repentance, yet for a long time I knew not the value of it, nor felt any comfort in its possession, until one day a kind friend, by his encouraging and Christian counsel, set me diving again, no longer into the troubled sea of my own guiltiness, nor the dark, frowning waves of God's holy law, but into the boundless ocean of everlasting promises of the Gospel. Another pearl was then added to my treasure, and that was the pearl of hope; so that I was enabled to rejoice in the blessed assurance of Him who spake as never man spake: 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' (John vi. 37.)

"The time came, however, when I left off to 'do business in great waters;' for things went very smoothly and well with me. I began to think, with David, that the Lord had made my mountain to stand so fast that I should never be moved.' I began to be less careful, and then was less prayerful, in my heavenly walk. This carelessness and self-confidence by degrees brought in great backsliding of heart and barrenness of soul; and where it would have ended I cannot tell; but it pleased a faithful God, who had set his love upon me, to visit me with a rod. The dark clouds of his providence gathered above me, and a heavy storm broke over my head. One dearer far to me than my own life was suddenly snatched away, and I was left a lonely pilgrim on the earth. Then, indeed, was my soul overwhelmed within me; and, being exceedingly tossed in the tempest of affliction, my cry was, 'All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me!' Again I became a diver; and, in the deep waters of adversity, by the mercy of a covenant God, who made all these bitter things work together for my eternal good, the pearl of submission was added to my treasures. 'The Lord gave,' said I, 'and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"In this 'great deep,' I saw more of the works of the Lord and his wonders than I had ever known before. He made all his goodness to pass before me, and showed me wherefore he contended with me. I had departed from him. I had left my 'first love.' I had joined myself unto idols, and mine eyes were turned earthward; but in these deep waters the Lord lifted them up, and then I saw 'no man, save Jesus only.' Two other pearls were obtained through mercy—the pearls of love and of Christian assurance. Yes! when the winds and the waves were stilled, there was 'a great calm;' and in that calm my soul could say unto the Lord, not only, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee?' but also, 'There is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.' These, then, are some of the pearls which, through mercy, I possess.

"I must now say a few words about one pearl which I have kept back to the last, because, in comparison thereof, all the pearls I have spoken of are worthless as the small dust of the earth; and, as my Lord knows how apt I am by my waywardness to lose or injure the pearls and ornaments in my possession, he has placed this one Pearl of pearls, which is the sum and substance of all my wealth, in so secure and exalted a place, that it is utterly impossible for the bitterest of my enemies, either on earth or in hell, to touch it. God has placed this inestimable treasure 'far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion,' even in heaven itself, at the right hand of his eternal throne. Yes, this precious 'Pearl of great price' is the Lord Jesus Christ, my sacrifice and my Saviour, the eternal and everlasting God, who, by the offering up of himself, has purchased for me an inheritance in the kingdom of his Father, where I shall be with him for ever and ever."—*Old Humphrey.*

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS;

OR,

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

DANIEL's wisdom may I know,	Dan. i. 17, 20.
Stephen's faith and spirit too;	Acts vi. 8, 10.
John's divine communion feel,	John xiii. 23.
Moses' meekness, Martha's zeal:	Numb. xii. 3. Luke x. 38.
May I, with unwearied Paul,	2 Tim. iv. 7.
Win the day and conquer all;	
Mary's love may I possess,	Luke x. 42.
Lydia's tender-heartedness;	Acts xvi. 14.
Peter's ardent spirit feel,	John xxi. 15, 17.
And, like him, to Christ appeal;	
Like young Timothy, may I	2 Tim. ii. 22.
Every sinful passion fly.	
Job's long patience may I know,	James v. 11.
David's true devotion too;	Ps. lv. 17.
Samuel's early habits wear,	1 Sam. ii. 18, iii. 19.
Lazarus' happy portion share;	Luke xvi. 22.
May Isaiah's hallow'd fire	Isa. vi. 6.
All my fervent heart inspire;	
Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,	Gen. xxxii. 24-28.
Jabez' honour, Joshua's care;	1 Chron. iv. 9, 16. Josh. xxiv. 22, 23.
Joseph's purity impart,	Gen. xxxix. 9.
Isaac's meditative heart;	Gen. xxiv. 63.
Abraham's friendship, how sublime!	James ii. 23.
Might I call that blessing mine.	
But more than all, may I pursue	
The lovely pattern Jesus drew:	1 Pet. ii. 21.
And in my life and conduct show	
How he conversed and lived below;	
And imitate my suffering Lord,	
Till all his image is restored.	

Anthon's Easy Catechism.

MEMORIALS OF THE INQUISITION.

NO. IV.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

How can we best unmask the real character of Popery? How can we best incite all thinking men to oppose it by every Christian weapon? How can we best prevent our nation from sharing in the guilt of countenancing the abhorrent system? Or, if the nation will have it so, how can we as individuals keep ourselves free from the sin, if not from the misery, that must, sooner or later, result from tampering with the creed which, according to the Word of God, is signalized by all the deceivableness of unrighteousness? These are some of the questions which should come home to the hearts and consciences of every right-thinking man; and to contribute our quota towards furnishing an answer to them, is the design of these "Memorials of the Inquisition." Why evoke from oblivion the incidents which all good men would seek to be for ever forgotten? Why provoke enmity anew by recurring to events which some Papists profess to deplore? The simple answer is, Whatever Papists profess, *the Papacy* is unchanged and unchangeable; it ceases to be Papacy the moment it consents to be changed. But the truth is, Popery in Britain wears a mask—it is a wolf in sheep's clothing. In Spain it appeared in its real character, feeding on the blood, and regaling itself with the sighs and groans of Christians. If we would not, in our turn, become its victims, its true character should be exhibited at length, and every scriptural means employed to repel its Antichristian dogmas from our borders.

We have already had occasion to notice the secrecy with which the Inquisition acted.[*] Its blow was fatal, like that of the lightning, but it was not accompanied with thunder, to give any alarm. Many were seized, immured, tormented, without seeing the hand that grasped them; and yet, everywhere was the apparatus of the Inquisition at work. Scarcely had any one been only suspected of an heretical taint when he was seized and secured. Every one who knew any who were *suspected* of heresy, was bound to inform the Inquisition within six days, under pain of mortal sin and excommunication. Priests in the confessional, as well as Inquisitors in their halls of judgment, abetted this nefarious practice. Malice and revenge combined with superstition and terror to deliver up victims to wrath. "The father sometimes informs against his own child, the wife against her husband, and the betrothed against the object of her tenderest attachment." Popery first tears men from God, and then from each other; and all this was perpetrated by men who had adopted, as established and unquestionable, the maxim that the "Holy Office could not err." At the same time, the scrutiny was so strict, that if the accused but happened to repeat inaccurately the *Ave Maria*, this was regarded as a legitimate presumption of guilt. No wonder though Torquemada lived in terror of his life from an outraged people when this system was first set up! From the *Council of the Supreme* down to the veriest menial in the service, it was throughout a system of cruelty and bloodshed.

It is time, however, to exhibit some additional specimens of the cruelty to which we have so often referred. All that have hitherto been mentioned have been but as the first-fruits of what might be narrated. We pass by the mockery of justice implied in the appointment of one of the Inquisitor's own advocates to defend the prisoner—he was really, under the title of advocate for the accused, the agent and proctor of the accusers. We do not dwell on the practice of concealing from the prisoner the names of the witnesses who were to prove his guilt, nor on the other outrages against equity as well as mercy perpetrated by the Inquisition. Let the principles be known from the practice.

And THE TORTURE deserves the first place in this catalogue of atrocities. After the evidence had been taken, if the Inquisitors supposed that there was only a *semi plena probatio*, or half proof, they were empowered to employ bodily torments to compel the accused to give evidence against himself. He might appeal to the Council of the Supreme; but then the Inquisitors against whom the appeal was taken were judges of its validity, and they had it, therefore, in their power to execute their own sentence without delay. "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." The engines of horrid cruelty employed in those polluted dens were various, and the recital of their horrors is more repulsive by far than the investigations of the anatomist on the dead. The bones of the victims of superstition were moved from their socket by the pulley or the rack, and the blood was made to start from their veins. The "infernal operation" produces loathing even in the narrative; and one who was himself secretary to the Holy Office (Llorente) has confessed that no accounts given of the torture *can* be accused of exaggeration. He describes the Inquisitors as "cold-blooded barbarians." "My pen," he says, "refuses to trace the picture of their horrors, for I know nothing more opposed to the spirit of charity and compassion which Jesus Christ inculcates in the Gospel, than the conduct of the Inquisition; and yet," he adds, "in spite of the scandal which it has given, there is not, after the eighteenth century is closed, any law or decree abolishing the torture." If we may credit the narrative of General Juan Van Halen, he endured it at a comparatively recent date.

The place for perpetrating these atrocities in the Spanish Inquisition, we learn from one who had been in it, was generally an under-ground or very dark chamber. When the Inquisitor and other functionaries had taken their places, the person to be tortured was introduced; and the executioner, dressed so as to be appalling, was also present. The latter was covered with a black linen garment down to his feet, and his head and face were hid by a long black cowl, with only two openings for the eyes. The appearance startled the criminal, and added to the horror of his position—it seemed as if he were already in the grasp of the fiend to which the Inquisition pretended to consign the impenitent. Stripping naked, and the rack, are kinds of punishment which explain themselves; but there is a third, called "Squassation," which we may describe as a specimen of the system. The prisoner who was to be punished in this manner had his hands bound behind his back, and heavy weights tied to his feet. He was then hoisted aloft till his head touched the pulley by which he was suspended, where he was allowed to hang for some time, till by the weights attached to his feet his joints and limbs were slowly stretched to agony. On a sudden, he was let down with a jerk, without being allowed, however, to reach the ground, and the result of such treatment commonly was to disjoint his legs and arms. The sudden shock received by his descent being arrested, produced the most exquisite pain, and generally rendered the sufferer a disfigured and distorted victim of cruelty for the remainder of his days. The author of the "History of the Inquisition at Goa," says, that at certain seasons "he every morning heard the cries and groans of those who were put to the question, which was so very cruel, that he had seen several of both sexes who were ever after lame." And that is the Popish mode of correcting men's errors, and converting them to Christianity!

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[*] There are many examples of the mode of securing this secrecy on record. Every one who entered the walls of the Inquisition was sworn to secrecy, and Dr. M'Crie relates, from Townsend's Travels, that the Dutch ambassador in Spain in 1787, could never be induced to give any account of what happened during his imprisonment in the Inquisition at Barcelona, thirty-five years previous to that period. He even became agitated when questioned on the subject. His companion, M. Falconet, maintained the same absolute silence. He had destroyed an image of the Virgin, and because the consul, who witnessed the fracture, did not turn informer, he was treated as a partner in the crime.

But this does not exhaust the catalogue of their atrocities. Sometimes the prisoner, who was *stripped*, was thereafter cased so tightly in a garment made for that purpose that he could not breathe; then he was suddenly set free, to be as suddenly compressed again, and the process was repeated till breathing became a source of exquisite pain. If that failed to extort confessions, other instruments of cruelty were at hand. The thumbs were so tightly bound together with small cords, that the blood spurted from under the nails. If this failed, the prisoner was next placed upon a little bench; ropes were put round the body at several places, especially the arms and legs, and drawn so tightly by means of pulleys, that the Jew Orobio, who was thus mangled and maltreated, has stated that, in the hands of the Inquisitor at that stage, he felt as if he had been dissolving in flames. Sometimes this torture was rendered yet more agonizing, by being so applied that the weight of the sufferer's body was made to tighten the cords, and so add to the misery. But Orobio had yet more to endure, because he was suspected of Judaism. An instrument, with five sharp projecting probes, was placed opposite each shin of the sufferer, and violently driven against it, so that, at the same moment, he received ten wounds, accompanied with anguish so intolerable that he fainted away. As soon as he had revived the torture was resumed. It had now reached the extreme point short of death. Ropes were put round Orobio's arms, and drawn so tightly that they cut the flesh, even to the bones; and this torture was thrice repeated. On each occasion the cords were placed about two inches from the former wound. The effusion of blood was at length so great that the victim appeared to be dying; and, as the Inquisitors were cautioned not to murder the prisoner by the torture, (else what would become of the pomp of the *Auto-de-fe*?) the physician and surgeon were consulted as to his power to endure all that was implied in his sentence. That sentence bore that he must undergo the whole *at one time;* and, had he been remitted to his cell, even for a night, the whole process of torture must have been resumed from the commencement! The physician, however, mercifully declared that Orobio could still endure what remained without dying in the hands of those who had already murdered him again and again. (1 John iii. 15.) The torture was accordingly continued. At the close, Orobio was remitted to his cell, and ten weeks had rolled away ere he had recovered from the laceration inflicted on his body, by men who declared that they belonged to the only true Church of Christ—who inflicted these agonies on their fellow-mortal, because he would not welcome a religion which turned men into wild beasts!

Do these things exhibit aright the genuine spirit of Popery? Let it be remembered, that all of them were done in accordance with a system, sanctioned, patronised, and enforced, by the *infallible head* of Romanism, and then, if these cases be not enough for that purpose, we might next describe the torture inflicted on what is called the wooden horse, where, again, small cords are bound and twisted so tightly round the limbs, that they cut into the flesh. Or we might speak of the thin cloth thrown over the victim's mouth—of the stream of water, small as a thread, falling from some height into it, and sinking the cloth gradually down his throat, to be at last drawn forth from the half-stifled sufferer, in a way that occasioned excruciating agony. Or we might tell of the chafing-dish, full of burning charcoal, placed below the soles of the victim, which had been previously covered with oil, to render the pain more exquisite. But we sum up this horrid recital by describing the torture, as applied to our countryman, William Lithgow, already alluded to. While travelling in Spain, he was first imprisoned as a spy, and tortured in that character. But as nothing to criminate him could be extorted, he was delivered over to the Inquisition as a heretic, because his journals contained many "blasphemies against the pope and the Virgin Mary." Jesuits at first resorted to him in his cell, to cajole or to scare him into Popery; but, as their efforts were unavailing, he was condemned to endure eleven degrees of torment in one night, and thereafter to be burnt at Granada at midnight, and his ashes scattered to the winds. When under the torture, he was stripped naked, as Orobio had been. His mouth was forced open with an iron instrument, and water poured down his throat. A rope was ied tightly round his neck, and he was seven times from wall to wall in the f torture. Then a small cord was bound each great toe, and he was suspended y with his head towards the ground. He ied in that condition till the water that een poured down his throat was dis- d, after which he was stretched on the l as one dead, and then laid in irons and ed to his cell.

we close. Such is a specimen of the ces of the Inquisition devised by Popish , presided over by Popish archbishops, ized and encouraged by Infallible Popes. ave said nothing of the mental agony ed on the victims of such persecutions by ntumely and the insults of their oppres- Munebrega, for instance, archbishop of gona, and Vice-Inquisitor-General, while ling at the torture, and directing its de- was accustomed to indulge in impious ry at his victims. "These heretics," he 'have the commandment, 'Thou shalt love eighbour as thyself,' so deeply seated in hearts, that it is necessary to tear the flesh their bones to make them inform against brethren." Such was the brutality of the isitor, and such the agony of the accused— suspected—often the perfectly innocent. e have felt it difficult to understand what of atrocity is referred to by the apostle, n he speaks of some who "were sawn der." The doings of the Inquisition form iking commentary on that text.*

OLOGIES FOR TRAVELLING ON THE SABBATH.

(From an old Magazine.)

of those who do the work of journeying on abbath, do not condescend to make an apology t. They care neither for the day nor for Him hallowed it. With these we have nothing to Our business is with those who, admitting the al obligation of the Sabbath, and knowing or cting Sunday travelling to be a sin, offer apolo- which they hope may justify the act in their or else go far towards extenuating the crimina- f it. I propose to submit to the judgment of eaders some of the excuses for this sin, as I ot help calling the breach of the fourth com- ment, which from time to time I have heard ed.

would premise, that I know of no sin which men so sorry for before it is done, and so ready to ogize for afterwards. I cannot tell how many ons, about to travel on the Sabbath, have rered me that they were very sorry to do it; yet they have immediately gone and done it. y have repented and then sinned—just like od, who was sorry to put John the Baptist to th, and then immediately sent an executioner to ng his head. It does not diminish the criminality of an act that it is perpetrated with some degree of regret; and yet the presence of such a regret is considered by many as quite a tolerable excuse.

One gentleman who was sorry to travel on the Sabbath, added, I recollect, that it was against his principles to make use of the day. I wondered then that he should do it—that he should deliberately practise in opposition to his principles. But I was still more surprised that he should think to excuse his practise by alleging its contrariety to his principles. What are principles for, but to regulate practice; and if they have not fixedness and force enough for this, of what use are they? A man's principles may as well be in favour of Sabbath-breaking as his practice; and certainly it constitutes a better apology for a practice that it is in conformity to one's principles, than that it is at variance with them.

Another gave pretty much the same reason for his conduct in different words: "It is not my habit," said he, "to travel on the Sabbath." It was only his act. He did not uniformly do it. He only occasionally did it. A man must be at a loss for reasons who alleges as an apology for travelling one Sabbath, that he does not travel other Sabbaths. The habit of obedience forms no excuse for the act of disobedience.

An intelligent lady who was intending to travel on the Sabbath, volunteered this exculpation of herself: She said she had travelled one Sabbath already since she left home, and she supposed it was no worse to travel on another. I said nothing, but it did occur to me that two sins were worse than one.

Another, and she was a lady too, said she could read good books by the way; and you know, said she, that we can have as good thoughts in one place as in another. I assented, but could not help thinking that the persons employed in conveying her might not find their situation as favourable to devout reading and meditation. This, I suppose, did not occur to her.

Another person said that he would never commence a journey on the Sabbath, but when once set out, he could see no harm in proceeding. But I, for my part, could not see the mighty difference between setting out on the Sabbath, and going on on the Sabbath. My perceptions were so obtuse that I could not discern the one to be travelling, and the other to be an equivalent to rest.

One person told me that he meant to start very early in the morning, for he wished to occupy as little of the Sabbath in travelling as possible. Another proposed to lie by all the middle of the day, and proceed in the evening, and he was sure there could be no harm in that. Ah! thought I, and has not Sunday a morning and an evening appropriate to itself as well as any other day of the week? Is the morning of Sunday all one with Saturday, and the evening no more sacred than Monday? Did God hallow only the middle of the day? And is the day of rest shorter by several hours than any other day? I never could see how one part of the Sabbath should be entitled to more religious respect than another part. It seems to me a man may as properly travel on the noon of the Sabbath, as in the morning or evening.

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* M'Crie, Llorente, Chandler.

One person was very particular to tell me what he meant to do after he had travelled a part of the Lord's-day. He expected by about 10 or 11 o'clock to come across a church, and he intended to go in and worship. That, he supposed, would set all right again.

Another, a grave-looking personage, was travelling on the Sabbath to reach an ecclesiastical meeting in season. Another, in order to fulfil an appointment he had made to preach. These were ministers. They pleaded the necessity of the case; but I could see no necessity in it. I thought the necessity of keeping God's commandments a much clearer and stronger case of necessity. The business of the meeting could go on without that clergyman, or it might have been deferred a day in waiting for him, or he might have left home a day earlier. The appointment to preach should not have been made, or, if made, should have been broken.

There was one apologist who had not heard from home for a good while, and he was anxious to learn about his family. Something in their circumstances might require his presence. I could not sustain even that apology, for I thought the Lord could take care of his family without him as well as with him, and I did not believe they would be likely to suffer by his resting on the Sabbath, out of respect to God's commandment, and spending the day in imploring the divine blessing on them.

Another apologist chanced to reach on Saturday night an indifferent public-house. He pleaded, therefore, that it was necessary for him to proceed on the next day, until he should arrive at better accommodation. But I could not help thinking that his being comfortably accommodated, was not on the whole so important as obedience to the decalogue.

One person thought he asked an unanswerable question, when he begged to know why it was not as well to be on the road, as to be lying by at a country tavern. It occurred to me, that if his horses had possessed the faculty of Baalam's beast, they could have readily told him the difference, and why the latter part of the alternative was preferable.

There was still another person who was sure his excuse would be sustained. He was one of a party, who were determined to proceed on the Sabbath in spite of his reluctance, and he had no choice but to go on with them. Ah! had he no choice? would they have forced him to go on? could he not have separated from such a party? or might he not, if he had been determined, have prevailed on them *to* rest on the Lord's-day? Suppose he had said, mildly yet firmly: "My conscience forbids me to journey on the Sabbath. You can go, but you must leave me. I am sorry to interfere with your wishes, but I cannot offend God," is it not ten to one such a remonstrance would have been successful? I cannot help suspecting that the person was willing to be compelled in this case.

But many said that this strict keeping of the Sabbath was an old Puritanical notion, and this seemed to ease their consciences somewhat. I remarked, that I thought it older than Puritanism. A Sinaitical notion I judged it to be, rather than Puritanical.

Many Sunday travellers I met with, begged me not to tell their pious relatives that they had travelled on the Sabbath. They thought if these knew it, they would not think so well of them; and they would be likely to hear of it again. No one asked me not to tell God. They did not seem to care how it affected them in his estimation. It never occurred to them that they might hear from the Lord of the Sabbath on the subject.

I do not know any purpose which such apologies for Sabbath-breaking serve, since they satisfy neither God nor his people, but one, and that is not a very valuable one. They serve only, as far as I can see, to delude those who offer them.

I love to be fair. I have been objecting lately against the Catholics that they reduce the number of the commandments to nine. I here record my acknowledgment, that some of us Protestants have really but nine. The Catholics omit the second; some of our Protestants the fourth.

THE SORROW NOT TO BE REPENTED OF.

It is seldom seen that a silent grief speeds well; for either a man must have strong hands of resolution to strangle it in his bosom, or else it drives him to some secret mischief; whereas sorrow revealed is half remedied, and ever abates in the uttering. Your grief was wisely disclosed, and shall be as strangely answered. I am glad of your sorrow, and should weep for you if you did not thus mourn. Your sorrow is, that you cannot enough grieve for your sins. Let me tell you that the angels themselves sing at this lamentation; neither doth the earth afford any so sweet music in the ears of God. This heaviness is the way to joy. Worldly sorrow is worthy of pity, because it leadeth to death; but this deserves nothing but envy and gratulation. If those tears were common, hell would not so enlarge itself. Never sin repented of was punished; and never any thus mourned and repented not. Lo, you have done that which you grieve you have not done. If God required sorrow proportionable to the heinousness of our sins, there were no end of mourning. Now, his mercy regards not so much the measure, as the truth of it; and accounts us to have that which we complain to want. I never knew any truly penitent, who, in the depth of his remorse, was afraid of sorrowing too much: nor any unrepentant, who wished to sorrow more. Yea, let me tell you, that this sorrow is better and more than that deep heaviness for sin, which you desire. Many have been vexed with an extreme remorse for some sin, from the gripes of a galled conscience, which yet never came where true repentance grew; in whom the conscience plays at once the accuser, witness, judge, tormentor; but an earnest grief for the want of grief, was never found in any but a gracious heart. You are happy, and complain. Tell me, I beseech you—this sorrow which you mourn to want, is it a grace of the Spirit of God, or not? If not, why do you sorrow to want it? If it be, O how happy is it to grieve for want of grace! The God of all truth and blessedness hath said, "Blessed are those that hunger and thirst after righteousness;" and with the same breath, "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." You say you mourn—Christ saith you are blessed; you say you mourn—Christ saith you shall be comforted. Either now distrust your Saviour, or else confess your happiness, and with patience expect his promised consolation. What do you fear? You see others stand like strong oaks, unshaken, unremoved: you are but a reed, a feeble plant, tossed and bowed with every wind, and with much agitation bruised; lo, you are in tender and favourable hands, that never brake any whom their sins bruised—never bruised any whom temptations had bowed. You are but flax; and your best is not a flame, but an obscure smoke of grace. Lo, here his Spirit is as a soft wind, not as cold water; he will kindle, will never quench you. The sorrow you want is his gift; take heed lest, while you vex yourself with dislike of the measure, you grudge at the Giver. Beggars may not choose. This portion he hath vouchsafed to give you; if you have any, it was more than he was bound to bestow; yet you say, What, no more? as if you took it unkindly that he is not more liberal. Even these holy discontentments are dangerous. Desire more (so much as you can), but repine not when you do not attain. Desire, but so as you be free from impatience, free from unthankfulness; those who have tried, can say how difficult it is to complain, with due reservation of thanks. Neither know I whether is worse, to long for good things impatiently or not at all to desire them. The fault of your sorrow is rather in your conceit than in itself; and if indeed you mourn not enough, stay but God's leisure, and your eyes shall run over with tears. How many do you see sport with their sins, yea, brag of them! How many that would die for want of pastime, if they might not sin freely, and more freely talk of it! Yet so I encourage you in what you have, as one that persuades you not to desist from suing for more. It is good to be covetous of grace; and to have our desires herein enlarged with our receipts. Weep still, and still desire to weep; but let your tears be as the rain in the sunshine—comfortable and hopeful; and let not your longing savour of murmur or distrust. These tears are reserved—this hunger shall be satisfied—this sorrow shall be comforted. There is nothing betwixt God and you, but time. Prescribe not to his wisdom—hasten not his mercy. His grace is enough for you—his glory shall be more than enough. —*Bishop Hall.*

I AM LOST! I AM LOST!

I once knew a youth of sixteen, the son and hope of pious parents, and the favourite of a large circle of associates. He was my friend. We went together to the school-room—to the play-ground—to our chamber. I have seen him while listening to the pleadings of parental faithfulness, urging him to immediate repentance, and warning him, by a brother's recent grave, of the danger of delay. He listened in silent and respectful attention, but the alluring pleasures of youth dazzled him, and he resolved to leave religion for a future day.

One evening he met a circle of youthful acquaintance. It was a gay circle, and a thoughtless one. In the midst of their mirth, his eye fell on a hymn-book. He opened it and read—

"And must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?"

He laid down the book, and forgot its warning voice.

Late that evening he came to my chamber, breathing short, like one who had been walking fast, and lay down by my side. After some time, he turned to me, and said, "Will you get up and give me a glass of water? I feel unwell." I arose and called the family. He was manifestly ill, but not apparently in immediate danger. The next morning he was worse. A physician was called, but did not understand his case. Search was at length made, and it was found that, by mistake, he had taken a dose of deadly poison. The hand of Death was then upon him. For three hours his body was writhing in agony, but that was forgotten in the more excruciating agonies of his soul. I heard his minister tell him of a merciful Saviour. I heard his father, kneeling by his bed-side, pour out to God the most agonising prayer for him that language could express. I heard his mother exclaim, "O my son! my son!" till she swooned and sunk upon the floor. I heard him, as he tossed from side to side, cry out, "O Lord, have mercy on my soul! O my God, have mercy on me!—mercy! mercy! mercy!" and then, reaching out his hands toward his father, he exclaimed, "I am lost! I am lost! am I not, father?"

His breath grew shorter, and his voice fainter, until raising his hands, as if he would cry "mercy" once more, he expired. Fifteen years have rolled away since I heard those cries of dying agony, but they ring in my ears now, as if it were but an hour. That look of fierce despair is now in my eye, and my ear echoes with the heart-rending cry, "I am lost! I am lost! am I not, father?" How can I forget them? They came from the death-bed of my friend, and that friend my own beloved brother.—*Youth's Cabinet.*

THE RECREANT FOILED.

At a very early period of my ministry, I laboured in a portion of the country where a singular circumstance happened in the common walks of life. A well-bred young man, apparently under much religious concern, united himself with a religious society. Although he had formerly been rather wayward and inconstant in his life, yet by his steady attendance on all the means of grace, and the rapid improvement which he seemed to make in his religious course, he had gained largely on the affections of his class-mates, and some of the most pious and discerning had already begun to regard him as a youth of some promise. In the same neighbourhood resided a comely and, in many respects, a very amiable, girl. Heaven had in mercy granted her one of the greatest of all earthly blessings, a pious parentage. But she was of an unusually volatile disposition, and passionately fond of the world, its fashions and amusements. Our young friend saw her, loved her, and finally made proposals of marriage. Eliza acknowledged that she was pleased with him. "But, William," said she, "there is one inseparable barrier to our union. You profess religion, and I have no reason to doubt your sincerity. You see what a giddy, vain, and heedless sinner I am. What domestic happiness do you suppose will arise from our marriage? You, as a man of God, would feel it to be your duty to erect a family altar; I am ill-qualified to participate in holy exercises. You would love to see everything clothed in the sombre aspect of Christianity; I might love to shine out with my fashionable friends. Consider the great gulf that lies between us. It is true, it is not impassable. But I am not prepared to come over to you at present. It remains for you to consider whether you can forego your religious associations to accommodate me." William, with a sorrowful countenance and heavy sigh, observed that he would consider the matter. A few days after, in a heartless and reluctant manner, he requested the leader to have his name erased from the class-book, when the preacher came round. The leader, supposing he was labouring under some cruel temptation of the enemy, urged him to confide in his integrity, and unbosom all his sorrows. The more solicitous the leader was to dissuade him from his purpose, the more earnestly he pressed his suit. The preacher, judging from the vehemency of his manner, that all was not right, and that it might be more creditable to the Church to let him go, granted his request.

It was not long before he stood before Eliza, and renewed his suit. She observed, "You are aware of the only difficulty that lies in the way——" Before she finished the sentence, he exclaimed, with a smile, "O that is removed—my name is taken from the book—I am no longer a Church member." The young lady fell back in her chair. A deadly paleness overspread her face, and with quivering lips she said: "I will never consent to marry you as long as the world stands. It is true I am wild and irreligious; but the pious instructions of my parents, the religious opportunities which I have had, the many heart-searching sermons which I have heard, have for a long time disturbed my peace, and have determined me not to choose death. In view of my natural proneness to ruin, I had determined to marry none but a man who would help me to save my soul. I had flattered myself that you were such a character; but thought it would be safe to try your stedfastness. When the proposal to leave your class was first made, if you had rejected it with a manly and holy indignation, you would have received my hand on the spot. When you promised to consider the matter, I saw an indecision of character that made me tremble. But even after so many days' deliberation, if you had returned, and said you loved Zion above your chief joy—above father and mother, and wife and all, then I could have confided my life in your hands. But the die is cast. You will please never mention the subject again—for ever." We hope the reader will never realize the anguish of the rejected suitor. The Church avoided him as an insincere and dangerous character. The world, more cruel, reserved him as a standing target of ridicule.—*Pastoral Reminiscences.*

THE TWO PHYSICIANS.

Physicians frequently plead their business as an excuse for neglecting a regular attendance in the house of God; but is this a valid plea—does their business justify their neglect? The following conversation, which I chanced to overhear the other day, between two physicians, may throw some light upon the subject. They are both in large practice in one of our northern cities:—

Dr. L.—How happens it, Dr. B——, that you are so regular in your attendance upon the public and social meetings of the church? I hear that you are seldom absent—at least, I always see you there when I am. There must be some secret about it, for your practice is as extensive as mine, if not more so; and with all my diligence, I cannot make out to attend half the time. I really should like to know how you manage it. I often wish that I could so arrange my business as never to be absent.

Dr. B.—You are frequently called in *consultation* with your medical friends, are you not?

Dr. L.—Certainly I am—once or twice every day, and sometimes oftener.

Dr. B.—Are you not in the habit of meeting your consultations punctually?

Dr. L.—I do, and am seldom obliged to make a draft upon the fifteen minutes' grace usually allowed.

Dr. B.—That is all the secret I have about the matter. *I have always made it a rule punctually and promptly to meet my consultations*, and I feel that I have at least two every Sabbath in the house of God, and God, who loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob, has for more than thirty years enabled me, with very few exceptions, to meet them.—*American Messenger.*

FALSEHOOD.

To urge the people of the world to forsake it (falsehood) is utterly hopeless; it forms the very soul of their intercourse; it gives the last polish to their compliments, the last gilding to their courtesies, the last finish to their politeness; it is the strong chain, without which their hollow society, as at present constituted, would fall to pieces. For who could tolerate sincerity, where the truth would often be so bitterly distasteful?—*Blunt's Elisha.*

BE GENTLE TO THY MOTHER.

Be gentle to thy mother; long she bore
Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth;
Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er
Thy cradle prayed, and taught thee lisping truth.
Yes, she is old; yet on thy manly brow
She looks, and claims thee as her child e'en now.

Uphold thy mother; close to her warm heart
She carried, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest;
Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,
Exulting in thee fledging from her nest;
And, now her steps are feeble, be her stay,
Whose strength was thine, in thy most feeble day.

Cherish thy mother; brief perchance the time
May be that she will claim the care she gave;
Past are her hopes of youth, her harvest-prime
Of joy on earth; her friends are in the grave;
But for her children, she could lay her head
Gladly to rest among the precious dead.

Be tender to thy mother; words unkind,
Or light neglect from thee, will give a pang
To that fond bosom where thou art enshrined
In love unutterable, more than fang
Of venomed serpent. Wound not her strong trust,
As thou wouldst hope for peace when she is dust!

O mother mine! God grant I ne'er forget,
Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,
The unmeasured, unextinguishable debt
I owe thy love; but find my sweet employ,
Ever through thy remaining days, to be
To thee as faithful as thou wast to me!

G. W. Bethune.

GOD'S JUDGMENTS, AND THEIR DUE EFFECT:

ON THE FAILURE OF THE POTATO CROP.

BY THE REV. J. D. HULL, HUNTLY.

"When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."—Isa. xxvi. 9.

When the great Ruler of the world sends upon a land any signal and manifest expression of his anger, it becomes the especial duty of his ministers to take public and particular notice of it. This seems directly enjoined upon them in such passages as that, Ezek. xxxiii. 2–5: "Son of man, speak to the children of thy people, and say unto them, When I bring the sword upon a land, if the people of the land take a man of their coasts, and set him for their watchman: if when he seeth the sword come upon the land, he blow the trumpet and warn the people; then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come, and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul."

Now, my brethren, you will at once feel, I hope, that the present is even such a time as that contemplated in the foregoing passage. Until about a month since, never did the country present a more beautiful and promising appearance. There was the fairest prospect, not only of a most plentiful, but also of a most early harvest; when, suddenly, a strange and mysterious blight falls upon the potato crop. It spreads simultaneously over the whole kingdom; till, wherever one goes, instead of the grateful and luxuriant green that previously gladdened both eye and heart, the dismal sight occurs of dark patches, nay, extensive fields, withering under the Creator's frown.

It is impossible, then, that we can allow such a calamity to pass any longer unnoticed. It is most assuredly a loud call, yea, the very voice of God himself to us, to consider our ways, and wherefore he contendeth with us; and accordingly, with the view of properly improving it, I have chosen as the subject of present meditation the passage already cited. It occurs in a chapter of peculiar preciousness and importance. In the portion immediately preceding my text, the Church is represented as still waiting upon God, and desiringly seeking him, in the way of his judgments; and then follows the reason: "For, when thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."

This passage, then, has a bright side as well as a dark. There is a smile on the edge of the cloud. While the words affirm the indisputable fact, that there is a God that judgeth in the earth, they further declare the blessed end and tendency of his chastisements, even the reformation of the chastised. O may he graciously grant that such may be eminently the result with respect to the judgment which induces our present remarks!

Let us, then, consider the words before us in these two aspects: *First*, The judgments of God. *Second*, Their proper effect.

I. First, I would remark, that all calamitous occurrences are to be traced to God, as their *final* cause: "*Thy* judgments." Whatever their nature, or their instrumental causes, they come at his direct permission and appointment: "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?"—Amos iii. 6. There are, unhappily, those who deny the interference of God in the affairs of the world; whose language is, "The Lord will not do good; neither will he do evil;" but all who are acquainted with the Bible, and who believe it, will be ready to subscribe the not more certain than consolatory declaration, that "God's never-failing providence ordereth all things, both in heaven and earth." Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without him. Alas! what a dark system is theirs, who, rejecting such a Disposer of events, consider all things to be left to the blind and random direction of chance or accident?

God's judgments are various. He has in his magazine an infinity of weapons; but four are especially noted in his Word, as being particularly terrible, and to be deprecated—famine, wild beasts, the sword, and pestilence. See Ezek. xiv. 12–19.

The Lord has, for several years past, been visiting us with judgments of various kinds—as typhus, cholera, influenza, seasons of drought and of wetness, accompanied by corresponding scarcity, though with years of plenty mercifully interposed. Last year was one of remarkable humidity and gloominess, followed by a partial destruction of that esculent on which such numbers depend for sustenance, and which has experienced, this present year, a still more exterminating devastation.

Now, what may be God's design in sending us such judgments? Some cause, some design, and that of a most cogent kind, he certainly has; for "he does not afflict willingly the children of men." To brandish his thunderbolts, to cast abroad his arrows of destruction, with the mere view of displaying his power and inflicting misery, is most abhorrent from his nature; as well, indeed, as utterly inconsistent with the idea of a God of infinite goodness and wisdom. I would say, then, that his design is,

First, To *bring us to consideration.* When we are long left unvisited, we are wofully apt to go on frowardly in the way of our hearts, from bad to worse, neither regarding the work of the Lord, nor considering the operation of his hands, but sinning with a high hand; presumptuous, self-willed, self-sufficient, stupid; like Moab (Jer. xlviii. 11): "Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled upon his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity: therefore his taste remaineth in him, and his scent is not changed:" that is, he is still the same, as bad as ever he was.[*] How great a calamity is unsanctified prosperity!

God complains of his own people: "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider" (Isa. i. 3): consider, that is, their duty and their interest. This, then, is one important end of the Divine Being in correcting us, to *force* us to reflect and consider—to make us feel our dependence, our intimate and absolute dependence upon him; also our sins and provocations wherewith we have provoked him to plague us. So Haggai i. 5, 6: "Now therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, Consider your ways. Ye have sown much, and bring in little; ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you, but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes." "In the day of adversity consider."—Eccl. vii. 14.

Secondly, To *humble* us. Man is inveterately *proud.* He would be independent of God: "The wicked through the pride of his countenance will not seek after God. God is not in all his thoughts." Now, such a spirit as this God will not suffer. If there is one thing under heaven that he hates, it is pride. His treatment of Pharaoh, of Sennacherib, of Nebuchadnezzar, and of Herod, abundantly evinces this, that "God resisteth the proud." All his punishments, inflicted on individuals and communities, have this as one of their main ends—"to humble" them—to "stain their pride." How have we been going on, boasting of our skill in husbandry, and of the almost omnipotence of our exertions in draining, manuring, and so forth, to produce food to an unlimited extent! Well, mark what follows; in a season so favourable, that the like of it was not remembered, suddenly comes a visitation which sets all our skill at defiance, baffles every effort to remedy it, and overwhelms us with confusion. Was ever the poor vaunting of man more emphatically rebuked?

Again; the great Chastener sends these judgments *to bring us to repentance and reformation.* Thus he says in Hosea (v. 15): "I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offence, and seek my face: in their affliction they will seek me early." O how many and great are our sins, calling for repentance; more especially taking into the account our pre-eminent *advantages* as a nation. Our unthankfulness, our ungodliness, our Sabbath-breaking, our drunkenness,[*] our immorality; in short, our wickedness of all sorts:—Oh, it is a painful, painful contemplation! We are a people laden with iniquity; our transgressions are multiplied before God; and our sins testify against us; for our transgressions are with us, and as for our iniquities we know them; in transgressing and lying against the Lord, and departing away from our God—*that* God who hath done such great things for us. Do we thus requite the Lord, O foolish people and unwise? and shall he not visit for these things? shall not his soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

However piety may have been progressing among the people, and I am far from denying that it has—nay, I cherish the persuasion with the most profound thankfulness—still, there has been a most grievous "departing away from our God"—a deplorable declension from right, and safe, and proper principles and sentiments, on the part of the nation, *as* a nation. The opinion has got abroad—that politics and religion have nothing to do with each other; as if rulers were not commanded to rule in the fear of God;* and righteousness did not exalt a nation;† and the people were not happy whose God is the Lord.‡

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[*] M. Henry.

[*] When we consider how vast a quantity of valuable grain is yearly consumed in ardent spirits, amounting in many places to several gallons to each individual, such a visitation as the present is by no means surprising. When we pervert God's blessings into a curse, it is no marvel if he "curse our blessings."

While we have thrown the Bible aside in our legislative measures, we have permitted ourselves to become intoxicated with that very greatness and prosperity with which a most merciful God has continued to bless us. Our heart has been lifted up, and we have been but too content to forget the Author of our mercies in the enjoyment of his favours, not considering that it was He who gave us power to get wealth, and crowned our arms with success, and our commerce with success, and gave us corn and wine, and fruitful seasons. In short, like Jeshurun, we have waxed fat and kicked. Now, for all this God will most justly and properly punish us. He will deeply teach us our dependence upon him. He will force us to feel that we cannot despise or displease him with impunity, but that it is both an evil thing and bitter to forsake the Lord our God, and that his fear was not in us. He will let us see that however we may ungratefully and wickedly leave him out of our consideration, he is still the Being whom we *must* have to do with—whom we *must* supremely regard, after all, as the one great Disposer and Arbiter of our destinies —"the Governor among the nations"—that "those that honour him he will honour, but they that despise him shall be lightly esteemed."

These, then, seem to be the main ends of God in sending his judgments upon us, namely, to recall us to consideration, to humble us for our sins, and to bring us to repentance and amendment. And this appropriately conducts us to the second particular contained in the text.

II. The effect which his judgments should produce, namely, the teaching us righteousness: "When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness;" plainly implying that, previously, they are unrighteous, and that their unrighteousness brings down God's judgments upon them.

There is a tendency in chastisements, at least when accompanied by divine influence, to subdue us—to bend our stiff necks—to break the iron sinew, and induce us to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of him who inflicts them. And if this should happily prove the effect of the present visitation, then surely it will have been a blessing in disguise.

That it may do so, as far as the result may be in *our* power, my beloved brethren, let me offer some few suggestions.

1. First, then, we should *acknowledge God's hand* in the calamity. How slow we are to do this! ah, how slow! We will endeavour to account for such occurrences in a thousand ways, instead of taking the one short and true way—even tracing them at once to the hand of an offended Creator. What is the declaration of his word upon the subject? Micah vi. 9: "The Lord's voice crieth unto the city; and the man of wisdom shall see thy name: hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it."

Man errs and sins in a *double* respect. He will not own God, either in mercies or in punishments. He is fain to impute both to mere natural causes, forgetting that God is the Author and Director of nature; or rather, that nature is nothing more nor less than the operation of God. In this present judgment, however, he is, in a most marked manner, reproving this wicked propensity; shutting us up into the inevitable conclusion that it *must* be from him. As to any immediate natural cause of it, inquirers can come to no agreement; they appear completely baffled. The great Disposer of affairs would seem purposely to have hid it from us, as he did the body of Moses from Israel, lest we should worship it: lest, that is to say, we should ascribe to *it* what is attributable simply to his own direct agency.

What may be the cause or causes of this lamentable disposition to leave the Almighty out of consideration in our blessings and reverses? This appears a question of no common importance. I would say, then, that it is, first, that "*carnal mind* (which) is enmity against God," and which induces so many to live without him in the world, to their own great unhappiness. I would say that it is, secondly, *pride*, which refuses, on the one hand, to acknowledge obligations, and, on the other, to confess guilt. Thus, whether in weal or in woe, ungodly men repudiate the recognition of divine interference. "Lord, when thy hand is lifted up, they will not see; but they shall see." (Isa. xxvi. 11.)

2. Next to acknowledging God's hand in his judgments, it concerns us fully to *confess* and *bewail* those *sins* which have procured them; for, "as the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not

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* 2 Sam. xxiii. 3. † Prov. xiv. 34. ‡ Ps. cxliv. 15.

come." There is a cause. "A fruitful land maketh he barren for the wickedness of them that dwell therein." "O that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways! He should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat; and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee." The grand thing, then, in order to a restoration of God's favour, is a serious laying to heart of those sins which have withheld it (see Jer. v. 25), and a full and feeling confession of them, with a view to their forgiveness. So Hosea xiv. 1–3: "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Take with you words, and turn to the Lord: say unto him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously: so will we render the calves of our lips. Asshur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses: neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our gods: for in thee the fatherless findeth mercy."

3. We should, as a people and nation, *publicly* and *solemnly humble ourselves* under God's mighty hand, and deprecate his wrath on this occasion. O that there were such a heart in us! O that the Lord would pour out upon us a spirit to do what is so plainly commanded in his own holy Word! Joel i. 10–14: "The field is wasted, the land mourneth; for the corn is wasted: the new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth. Sanctify ye a fast, call a solemn assembly, gather the elders and all the inhabitants of the land into the house of the Lord your God, and cry unto the Lord." It is really most deplorable to observe the senselessness of the worldly portion of the community under a visitation so solemn and loud-voiced as the present. It cannot but be highly offensive and displeasing to God. See what he says, Isa. ix. 13: "For the people turneth not unto him that smiteth them, neither do they seek the Lord of hosts." And again, chap. xxii. 12–14: "And in that day did the Lord God of hosts call to weeping, and to mourning, and to baldness, and to girding with sackcloth: and behold joy and gladness, slaying oxen, and killing sheep, eating flesh, and drinking wine: let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we shall die. And it was revealed in mine ears by the Lord of hosts, Surely this iniquity shall not be purged from you till ye die, saith the Lord God of hosts."

How very strange and extraordinary that we hear nothing of a day of general humiliation! Surely the very Heathens may condemn us. The Ninevites fasted and repented when God threatened them; but we go on, as if we had no reason in the world to apprehend his displeasure! Even that wicked Ahab, when he heard the denunciations of divine vengeance against his house for his sins, "rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his flesh, and fasted, and lay in sackcloth, and went softly." And, feigned and hollow as his repentance was, a merciful God was so appeased that he said to Elijah, "Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself before me? Because he humbleth himself before me, I will not bring the evil in his days; but in his son's days will I bring the evil upon his house." (1 Kings xxi. 27, 29.)

O that the Lord, then, may graciously pour out upon those in authority a spirit of wisdom and piety! that, like the children of Issachar, they may be "men that have understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do." (1 Chron. xii. 32.)

4. Besides these things, there ought to be a general *repentance* and *reformation*. My brethren, it is only when we return unto the Lord, that we can expect Him to return unto us. As long as we walk contrary to him, He will walk contrary to us. If we continue to sin, He will continue to punish. "Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord"—"Break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor; if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity."*

When we neglect doing this, God is exceedingly incensed. See Jer. v. 3: "O Lord, are not thine eyes upon the truth? thou hast stricken them, but they have not grieved; thou hast consumed them, but they have refused to receive correction: they have made their faces harder than a rock; they have refused to return."

Let us, for *our* parts, individually examine ourselves, in a spirit of prayer for divine light, and try and find out our own respective sins, negligences, and ignorances. Let us, for example, question ourselves on the following points: Have we not been unthankful for mercies? Have we not been cold and formal in devotion? Have we not neglected God's Word? Have we not undervalued the privilege of family worship, as well as public ordinances and means of grace? Have we not turned the back to God, and not the face; living more to ourselves and to the world, than to Him? Have we not been indolent, self-indulgent, carnally-minded, careless? Have we not kept back more than was meet from the *cause* of God? Hear how he reprehends his people of old on this point. Mal. iii. 7-12: "Even from the days of your fathers ye are gone away from mine ordinances, and have not kept them. Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts. But ye said, Wherein shall we return? Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts. And all nations shall call you blessed; for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of hosts."

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* Or, an healing of thine error.—*Margin.*

O let us diligently examine ourselves on these and other points; withal imploring God to show us our sins and shortcomings, and wherefore He contendeth with us; and whereinsoever we have reason to apprehend that we *have* failed in our duty, let us earnestly entreat his pardon, and the aid of his Holy Spirit "to amend our lives according to his holy Word."

Let us also be most fervent in supplication, not only for ourselves, but for the country at large. Let us adopt the inspired prayer, for instance, of the Prophet Habakkuk: "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." Or that of Asaph: "Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts; cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved." Or that of another sweet psalmist: "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us." (Ps. lxvii. 1, 2, 5, 6.)

Truly, it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon us. If this nation is to be saved from utter destruction, I verily believe it will be owing, instrumentally, to the earnest prayers of God's people in it. It is only PRAYER that can bring down that spirit of repentance and amendment, which he requires as the condition of his returning favour and sparing mercy.

Let us, then, as we love our country, and desire to see good days, be most earnest and instant in our pleadings with God, in the family and in the closet. Let us entreat that this visitation may be *sanctified* to us as a people; and that the promise of the text may be verified to us especially, "When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."

It is said that plants grow much in dark weather. Be it our prayer, that, in this cloudy and dark dispensation, there may be a rapid growth of piety and holiness in our land. Oh! in that event, what a blessed chastisement will the present prove! Such a result were cheaply purchased at the expense of almost any sufferings.

5. In our miseries let us not forget our mercies, nor omit to be very thankful to God that he hath corrected us "in measure," and not suffered his whole indignation to arise. He has graciously and tenderly "reserved unto us the appointed weeks of harvest;" vouchsafed a large, and, I trust, ample supply of the kindly fruits of the earth, corn and hay, and other sustenance for man and beast; "crowning the year with his goodness." Thus may we "sing of mercy, as well as of judgment." O, let us see that we prove *thankful*, and evince our thankfulness with our lives as well as lips.

6. Let us be encouraged by the fact, that though in the aspect of affairs there is unquestionably abundant cause for concern, there are also several cheering features. For instance, it is a happy circumstance, that unprecedented exertions are being made to diffuse the Word of God and proclaim his Gospel throughout these and other lands. This proves that He is with us of a truth, and seems a good pledge that He means to continue with us; for whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and he shall have more abundance. To dispense the Gospel to others is the surest way to retain it ourselves. Indeed (I say it with humility and thankfulness, and in a deep sense of our great omissions and sins, notwithstanding), still I say it, that if we compare the present spiritual state of the country with that which presented itself half a century since, there is a revival of truth and pious energy, that is as life from the dead. Again, there is hardly an error or an evil in these lands of ours for which some appropriate remedy or corrective is not devised and put in

operation. How much good is being done by means of Sabbath schools, infant schools, schools of industry, district visiting, tract and Bible distribution, and similar instrumentalities, besides innumerable others of a purely benevolent and temporal nature, is known only to Him from whom all good works proceed, and who never works in vain.

Another circumstance I cannot omit noticing, which is, the manifest favour shown by the Christians of these kingdoms toward the Jews, God's ancient and still beloved people, not only in the kindly feeling that now so happily exists toward them, but in the positive plans devised and put in force for their spiritual benefit. I look upon this circumstance — the favour of British Christians toward that people — as a most auspicious token for good; for the promise stands unrepealed, "I will bless him that blesseth thee;" and, "They shall prosper that love thee."

And can I omit noticing, also, what is perhaps the most striking feature of the day—the success that has attended the efforts made to promote and manifest union and love among true Christians of all denominations!—a thing often attempted, but never accomplished before. No later than within the last few weeks, have above a thousand Christians, including representatives of the Protestant Churches of all Christendom, from America as well as Europe, assembled in London for the above-mentioned purpose; and, notwithstanding confident predictions of failure, an event that would have been most uncommonly to be deplored, so great and delightful has been the harmony of sentiment and feeling arrived at, that it really resembles what occurred at the day of Pentecost, and can be ascribed only to the glorious operation of that Spirit of love and peace, who maketh men to be of one mind in the Lord, and to the effectual pleading of Him whose prayer, you remember, it was "that his people may all be one, that the world may believe that the Father hath sent him." (John xvii. 21.) Surely "it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Lastly, and above all, I would mention *the spirit of prayer* that is now so widely in exercise. I believe that never did such a cloud of earnest supplication and intercession ascend, like incense, to the heavens, as does now from the bosom of God's Church in all lands, but especially in these British islands; and however lightly some may be disposed to estimate this circumstance, none who know and believe the Bible, but will account it *the* most promising token for good that could possibly occur. God himself has told us that "the fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much;" and Scripture records the wonders it has wrought; opening heaven and shutting heaven; and proving, in fact, all but omnipotent, as laying hold of God's omnipotence. "Prayer moves the arm that moves the world." A spirit of prayer comes from "the God of all grace," and is the sure prelude and harbinger of the happiest results: for he most assuredly intends to confer the blessings he gives the grace to solicit. "He hath not said unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain." (Isa. xlv. 19.)

In fine, therefore, while in a deep and sorrowful sense of *our* sinfulness, and of God's anger on that account, we humble ourselves before him, and seek to do such things as may tend to conciliate and please him through his dear Son, let us still take comfort, and "hope in his mercy."

But let it be clearly understood, and firmly borne in mind, that please him we *cannot*, until we truly turn to him, and give ourselves to him. Then let him not have to say of us, "This people turneth not unto him that smiteth them." God forbid that it should be so! For who hath hardened himself against the Lord, and hath prospered? Woe unto him that contendeth with his Maker! If we do not bend, we must break. If we do not repent, we must perish. God will "*overcome* when he judgeth." O let us, then, turn to the Lord our God; for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil. Should not a people seek unto their God! There is not in the universe a sight so hideous as that of a human being, redeemed with the blood of God's own Son, and favoured with innumerable mercies, yet refusing to turn to him, and live to him. O that we could but see it in its true light, see it as we shall presently see it; but, alas! sin and Satan now blind our eyes to its enormity.

Let us, my beloved brethren, turn us truly to our gracious God, through his blessed and adorable Son, and then, how great will be our blessedness! He our friend, all things will work together for our good. We shall be in league with the stones of the field. What promises upon promises have his people! "There shall no evil happen to the just"—"Say ye to the righteous, It shall be well with them"—"They shall not be confounded in the evil time; and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied"—"He hath been mindful of us; he will bless us; he will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great"—"Ye are the blessed of the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth"—"All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies."

Will you not, then, now at length indeed turn unto him, that you may be his and he yours, for ever and ever—that he may be a Father unto you, and you may be the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? Will you not join yourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant, that shall not be forgotten? O when shall it once be? What a Father do foolish, infatuated mortals despise! Can you, in times like the present especially, have any comfort while living estranged from CHRIST? May He in mercy bend our stubborn hearts, and make us willing to be his! "Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord, and so shall we be turned!"

Ye that are his—that *have* given yourselves to him, and are living *to* him and *for* him—rejoice in Him. It is his own reiterated command, "Rejoice in the Lord always." Many of his children are grievously reprehensible in their failure in this duty. Instead of rejoicing, they go mournful and desponding—their look, their manner, their very voice, melancholy. Such not only rob themselves of comfort, but do incredible injury to religion. What! "is there no king in thee? is thy counsellor perished?" Are you God's children, or are you not? If you are, then what mean ye thus to displease and dishonour him, by want of faith in his promises?

Hath he said that "it shall be well with the righteous"? Is Christ made the head over all things to his Church? Does he overrule the whole course and current of affairs with a constant view to its advantage, and that of every single member of the same? Does He keep his purchased vineyard night and day, lest any hurt it? Does He water it every moment? Are His eyes upon it for good continually? Is He in the midst of his people, mighty to save them? And does He rejoice in them, and rest in his love toward them?—Then, timid and faint-hearted believer, take down thy harp from the willow, and, in the strength of almighty grace, tune it to the triumphant anthem of the prophet: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall; yet will I rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation."

DEATH-BED OF THE LATE REV. MR. RUSSELL OF MUTHIL.

THE following account of the last days of the Rev. Mr. Russell of Muthil was drawn up by his son, within a few days after Mr. Russell's death. It bears date "March, 1817," and was printed in 1834, at Kilmarnock, in the shape of a letter for private circulation:—

On Monday night, February 17th, I found my father in a most happy frame of mind. He said more than once, "I had much need of this. It is exactly suited to me, and necessary to prepare me for heaven's glory. O the wisdom of God, and his power, and his mercy, and his faithfulness!" He adverted to that expression of Peter, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you, but rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." "The sufferings of the redeemed," said he, "are Christ's sufferings, because they suffer in a state of vital union with him. How precious is the least grain of that divine faith which unites the soul to the divine Saviour. O for more supplies of it!" On another occasion he said, "I have had my trials in this life, but the Lord hath carried me through them, and I hope he will still carry me through, and bring me to the haven of eternal rest. I wished to have realized in experience these words of Jacob, 'God Almighty, who appeared to me at Luz, and blessed me there.' I have often had sweet Mondays at Muthil. One time, at family worship, that expression was peculiarly sweet to me, 'That I might finish my course with joy, and testify the Gospel of the grace of God.'" He spoke, too, of having had some spiritual refreshment in writing a criticism on that text, Phil. i. 23, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." It is as it the apostle had expressed himself thus: "If the purposes of God are served by me in this world, I am ready to weigh anchor, and, quitting these mortal shores, to set sail for the haven of eternal rest." On another occasion he remarked, "that it seemed to be the design of God, in every age, to try his people, to try their faith, their hope, their self-denial, and their heavenly-mindedness." He asked repeatedly, "Are there any appearances of the work of God among the people at Muthil?" when I expressed my regret that there was so little of vital religion among us. "Well," said he, "the great Redeemer will, in the day of judgment, call together all that belong to his fold, and then we may see some blessed fruits of our poor labours." At another time he said, "I have had a great manifestation of God in these words, James i. 12: 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for, when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love him,' and what pleaseth the Lord that he doeth." He prayed often in our hearing, that the Lord would send a Gospel minister to his poor people, and that his own death might be blessed, by leaving a sweet savour of Christ among them. When his distress was very great, he used to break forth with such expressions as these: "Dear Lord! sweet Jesus! make no tarrying, O my God. I am willing, by thy grace strengthening me, to abide in this furnace, until all thy purposes are fulfilled.

and thou art glorified in me." And on one speaking of the Hebrew youths, he said, "They were noble heroes indeed; they suffered no injury while in the midst of a burning fiery furnace, because the Son of God was there." He often repeated Isa. xliii. 2: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee." And Isa. xl. 27 to the end: "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." And he commented on the words as he used to do in the pulpit. One time, while suffering under excruciating pain, he cried out, "If it be thy will, dear Lord, send relief. Oh! give grace to glorify thee to the end;" and again, "Why should I dwell so much upon my little sufferings which I now feel? How much did my loving Lord suffer! What are my sufferings compared with his! and how soon they will be over! The heavier the redeemed groan on earth, the louder will they sing in heaven." He appeared deeply impressed at times with a view of the divine holiness, exclaiming, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord; O to behold an unveiled three-one God!" On that passage, Isa. xxvi. 4, "'In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.' Oh, astonishing! what a powerful support in a time of trouble! Surely he will—yea, he is engaged to preserve *me* from fainting." He spoke much on that passage, Zech. x. 12: "Yea, I will strengthen them, and they shall walk up and down in my name." Adding, "What a pleasant walk is that, whether in health or sickness!"

On the day he died, he turned towards my mother, and, embracing her, said: "We have been long united together, and enjoyed happiness and sweet Christian fellowship. We are now to part for a little, but shall soon meet in a better world where there is no parting. I commit you to my faithful covenant-keeping God; he will care for you. We can take no carnal attachment to the heavenly world—O no; we must leave all and follow Christ. Sweet Jesus, entreat me not to leave thee; for whither thou goest I shall go, where thou dwellest I shall dwell. I am persuaded that neither things present, however pleasant; nor things to come, however painful; neither the height of prosperity nor the depths of adversity, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord. It was in Christ that this love began to flow forth to the redeemed from eternity, and through the same channel it will continue to flow through everlasting ages." A little before his departure he addressed us all, while standing round his bed, in the following manner: "I am hastening to my eternal rest. Give all diligence to make your calling and election sure. O, that we may all meet in Christ, and be for ever with the Lord." He then thanked the doctor for all his kind attentions; also all his friends. After which, he fell into a sound sleep, and continued in that state for about an hour, when he fell asleep in Jesus, without a sigh or groan. Thus my dear father died as he had lived—glorifying God, and committing his eternal all into the hands his loving Saviour.

MEMORIALS OF THE INQUISITION.

NO. V.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

We have already seen some specimens of the cruelty practised by the Inquisitors upon their victims when undergoing examination by torture. Let us now study the demeanour of some of the murderers on the one hand, and of the murdered on the other, when death was about to be inflicted. We take these illustrations well-nigh at random from the records of the Inquisition.

In 1557, the Inquisitors learned that many heretical books, among others, the Word of God in Spanish, had been introduced into Spain, and instantly every effort was made to discover the author of the crime. Julian Hernandez, a native of Villaverda, was detected as the perpetrator, and immediately seized. He never concealed the fact—nay, he gloried in it—that he had been the means of placing many hundreds of copies of the Scriptures, in the Spanish tongue, in the hands of his countrymen. No mercy was therefore shown him, and it was hoped that by his tortures he would be forced to accuse many who were supposed to be his accomplices. All the arts of that system which is characterized in all it does by the *deceivableness* of unrighteousness were practised. The torture was applied in its most remorseless forms; but all was unavailing. Hernandez confessed his own faith—he would not implicate others. For three years he was detained a prisoner, he was repeatedly tortured, and when all proved fruitless, he was, on the 22d of December 1560, delivered to the secular arm, along with thirteen others, and burned in an *Auto-de-fe*. He exhorted his fellow-sufferers to be valiant soldiers of Jesus Christ, till he was silenced by the gag. A priest afterwards tried to induce him to recant. Hernandez remonstrated with his tormentor, who was himself an apostate, and the incensed bigot exclaimed: "Shall Spain have her peace disturbed by a dwarf! (alluding to the low stature of his victim)—executioner, do your office." The pile was lit, and the guards, envying, says Dr. M'Crie, the unshaken firmness of the martyr, terminated his sufferings by plunging their lances in his body.

Such was the end of a martyr of low degree, for Hernandez was only an artisan. But at another *Auto-de-fe*, twenty-one persons were delivered to the secular arm, and among them was Don Juan Ponce de Leon, son of the Count de Baylen, and closely related to the Duchess de Bejar, who was present at the *Auto*. Don Juan had given ample evidence of attachment to the Reformed cause, and was proportionally obnoxious to the Inquisition. He anticipated the end which he met, and had long familiarized his mind with its horrors. The rack was applied, and wrung some confessions from him, for he appears to have wavered under the horrid appliance. He was, however, first strangled, and then burned; for nothing could save one so infected as Don Juan was, from the Inquisitors' grasp.

Doctor Juan Gonzalez was another conspicuous victim. He was of Moorish descent, and one of the most renowned preachers in Spain, but he embraced the Reformed doctrines; and to do so was to embrace death. He left his mother and two brothers in the prison, when he went forth to his *Auto*, and was accompanied by two sisters doomed like himself to the flames. He sang the 109th Psalm on his way to execution, and addressed a few words of consolation to one of his sisters, but was speedily silenced by the gag. He was degraded from the priesthood, and he and his sisters, before they were consumed in the flames, were strangled, and thus dismissed to the presence of their God—witnesses against the system whose abettors are said to be drunk with the blood of the saints—the system whose infallible head is again parading his pretensions in our land. It is an ascertained fact, that while Cardinal Ximenes presided over the Inquisition—a period of eleven years—51,167 persons were condemned, of whom 2,436 were burned alive; and it is not to be forgotten, that the system which led to such butchery glories in the immutability of its dogmas.

In another *Auto*, two remarkable victims of Popish ferocity were doomed to the stake. These were Francisco de Vibero Cazalla, parish priest of Hormigos, and Antonio Herezuelo, an advocate of Toro. The latter acted with astonishing heroism, exhibiting no symptom either of terror or of compromise. The horrors of the torture, the ignominy implied in being made a gazing-stock, and the terrors of the flames, were equally without effect. His wife had recanted, and when he saw her at the *Auto* in the garb of a penitent, that occasioned a pang, but all else was endured without shrinking; and even the Popish record declares that he allowed himself to be burned with unparalleled hardihood. He was gagged, lest he should address the spectators; but, unmoved by all that his blood-thirsty oppressors could inflict, he passed like the prophet in a chariot of fire to the world where all is righteous retribution on the one hand, and mercy on the other. His courage provoked his guards, and one of them plunged his lance into Herezuelo's body amid the flames.

We have referred to his wife, Leanora de Cisneros. Overcome by terror, or betrayed by the craft and deceptions of her tormentors, she had for a time given way; and when we remember that she was only twenty-two years of age, we can scarcely wonder that she wavered at the sight of torture and death. But her martyred husband's look, as she saw him at his *Auto*, never could be forgotten—she mourned over the pang she had added to his dying agonies, and hastened to follow him to the dungeon and to the stake. She abandoned the course of penance which superstition had imposed, was again immured in the secret prisons, where she was detained for eight years, during which every effort was made to induce her to recant, and died at last in an *Auto-de-fe* at Valladolid, in the year 1568. The Popish chronicler, Illescas, narrates, that "she suffered herself to be burnt alive, notwithstanding the great and repeated exertions made to reclaim her, and resisted what was sufficient to melt a stone—an admirable sermon preached at the *Auto* of that day."

The case of Dóna Leanòr de Vibero is scarcely less illustrative of the atrocities of Popery. She was the mother of five children who appeared together as criminals at an *Auto*, but had died several years before they were burnt, when no taint of Lutheranism was supposed to attach to the family. But when her children were arraigned as heretics, because they appealed to the Word of God, and believed it, an action was instituted against the dead woman. Witnesses were *put to the torture*, and confessed while under it that Leanor's house had been used as a Lutheran temple. That was enough. Sentence was therefore pronounced against her as an heretic; her property was confiscated; her bones were dug up and committed, with her effigy, to the flames; her house was razed, the ground on which it stood was sown with salt; and a pillar, bearing a suitable inscription, was erected on the spot. The pillar stood there till the year 1809, when it was removed during the occupation of Spain by the French.*

We must defer till a future Number the recital of some other cases selected to illustrate the nefarious proceedings of the Holy Office. Monarchs graced them—the members of royal households vied with each other in giving them celebrity. On the 8th of October 1559, Philip II. was present at an *Auto-de-fe* in Valladolid, attended by his son, his sister, the prince of Parma, and a crowd of prelates, and nobility of both sexes. The truculent Inquisitor Valdes presided, and twenty-nine prisoners appeared on the scaffold, of whom sixteen were penitents—the rest were doomed to death. The chief of these was Don Carlos de Seso, a distinguished nobleman, who had at one time performed important services to the emperor, Charles V., and was married to Donna Isabella de Castilla, a descendant of the royal family of Castille and Leon. He dared, however, to embrace the truth of God, and must therefore be exterminated by the upholders of the system which is the antagonist of that truth. We quote his case as illustrative of the malignity of the Papacy against the Revelation of Christ—a malignity which becomes intense in proportion as the truth is held in purity.

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* M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Spain.

De Seso was arrested at Logrono, where he had for some time been busy spreading the knowledge of Reformed doctrines, and thrown into the secret prisons of the Inquisition at Valladolid. During all his trials he maintained the most unwavering constancy, withstanding alike the blandishments and the tortures of his oppressors. When sentenced to die, he prepared a confession of his faith so vigorous in point of sentiment, and so scriptural in point of doctrine, as to have surprised some of the functionaries of the Holy Office. During the night prior to his death, he was teased by friars to recant; but all was in vain. He appeared at the *Auto* with the gag in his mouth, which, however, was removed when he was bound to the stake, in the hope he might recant. But De Seso used his freedom of speech only to exhort the executioners to do their duty. They lit the pile, and he expired without a struggle or a groan, in the forty-third year of his age.

But we must again pause. It was in this remorseless way that the Inquisition at Seville, in the first year after its erection, committed two thousand persons alive to the flames, burnt as many in effigy, and condemned seventeen thousand to various forms of penances. Between the year 1480 and the year 1520, Puigblanch computes that forty-five thousand were burnt alive in the archbishopric of Seville alone. During the same period about thirty thousand persons informed against themselves in Andalusia alone, in the hope of securing a mitigated punishment; while the entire number condemned in Spain during a period of thirty-six years, amounted, according to Llorente, to one hundred and ninety-one thousand four hundred and twenty-three. All this, let it be remembered, was done to preserve the purity of religion!—all this was perpetrated to promote the salvation of sinners! Ought we not rather to say, All this was done to prove that Popery, wherever it is fully developed, or is not checked by the vicinity or shamed by the light of Protestantism, is resolutely bent on extinguishing the light of truth in the blood of its supporters?*

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* M'Crie, Llorente.

WINTER IN CANADA.

It is very difficult to give an idea of the cold of a Canadian winter to those who have never experienced it—a cold which not only converts the rivers into solid pavements, but freezes the arms of the sea like brass and iron—a cold in the midst of which, if you touch metal with your naked hand, your skin will peel off as if you were handling red-hot iron. After experiencing it, one can understand what a fearful meeting the army of Napoleon encountered in Russia, and with what an emphasis the question of the Psalmist may be put: "Who can stand before His cold?" It is astonishing how well Thomson could paint a similar scene without having seen it, although, for that very reason, part of his description is inaccurate:—

"Yet more outrageous is the season still—
A deeper horror in Siberian wilds,
Where Winter keeps his unrejoicing court;
And in his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard.
There through the ragged woods, absorpt in snow,
Sole tenant of these shades, the shaggy bear,
With dangling ice, all horrid, stalks forlorn.
Slow-paced and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath the drifted snow;
And, scorning the complainings of distress,
Hardens his heart against assailing want,
While tempted, vigorous o'er the marble waste,
On sleds reclined, the furry Russian sits;
And by his rein-deer drawn, behind him throws
A shining kingdom in a winter day."

The poet here just takes a British winter and exaggerates it, adding, to make up his picture, bears, sledges, rein-deer, &c. But there is this vast and providential difference, that whereas our winters are accompanied with "driving tempests," there is comparatively little wind where the frost is so intense. "Driving tempests are *not* for ever heard," otherwise the cold would be a far more fearful thing than it really is. There is very little, indeed, either wind or rain, and far less tempest. The frost, wl it once sets in, is steady and constant, only interrup ed occasionally by slight thaws and falls of sno There are several things also extremely to be admi ed in the arrangements of Jehovah. When one hears of such fearful cold, we naturally imagine that it must be a dreadful thing to live in the midst of it. We cannot imagine how a man can see and breathe amidst a cold that will freeze mercury. Now it is undoubtedly destructive to human life, if men are not properly clothed. When I was there, I heard of a person who had escaped from a lunatic asylum, not being properly dressed, was frozen dead in a very short space; but if one is properly dressed, there would be little danger even in going to the North Pole; and simply because, owing to the manifest design of God, the parts that require to be exposed will not freeze. A man's eyes and lungs must be exposed, for a man must see and breathe, otherwise the country would be uninhabitable; and these are just the parts that are not injured by frost. This is a very singular thing, and illustrates the truth that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made." One would think that if there was a part of the face more tender than another, it was the eye—if there was anything more apt to freeze than another, it was the liquid of the eye, and that the same frost that would congeal mercury, and turn the naked hand very speedily into a piece of ice, would soon freeze the eye; and yet, if it were so, many parts of the earth would not be fit for an habitation to man. Now here is the proof of infinite wisdom, that the eye is altogether unaffected, even by the extremest cold. Again, the coating of the lungs is more tender than the coating of the hand or of the ears; but if a man's lungs were to freeze, or if he could not breathe with perfect safety amidst a Canadian winter, of course the country would he immediately depopulated. And the singular fact, illustrative of the "manifold wisdom of God," is, that the most piercing cold, which makes you put up your hand involuntarily to discover if your nose and ears are there, only exhilarates your lungs. Another thing is very well worthy of notice. When you see such a vast country, with its mighty rivers and arms of the sea locked in the embrace of that tremendous Winter, you wonder how it is ever to be unlocked. Your idea is, that it will take months to break up such adamantine frost-work. And yet what would take puny man ages to accomplish, is done very simply and speedily by the arrangements of the "only wise God." The spring is ushered in almost at once. The melting of such enormous quantities of snow makes great floods in the rivers, by which the vast fields of ice are forced up and broken into fragments, and they at once carried away into the ocean, and heard of no more. The change is often so sudden as to be like magic. For example, I crossed a large river thrice with a sledge on solid ice, as it were to-day, and in about three days, I heard that the ice was gone, and that the steamers were making a clear passage. This is one vast advantage in the sudden springs of America; and, in short, when one is accustomed to the peculiarities of the country, that which at first seemed strange and disagreeable, not only becomes tolerable, but is often found to be useful and conducive to human comfort.—*Rev. James Begg.*

THE DISEASES OF EGYPT.

In Deut. vii. 15, it is said, "And the Lord will remove from thee all sickness, and will put none of the evil diseases of Egypt, which thou knowest, upon thee." A similar expression is also found in Exod. xv. 26: "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight, and wilt give ear to his commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians: for I the Lord am he who healeth thee." In Deut. xxviii. 60, it is said, "And the Lord will bring again upon thee all the diseases of Egypt, of which thou wast afraid, and they shall cleave to thee." In verses 27 and 35 of the same chapter, erring Israel is threatened with the infliction of a sickness peculiarly Egyptian, concerning which we have already in another connection made investigation.

All of these scattered passages agree in this, that Egypt, in reference to diseases, is a very peculiar land, and is visited by them in a very special degree. The accounts of all those who have made the diseases of Egypt an object of particular attention, show that the author is right in this. Wagner, in his Natural History of Man, calls Egypt "a great focus of the diseases in universal history." De Chabrol, in his "Inquiry concerning the Customs of the Modern Inhabitants of Egypt," of the most important diseases, says, "With an almost equable temperature, and with an always serene sky, Egypt can have only a small number of diseases; but they are for the most part terrible."

The same author then speaks of single maladies, the plague, which is almost never wanting in Cairo, and particularly in Alexandria; the dysentery, of which he says, "This disease causes great destruction among them, and especially attacks the children, which it carries off in a frightful manner;" the diseases of the eyes, with which one at least out of every five individuals is afflicted; the small pox, which in Egypt is frightful, and rages far worse than in Europe, &c.

In the "Observations upon several Diseases which attacked the Soldiers of the French Army," four seasons of the year are named with reference to healthfulness. The first comprises the time of the inundation. "I name," says the author, "this first season of the year, which continues about three months, the *damp* season; it may be considered as the winter of the country. The west wind, which then blows, increases the dampness of the atmosphere, which at evening, and especially in the morning, is full of mist. The consequence is a coldness, which is uncomfortable, and detrimental to animal secretions. In this season of the year, diseases of the eyes, the hospital fever, diarrhœa, and catarrhal pains prevail." "The third season of the year," says the same author, further, "which I will give the name of the *sick* season, since it is destructive to the health of the inhabitants, and especially of strangers, begins about the 1st of March, and continues generally until about the end of May. The south wind takes the place of the east wind, which had prevailed during the earlier part of the year. These south winds are first light, but they increase gradually; they afterwards decrease in the same way; and, indeed, to such a degree, that, during a period of about fifty days, from which they have taken the name *chamsin*, they are very violent and hot, and hence would become insupportable, if they blew without cessation. At this season of the year wounds heal with difficulty, and are easily seized with mortification. Sicknesses of all kinds take an unusual character, and require the greatest carefulness on the part of the physician; and, in general, all living beings are more or less affected."—*Hengstenberg.*

AN ENEMY SOFTENED.

"A man of my acquaintance," says Dr. Dwight, "who was of a vehement and rigid temper, had many years since a dispute with a friend of his, a professor of religion, and had been injured by him. With strong feelings of resentment, he made him a visit, for the avowed purpose of quarrelling with him. He accordingly stated the nature and extent of the injury, and was preparing, as he afterwards confessed, to load him with a train of severe reproaches, when his friend cut him short by acknowledging, with the utmost readiness and frankness, the injustice of which he had been guilty; expressing his own regret for the wrong he had done, requesting his forgiveness, and proffering him ample compensation. He was compelled to say that he was satisfied, and withdrew full of mortification that he had been precluded from venting his indignation and wounding his friend with keen and violent reproaches for his conduct.

"As he was walking homeward, he said to himself to this effect: 'There must be something more in religion than I have hitherto suspected. Were any man to address me in the tone of haughtiness and provocation with which I accosted my friend this morning, it would be impossible for me to preserve the equanimity of which I have been a witness; and especially with so much frankness, humility, and meekness, to acknowledge the wrong which I had done; so readily ask forgiveness of the man whom I had injured; and so cheerfully promise a satisfactory recompense. I should have met his anger with at least equal resentment, paid him reproach for reproach, and inflicted wound for wound. There is something in this man's disposition which is not in mine. There is something in the religion which he professes, and which I am forced to believe he feels—something which makes him so superior, so much better, so much more amiable, than I can pretend to be. The subject strikes me in a manner to which I have hitherto been a stranger. It is high time to examine it more thoroughly, with more candour, and with greater solicitude, also, than I have done hitherto.'

"From this incident, a train of thoughts and emotions commenced in the mind of this man, which terminated in his profession of the Christian religion, his relinquishment of the business he was engaged in, and his consecration of himself to the ministry of the Gospel."

THE RESTORATION.

(From "The Lake, and other Poems," just published by Seeleys, London.)

"He will swallow up death in victory."—ISA. xxv. 8.

"At the last trump (for the trumpet shall sound); and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."—1 COR. xv. 52.

"And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."—REV. xxi. 5.

'TIS the last morn—from dazzled skies descending,
His meteor-flight the dread archangel wheels;
The adamantine ear of darkness rending,
His clarion peals.

Amazing sight!—Whether their several ashes
Reposed in mountain's breast, or ocean's bed,
Or wander'd where the farthest billow dashes,
Come forth the dead.

Nor linger here; for, lo! in matchless lustre,
The VICTOR stands revealed amid the air!
His own, caught up, in hosts around him muster,
Divinely fair.

No longer with a *trace* of sin encumber'd;
But, as the gems of morning, pure and bright:
In dignity among the noblest number'd,
In endless light.

O crowning hour! whose joy, anticipated,
Attuned to Rapture's key prophetic lyres:
The whole creation is anew created,
And Death expires.

And now, each cloud dispell'd, that haply hover'd
Around its splendour, GOD his love displays;
While man, with more than pristine glory cover'd,
Proclaims his praise.

POPERY A RELIGION OF CEREMONIES.

THERE is scarcely an hour in the day (says Thompson, in his "Recollections of Mexico") when the bells are not heard in the street, announcing that some priest is seated in a coach, drawn by two mules, followed by ten or a dozen friars, with gold wax candles, chanting as they go. The coach is preceded by a man who rings a small bell to announce the approach of the host; when every one who happens to be in the street is expected to uncover himself and kneel, and the inmates of all the houses on the street do the same thing. Nothing is more common than to hear them exclaim, whenever they hear the bell, "*Dios viene, Dios viene*—God is coming, God is coming;" when, whatever they may be doing, they instantly fall on their knees. What I have described is the visit of the host to some common person. The procession is more or less numerous, and the person in the coach of more or less dignity, from an humble priest to the archbishop of Mexico, according to the dignity and station of the person visited. Sometimes the procession is accompanied by a large band of music. The visit of the host to the Senora Santa Anna, was attended by a procession of twenty thousand people, headed by the archbishop. Until very recently, every one was required to kneel; and a very few years since an American shoemaker was murdered in his shop for refusing to do it. But now they are satisfied if you pull off your hat and stop until the host passes.

SABBATH SCHOOL ANSWERS.

A SABBATH school teacher, instructing his class on that portion of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," said to them: "You have told me, my dear children, *what* is to be done—*the will of God;* and *where* it is to be done—*on earth;* and *how* it is to be done—*as it is done in heaven.* How do you think the angels and happy spirits do the will of God in heaven, as they are to be our pattern?" The first child replied, "They do it *immediately;*" the second, "They do it *diligently;*" the third, "They do it *always;*" the fourth, "They do it *with all their hearts;*" the fifth, "They do it *altogether*. Here a pause ensued, and no child appeared to have an answer; but, after some time, a little girl arose and said: "Why, Sir, they do it *without asking any questions.*"

Miscellaneous.

THE Rev. John Newton was one day called to visit a family that had suffered the loss of all they possessed by fire. He found the pious mistress in tears. "I give you joy, Madam," was his salutation. Surprised, and ready to be offended, she exclaimed, "What! joy that all my property is consumed?" "Oh, no," he answered, "but joy THAT YOU HAVE SO MUCH PROPERTY THAT NO FIRE CAN TOUCH." This happy allusion checked her grief.

Many a professor, when tempted by a *wicked man*, sees the snare and escapes it; but frequently when tempted to the same thing by a professor, a friend, a relation, he is soon overcome, because he does not suspect a temptation from that quarter. As when a wicked man persuades us not to go and hear; 'tis too cold, &c.—we should not hearken; but let a friend, &c., ask us to keep them company instead of hearing, we should be likely to yield without suspecting it to be a temptation. Therefore, we should beware of temptation from the most unlikely quarter. The nearest friend may, and often is (undesigned and unsuspected), the greatest enemy.

A carnal hearer is most delighted with the person, abilities, criticisms, language, or delivery of the preacher.

That which some will not know, they cannot understand.

The riches of the rich, and the abilities of the wise, God assigned for the storehouse of the poor and ignorant.

Doubting, guilty souls should consider, that 'tis as much the Spirit's work to pull down as to build up.

I think it is a greater happiness to be reproved than to reprove; as it is much greater for one's self to be delivered from evil, than to deliver another.

THE PANTING SOUL.*

BY THE LATE REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE, DUNDEE.

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."—Ps. xlii. 1.

THESE are supposed to be the words of David when he fled from his son Absalom. He seems to have been wandering in some solitary wild on the side of Mount Hermon, the stream of Jordan flowing at his feet. David seems to have been full of pensive meditation, for his enemies reproached him daily, saying: "Where is thy God!"—nay, even God seemed to forget him; all his waves and billows were going over him—when suddenly a deer bounded past him. It had been sore wounded by the archers, or pursued by some wild beast on the mountains of the leopards. Faint and weary, he saw it rushing toward the flowing stream, and quenching its thirst in the water brook. His soul was quickened by the sight. Is not this a just picture of what I should be? Is not my God to me all that the flowing stream is to that wounded deer? "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

I do hope that many of you have come up this day with the same panting desire in your bosom. None but gracious souls can pant after God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. As the loadstone attracts nothing but what is made of steel to itself, so an uplifted Saviour, God manifest in the flesh, draws nothing but what is awakened by his own Spirit to him. May God enable me to show you shortly some of the reasons why the believer pants after God!

I. The burden of sin makes the soul pant after God.

1. Unawakened souls—those who feel no burden—do not pant after Christ. (1.) "The full soul loathes the honeycomb." Christ is the honeycomb which God has provided for poor sinners. The sweetest honey is to be found in the clefts of that Rock; but unawakened persons are full—full of peace—full of business—full of pleasure. They have no desire after Christ—they loathe the honeycomb. (2.) Unawakened persons are "dead in trespasses and sins." They are as dead to Christ and eternal things as the dead in the church-yard are to the things of this world. The dead bodies in the church-yard are at present within reach of the preacher's voice. If they could look up out of their graves, they would see the table spread with the bread and wine; and yet when we speak they do not hear—they do not weep—their bosoms do not pant—they do not rise and come. Dear friends, the dead souls within the Church are just as dead as they. You too are within reach of the preacher's voice—you too can see Christ evidently set forth crucified; yet you have no desires after Christ. Your eyes weep not—your bosoms pant not—you have no heart-longings after Christ. (3.) When Israel was in the land of Egypt, they had leeks, and onions, and garlic—they sat by the flesh-pots, and did eat bread to the full. They did not cry for manna—they did not seek water out of the flinty rock. So it is with those of you who are unawakened. You have got the leeks and the onions of this world's pleasures, and profits, and diversions; and you care not for Christ, the bread of life. You do not pant after forgiveness and a new birth—you have no heart-longings for the living water, of which if a man drink he shall never thirst again.

2. Many awakened persons do not pant after Christ. There are some who feel like the deer stricken by the archers; but they think they can pull out the arrows, and heal their own wounds. (1.) When Naaman the Syrian came to Elisha, he felt his loathsome disease, and he longed to be cured; but when the prophet told him: "Go wash in Jordan seven times, and thou shalt be clean," he did not believe God's word: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage." So do many awakened souls among you. You are made to feel your loathsome disease—you sometimes tremble for fear of hell; but when we tell you of Christ's blood cleansing from all sin, you go away in a rage. (2.) When the flood came upon the earth, when the rain fell forty days, and the bowels of the great deep were broken up, I doubt not there were great pantings of heart. Many fled from the wrath to come. Some fled to the top of snowy Lebanon—some to the peaks of Ararat; but Noah only believed God's word, and entered into the ark. So,

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* Preached at a Communion Season.

many of you tremble about your souls, who yet are not believing God's word, and not panting after Christ: "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." (3.) When Christ shall come in the clouds of heaven, it is said all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. There will not be one unawakened person in earth or in hell. Not the proudest and deadest of you will keep from trembling in that day. But, ah! it is only those who believe his word that will flee under his wings. Dear friends, it is not enough that you are anxious about your souls—you must be fleeing to Christ; yea, you must be in Christ, before you are safe.

3. All who are taught of God long after Christ: "Every one that hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me"—"All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." When a sinner is convinced by God that his sins are a burden heavier than he can bear—that if he die they will crush him into an eternal hell; when convinced that God has provided a Lamb for a burnt-offering—that this Lamb is free to all—he rushes through the crowd. Others may keep back, but he cannot. He places both his hands on the head of the divine Lamb, and says: "My Lord, and my God"—"This God is my God for ever and ever; he will be my guide even unto death"—"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

If there is any of you convinced that you are perishing—that heaven is like a great city with walls—that you are outside, and the storm of wrath about to fall on you; has God also convinced you that Christ is the only gate into the city—the strait gate, and yet wide enough to admit any sinner in all the world? Ah! then I know you will strive to enter in—you will agonize—you will not rest day nor night: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God" If there is any of you convinced that sin is a mortal disease—that all other physicians are vain—that Christ is passing through the midst of us full of virtue to heal—I know you will press forward, whatever others do: "If I may but touch the hem of his garment I shall be healed"—"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

I would now invite panting souls to close with Christ. It is a sad truth, that most of Christians in our day are rather *coming* to Christ than *come* to Christ. Most of you are like the manslayer running toward the city of refuge, rather than when he sits down within the gates. O if you feel condemned in yourself, and that God has provided a free surety for sinners, why will you not rest your soul upon his finished work?—why will you go round and round the city of refuge, and not enter in! This holy ordinance is intended to teach you appropriating faith—no more to waver, but to put out the hand of faith and close with Jesus. You do not come to look at bread and wine, but to take it. Take, eat, O panting souls! May God give you light at the same moment to venture on Christ, and say: "This God is my God for ever and ever."

II. Desire of holiness makes the soul pant after God.

1. Unconverted persons have no desire for holiness, and therefore they do not pant after God and Christ. Indeed, this is the chief reason why poor sinners do not come to Christ. They know that if they came to Christ they would get a new heart—they would bid an eternal farewell to their old companions and pleasures; but most people would rather go to hell than this. When a few Greenlanders were brought into this country, they saw no beauty in the rich corn fields, and woods, and plains; they asked for their fields of snow, and the mountains of ice glancing in the sun. When they came into our houses, they could not endure the cleanness of them; they greatly preferred their own smoky, filthy cabins. So it is with those of you who are unconverted. You have grown up with hearts frozen to God, and to divine things; and when you come to see the heart of a Christian like a garden, with the river of life flowing through it, and beautiful flowers of meekness, love, and holiness growing in it, you cannot bear the sight—you love your own frozen heart better. When you see the clean heart of a child of God, you say: I had rather have my own filthy one. Ah! this is the way with most. You do not long to be made holy—you have no panting after a new birth. It needs grace to desire grace. You do not desire to be made a new creature—you had rather remain in the image of the devil than be changed into the image of God. You are like Jerusalem: "Woe unto thee, O Jerusalem! Wilt thou not be made clean? when shall it once be?"

2. But all saved souls pant after holiness: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." (1.) When a soul comes to close with Christ he is not made perfectly holy all at once: "The path

of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Just as you have seen the day struggling with the darkness, then with clouds, till the sun bursts forth in meridian splendour; so it is with the holiness of a Christian. Just as in the richest lands, after the deepest ploughing, weeds will still grow up among the corn; so, many roots of bitterness remain in the believer's heart. Paul thanked God for the grace that was given to the Corinthians—that they came behind in no gift; and yet he said they had strife, and envy, and divisions, so that he could not call them spiritual, but carnal. So is it with every Christian heart. Weeds grow up in the best cultivated gardens. There is enough in Christ to supply all our need. It is our own fault that we are not holy as God is holy. It is not in Christ, but in ourselves, that we are straitened. The shower of grace is plentiful enough, and more than enough; but we do not open our mouth wide. (2.) But every soul in Christ hates sin—pants after holiness. Nothing makes him pant more after God than corruption striving within. Paul never prayed more earnestly than when he had the thorn in his flesh. The thorn in the flesh makes us pant after God. When a vessel is left by the tide lying dry on the sand, it cannot be moved—it is a helpless log. The mariners may try to draw it with ropes, but it only sinks deeper in the sand. They can do nothing but long for the tide, that it may again be lifted upon the waves, and sail into the harbour. So it is with a Christian. You are often like a vessel on the sand. You cannot move. You attempt duties, but it is heavy work. Without Christ you can do nothing. You wait and pant for Christ, for the full tide of the Spirit, to lift your soul above the waves, and carry you prosperously on toward the heavenly harbour.

Let me invite weary souls to come to Christ this day. Some of you are feeling the thorn in the flesh, and you are praying that it may depart from you. Some of you feel like the criminal who was chained to a dead body. You feel your loathsome body of sin—you cry: "O wretched man!" Some of you are like the deer that has been wounded by the lion, and trembles at its roaring. You have been wounded by Satan, and you tremble to hear his roar. Come you to Jesus. He will give you rest, O panting soul. Close with Christ—feed upon Christ. Without him you can do nothing. Through Christ strengthening you, you may do all things. This ordinance is intended to teach you to feed on Jesus. You do not only look on the bread, or handle it—you eat—you drink. So come into personal union with Christ, O longing soul, and he will be your strength: "God is our refuge and our strength."

III. Desolateness makes the soul pant after God.

1. Believers never should be desolate. It is contrary to the promise: "None of them that trust in him shall be desolate." Christ is always the same. His righteousness is as perfect one day as another. If you are clothed in that righteousness, your peace should be like a river. It is very dishonouring to Christ for believers to be going bowed down all the day long: "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice."

2. Still I fear some of you can bear witness that the believer is sometimes very desolate. The moon does not always shine in a cloudless sky. The ships do not always sail on a waveless sea. The believer does not always walk in the smile of his Father. (1.) Outward providences sometimes cause it, when they come unexpectedly upon us—when we cannot see God's meaning in them—when we suspect his love, and fall into darkness. So Job: "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, A man-child is conceived." (2.) Sin admitted into the heart is the most common cause. God is a jealous God. So Israel: "She said, I will go after my lovers that give me my bread and my water, my wool and my flax, mine oil and my drink."

3. The desolate soul pants after God. So it was with Job: "O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat." So it is with the bride: "I will rise now, and go about the city, in the streets and in the broad ways." So David: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." When a child that has been tenderly brought up, that has been warmly clad and comfortably fed, and cared for by a gentle mother's hand, when that child is turned out on the cold world, O it is bitter indeed!—O for my father's roof! O for my mother's smile! So it is with a child of light walking in darkness.

Invite desolate souls to come to God, the living God. Some of you may be feeling like a ship tossed on a stormy sea. Deep calls unto deep, at the noise of God's waterspouts; all the waves and billows are breaking over you. Be persuaded to close with Christ, freely offered to you. Put away entirely the question as to whether you ever believed before. Believe now. This ordinance is peculiarly fitted for you. You say you cannot realize a Saviour; well, here he is set forth plainly in bread and wine: "This is my body, broken for you." You say: But how shall I know he is a Saviour to me? See, here the bread is freely offered: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." You say: But how do I know he is still offered to me? I answer, "Yet there is room." Here is bread enough and to spare. You say: But may I really close with him? I answer, "Take, eat." O panting soul, come under his wings. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come."

POPISH RELICS.

(*From Calvin's Inventory of Relics.*)

There is the case of the archangel Michael, and his attendance on the Virgin Mary. It will be thought I am in jest when I speak of the relics of an angel. Comedians and players have laughed at this, but monkish and priestly impostors have not, therefore, ceased to deceive the people in good earnest. For the inhabitants of Carcassone boast that they have relics belonging to him, as do also those of Tours, in their Church of St. Julian. In the great Church of St. Michael, which is frequented by crowds of pilgrims, they show his dagger, which looks very much like the one boys play with. They show also his shield, which in appearance exactly corresponds with the dagger, resembling the brass circles which are put upon horses' harness. Assuredly there is no man and no old woman so dull as not to see how ridiculous those things are. But because the lies are covered with the veil of religion, the iniquity of thus deriding God and angels is not perceived. Some may here object the express declaration of Scripture, that Michael fought with the devil. True; but if the devil were to be vanquished, it behoved to be with a stronger and a sharper sword than that one. Are they so brutish as to imagine that the war which both angels and believers wage with devils is carnal, and carried on with daggers and sharp weapons? But it is just as I have observed before: mankind have richly deserved, by their brutish stupidity, to be so deceived, while with perverse eagerness they have gone about in all directions collecting idols and images, to which they might give worship, instead of giving it to the living God.

To proceed in order, we must now consider the case of John the Baptist, who, according to the account given in the Gospel—that is, according to the truth of God—after being beheaded, was buried by his disciples. Theodoret relates that his sepulchre, which was at Sebastia, a town of Syria, was some time afterwards opened by the Heathen, who burned the body, and scattered the ashes to the winds. It is true, indeed, Eusebius adds, that some inhabitants of Jerusalem came and secretly carried off a portion, which they removed to Antioch, and which Athanasius afterwards enclosed within a wall. Sozomen wrote that the head was conveyed to Constantinople by the Emperor Theodosius. The testimony of ancient history, therefore, is, that the whole body was burned, with the exception of the head, and that all the bones and all the ashes were scattered, except a very small portion, which was carried off by some hermits of Jerusalem. Now, let us see how much is said to be extant. The people of
say that they have the front part of the head;
the skull exhibited by them a wound appears,
they say Herodias inflicted with a knife.
habitants of Joannes Angelicus contradict
show the very same part. But the remainder
head, viz., that reaching from the forehead
the neck, was formerly in Rhodes, and is now,
in Malta; at least the Templars did pretend
was restored to them by the Turks. The
head is at Nevers, and the brain at Noviom
viensis. And yet, notwithstanding, part of
is in the Church of Joannes Moriensis.
jaws are at Besançon, in the Church of
Elder. Another part is at Paris, in the
Joannes Lateranensis; and the tip of the
Sanflor, in Auvergne; while the forehead
hair is in St. Salvador's, in Spain. At
is a certain portion, which is wont to be
great state. There is also a part, but I
what, at Lucca. Is all this true? Go to
you will hear that the whole head of John is
Monastery of Sylvester. Poets feign that
there once lived a king, named Geryon,
three heads. If our fabricators of relics
the same thing of John the Baptist, it
great help to their lies. But since there is
for such a fable, to what excuse will they
I am unwilling to press them so far as to
his head was cut into such minute portions
come capable of distribution in so many
places, or how they got it out of
only say that John must have been a
that they are impudent impostors in
many fragments of his head.

But this is not the worst. For the people of
say that they have got his arm—an
tradicted, as we have already observed, by all
history. Nevertheless, the imposture is
nay, even approved; for in the kingdom of
nothing is thought wicked which tends to
the superstition of the people. Besides, they
invented another fable, viz., that when his
was burned, the finger with which he
Christ to his two disciples remained entire, and
injured in the least. But this not only does
cord with ancient history, but may easily be
by it. For Eusebius and Theodoret relate that
the Gentiles seized the body it was all
the very bones. Assuredly, had anything
culous happened with regard to the finger,
would not have omitted to mention it; for in
respects they are rather too fond of
trifles. But supposing the fact to be as
us see for a little where this finger is to be
There is one at Besançon, in the Church of
Great, another at Toulouse, another at Lyons,
at Bourges, another at Florence, and another
Church of Fortuitus, near Mascon. All I
here is to ask my readers not to harden
against evidence so clear and certain—not to
their eyes in such bright light, and allow
to be led astray, as it were, in the dark. If
were jugglers, who could so impose on our
as to make it appear that there were six
one hand, we would yet guard cautiously
posture, and try to detect it. Here, however,
is nothing that even looks like a clever trick.
whole question is, whether we are to believe
same one finger of John is at Florence, and five
places, as at Lyons, Bourges, and other towns;
to state the matter in fewer words, whether we
to believe that six fingers make no more than
finger, or that one finger makes six. I have
ed only places that are known to me, but I doubt

that, if inquiry were made, as many more would be discovered, and that fragments of the head also would be found of bulk sufficient to make up the head of an ox. But that nothing might be omitted, they pretend that they have got his ashes also, some of them being at Genoa, and others at Rome, in the Church of Joannes Lateranensis. The historical account is, that they were scattered to the winds. How does this agree with what is said, especially by the Genoese?

It now remains to consider certain articles which are a kind of accessaries of the body; for instance, the shoe which is at Paris in the Monastery of the Carthusians. It was stolen some twelve or fifteen years ago, but another forthwith made its appearance; and, indeed, so long as shoemakers exist there will be no want of such relics. They give out that in the Church of Joannes Lateranensis at Rome they have got his girdle. They say they have also in the same place the altar at which he said his prayers in the desert, as if at that time it had been the custom to erect altars in every place, and on every occasion. It is strange they do not also make him perform mass. At Avignon they have the sword with which his head was cut off; and at Acqs, in Germany, the linen cloth which was placed under him in the act of beheading him. How, I would fain know, was there so much kindness and civility in the executioner as to cover the bottom of the dungeon with a carpet at the time he was going to put the Baptist to an ignominious death? I would also like to know how these things happened to come into their hands. Is it probable that the executioner, whether he were a courtier or a common soldier, gave the linen cloth and his sword, that they might be converted into relics? As they wished to make the collection of relics so very perfect, they have blundered sadly in overlooking the knife with which Herodias is said to have wounded him in the eye, and likewise all the blood that must have been spilt, together with his tomb. But perhaps the mistake is in me. It is quite possible that these famous articles are exhibited in places I am not acquainted with.

EVANGELISM, RITUALISM, RATIONALISM.

(*From the Princeton Review.*)

History teaches us that Christianity appears under three characteristic forms; which for the sake of distinction may be called the Evangelical, the Ritual, and the Rationalistic. These forms always co-exist in the Church, and are constantly striving for the mastery. At one period, the one, and at another, another gains the ascendency, and gives character to that period. During the apostolic age, the Evangelical system prevailed, though in constant conflict with Ritualism in the form of Judaism. During the next age of the Church we find Rationalism struggling for the ascendency, under the form of Gnosticism and the philosophy of the Platonizing fathers. Ritualism, however, soon gained the mastery, which it maintained almost without a struggle until the time of the Reformation. At that period Evangelical truth gained the ascendency, which it maintained for more than a hundred years, and was succeeded on the continent by Rationalism, and in England, under Archbishop Laud, by Ritualism. This latter system, however, was there pressed beyond endurance, and the measures adopted for promoting it led to a violent reaction. The restoration of Charles II. commenced the reign of the Rationalistic form of doctrine in England, manifesting itself in low Arminian or Pelagian views, and in general indifference. This continued to characterize the Church in Great Britain until the appearance of Wesley and Whitefield, about a century ago; since which time there has been a constant advance in the prevalence and power of Evangelical truth both in England and Scotland. Within the last ten or fifteen years, however, a new movement has taken place towards Ritualism, which has attracted the attention of the whole Christian world. . . . . .

The different forms of religion to which reference has been made have each its peculiar basis, both objective and subjective. The Evangelical form rests on the Scriptures as its objective ground; and its inward or subjective ground is an enlightened conviction of sin. The Ritual system rests outwardly on the authority of the Church, or tradition; inwardly on a vague religious sentiment. The Rationalistic rests on the human understanding; and internally on indifference.

The Evangelical system of doctrine starts with the assumption that all men are under the condemnation and power of sin. This is assumed by the sacred writers as a fact of consciousness, and is made the ground of the whole doctrine of redemption. From the guilt of sin there is no method of deliverance but through the righteousness of Christ, and no way in which freedom from its power can be obtained but through the indwelling of his Spirit. No man who is not united to Christ by a living faith is a partaker either of his righteousness or Spirit; and every man who does truly believe is a partaker of both, so as to be both justified and sanctified. This union with Christ by the indwelling of his Spirit is always manifested by the fruits of righteousness—by love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Where these fruits of the Spirit are, there, and not elsewhere, is the Spirit; and where the Spirit is, there is union with Christ; and where union with Christ is, there is membership in his body, which is the Church. True believers, therefore, according to the Scriptures, are the κλητοι, the ἐκλεκτοι, the ἐκκλησια. . . . .

The theory of the Church, then, which of necessity follows from the Evangelical system of doctrine, is, that all who really believe the Gospel constitute the true Church, and all who profess such faith constitute the visible Church; that in virtue of the profession of this common faith, and of allegiance to the same Lord, they are one body, and in this one body there may rightly be subordinate and more intimate unions of certain parts, for the purposes of combined action, and of mutual oversight and consolation. When it is said, in our Confession of Faith, that out of this visible Church there is no ordinary possibility of salvation, it is only saying that there is no salvation without the knowledge and profession of the Gospel; that there is no other name by which we must be saved but the name of Jesus Christ. The proposition, that "out of the Church there is no salvation," is true or false, liberal or illiberal, ac to the latitude given to the word Church. There was, not long since, and probably there is still, in New York, a little society of Sandemanian Baptists, consisting of seven persons, two men and five women, who hold that they constitute the whole Church in America. In their mouths the proposition above stated would indeed be restrictive. In the mouth of a Romanist, it means there is no salvation to any who do not belong to that body which acknowledges the pope as its head. In the mouths of High Churchmen, it means there is no salvation to those who are not in subjection to some prelate who is in communion with the Church catholic. While, in the mouths of Protestants, it means there is no salvation without faith in Jesus Christ.

The system which, for the sake of distinction, has been called the Ritual, agrees of course with the Evangelical as to many points of doctrine. It includes the doctrine of the Trinity—of the incarnation of the Son of God—of original sin—of the sacrifice of Christ as a satisfaction to satisfy divine justice—of the supernatural influence of the Holy Spirit in regeneration and sanctification—of the resurrection of the body—and of an eternal judgment. The great distinction lies in the answer which it gives to the question, What must I do to be saved?—or by what means does the soul become interested in the redemption of Christ? According to the Evangelical system, it is faith. Every sinner who hears the Gospel has unimpeded access to the Son of God, and can, in the exercise of faith and repentance, go immediately to him, and obtain eternal life at his hands. According to the Ritual system, he must go to the priest; the sacraments are the channels of grace and salvation, and the sacraments can only be lawfully or effectively administered by men prelatically ordained. The doctrine of the priestly character of the Christian ministry, therefore, is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Ritual system. A priest is a man, ordained for men in things pertaining to God, to offer gifts and sacrifices. The very nature of the office supposes that those for whom he acts have not in themselves liberty of access to God; and therefore the Ritual system is founded on the assumption that we have not this liberty of drawing nigh to God. It is only by the ministerial intervention of the Christian priesthood that the sinner can be reconciled and made a partaker of salvation. Here, then, is a broad line of distinction between the two systems of doctrines. This was one of the three great doctrines rejected by Protestants at the time of the Reformation. They affirmed the priesthood of all believers, asserting that all have access to God through the High Priest of their profession, Jesus, the Son of God; and they denied the official priesthood of the clergy.

The second great distinction between the two systems of doctrine, is the place they assign the sacraments. The Evangelical admit them to be efficacious signs of grace; but they ascribe their efficacy not to any virtue in them or in him by whom they are administered, but to the influence of the Spirit in them that do by faith receive them. Ritualists attribute to them an inherent virtue, an *opus operatum* efficacy, independent of the moral state of the recipient. According to the one system, the sacraments are necessary only as matters of precept; according to the other, they have the necessity of means. According to the one, we are required to receive baptism, just as we are under obligation to keep the Sabbath, or as the Jews were required to be circumcised; and yet we are taught, that if any man kept the law, his uncircumcision should be counted for circumcision. And thus also, if any one truly repents and believes, his want of baptism cannot make the promise of God of none effect. The neglect of such instituted rites may involve more or less sin, or none at all, according to the circumstances. It is necessary only as obedience to any other positive institution is necessary; that is, as a matter of duty, the non-performance of which ignorance or disability may palliate or excuse. According to the latter system, however, we are required to receive baptism, because it is the only appointed means of conveying to us the benefits of redemption. It is of the same necessity as faith. It is a *sine qua non*. This alters the whole nature of the case, and changes in a great measure the plan of redemption.

The theory of the Church connected with the Ritual system of doctrine—that system which makes ministers priests, and the sacraments the only appointed channels of communicating to men the benefits of redemption—is implied in the nature of the doctrines themselves. It makes the Church so prominent, that Christ and the truth are eclipsed. This made Dr. Parr call the whole system Churchianity, in distinction from Christianity. . . . .

The great advantage of the Ritual theory, however, is to be found in its adaptation to the human heart. Most men who live where the Gospel is known desire some better foundation for confidence towards God than their own good works. To such men the Church, according to this theory, presents itself as an institute of salvation—venerable for its antiquity, attractive from the number and rank of its disciples, and from the easy terms on which it proffers pardon and eternal life. There are three very comprehensive classes of men to whom this system must commend itself. The first consists of those who are at once ignorant and wicked. The degraded inhabitants of Italy and Portugal have no doubt of their salvation, no matter how wicked they may be, so long as they are in the Church, and submissive to officers and rites. The second includes those who are devout, and at the same time ignorant of the Scriptures. Such men feel the need of religion, of communion with God, and of preparation for heaven; but, knowing nothing of the Gospel, or disliking what they know, a form of religion which is laborious, mystical, and ritual, meets all their necessities, and commands their homage. The third class consists of worldly men, who wish to enjoy this life, and get to heaven with as little trouble as possible. Such men, the world over, are High Churchmen. To them a Church which claims the secure and exclusive custody of the blessings of redemption, and which she professes to grant on the condition of unresisting submission to her authority and rites, is exactly the Church they desire. We need not wonder, therefore, at the long-continued and extensive prevalence of this system. It is too much in accordance with the human heart to fail of its support, or to be effectually resisted by any power short of that by which the heart is changed.

It will not be necessary to dwell on that theory of the Church which is connected with Rationalism. Its characteristic feature is, that the Church is not a divine institution, with prerogatives and attributes authoritatively determined by its Author, but rather a form of Christian society, to be controlled according to the wisdom of its members. It may be identified with the state, or made dependent on it, or erected into a co-ordinate body with its peculiar officers and ends. It is obvious that a system which sets aside, more or less completely, the authority both of Scripture and tradition, must leave its advocates at liberty to make of the Church just what "the exigency of the times," in their judgment, requires. The philosophical or mystic school of Rationalists have of course a mystical doctrine of the Church, which can be understood only by those who understand the philosophy on which it rests.

MEMORIALS OF THE INQUISITION.

NO VI.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

CONNECTED with the Holy Office, there was a class of men named *Qualificators*, to whom much of the misery which the Inquisition inflicted may be traced. Their business was to declare whether the opinions imputed to the accused were heretical; and, as they were often ignorant monks, or scholastic divines, to whom everything but their own narrow dogmas were offensive, they were ready to brand as heretical what was merely unknown to them. Like the kaliph, they had a Koran, and, like him, they reasoned, that if the opinions charged against any prisoner were not according to that standard, burning was the remedy; and not merely a library, but the owners of them in thousands were, on such ignorant maxims, handed over to the bitterness of death.

We draw these Memorials to a close by recounting some further illustrations of the fiery tribunal, whose constitution and deeds we have been studying.

It has already appeared, that neither age, sex, nor condition was spared. The following cases will exemplify the remark:—

Bartolomé de Caranza y Miranda was archbishop of Toledo, a member of the Council of Trent, and so high in reputation for orthodoxy, that he accompanied Philip II. to England, where he actively aided in bringing Protestants to the stake. He was at last denounced, however, to the Inquisition; not even the primacy of Spain could shield him, and Bartolomé was cast into the prison of Valladolid. The reason was, that he dared to maintain a friendly intercourse with some of his former associates, who had become favourable to the hated Lutheranism; and because he did not denounce them to the Holy Office he was himself imprisoned. He agreed with certain of the cardinals of his time in approximating to the Reformed doctrines, and adopted measures for instructing the Spaniards in religion through means of their native language. To the Holy Office this was intolerable. The archbishop was tried at Rome, and suspended for five years from the exercise of his functions; but scarcely was the sentence pronounced when he sickened and died, having been eighteen years under process, and in a state of confinement.[*] Eight other bishops, several of whom had assisted at the Council of Trent, and twenty-five doctors of theology, were denounced to the Inquisition about the same time, and compelled either to suffer or retract.

Among the laity, again, rank was no defence any more than among the priesthood. Domingo de Roxas, son of the Marquis de Poza, was seized when about to flee from Spain, and was ordered to be tortured; but promised to confess all that he knew, if he might be spared the horror of that appalling ordeal. He was gratified, made some disclosures, and was immediately smitten with compunction. He craved another audience, and made all the reparation which he could to those whom he had accused, and then submitted to his own doom. When he appeared at the Auto, and had been delivered over to the secular judge who pronounced sentence, Domingo had occasion to pass the royal box on the way to execution, and made an appeal to Philip, who was present to enjoy the spectacle, to rescue him from his doom. "Canst thou, Sire, thus witness the torments of thy innocent subjects? Save us from so cruel a death!" was the youth's appeal. "No," was the royal bigot's reply; "I would myself carry wood to burn my own son were he such a wretch as thou." De Roxas was about to reply, Philip waived him away, and the brutal gag silenced the martyr's appeal. The mode of his death is differently narrated by Papists and Protestants. The truth appears to be, that he did not receive even the poor mercy of being strangled before he was burned. Sepulveda has recorded that De Roxas was thrown alive into the flames, because he persevered in error.

We have already had occasion to refer to several ladies who endured the cruelest treatment at the hands of the Holy Office. The following instances will illustrate the extent to which false religion can extirpate, not only all that is Christian, but all that is humane and generous, from civil society, and at the perusal we cannot help exclaiming, where was Spanish chivalry when shaveling monks could perpetrate such brutalities? At Seville, for example, the widow of Fernando Nugnez, of Lepe, with three of her daughters and a married sister, were seized by the Familiars. As there was no evidence against them they were put to the torture, but still refused to inform against each other. Force failing, fraud was employed. One of the Inquisitors feigned an affection for one of the daughters, and induced her to unbosom all to him, in the hope he might befriend the persecuted party. She confessed her Lutheran leanings, but the villain Inquisitor had her subsequently tortured by the pulley and the wooden horse, because her public confessions were not so explicit as those which she made in private; and thus there was extorted from her an amount of evidence which led to her own condemnation along with her relatives, as well as to the discovery of others who subsequently perished in the flames. Aught more diabolical never was perpetrated. It is like a glimpse into pandemonium. But all this was for the upholding of Popery, and to preserve it from the taint of Lutheranism.

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[*] M'Crie.

Further: Dona Mercia de Figueroa, wife of Don Piedro Sarmiento de Roxas, and dame of honour to the queen, was sentenced to wear the coat of infamy, and to be imprisoned during her life. Dona Ana Henriquez de Roxas, daughter of the Marquis of Alcagnizes, a lady of great accomplishments, and acquainted with the works of the Reformers, especially of Calvin, was condemned to wear the *san-benito*, to be separated from her husband, and to end her days in a monastery. Her aunt, Dona Maria de Roxas, escaped from a similar doom only because she was the special favourite of the Queen of Portugal. Dona Silva de Ribera, Dona Constanza de Vibero Cazalla, and Dona Francisca Zunega de Baeza, were, along with others, sentenced to wear the garb of ignominy, and be imprisoned for life. Dona Isabella de Castilla, her niece, Dona Catalina, and three nuns of St. Belen, appeared as penitents in an *Auto-de-fe* on the 28th of October, 1559; at which another nun, Dona Catalina de Reynoza, daughter of the Baron de Auzillo, and sister of the Bishop of Cordova, was delivered to the secular arm to be destroyed for her religion, when only twenty-one years of age.

But the treatment of Dona Marina Guevaro, a nun of St. Belen, illustrates most clearly the sternness of the hateful Tribunal. She confessed that she had leaned to Lutheran opinions, but had never cordially adopted them. Her oath to confess the truth would not allow her to confess what was untrue, and she pled that only to incense her judges. She was connected with Valdes, the Inquisitor-general; but even his interference could not save his relative. Dona Marina persisted in refusing to acknowledge a lie as the truth. She was sentenced, delivered to the secular arm at an Auto, strangled, and burned.

Again: an Auto, celebrated at Valladolid in 1559, exhibited other examples of martyrs among the female friends of truth. Dona Isabel de Baena allowed Lutherans to meet in her house; she herself must therefore be murdered by the Holy Office, her house razed to the ground, its site sown with salt, and another monument reared on it to proclaim the ferocity of Popery. A similar fate awaited Maria de Bohorques, the natural daughter of a Spanish grandee of the first class. She avowed her faith before the Inquisitors, defended it as the ancient truth of God, and was tortured to induce her to implicate her friends. First two Jesuits, and then two Dominicans, were sent to debate with or ensnare her; but she continued stedfast—her convictions acquired strength, and her views grew clearer during the discussions—and nothing remained for Maria but to form her part in the bloody pageant of an Auto. She there tried to comfort her companions in tribulation, but was gagged. Her sentence was read, the gag removed, and she was asked to recant. "I neither can nor will," was the resolute reply; and she proceeded to the place of execution. After she was bound to the stake, the lighting of the pile was delayed for a little, that another attempt might be made to reclaim her. She was, by the grace of God, immovable still—was strangled, and burned, one of her last employments being to comment on the creed in the Protestant sense. In 1560, no fewer than eight females, of irreproachable character, and some of them distinguished by rank and learning, perished in a similar manner in another Auto at Seville. Maria Gomez, her three sisters, and her daughter, were of the number. After being sentenced to the flames, the young woman thanked one of her aunts who had taught her the truth; and then, amid many affectionate expressions, accompanied with confidence in Him for whose truth they were dying, they prepared for their fiery doom. After describing the touching scene, Dr. M'Crie informs us, that "so completely had superstition and habit subdued the strongest emotions of the human breast, that not a single expression of sympathy escaped from the multitude at witnessing a scene which, in other circumstances, would have harrowed up the feelings of the spectators, and driven them into mutiny."

We know that these details must lacerate the feelings of our readers; but it is needful fully to elucidate the spirit of Popery, wherever it appears full-grown. To complete our abstract, therefore, we must further narrate, that at the same Auto an event took place which gives the Inquisitors a full title to the epithet of Cannibals, which it caused to be applied to them. Dona Juana de Xeres y Bohorques had been apprehended, in consequence of a confession extorted from her sister Maria by the rack. Being six months gone in pregnancy, Dona Juana was imprisoned in the public jail till her delivery. Eight days thereafter her child was taken from her, and she was placed in a cell in the Inquisition. A young woman was imprisoned beside her, who exerted herself to the utmost to promote the afflicted lady's recovery, but the attendant was soon subjected to the torture herself, and remitted to her cell mangled by the process. As soon as Dona Juana could rise from her bed of rushes, she was in her turn tortured by the Inquisitors. She would not confess. She was placed on one of their instruments of cruelty. The cords penetrated through the delicate flesh to the bone of her arms and legs. Some of the internal vessels burst. The blood flowed in streams from her mouth and nostrils. She was conveyed to her cell in a state of insensibility, and died in the course of a few days. The Inquisitors, for once, pronounced the lady whom they had murdered innocent on the day of the Auto. They feared the recoil which their atrocity might have occasioned; so that in this fiendish proceeding we see Popery in its twofold character—shedding the blood of God's saints, and then like a dastard or a sycophant, fawning upon those whom it has injured, when there is danger of retaliation.

After what has been narrated, our readers will not be surprised to learn that much of the craft and cruelty of the Inquisitors was directed against books suspected of containing heretical doctrines. In 1490 many copies of the Hebrew Scriptures were burnt by Torquemada at Seville. At Salamanca, as we have seen, six thousand volumes shared the same fate. In 1558 the most exterminating decrees were passed against all heretical books, and their authors—a congenial work in which Pope Paul IV. co-operated with Philip II. and Valdes, the Inquisitor-general. The punishment of death, with confiscation of goods, was ordained against all who sold, bought, read, or procured any book that was forbidden by the Inquisition.* In 1568 these relentless measures were renewed; but in spite of the severest denunciations, many copies of the Scriptures found their way into Spain. From that time to this it has been the assiduous endeavour of Inquisitors to arrest the progress of learning, and suppress all that betokened a departure from the dogmas of Rome; and the result was, that to a large extent, the darkness which had begun to be dispelled from Spain gathered blackness again, that kingdom became the most *Catholic*, most bigoted, and priest-ridden among the nations. Why? "The souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and the testimony which they held," will, at the consummation of all things, reply.

Thus do we close our Memorials of the Inquisition. Reflections on our epitome are needless. Though not a tithe has been narrated, yet the incidents described enable us to penetrate to the very heart's core of Popery. Nor is the Inquisition, as some would assure us, an antiquated system, the product of a barbarous age, and lost in the depths of centuries long gone by. So recently as the year 1781 a woman was burned, by the Inquisition of Seville, for heresy. In the year 1805, forty-one years ago, Don Miguel Juan Antonio Solano, a native of Verdom in Arragon, and vicar of Esco, in the diocese of Jaca, was imprisoned for his religious opinions, tried, and delivered to the secular arm, as in the fifteenth or sixteenth century. The execution was delayed, and Esco died in prison; but he was virtually put to death by the Inquisition, and his remains were denied a Christian burial. About forty years ago, then, the Inquisition was plying its horrid trade in blood; and if we would not allow its grasp to be fastened on our liberties, civil and religious, it is time for Christians to awake, and band in one wide-spread alliance, to drive back the aggression, and curb the pride of the returning superstition.

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* It was at one time illegal to send horses from Spain to France. Philip could not suppress the contraband trade till he obtained a bill from the pope to employ the Inquisition, who set themselves with zeal to gratify the king.

SABBATH FACTS.

An American writer—the editor of the *Western Herald*—gives the following facts, nearly all of which, he states, have come under his own observation. "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy."

A CIVILIAN.

A gentleman highly gifted, classical, a respected citizen, and much distinguished by civil honours, soon after the Erie canal was opened, invested many thousand dollars in a line of packet boats, which he, against the wishes and remonstrances of many of his friends, ran on the Sabbath. The receipts were large, and promised great and speedy acquisitions to his already competent fortune.

Not long after, the friends of the Sabbath made a united and public effort to arrest its desecration. This gentleman opposed them with all his gigantic powers; and on one occasion, at the head of a mob he had collected, entered a meeting convened to consider what could be done to promote the better observance of that day, and broke it up. Thus things went on, from bad to worse. At length, suddenly, as in a moment, his whole system was paralyzed—his mind lost its vigour and sunk into a morbid state of deplorable melancholy—a more unhappy mortal apparently never existed. A dreadful sense of sin, especially the sin of Sabbath-breaking, rested upon him. This he confessed to his minister, adding that he expected to go to hell. Everything was against him—what he felt was a judgment direct from heaven, in consequence of his opposition to the Sabbath and Sabbath efforts. He seemed to feel, he said, for such wickedness, the arrows of the Almighty, barbed and pointed as the lightnings of heaven, penetrating his vitals, and he warring and pressing against them; the poison whereof drank up his spirits. After remaining in this situation eight or ten years, a terror to himself, and an object of inexpressible anxiety to his family and numerous friends, a kind Providence restored him to his right mind, to his family, and to happiness, a monument of mercy as well as of judgment.

A LAWYER.

A distinguished and wealthy lawyer was kindly reproved for drawing declarations and doing other official business on the Sabbath; for he was surrounded with applicants, and crowded with business. At this he was offended, when the following conversation took place: "Sir, you too have a case, to be tried in the court of heaven, which will come sooner or later, and you are not prepared for it. Your witnesses are not summoned, your advocate is not secured, and all, of any importance in insuring success, remains undone. The case is not a petty one, but involves your all—your eternal life; and it may come on to-morrow. The Sabbath is given you (for the conversation took place on Sabbath) that you may secure counsel, and make every necessary preparation for the important trial; but here you sit, drawing this declaration for your client—devoting the precious hours to the comparatively worthless interests of your client, of the consequence perhaps of ten or twenty dollars, to the entire neglect of your eternal well-being. Now, would you, if you knew the summons would be sent to call you to that dread trial to-morrow, sit here and finish this declaration?" After a moment's pause, for he had been religiously educated, and could not easily do the violence to his conscience he was about to do, he tremblingly replied, "If I neglect the interests of my clients, I shall lose all my business." And here again he hesitated. The speaker beholding the struggle in his breast, witnessing the sudden changes in his countenance, and fearing lest he would now seal his damnation for ever, was about to relieve him from his difficult and embarrassing position, when he resolutely proceeded—"Yes, I would; I would first do my duty to my client!" This was some fifteen years ago; and though he still lives—doing very little in his professional business; from that time he began, like the sturdy oak smittten by the fires of heaven, to wane; his beauty has faded, his heart is hardened—long has he been nearly bankrupt in character, and quite so in present and future prospects, as to the riches of this world. His ambition and covetousness have done him no good. The world is against him; God is against him; and he, a poor, miserable misanthrope, seems to be against both and himself also. He complains of everything—nothing gives him pleasure; and it is to be feared that he will at last appear at the judgment unrobed and without an advocate.

A CAPTAIN.

The captain of a long line of packet boats, being much laboured with to keep him from contracting to run them on Sabbath, said, "If I should cause the teams to lie by on Sabbath, it would cost me three hundred dollars at least, and I am not able to sustain the loss." "But, sir," it was answered, "there will be nothing lost in the long run, in obeying the laws of God and our country touching the Sabbath." "I don't know if there would be, but I cannot now sustain any loss." "But, sir," it was replied, "if you violate in this way the law of God, and infringe on the rights of those you employ, how will you answer it at the bar of God?" As quick as thought he replied, "Oh, I expect to repent before I die!" Poor man, and so he did; but the repentance was not unto life.

The next day, being a civil man, he called to apologize for the remark. No doubt, his conscience sent home the answer that he might die suddenly, lose his reason, or become hardened in iniquity, and die accursed. Nevertheless his line was fitted out in fine style—run on Sabbath as on other days, but as we are informed, at a loss of nine thousand dollars. The next spring, the entire concern, horses, boats, furniture, &c., was sold at auction to the highest bidder. Much of it we saw thus sold, and we doubt not all of it was. The captain was a bankrupt, nine thousand dollars worse off, at least, than he was when he said, "I expect to repent before I die."

A FORWARDING HOUSE.

A few years since, in a northern city, great effort was made to persuade forwarders, sailors, and boatmen, to give up their Sabbath occupations. Most of the forwarders readily consented. One of the firms that did not, among the largest, and supposed to be very wealthy, raised many objections, which called for much labour with them, and from many individuals; but all without success. They opened their warehouse, ran their steam boats, vessels, and canal boats on Sabbath, notwithstanding all remonstrances, and that one of the firm was not in favour of it, and another was a member of a Christian Church.

But before the year came around, their large warehouse, with everything in it, was burnt to ashes. Their steam boat was much damaged. During a heavy gale, it is said, they lost a vessel and twenty thousand dollars' worth of goods. Upon hearing this one of them exclaimed, "It is because we break the Sabbath." Everything seemed to go against them. The firm was dissolved, and two of the partners of it, we believe, became bankrupt.

NINE STAGE MEN.

We have the names of nine stage men, all of whom, except one, have pursued their occupation in the same section of country, and were often reproved for violating the Sabbath, but to no apparent benefit, for they impiously refused to let their stages rest on that day.

Long since they have all been bankrupted, and some of them over and over again. A few are dead; a few, it is hoped, have repented and found mercy, and a number are strolling about without character or friends.

ORIGIN OF METRICAL PSALMODY.

The leading feature of the Reformation was the rendering the expressions of devotion in a language the people could understand. Luther, who was enthusiastically fond of sacred music, and who composed both hymns and tunes, appears to have entertained the notion of a metrical translation of the Psalms into the vernacular language of his countrymen. The credit, however, of taking the first decided step in introducing metrical psalmody belongs to a widely different character. About the year 1540, Clement Marot, a valet of the bed-chamber to Francis I., and the favourite poet of France, tired of the vanities of profane poetry, and probably privately tinctured with Lutheranism, attempted a version of David's Psalms into French rhymes. The author had no design of obtruding his translation into public worship, and even the ecclesiastical censors so little suspected what followed, that they readily sanctioned the work, as containing nothing contrary to sound doctrine. Marot, thus encouraged, dedicated his Psalms to his royal master, and to the ladies of France. After a sort of apology to the latter, for the surprise he was prepared to expect they would evince on receiving the "sacred songs" from one who had heretofore delighted them with "love songs," the poet adds in fluent verse, "that the golden age would now be restored, when we should see the peasant at his plough, the carman in the streets, and the mechanic in his shop, solacing their toils with psalms and canticles; and the shepherd and shepherdess reposing in the shade, and teaching the rocks to echo the name of the Creator."

There was much more prophecy in these lines of Marot than he probably intended—certainly much more than those who first read them anticipated. In short, Marot's psalms soon eclipsed the popularity of his madrigals and sonnets. Not suspecting how prejudicial the predominant rage of psalm-singing might prove to the ancient religion of Europe, the Catholics themselves adopted these sacred songs as serious ballads, and as a rational species of domestic merriment. They were in such demand that the printers could scarcely supply copies fast enough. In the festive and splendid court of Francis, of a sudden nothing was heard but the psalms of Clement Marot; and with a characteristic liveliness of fancy, by each of the royal family and the principal nobility of the Court, a psalm was chosen, and fitted to the ballad tune which they liked best.

Meanwhile, Luther was proceeding in Germany with his opposition to the discipline and doctrines of Rome; and Calvin was laying at Geneva the foundations of a system of Church polity more rigid and unadorned even than that contemplated by his illustrious fellow-Reformer. Both appear to have been disposed to supersede the old Papistic hymns, which were superstitious and unedifying, with some kind of singing in which the congregation could bear a part. The publication of Marot's psalms taking place at the precise juncture when contemplating the introduction of some kind of hymns in the vernacular language, in connection with plain melodies easy to be learned by the common people, the French being the language of the canton, the Reformer forthwith commenced the use of the French psalm-book in his congregation at Geneva. Being set to simple and almost monotonous music, by Guillaume de France, they were presently established as a conspicuous and popular branch of the Reformed worship. Nor were they only sung in the Genevan congregations. They exhilarated the convivial assemblies of the Calvinists, were commonly heard in the streets, and accompanied the labours of the artificer. The weavers and woollen manufacturers of Flanders, many of whom left the loom and entered into the ministry, are said to have been the capital performers of this science. Thus was the poetical prediction of Clement Marot, relative to the popularity of his psalms, literally realized. By this time, too, the Catholics had become painfully sensible of the danger of allowing the people to indulge in the sweetness of religious themes taken from the Scripture, to be sung in the vulgar tongue. At length the use or rejection of Marot's psalms became a sort of test between Catholics and Protestants. Those who used them were considered heretics; those who rejected them, were esteemed faithful.

EXPERIMENTAL EVIDENCE.

When the believer speaks of the evidence for the truth of Christianity from the experience of its power on his own soul, the unbeliever may say, This may be all very well for the Christian himself, but it can be no evidence to me. Let us see, then, whether it would be no evidence to a candid man; whether an attempt is not made in this, as in so many other cases, to judge of religion in a way and by a standard different from those adopted in other things. To me it seems that the simple question is, whether this kind of evidence is good for the Christian himself; for if it is, then the candid inquirer is as much bound to take his testimony as he is to take that of a man who has been sick, respecting a remedy that has cured him. If a large number of persons, whose testimony would be received on any other subject, should say that they had been cured of a fever by a particular remedy, there is no man who would say that their testimony was of no account in making up his mind respecting that remedy, though he had not himself had the experience upon which the testimony was founded. If it is said that the evidence to the Christian himself is not well founded, and is fanatical, very well. Let that point be fairly settled. But if it be a good argument for him, then we ask that his *testimony* should be received on this subject as it would be on any other. The testimony is that of many witnesses; and I am persuaded that a fair examination of facts, and a careful induction, after the manner of Bacon, would settle for ever the validity of this argument, and the proper force of this testimony. Every circumstance conspires to give it force. It is only from its truth that we can account for its surprising uniformity, I may say identity, in every age, in every country, and when given by persons of every variety of talent and of mental culture. Compare the statements given, respecting the power of the Gospel, by Jonathan Edwards, by a converted Greenlander, a Sandwich Islander, and a Hottentot, and you will find in them all a substantial identity. They have all repented and believed, and loved and obeyed, and rejoiced; they all speak of similar conflicts, and of similar supports. And their statements respecting these things have the more force, because they are not given as testimony, but seem rather like notes, varying, indeed, in fulness and power, which may yet be recognised as coming from a similar instrument touched by a single hand. If I might allude here to the comparison by Christ of the Spirit to the wind, I should say that in every climate, and under all circumstances, that divine Agent calls forth the same sweet notes whenever he touches the Æolian harp of a soul renewed. And this uniform testimony does not come as a naked expression of mere feeling; it is accompanied with a change of life, and with fruits meet for repentance, showing a permanent change of principle. This testimony, too, is given under circumstances best fitted to secure truth; given in affliction, in poverty, on the bed of death. How many, how very many, have testified in their final hour to the sustaining power of the Gospel! And was there ever one, did anybody ever hear of one, who repented at that hour of having been a Christian? Why not, then, receive this testimony? Will you make your own experience the standard of what you will believe? Then we invite you to become a Christian, and gain this experience. Will you be like the man who did not believe in the existence of Jupiter's moons, and yet refused to look through the telescope of Galileo for fear he should see them? Put the eye of faith to the Gospel, and if you do not see new moral heavens, I have nothing more to say. Will you refuse to believe that there is an echo at a particular spot, to believe that the lowest sound can be conveyed around the circuit of a whispering gallery, and yet refuse to put your ear at the proper point to test these facts? Put your ear to the Gospel, and if you do not hear voices gathered from three worlds, I have nothing more to say. Will you refuse to believe that the colours of the rainbow are to be seen in a drop of water, and yet not put your eye at the angle at which alone they can be seen? Or, if you think there is nothing analogous to this in moral matters, as there undoubtedly is, will you hear men speaking of the high enjoyment they derive from viewing works of art, and think them deluded and fanatical till your taste is so cultivated that you may have the same enjoyment. Surely nothing can be more unreasonable than for men to make their own experience, in such cases, a standard of belief, and yet refuse the only conditions on which that experience can be had.—*Hopkins.*

THE JEW.

Talk of pedigree, forsooth! tell us of the Talbots, Percys, Howards, and like mushrooms of yesterday! Show me a Jew, and we will show you a man whose genealogical tree springs from Abraham's bosom, whose family is older than the decalogue, and who bears incontrovertible evidence, in every line of his Oriental countenance, of the authenticity of his descent through myriads of successive generations. You see in him a living argument of the truth of Divine revelation; in him you behold the literal fulfilment of the prophecies; with him you ascend the stream of time, not voyaging by the help of the dim, uncertain, and fallacious light of tradition, but guided by an emanation of the same light which, to his nation, was "a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night:" in him you see the representative of the once favoured people of God, to whom, as to the chosen of mankind, he revealed himself their legislator, protector, and king; who brought them out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. You behold him established, as it were, for ever in the pleasant places allotted him; you trace him, by the peculiar mercy of his God, in his transition states from bondage to freedom; and by the innate depravity of his human nature, from prosperity to insolence, ingratitude, and rebellion; following him on, you find him the serf of Rome; you trace him from the smouldering ashes of Jerusalem, an outcast and a wanderer in all lands; the persecutor of Christ, you find him the persecuted of Christians, bearing all things, suffering all things, strong in the pride of human knowledge, stiff-necked and gainsaying, hoping all things. "For the Lord will have mercy on Jacob, and will yet choose Israel, and set them in their own land; and the strangers shall be joined with them, and they shall cleave to the house of Jacob."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

EXTRACTS FROM FELTHAM'S RESOLVES.

Danger of Good Fortune.—Felicity eats up circumspection; and when that guard is wanting, we lie spread to the shot of general danger. How many have lost the victory of a battle, with too much confidence in the good fortune which they found at the beginning! Surely it is not good to be happy too soon.

Dangerous Friends and Enemies.—I will take heed both of a speedy friend and a slow enemy. Love is never lasting, that flames before it burns; and hate, like wetted coals, throws a fiercer heat when fire gets the mastery.

Time to Admonish.—To admonish a man in the height of his passion, it is to call a soldier to counsel in the midst, in the heat of a battle. Let the combat slacken, and then thou mayest expect a hearing.

Disguised Vices.—For all the several gems in Virtue, Vice hath counterfeit stones wherewith she gulls the ignorant.

Cheerfulness.—I know we read of Christ's weeping, not of his laughter; yet we see he graceth a feast with his first miracle, and that a feast of joy.

Arrogance.—Arrogance is a weed that ever grows in a dunghill. It is from the rankness of that soil that she hath her height and spreadings.

Humility.—Of all trees, I observe, God hath chosen the vine, a low plant that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and galless dove. Christ is the rose of the field, and the lily of the valley. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the sturdy oak, nor the spreading plane; but in a bush—an humble, slender, abject shrub; as if he would, by these elections, check the conceited arrogance of man.

Fortitude.—A wise man makes a trouble less by fortitude; but to a fool, it is heavier by his stooping to it.

Faith.—Assuredly, though faith be above reason, yet is there a reason to be given of our faith. He is a fool that believes he neither knows what nor why.

Reconciliation.—It is much safer to reconcile an enemy, than to conquer him. Victory deprives him of his power, but reconciliation of his will; and there is less danger in a will which will not hurt, than in a power which cannot.

Idleness.—When one would brag of the blessings of the Roman State, that since Carthage was rased and Greece subjected, they might now be happy, as having nothing to fear, says the best Scipio: "We now are most in danger; for while we want business, and have no foe to awe us, we are ready to drown in the mud of vice and slothfulness."

Pride in Humble Life.—Too great a spirit in a man born to poor means, is like a high-heeled shoe to one of mean stature; it advanceth his proportion, but is ready to fit him with falls.

Privilege of Prayer.—What if I be not known to the Nimrods of the world, and the peers of the earth? I can speak to their better—to their Master, and by prayer be familiar with him.

ASSOCIATING WITH WORLDLINGS.

Serious people often complain of the snares they meet with from worldly people, and yet they must mix with them to get a livelihood. I advise them, if they can, to do their business with the world as they do it in the rain. If their business calls them abroad, they will not leave it undone for fear of being a little wet; but then, when it is done, they presently seek shelter, and will not stand in the rain for pleasure.—*Newton.*

A MORTAL SIN TO READ THE BIBLE.

Some time ago, a friend of ours was talking with a very inoffensive old man, a Roman Catholic, who was employed at one of the public departments, when, the conversation turning on some religious subject, a remark of the old man induced our friend to exclaim with surprise, "What! do you never read the Bible?" The old man, as much astonished that he should ask such a question, raised his hands, and, with great solemnity and emphasis, replied, "The Lord forbid that I should be guilty of such a mortal sin as to read the Bible!!"—*Investigator.*

WILLIE WATSON.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIAN UNION.

It is now fifty years since Willie Watson returned, after an absence of nearly a quarter of a century, to his native place, a sea-port town in the north of Scotland. He had been employed as a ladies' shoemaker in some of the districts of the south; no one at home had heard of Willie in the interval; and there was little known regarding him on his return, except that when he had quitted town many years before, he had been a neat-handed, excellent workman, and what the elderly people called a quiet, decent lad. And he was now, though somewhat in the wane of life, a more thorough master of his trade than before. He was quiet and unobtrusive, too, as ever, and a great reader of serious books. And so the better sort of the people were beginning to draw to Willie by a kind of natural sympathy. Some of them had learned to saunter into his workshop in the long evenings, and some had grown bold enough to engage him in serious conversation, when they met him in his solitary walks; when out came the astounding fact—and, important as it may seem, the simple-minded mechanic had taken no pains to conceal it—that during his residence in the south country he had left the Kirk, and gone over to the Baptists. There was a sudden revulsion of feeling towards him, and all the people of the town began to speak of Willie Watson as "a poor lost lad."

The "poor lost lad," however, was unquestionably a very excellent workman; and as he made neater shoes than anybody else, the ladies of the place could see no great harm in wearing them. He was singularly industrious, too, and indulged in no expense, except when he now and then bought a good book, or a few flower-seeds for his garden. He was withal, a single man, with only an elderly sister, who lived with him, and himself to provide for; and what between the regularity of his gains on the one hand, and the moderation of his desires on the other, Willie, for a person in his sphere of life, was in easy circumstances. It was found that all the children in the neighbourhood had taken a wonderful fancy to his shop. He was fond of telling them good little stories out of the Bible, and of explaining to them the prints which he had pasted on the walls. Above all, he was anxiously bent on teaching them to read. Some of their parents were poor, and some of them were careless; and he saw that unless they learned their letters from him, there was little chance of their ever learning them at all. Willie, in a small way, and to a very small congregation, was a kind of missionary; and what between his stories and his pictures, and his flowers and his apples, his labours were wonderfully successful. Never yet was school or church half so delightful to the little men and women of the place as the shop of Willie Watson, "the poor lost lad."

Years of scarcity came on; taxes were high, and crops not abundant; and the soldiery abroad, whom the country had employed to fight in the great revolutionary war, had got an appetite at their work, and were consuming a great deal of meat and corn. The price of the boll rose tremendously, and many of the townspeople, who were working for very little, were not in every case secure of their little when the work was done. Willie's small congregation began to find that the times were exceedingly bad. There were no more morning *pieces* among them, and the porridge was always less than enough. It was observed, however, that in the midst of their distresses Willie got in a large stock of meal, and that his sister had begun to bake as if she were making ready for a wedding. The children were wonderfully interested in the work, and watched it to the end—when, lo! to their great and joyous surprise, Willie began and divided the whole baking amongst them! Every member of his congregation got a cake; there were some who had little brothers and sisters at home who got two; and from that day forward, till times got better, none of Willie's young people lacked their morning *piece*. The neighbours marvelled at Willie: to be sure, much of his goodness was a kind of natural goodness; but certain it was, that independently of what it did, he took an inexplicable delight in the Bible and in religious meditation; and all agreed that there was something strangely puzzling in the character of "the poor lost lad."

We have alluded to Willie's garden. Never was there a little bit of ground better occupied —it looked like a piece of rich needlework. He had got wonderful flowers, too—flesh-coloured carnations, streaked with red, and roses of a rich golden yellow. Even the commoner varieties—auriculas and anemones, and the party-coloured polyanthus—grew better with Willie than with anybody else. A Dutchman might have envied him his tulips, as they stood, row above row, on their elevated beds, like so many soldiers on a redoubt; and there was one mild dropping season, in which two of these beautiful flowers, each perfect in its kind, and of different colours too, sprung apparently from the same stem. The neighbours talked of them as they would have talked of the Siamese twins; but Willie, though it lessened the wonder, was at pains to show them that the flowers sprung from different roots, and that what seemed their common stem was in reality but a green hollow sheath formed by one of the leaves. Proud as Willie was of his flowers—and with all his humility he could not help being somewhat proud of them—he was yet conscientiously determined to have no miracle among them, unless, indeed, the miracle should chance to be a true one. It was no fault of Willie's that all his neighbours had not as fine gardens as himself—he gave them slips of his best flowers, flesh-coloured carnations, yellow rose, and all; he grafted their trees for them, too, and taught them the exact time for raising their tulip roots, and the best mode of preserving them. Nay, more than all this, he devoted whole hours at times to give the finishing touches to their parterres and borders, just in the way a drawing-master lays in the last shadings and imparts the finer touches to the landscapes of a favourite pupil. All seemed impressed with the unselfish kindliness of his disposition; and all agreed that there could not be a warmer-hearted man or a more obliging neighbour than Willie Watson, "the poor lost lad."

Everything earthly must have its last day. Willie was rather an elderly than an old man, and the childlike simplicity of his tastes and habits made people think of him as younger than he really was; but his constitution, never a strong one, was gradually failing; he lost strength and appetite, and at length there came a morning on which he could no longer open his shop. He continued to creep out at noon, however, for a few days after, to enjoy himself among his flowers, with only the Bible for his companion; but in a few days more he had declined so much lower, that the effort proved too much for him, and he took to his bed. The neighbours came flocking in; all had begun to take an interest in poor Willie; and now they had learned that he was dying, and the feeling had deepened immensely with the intelligence. They found him lying in his neat little room, with a table bearing the one beloved volume, drawn in beside his bed. He was the same quiet, placid creature he had ever been—grateful for the slightest kindness, and with a heart full of love for all—full to overflowing. He said nothing of the Kirk, and nothing of the Baptists; but earnestly did he urge on his visitors the one master-truth of revelation. O to be secure of an interest in Christ! there was nothing else, he assured them, that would stand them in the least stead, when, like him, they come to die. As for himself, he had not a single anxiety; God, for Christ's sake, had been kind to him during all the long time he had been in the world; and he was now kindly calling him out of it. Whatever He did to him was good, and for his good; and why, then, should he be anxious or afraid! The hearts of Willie's visitors were touched, and they could no longer speak or think of him as "the poor lost lad."

A few short weeks went by, and Willie had gone the way of all flesh. There was silence in his shop, and his flowers opened their breasts to the sun, and bent their heads to the bee and butterfly, with no one to take note of their beauty, or to sympathize in the delight of the little winged creatures that seemed so happy among them. There was many a wistful eye cast at the closed door and melancholy shutters, by the members of Willie's congregation—and they could all point out his grave. Need we point out the *rationale* of the story, or the moral which it carries? Willie had quitted the north country a respectable Presbyterian, but it was not until after meeting in the south with some pious Baptists that he had become vitally religious. The peculiarities of Baptist belief had no connection whatever with his conversion; higher and more generally entertained doctrines had been rendered efficient to that end; but, as is exceedingly common in such cases, he had closed with the entire theological code of the men who had been instrumental in the work; and so, to the place which he had left an unconverted Presbyterian, he returned a converted Baptist. Certain it was, however, though until after his death his townsmen failed to apprehend it, that Willie was better fitted for Christian union with the truly religious portion of them in the later than in the earlier stages of his career. Willie, the Presbyterian, was beyond comparison less their Christian brother than Willie the Baptist—maugre their diversity of opinion on one important point. And in course of time they all lived to see it. We may add that, of all the many arguments promulgated in favour of toleration and Christian union in this northern town, there were none that told with better effect than the arguments furnished by the life and death of Willie Watson—"the poor lost lad."*

A CHAPTER ON PRAYER.

FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

NO. II.

BY THE REV. J. FAIRBAIRN, ALLANTON.

In a former paper on the subject of Prayer, you was told what prayer is, to whom we are to pray, what things we are to pray for, and how we ought to pray. There are a number of other points about prayer that should be spoken of, and now we are to speak of them. The subject is so large a one that all that it would be proper to say about it cannot be said now. Only a few matters in addition to these which have been already noticed can now be considered. The questions might now be asked, Where are we to pray?—When are we to pray? Let us attend to this.

That a foundation may be laid for the answer to the question, Where are we to pray?—it may be right to consider some of the examples of good men recorded in the Scriptures, and to learn from them both where we are to pray, and when we are to pray. We stand in need of being taught both by precept and example. When we read the Scriptures, we find that those who truly feared the Lord, who felt their need of his assistance, who felt their own helpless state, who believed the willingness of the Lord to help them, and knew, moreover, that the Lord only could help them—we find that they were not very nice about the place where they prayed. They did not wait till they could come to the temple of God, or to some place where prayer was wont to be made—till they had opportunity of retirement into their chambers, or into the bosom of their own families; but, as their wants were great and their necessities pressing, they prayed unto the Lord from the place—wherever it might be—where they happened at the time to be. We learn from this, that whilst some places are more suitable and convenient for prayer than others, yet there is no place out of which a believer may not call upon the name of the Lord, and make his supplication to his God.

In the Book of the Prophet Jonah we read many striking things—a short book, but containing abundance of most precious and profitable matter. It contains, amongst other things, one of the most gracious instances of the mercy of God anywhere upon record. It is his merciful dealing with the people of Nineveh. O that ye would all turn unto the Lord, and make trial of His saving mercy in Christ Jesus! But the mercy of the Lord to the people of Nineveh is not the point to which our subject at present draws. It is to the punishment which the Lord inflicted on the Prophet Jonah for his disobedience, and the conduct of the prophet under the visitation of that stroke of providence. Jonah's sin, as you know, was, when he was commanded to go to Nineveh, and threaten its inhabitants with the judgments of God, he refused to go. Instead of going, he took ship, and would away to some other place, and upon some other business.

Where were the faith and obedience of the prophet? Were it not for what we afterwards learn about Jonah, we would be apt to conclude that he was no true servant of the Lord—no true prophet of the Most High God. It surely was a time of great spiritual darkness with him, when, in the first place, he refused to go upon the errand the Lord put into his hand; and, in the second, when he attempted to remove himself as far as possible from the place to which that errand would have carried him. Well, he has got safely on ship board, and the ship, loosed from her moorings, is speeding on her course. What thoughts might be passing through his mind we cannot tell. But his sins soon found him out. The storm blows a hurricane, and all in the ship are at their wits' end, except Jonah, who had gone down into the sides of the ship, and was fast asleep there. Observe what the shipmen do during the tempest. They were poor ignorant Heathens, but taken in this sudden fear, they cry unto their gods. Jonah's conduct might well fill them with amazement. They come to him. What! art thou asleep? It is no time for sleep; it is a time for prayer. "What meanest thou, O sleeper, arise; call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." We are told, farther down in the chapter, that these seamen prayed to the Lord. If any infer from this their conversion, the inference is not to be blamed. But the shipmen are dismissed from the narrative, and we hear no more about them; but concerning Jonah we hear a good deal more. He is cast over the ship's side into the sea. God prepared a great fish to swallow him up. The fish's belly has become, for the time, the oratory of the prophet—a place of prayer. He does not appear to have been fully recovered to the fear of the Lord till he was shut up there—till the deep closed round about him—till the weeds were wrapped over his head—till he went down to the bottom of the mountains—till the earth, with her bars, was about him. Now he is brought to his right mind—his faith revives. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." Jonah felt it to be so. Out of the belly of hell he cried unto the Lord. His *crying* marks the fervour of his prayer. The Lord heard him, and delivered him. He was far beyond the reach of man's help; but the Lord was near.

At Philippi, Paul and Silas are cast into prison. Their feet are made fast in the stocks. The jailer, mindful of the special charge he had received to keep them fast, thrusts them into the inner prison. What was their employment there? At midnight they prayed and sang praises to God. We have here both the where and the when. The place, the prison;

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* The above exquisite sketch is from the classic pen of Mr. Hugh Miller, and appeared some time ago in his newspaper—the *Edinburgh Witness*.

the time, midnight. It has often been the care of God to make the loathsome walls, and the weary watches of the prison house, stately palaces and golden opportunities to his persecuted servants—places in which, more than elsewhere, they have enjoyed most comfortable tokens of his presence. What prayers, and answers to prayer, have been exchanged in prisons between the Lord and his servants! Paul and Silas in the prison at Philippi—Joseph in the Egyptian prison, had such experience. Besides them, multitudes of the Lord's servants have had the like experience.

From the prison, to come to the cross, the scaffold, the stake—these have often been the only outlet from prison to believers under persecution. We find them there engaged in prayer. So much is prayer the exercise of a Christian soul, that we find Christians watching unto it—always delighting in it—always engaging in it. Our Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross set his followers the example. He prayed upon the cross. Stephen, the first martyr, follows his Master's example. "These fires," say some martyrs, at the stake, "be the fiery chariot and the horses of flame, which Christ has sent to fetch us to heaven;" meanwhile, praying for their enemies that they might be converted, and for the Church that it might have a breathing time given it.

From the above examples, and many others that might have been brought forward, we may learn an answer to the question, Where are we to pray? and the answer is, Wherever God is present to hear us, there we are to pray. God is the hearer and the answerer of prayer. Wherever, therefore, God is present we are to pray. There is no place in which any one can be, whether in the house or by the way, in the bosom of his family or amongst strangers, in the city or in the solitude, at liberty or in the dungeon, on land or on the sea—no place where we may not, where we should not, pray. If there be any place where God is not, that is no place for prayer. But where shall that place be found? "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea: even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

We are next to consider When we are to pray? Let us get our answer from Scripture—"Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the Rock that is higher than I," &c. (Ps. lxi.) He prays to the Lord and calls upon him in the time of trouble—when his heart is overwhelmed. The time of trouble, therefore, is a time when we are to pray. Trouble may be of body or of spirit. The body may be oppressed with disease, or in danger of perishing by some sudden calamity. The spirit, when all is well with the body, may be in great perplexity, and under great temptation, about its state, about its salvation. Whether it be in the body or in the mind, the time of trouble is a fitting time for prayer. The time of bodily affliction is without doubt a fitting season for prayer. We are to pray earnestly to the Lord that, if it be his holy and gracious will, we may be recovered out of our affliction; above all, that it may be made useful to us, in the way of making us live nearer to God, and of devoting ourselves more to his service.

Affliction of spirit is a truly fitting season for prayer. What a time for prayer is such a state! "When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." What a gracious and merciful God we have to go to! What a compassionate, all-sufficient Saviour! He has opened up our way to the mercy-seat. He has paved it with promises. Every promise of inestimable worth: the smallest of them more precious than all gold and silver! purchased by the travail of the Redeemer's soul—by his precious blood!

The time of health is also a fit time for prayer, most fit and seasonable. There are many to whom prayer is a burden. They think they would be well content to call upon the Lord in the time of trouble, if only they might be allowed to forget him in the season of health and prosperity. They much deceive themselves. If you do not pray when you are in health, how shall you pray when you are in trouble? Trouble is not a light, inconsiderable thing. In trouble, one has not so much command over his mind as in health. Bodily affliction shakes and tosses the soul. To neglect prayer in the day of health, how can that be help to a praying spirit in the day of affliction? If you do not feel your need of prayer when your mind is in its best state, how shall you do so when it is in its worst state? If you look upon prayer as a burden now, you will be likely to feel it far more burdensome when the Lord lays his hand upon you, and puts you in the furnace. Instead of drawing an unregenerate soul nearer to God, trouble is likely to drive it farther from Him. You would suppose that as one comes near to the borders of eternity, he would be filled with the concerns of eternity; but facts show that it is not so. As unregenerate men are drawn near to death and eternity, they are anxious to draw their minds farther off from them. How often do we find from Scripture that the season of health is a season for much prayer! We are commanded, "Trust in Him at all times; ye people pour out your heart before Him." "At all times;" that is, in health as well as in sickness—in prosperity as well as adversity.—"Continue in prayer"—"Pray without ceasing"—"Continue in prayer, and watch unto the same with thanksgiving." That which makes every season a proper season for prayer is, that we are at all times dependent upon God—we always stand in need of his assistance, counsel, direction, and comfort. It is impossible to go a step in the Christian life, without the gracious assistance of the Lord. As to place, we may pray wheresoever the Lord is present to hear and answer. As to time, we are to pray whensoever we stand in need of Divine assistance. Put both together, and we are to pray at all times and in all places.

A man who is really a Christian is a man of prayer. One man is characterised by one quality, another by another quality. We say of some men, they are men of wisdom—of others, they are men of skill; but a true Christian may always be described by this characteristic—that he is a man of prayer. I do not mean that all who call themselves Christians are men of prayer. That is quite a different matter. I am not speaking of what men call themselves, but what they are. Many call themselves Christians who scarce pray at all. From what many who call themselves Christians do in regard to prayer, you would suppose that prayer was no part of Christian duty. They disregard and neglect prayer. They could not disregard and neglect it more though God had told them expressly in his Word to disregard and neglect it. Yet they call themselves Christians!

The true Christian is a man of prayer. He, indeed, often finds, and he is grieved for it, that there is little of a prayerful spirit in him; that he is often sorely assaulted by vain, wandering, and evil thoughts, and that, too, when engaged in most solemn duties. But he is not put past his purpose on that account. He remembers many texts suitable to his case—"Give not place to the devil"—"Resist the devil, and he will flee from thee"—"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God"—"My grace is sufficient for thee; I will perfect my strength in your weakness." He remembers these encouragements, and many others which God has graciously set down in his holy Word—he believes them—and so perseveres. Remember this, that you are not, and cannot be, true Christians unless you continue in prayer.

The encouragements to prayer are many and strong. There are various kinds of encouragements. They have often been arranged under different classes. It is useful to arrange them, and think upon them so arranged. I can only mention one kind of encouragement to prayer. It is that which arises from the fact that the Lord has pledged himself to hear and answer prayer—one of the strongest of the many strong encouragements. I conclude with quoting one or two passages to this purpose. Samuel Rutherford writes: "Christ acknowledgeth that instances of praying in faith will overcome God, and Satan, and all the saddest temptations that can befall the child of God. Hence, observe what acts of efficacious power, instant and earnest prayer putteth forth upon God, and how the clay creature doth work upon, and prevail with the great potter and former of all things." "Prayer is a messenger, and a swift and winged post despatched up to court." "Prayer putteth a challenge upon God, for his covenant's sake and his promise. It putteth God to great straits and suffering, even to the moving of his soul. When God seemeth to sleep, in regard that his work and the wheels of his providence are at a stand, prayer awakeneth God, and putteth him in action." All these he illustrates by suitable examples out of Scripture. Another author, speaking of the power of prayer, says: "No poet durst have fetched his fancy so far as to call prayer 'the manacles of the Almighty,' had not God himself confessed it, when he saith to Moses, *Let me alone*. O powerful privilege allowed for poor man! that the Almighty's justice must take out commission for execution from the intercession of his saints. If Moses hold not his tongue, God cannot move his hands. O blest obstructor of justice! I will never doubt thy power in procuring mercy, that canst hinder a provoked Deity from proceeding to execution of a daring worm."

THE SUCCESSOR OF THE APOSTLE PETER.

DR. BUSHNELL tells some curious tales of what he saw and heard of Popery at Rome. Take the following illustrations. In a letter addressed to the Pope, he says:—

It is also a favourite representation of your office that you are the lineal successor of St. Peter. It is not within my object to deny that you are. I only say, that if you are the successor of St. Peter, there is certainly much for you to do—a large reform to make in order fully to justify your claim of successorship. Until then, it must savour too much of irony. I saw your three magnificent palaces, seats of regal majesty which the most splendid monarch in the richest and most populous empire of Europe might envy. I remembered that the money which sustains this royal ostentation is wrung out of a small State and a poverty-striken people, who have also to support the splendour of the cardinals, and the golden liveries that flame about the gate of the Vatican. Did I see in this the unambitious manners, and the tender ministry of the fisherman of Galilee? I turned to his words; I found him saying, "Feed the flock of God." Do you call this feeding the flock? I visited your palace on the Quirinal: I travelled through the halls adorned with regal splendour, and more than regal art; I looked out from the terraced gardens which overhang the city as proudly as the palace of the Cæsars in the days of the Empire; I noticed in particular, the paraphernalia of luxury and pleasure on every side—your billiard tables, your grottoes of statuary, your closeted bowers, your musical fountains, and ingenious follies you have prepared to frighten the ladies;—but pardon me, if I could not bring myself to regard this kind of machinery as exactly fitted to the serious and responsible office of one who keeps the souls of the world; least of all, to the successor of that humble unambitious apostle, who took the legacy of poverty and fiery trial his Saviour left him, bore it in rough earnest as a rough man only could, and therein greatly rejoiced. The stores of artistic wealth you have gathered round you, in the Vatican, have a high dignity. A cultivated sense of beauty is at least an accomplishment, and one which in itself is innocent. But whosoever has wearied himself, day after day, in exploring the streets of the Vatican Palace—that city populated by the palette and the chisel—will not think of you merely as exercising the dry paternity of a monk towards the forms of beauty congregated around you; but he will think of these accumulated stores as a pageant of ambition—he will fancy the priest engaged to rival the prince, and not displeased with his victory. When it goes out, therefore, that you are here as the anointed successor of an apostle, even the Apostle Peter, what has Peter to do with the Vatican, or the lord of the Vatican with Peter? What bond of connection is there between the apostle of the fine arts and the Apostle Peter?

Nor will your worship in the Sistine Chapel any better assimilate you to your supposed predecessor and the manner of his time. Women cannot enter there; the wife of Peter himself could not enter save behind a screen, lest her presence should disturb the flow of your sanctified emotions. No profane laic can enter save in a dress coat. The judgment of the world is artistically transacted over your altar, that you may not forget, I suppose, at your altar, the judgment of the world. Sitting on your throne, as the successor of the fisherman of Galilee, your august person and the altar of the Lord are incensed again and again with the common honours of worship. The cardinals float about you, in stately trailings and gyrations, to pay you their homage, and kiss your golden phylacteries; and your slipper receives the humbler homage of those who can stoop lower. What now could Peter make of this? What part of this pageant, what single item, do you imagine, ever to have been seen in the churches of the apostles?

MIRACLES.

(From the Princeton Review.)

THE idea suggested by some, in opposition to Hume's definition of a miracle as being a violation of the laws of nature, that, for aught we know, miracles may be as truly natural events as any other, is not a new thought. It was brought forward by Bonet, the philosopher of Geneva, in his excellent work on the Evidences of Christianity. As far as we recollect, for we have not looked into the work for some years, Bonet maintains, that in the comprehensive plan of Providence, provision was made for miracles; so that they are produced by natural causes, as truly as other events. And he seems to teach, that the proof derived from a miracle in favour of the inspiration of any person, arises from his previous knowledge that such an event will take place at a certain time. An opinion of the same kind seems to have been entertained by Mr. Babbage in his ninth Bridgewater Essay. But we confess that we are by no means satisfied with this view of the subject. If it be correct, then there never has been a miracle since the beginning of the world. It is not that an event rarely happens, or that it is of a wonderful nature, which renders it miraculous; it may possess both these characteristics, and yet be entirely natural. Nor is it necessary to suppose, that in the production of a miracle a greater power is exerted than in the production of common events. Sometimes, a miracle is effected by the mere cessation of a power which acts uniformly, unless interrupted. Common events take place according to established laws, but a miracle is produced by the operation of a new cause which does not commonly act. It is the immediate interposition of the Deity, to produce an effect which would not be produced unless this extraordinary power were exerted. For a man to be born, and to be sustained by food, is natural; but for a man to be raised from the dead, is miraculous. The author justly observes: "That if men rose from the dead as statedly, after a year, as they now do from sleep in the morning, one would be as natural as the other." But this is only to say, that the established laws of nature might have been different from what they are. Taking these laws as they exist, the rising from the dead is miraculous, not natural.

There seems to us to be danger in this concession. One of the most plausible objections to the argument from miracles is, that we are not sufficiently acquainted with the laws of nature to be certain that any event which seems miraculous is not produced by some natural cause not before observed, or only developed in some peculiar circumstances. "That miracles were provided for, in the vast cycles of God's moral government," as our author expresses it, is a matter not disputable. As they are important events, no doubt provision was made for them; but that does not make them natural events. They were decreed to come to pass as *miracles*, and not by pre-established laws, but by the exertion of the power of God at the time, distinct from his operations in nature. It does not appear to us, upon this theory, how what is called a miracle can furnish any conclusive proof of a divine revelation. If the event be *natural*—that is, in accordance with the laws of nature—how can it furnish evidence that the man who declares that it will occur at a certain time is commissioned of God? When Christopher Columbus predicted an eclipse of the sun to the savages of America, they were induced to believe that he acted by supernatural authority; yet there was no miracle. And now, if some person should predict that a comet which had never been observed before, would appear on a certain day, this would be no more a miracle than an eclipse of the sun. The best method of bringing this opinion to the test, is to consider it in application to some of the miracles recorded in the Bible. When Moses, by divine command, struck the rock in Horeb, the water gushed out in such abundance as to form a river. If no water existed in the rock before, here was a striking miracle, requiring the immediate exertion of Omnipotence. How could this be considered a natural event? It was contrary to nature, and therefore miraculous. Again, when our Lord called Lazarus from the tomb, there was an exertion of Omnipotence, and an event was the consequence which was contrary to the common laws of nature. In what sense, then, could this event be considered as a *natural* event? . . . . .

The argument from miracles, in proof of a divine revelation, is perfectly simple. Some person declares that he has received a certain communication from God, and as a proof of it works a manifest miracle; and this evidence all impartial persons consider conclusive, because God is a God of truth, and will never exert his power to confirm the pretensions of an impostor. By enabling the individual to counteract the established laws of nature, in a case where these laws are well understood, he sets to his seal the declarations which are made by the person endowed with this miraculous power. Strictly speaking, however, the power of working miracles never resides in any creature, but is truly the power of God exerted in connection with the word or command of a prophet or apostle. Thus the matter has always been understood by the soundest theologians; and nothing can be gained by any new hypothesis on this subject.

Hume's great mistake is, that he takes no account of God's moral government, which is in a movement always onward towards a grand consummation, in which the principles are ever the same, but the developments always new, and therefore not to be measured by experience. . . . . .

The grand defensive position is this: whatever could be verified by the senses, can be verified by testimony. So far as Hume's argument is concerned, notwithstanding his pretended distinction between the marvellous and the miraculous, no strange phenomenon in physics could ever be verified; a marvel is as much against his vaunted *experience* as a miracle. Testimony avails to produce the belief of the events called miraculous. And this faith in testimony is as natural as faith in the senses. That the alleged fact is *unusual*—and Hume's argument, when stripped of its appendages, imports no more—creates no such improbability as may not be removed by observation of the senses; and that which the senses observe may be verified by testimony.

SUFFERINGS OF THE JEWS.

The miseries that have come upon this people have never had a parallel in the history of this world. Most terribly has their own imprecation been fulfilled —"His blood be on us and on our children!" Thirty-six years after the crucifixion, wrath came upon them to the uttermost. We need not rehearse the devastation made by the Roman forces under Vespasian and Titus; the carnage, famine, and pestilence attendant on the beleaguring of the Holy City; the multitude of wretched fugitives intercepted by the exasperated besiegers, and crucified around the walls; that proud structure, the Temple, levelled in the dust; the whole land made desolate; the miserable inhabitants driven away to a bitter and hopeless captivity —the slave-marts of Syria and Egypt glutted with their vast number, till none would buy them.

It is recorded that 1,100,000 Jews perished in the siege of Jerusalem; and that 97,000 were made captives. Besides these, numbers lost their lives, or were taken prisoners, in the defence and capture of other places. Eleven thousand Jewish captives, either from neglect or cruelty, were at one time left without food, and perished of starvation.

By the Mosaic institutes, all the Jewish males, above a certain age (supposed to have been that of twelve years), were required to keep the three great feasts—the Passover, the Pentecost, and the Feast of Tabernacles—at Jerusalem. Thus, while the country was surrounded by hostile nations, was the whole military strength drawn from the frontiers, three times a year. In accordance with the promise, that so long as the nation continued obedient "no man should desire their land" at these times, it is remarkable that we find no invasion of Palestine attempted while the border was left thus defenceless, until the final invasion by the Romans under Vespasian. Jerusalem was invaded by his forces at the Passover, when vast numbers of the Jewish people, considerably more than a million, were within its walls. God, their glory and defence, had departed. His protection, vouchsafed at 1,500 previous celebrations of that feast, was withdrawn.

After the destruction of Jerusalem, the dreadful cruelties exercised on the Jews drove them into repeated revolts against the Roman Government, which were quelled only by the effusion of torrents of Jewish blood. The most remarkable of these revolts was headed by the celebrated Barcochab, a name assumed by himself, and which signifies the son of a star, alluding to the star predicted by Balaam (Numb. xxiv. 17). He pretended to be the Messiah; was crowned king of the Jews; the people flocked in great numbers to his standard; and he soon found himself at the head of 200,000 men. A desperate and bloody contest ensued with the forces of the Emperor Adrian, led by his best generals. The Jews fought with the courage of despair; the impostor was killed at the siege of Bithen, his principal fortress; and in this short but sanguinary war, which lasted three years, 600,000 Jews lost their lives.

During the middle ages, Saracen caliphs, Turkish sultans, and kings of Christian Europe, seemed to vie with each other in heaping upon this unhappy people insult and outrage. There is scarcely a country in Europe where they have not been laid under heavy exactions—laid under the ban of secular or ecclesiastical tyranny, banished, slaughtered without mercy. The rapacity of the prince, the bigotry of the priest, and the ferocious malice of the populace, leagued together for their destruction. The immense hosts of the Crusaders were accustomed to whet their appetite for the blood of the Turk, by the indiscriminate butchery of all the Jews who fell in their way. Seven times were this unhappy people banished from France. Their sufferings were no less terrible throughout England than on the Continent. The nation united in the persecution of them. At one time 1,500 Jews, including women and children, having, to save themselves from massacre, shut themselves up in the Castle of York, were refused all quarter; their silver and gold could not save them, for they could not purchase their lives at any price; and, frantic with despair, they perished by mutual slaughter—each man was the murderer of his wife and children, when death became their only deliverance.

Since the Reformation, the Jews have been treated with more compassion. But it was not till a very recent period that in Prussia, Holland, France, and a few other European States, they were relieved of their oppressions. At no period of their dispersion has their general condition been more favoured than at the present time; yet, even now there are few countries where they do not bear the mark of an outcast, rejected race. Even in England, the Jews suffer under many disabilities. No citizen of London will receive a Jewish boy as an apprentice. The mechanic arts are exercised by the members of the guilds, or trade-unions, into which no Jew is admitted. These people are therefore compelled to resort to traffic for a livelihood. They begin at the age of twelve or fourteen years, often with a captial of eighteenpence. They trade in all sorts of commodities, from oranges and old clothes to the securities of the nation. In this way they often acquire great wealth, and along with it that habit of covetousness which has long been the stigma of their nation.

The rank and power which many European Jews have acquired by their talents, their learning, and their wealth, have been quite remarkable, and have been at times an important safeguard to their poor, despised countrymen. Some of the leading minds in modern days have been Jews. Spinosa, the author of modern pantheism, was a Jew Several learned Jews occupy chairs in the universities of continental Europe, as Leo, Stahl, Neander. Marshal Massena was a Jew. It is said that Marshal Soult and Prince Metternich are of Jewish origin. Those mighty men of wealth, the Rothschilds, who hold the purse-strings of the civilized world, guiding the commercial, and sometimes almost the political destinies of Europe, are Jews. A few years ago they were five in number, with houses at London, Frankfort, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. There are some Israelites in London of princely wealth, among whom is Sir Moses Montefiore, who has repeatedly used his influence to protect his countrymen from Russian and Turkish despotism. In Constantinople and the provinces of the Ottoman Empire, the Jews, by their superior energy, have acquired great wealth by commerce, and enjoy important privileges; though their condition is very precarious. Indeed, throughout that empire, the Jewish people are the sport of despotic power. Mussulmans are, from their cradle, taught to regard them as the vilest of mankind—a link between man and brute, a race accursed of Heaven. They are the common objects of popular malice or superstition—the lawful prey of every one who has power to extort from them. Throughout the East, Jew is the vilest term of reproach. Dr. Wolff thus writes in his journal: "We pitched our tents at Araas. A dervise (Mohammedan monk) flogged his ass, and finished by calling it a Jew." In Constantinople, where there are 80,000 Jews, they all were obliged to wear a blue slipper, as a badge of degradation. In other places they must wear a patch of cloth of some peculiar colour on the breast, for the same purpose as the convicts in our state prisons wear a party-coloured dress.

Mr. Wolff was told by a Mohammedan in Mesopotamia: "Every house in Shiraz with a low, narrow entrance, is a Jew's. Every man with a dirty camel's hair turban, is a Jew. Every one picking up glass, and asking for old shoes and sandals, is a Jew." He afterwards found this description fully confirmed.

The Turks throughout Syria may compel the Jews to work without pay, and administer the bastinado if they refuse. The lowest fellah (native inhabitant) will stop a Jew whom he meets travelling, and demand money, or compel him to dismount and give up the animal which carries him, as a Mussulman's right. Throughout the East the Jews are obliged to affect poverty in order to conceal their wealth; what is exposed to view is never safe from Mohammedan rapacity. In 1823, all the Jews of Damascus, suspected of the crime of having wealth, were thrown into prison, and redeemed their lives only by an enormous payment. In February 1840, the seven wealthiest men in the city, with three chief rabbins, and some others of that nation, were seized, carried before the pacha, and subjected, notwithstanding their protestations of innocence, to the bastinado, and other extreme cruelties, in order to compel them to confess themselves guilty of killing a Greek priest, who had suddenly disappeared. In the island of Rhodes, about the same time, the Christians accused the Jews of sacrificing a child ten years old. Witnesses affirmed that the Greek child was seen following a Jew on the public highway. The Jew was arrested, thrown into chains, bastinadoed; his nostrils were pierced with iron, heated stones placed on his head, and a heavy weight on his heart. His persecutors endeavoured to induce him to denounce the chief rabbi; and at last he accused several Jews, though not the rabbi. As many of these as could be found were seized and subjected to similar tortures, under which seven persons suffered till almost deprived of life. The innocence of these persons was afterwards fully established.

Even in Germany, within a few years, the Jews have suffered greatly from popular violence. During riots took place at Prague and other places, in which the fury of the populace against this devoted people knew no bounds. The watchword throughout Germany is, "Hep! Hep!" (derived from the initial letters of *Hierosolyma est perdita*—Jerusalem is lost), first raised by the German Crusaders in 1097, and still the signal for outrage and cruelty against the unhappy Jews.

No Israelite is allowed to set foot on the shores of Norway: two Jews recently suffered imprisonment for having landed in that kingdom. In Russia, they are subjected to much oppression. The present emperor (Nicholas), on his accession to the throne (1825), banished them from St. Petersburg and Moscow; where they are not now permitted to sojourn more than a week without renewed passports. Three years ago, an imperial ukase commanded all the Russian Polish Jews to remove fifty versts—about thirty-three miles—from the frontier within a limited time; under which order, it is said, 500,000 Jews were compelled to leave their houses. The Russian Government appears determined to compel the Jews to embrace the Greek faith: and in default of this to worry and harass them to the extent of its power.

There is, in truth, no end to the detail of their sufferings. They have exceeded all other human experience. Our Saviour wept at the foresight of them; and his followers ought to be deeply affected at the review. Everywhere, during these 1800 years, they have been subject to countless vexations, to innumerable indignities, to unparalleled miseries.

ARE YOU A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER?

If you are, you are engaged in a good work. Yes, it is good, both as acceptable to God, and as profitable to men. It is good in its direct operation, and good in its reflex action. It is not merely teaching the young idea how to shoot, but, what is still more important, it is teaching the young and tender affection what to fix upon, and where to entwine itself. Nothing hallows the Sabbath more than the benevolent employment of the Sabbath school teacher. It is more than lawful to do such good on the Sabbath-day. It has great reward. Continue to be a Sabbath school teacher. Be not weary in this well-doing. Do not think you have served long enough in the capacity of teacher, until you have served life out, or until there shall be no need of one saying to another, "Know the Lord." What if it be laborious? it is the labour of love, in the very fatigue of which the soul finds refreshment.

But perhaps you are not a Sabbath school teacher. "No, I am not," methinks I hear one say. "I am not a professor of religion. You cannot expect me to be a teacher." You ought to be both, and your not being the first, is but a poor apology for declining to be the other. The neglect of one obligation is a feeble excuse for the neglect of another. You seem to admit that if you professed religion, it would be your duty to teach in the Sabbath school. Now, whose fault is it that you do not profess religion? But I see no valid objection to your teaching a class of boys or girls how to read the Word of God, though you be not a professor of religion. I cannot think that any person *gets harm* by thus doing good. Experience has shown that the business of teaching in the Sabbath school is *twice* blessed—blessing the teacher as well as the taught.

"But I am not a young person." And what if you are not? You need not be very young in order to be a useful Sabbath school teacher. We don't want mere *novices* in the Sabbath school. If you are not young, then you have so much more *experience* to assist you in the work. Do Sabbath school teachers become *superannuated* so much earlier in life than any other class of benefactors—so much sooner than ministers and parents? There is a prevailing mistake on this subject. But you are "married," you say. And what then? Because you have married a wife or a husband, is that any reason why you should not come into the Sabbath school? Many people think that as soon as they are married, they are released from the obligation of assisting in the Sabbath school. But I do not understand this to be one of the immunities of matrimony. As well might they plead that in discharge of the obligation to every species of doing good. Such might, at least, postpone this apology, till the cares of a family have come upon them. And even then, perhaps, the best disposition they could make of their children on the Sabbath, would be to take them to the school. I wonder how many hours of the Sabbath are devoted to the instruction of their children by those parents, who make the necessity of attending to the religious culture of their families an apology for not entering the Sabbath school; and I wonder if their children could not be attended to in other hours than those usually occupied in Sabbath school instruction; and thus, while they are not neglected, other children, who have no parents that care for their soul, would receive a portion of their attention. I think this is not impossible. But perhaps the wife pleads that she is no longer her own, and that her husband's wishes are opposed to her continuing a teacher. But has she ceased to be her Lord's, by becoming her husband's? Does the husband step into all the rights of a Saviour over his redeemed? If such an objection is made, it is very clear that she has not regarded the direction to marry "only in the Lord."

But perhaps you say, "There are enough of others to teach in the Sabbath school." There would not be enough—there would not be any, if all were like you. But it is a mistake; there are not enough of others. You are wanted. Some five or six children, of whom Christ has said, "Suffer them to come to me," may grow up without either learning or religion, unless you become a teacher. Are all the children in the place where you live gathered into the Sabbath school? Are there none that still wander on the Lord's-day, illiterate and irreligious? Is there a competent number of teachers in the existing schools, so that more would rather be in the way than otherwise? I do not know how it is where you live, but where I live, there are boys and girls enough, ay, too many, who go to no Sabbath school. It is only for a teacher to go out on the Sabbath, and he readily collects a class of children willing to attend. And where I reside, there are not teachers enough for the scholars already collected. Some classes are without a teacher; and presently the children stay away, because, they say, they come to the school, and there is no one to attend to them. He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," knows this; and He knows who of "his sacramental host" might take charge of these children, and do not. They say every communion season, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and the Lord replies, "Suffer the little children to come to me"—and there the matter ends.

I visited recently an interesting school, composed of adults and children. It is languishing now for want of teachers. There were present some twenty-five or thirty females, and only *two* female teachers, I wondered to see no more than two there, especially of those who were last at the cross and first at the sepulchre.

But I hear one say, "I *was* once a teacher." And do you not blush to own that you became weary in this species of well-doing? "But I think I taught long enough." How long did you teach? Till there were no more to learn? Till you could teach no longer? Are you dead? If not, you are resting from your labours rather prematurely. This excuse resembles one which I heard of, as from a lady of wealth, who, having for several years been a subscriber to the Bible Society, at length ordered her name to be stricken off, alleging that she thought she had done her part towards disseminating the Bible! The world was not supplied; O, no! not even the country; and her means were not exhausted. But she had done her part. Had she done *what she could?* The woman whom Jesus commended had "done what she could."

But one says, "I want the Sabbath for myself—for rest and for improvement." And who does not? Are you busily employed all the week? So are some of our most faithful teachers. You ought to be "diligent in business" during the week. "Six days shalt thou labour." "But is there any *rest* in Sabbath school teaching?" The soul finds some of its sweetest rest in the works of mercy, and often its richest improvement in the care to improve others.

But perhaps you say, though with some diffidence you express this objection, that you belong to a circle in society whose members are not accustomed to teach in the Sabbath school. Do you mean that you are *above* the business? You must be exceedingly *elevated* in life, to be above the business of gratuitously communicating the knowledge of God to the young and ignorant. You must be exalted above the very throne of God itself, if you are above caring for poor children. "But I should have to mingle with those beneath me in rank." Ah! I supposed that Christianity has destroyed the distinction of rank, not indeed by depressing any, but by elevating all. Should Christians, all cleansed by the same blood and Spirit, treat other Christians as common?

"O, it is too laborious—there is so much self-denial in it." And do I hear a disciple of Christ complaining of labour and self-denial, when these are among the very conditions of discipleship? Is the disciple above his Master? Can you follow Christ without going where he went? and went he not about doing good? Pleased he himself? Ah! I know what is the reason of this deficiency of Sabbath school teachers, and I will speak it out. It is owing to a deplorable want of Christian benevolence in those who profess to be Christ's followers. They lack the love that is necessary to engage one in this labour of love. They have no *heart* for the work.

Christian reader, beseech the Holy Spirit to guide you in your deliberation; then take a turn in the garden of Gethsemane. Stand a while at the foot of the cross of Calvary. Remember *who* suffered in that garden, and on that cross, for your sake! Remember, the object of the Sabbath school is to tell young children of *His* love in dying for us! Think how you will wish to have acted in the day of his appearing, and throughout eternity! Think of *this*, and then, *if you can*, refuse to teach henceforward in the Sabbath school.*

MODES OF DOING GOOD.

(From the Evangelical Magazine.)

On one of the sultry days of last June, I was taking a walk in a grove, which is contiguous to a populous town in Kent, and sat down on a bench to rest under a shady tree. My attention was presently arrested by the approach of a young man, whose emaciated appearance at once excited my commiseration. Perceiving him stagger from weakness, I rose and offered to conduct him to a seat. After expressing my sympathy with him, and my hope that his visit to the place in which I reside might contribute, with the blessing of God, to his recovery, a conversation ensued, of which I give you a faithful report:—

"Sir," said I, "you appear to be very ill?" "Yes," he replied, "I am reduced almost to a skeleton with an affection on my lungs, and the doctors have given it as their opinion that I shall not get well; in fact, I seem to myself to be leaving this world." "Well," I rejoined, "will you excuse a stranger, if he asks you whether you think you are prepared to enter the next?" He turned towards me with an earnest look, and answered, "No sir; I fear that I am not. I know the theory of religion; but I would not deceive you, sir, I do not think that I have ever felt its power. Our reciprocal communications then proceeded as follows: "Do you not think it is high time to ascertain whether you are fitted for death and for heaven?" "Indeed I do, but I have so long neglected, or almost neglected, divine things, that I cannot now pay attention to them as I would, and I am so weak that I cannot read much nor apply my mind to any subject long together; and I am come to this place alone, and have not any pious friends to converse with me." "Did you ever read in an old book of two persons who met by a well, close to which one sat, when wearied with His journey, and said to the other, 'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that talketh with thee, thou wouldest have asked him, and he would have given thee living water?'" "O, yes; that is in the history of Christ and the woman of Samaria." "Then, you have read the Bible?" "Yes, never through, but parts of it at different times." "Well, I am glad to hear it; and though I cannot give you this living water, I can tell you of Him who is able and willing to do so. It is no other than that benevolent person who, as we say, accidentally met with that sinful woman, and enlightened her mind and converted her heart. And He still lives, and is willing to welcome every sinner who appeals to Him; and has expressly declared that those who come to Him he will in no wise cast out. Do you wish Him to bless you, and turn you from iniquity, and save you from final ruin?" "Yes, that I do; but I cannot—I cannot—really, I cannot believe." "Who told you that you must believe on Him? Have you been at all in the habit of attending any of the ministers of the Gospel?" "Yes, but very irregularly; I have gone sometimes to one place and sometimes to another, but was never constant. In truth, sir, I wonder I have not perished in my sins before now. I was left an orphan in early life. My father was killed by an accident when I was a babe, and my mother has been dead for years, and I was very early left to do as I liked, and followed many evil ways. I have fought against my convictions, and yet I sometimes think God is afflicting me in mercy." "And I begin to think so too; and as you may have read that the sufferings of the prodigal son were among the means of softening his heart, so I hope your present chastisement may urge you to return in penitence to the house of your heavenly Father. Now, let me entreat you not to trifle with your renewed religious impressions. Lift up your heart to the Saviour, and say, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' Know, assuredly, that he is mighty to save; that it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief. When you go to your lodging think on this passage, and let it encourage you to apply to one who will not quench the smoking flax nor break the bruised reed, but will bring forth judgment to victory." At this moment the youth was overcome with weeping, and I took two tracts and a little book out of my pocket, begged of him to give them an attentive perusal, inquired where he resided, and, several strangers coming up, I bade him good morning, promising at his request to pay him a visit.

I went to see him the next day, when he entered more fully into his own history, informed me that he was a clerk in a house of one of my friends in the city, to whose kindness during his illness he bore a grateful testimony. I read to him the first part of the 12th chapter of the Hebrews, prayed with him, and engaged, with the permission of Providence, to see him again. On each successive visit, I found him increasingly anxious to receive instruction, and acquiring clearer knowledge of the way of salvation. A few weeks afterwards he was also repeatedly visited by a pious member of a church in the neighbourhood, who several times conversed very freely with him on the affairs of his soul; and who told me that he believed he was a true convert to Christ, and gave the most satisfactory evidence that he had passed from death unto life. As I was about to leave the place in which I first saw him for the sea-side, I went to bid him farewell, and was much affected with our last interview. His conversation, though from weakness he engaged in it with some difficulty, was of the most pleasing character. Of himself he spoke with deep humility; of those who had befriended him by their ministrations during his sojourn at his lodging, with affectionate thankfulness; of his Saviour, who, he said, had "met him in the way," with the tenderest acknowledgments of obligation to his forbearance and compassion; and of his hope of heaven, with humble confidence and joy. Three days after my departure, I received a few lines from a friend, informing me that "he died in the faith, peace, and hope of the Gospel."

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* The above was published as a tract in Dublin.

EXTRACTS FROM THOMAS FULLER.

Sin.—Before I commit a sin, it seems to me so shallow, that I may wade through it dry shod from any guiltiness; but when I have committed it, it often seems so deep, that I cannot escape without drowning.

Procrastination.—In Nebuchadnezzar's image, the lower the members, the worse the metal; the farther off the time, the more unfit. To-day is the golden opportunity, to-morrow will be the silver season, next day but the brazen one; and so long, till at last I shall come to the toes of clay, and be turned to dust.

Prayer on being Detained from Church.—Lord, thy servants are now praying in the church, and I am here staying at home, detained by necessary occasions, such as are not of my seeking, but of thy sending; my care could not prevent them, my power could not remove them. Wherefore, though I cannot go to church, there to sit down at table with the rest of thy guests, be pleased, Lord, to send me a dish of their meat hither, and feed my soul with holy thoughts. Eldad and Medad, though staying still in the camp (no doubt on just cause), yet prophesied as well as the other elders.

Preparation for Death.—Solomon saith, "Man goeth to his long home." Short preparations will not fit so long a journey. O let me not put off to the last, to have my oil to buy when I am to burn it! but let me so dispose of myself, that when I am to die, I may have nothing to do but to die.

Dangerous Kindness.—Lord, I read, when our Saviour was examined in the high priest's hall, that Peter stood without, till John (being his spokesman to the maid that kept the door) procured his admission in. John meant to let him out of the cold, and not to let him into a temptation, but his courtesy in intention proved a mischief in event, and the occasion of his denying his Master. O let never my kindness concur, in the remotest degree, to the damage of my friend!

Renovation.—I have observed that towns which have been casually burned, have been built again more beautifully than before; mud walls afterwards made of stone, and roofs formerly but thatched after advanced to be tiled. The apostle tells me that I must not think it strange concerning the fiery trial which is to happen unto me. May I likewise prove improved by it! Let my renewed soul, which grows out of the ashes of the old man, be a more firm fabric and stronger structure, so shall affliction be my advantage.

Bad at Best.—Lord, how come wicked thoughts to perplex me in my prayers, when I desire and endeavour only to attend thy service? Now I perceive the cause thereof: at other times I have willingly entertained them; and now they entertain themselves against my will. I acknowledge thy justice, that what formerly I have invited, now I cannot expel. Give me hereafter always to bolt out such ill guests. The best way to be rid of such bad thoughts in my prayers, is not to receive them out of my prayers.

Catechising.—O for the ancient and primitive ordinance of catechising! Every youth can preach, but he must be a man indeed who can profitably catechise.

POPERY ANTICHRIST.

Whether the word Antichrist be held to signify one who places himself in Christ's stead, or one who is opposed to Christ, it is equally applicable to the Papacy. It is true in the first sense, for the pope maintains that he is Christ's vicar, through whom alone, or his licensed subordinates, valid intercourse can be held with heaven. If, again, we view the word in the latter sense, then, in every respect in which we can contemplate the matter, Popery is the enemy of Christ. By pretending to be Christ's vicar on earth, *he is the enemy of our Lord's divinity*, as if our Lord, by virtue of his divine nature, "were not with his people alway, even to the end of the world." By the doctrine of transubstantiation, which represents Christ's body as destitute of the ordinary properties of a true body, *he is an enemy to our Lord's humanity;* and every time that the host is consecrated, a practical profession is made of the ancient heresy of the Docetæ, who professed to believe that our Lord had a seeming but not a real body. *He is the enemy of our Lord's mediatory office*, in both its parts, as the representative of God to the Church, and as the representative of the Church to God. The priesthood is the alone mediator between God and men which is practically acknowledged by the Papacy. All communications coming from God are invalid that have not their mark upon them. Pardon is invalid when it is merely intimated to the soul by the gracious working of the Spirit, and not authenticated by the absolution of a priest; and the sealing of the Spirit is invalid, when not authenticated in the dying hour by extreme unction; and even the Bible, notwithstanding all the miracles attesting its divinity, can only be safely perused when the seal of the Church is appended to it, in addition to the seal of the great God. And all communications with God on the part of the creature are invalid, except when sanctioned by the Church. Confession is invalid, when it is not presented through the medium of a priest. Faith, hope, and charity, and all the graces of the Spirit, will be of no avail, if separated from the priesthood. For out of the Church of Rome Christ does not act as a mediator between God and man. *It is an enemy to Christ's priestly office.* By the sacrifice of the mass, it incessantly impugns the sufficiency of his sacrifice. By soliciting the prayers and the patronage of departed saints, it impugns the sufficiency of his intercession within the veil. By claiming it to be the head of the Church upon earth, and the rock upon which it is built, *the Papacy is the enemy of Christ's kingly office.* By the temporal monarchy, it altogether misrepresents and asperses the nature of our Lord's kingdom. And what shall we say of its opposition *to his prophetical office?* What can we say, but that Popery may be considered as combining in itself all forms of error, heresy, false religion, and irreligion? In it we meet, in a new form, with the demigods and images of ancient heathenism. In it we find revived a great part of the abolished system of ancient Judaism. She has her priests, and her high priests, and her sacrifices, and her incense, and her holy places, and her jubilees, and her sanctuaries corresponding to the cities of refuge, and many other parts of those beggarly elements, which were abolished on that day when the veil of the temple was rent in twain. In the worship of the saints, we have the vital principle of Arianism—which is this, that worship may be rendered to one who is called a creature. In making the Church the judge of Scripture, we have the essential principle of Socinianism. The Socinian will not believe what Scripture says, until it is attested by his own reason; so nothing is believed by Romanists until it is stamped by the reason of the Church. The self-righteousness of Arminianism is the very life-blood of the system, as received by the people. By auricular confession, and priestly absolution, Antinomianism is carried to the extreme. In the opposition of that system to the Bible, as it came from God, we have the spirit of infidelity. Considered as a whole, it is one of the most tremendous monuments of rebellion and defiance against God that has ever existed in the earth, and probably in the universe. The whole tendency of it is, to turn men away from God, and to lead them to regard the priesthood as occupying his place, and clothed with his attributes.—*White of Haddington.*

DIFFERENT PREACHERS.

Those that are all in exhortation, no whit in doctrine, are like to them that snuff the candle, but pour not in oil. Again, those that are all in doctrine, nothing in exhortation, drown the wick in oil, but light it not; making it fit for use, if it had fire put to it, but as it is, rather capable of good, than profitable for the present. Doctrine without exhortation makes men all brain, no heart; exhortation without doctrine makes the heart full, leaves the brain empty. Both together make a man. One makes a wise man, the other good; one serves that we may know our duty, the other that we may perform it. I will labour in both, but I know not in whether more. Men cannot practise unless they know; and they know in vain if they practise not.—*Bishop Hall.*

ROMAN CATHOLIC RELICS.

The Romanists at Hamburg have in their Cathedral quite a select variety of precious relics. The Rev. Dr. Kurtz, the editor of the *Lutheran Observer*, writes from that city, giving the following specimens:—

"Some of the relics brought by Henry the Lion, from Palestine, which cost him vast sums, are preserved in an ante-chamber leading into the royal vault; one of these which the monks had palmed upon his credulity as a griffin's claw, is now ascertained to be the curved horn of a particular species of antelope. Here are also shown the ivory horn and pipe of St. Blaize, and a singular pillar of wood, bearing the emblems of the Passion of Christ, viz., the spear, nails, and crown of thorns, St. Veronica's handkerchief, St. Peter's sword, the high priest's servant's ear, the cock which crew, &c. The bone of a whale, or mammoth in this vault, long passed for one of Goliath's ribs!"

THE TRACT IN THE SOLE OF A SHOE.

A man having received a tract, used it in filling up the space between the inner and the outer sole of a shoe. Sometime afterwards another man of the same business, sat down on a Sabbath morning to put a new sole to that shoe; but when he had cut away the old leather he saw the tract, and his attention was instantly arrested by its title, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." It was an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. The work was immediately laid aside, and the man hastened to the house of God; his soul was troubled, nor could he find rest until he found it at the cross of Christ."—*Tract Society Meeting at New York.*

AN AGED POOR MAN.

One of the members of Christ's flock was reduced to great poverty in his helpless old age, and yet he never murmured. A kind-hearted neighbour who met him on the road, said to him, "You must be badly off. I cannot tell how you maintain yourself and your wife; and yet you are always cheerful." "O, not so," replied the old Christian; "we are not badly off. We have a rich Father, and he does not suffer us to want." "Your father not dead yet! he must be very old indeed." "My Father never dies, and he always takes care of me." That aged Christian was a daily pensioner on the providence of his merciful and covenant-keeping God.

Miscellaneous.

Pleasure.—The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by what is called pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.

Religion.—Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it—anything but live for it.

Contrast.—The death of Judas is as strong a confirmation of Christianity as the life of Paul.

Illustrations.—God's children are like stars, that shine brightest in the darkest night; like gold, that is brighter for the furnace; like incense, that becomes fragrant by burning; like the camomile plant, that grows fastest when trampled on.

Temptations.—Satan's fiercest temptations are usually directed against the most gracious hearts; he is too crafty a pirate to attack an empty vessel.

The Devil's Property.—The sinner is the devil's mill, always grinding; and Satan is careful ever to keep the hopper full.

A Hypocrite.—A hypocrite neither *is* what he *seems*, nor *seems* what he *is*. He is hated by the world for *seeming* a Christian, and by God for *not being* one. On earth he is the picture of a saint, but in eternity the paint shall all be washed off, and he shall appear at the judgment in his own colours and deformity.

God's Way.—God never makes us what we should be, without first making us know what we are.

Profaneness.—Most sinners seem to serve the devil for pay; but profane swearers are a sort of volunteers, who get nothing for their pains.

DANGER AND DELIVERANCE.

THE BELIEVER'S TRIALS AND DEFENCES.

"If thou wilt serve the Lord,
Stand up, and do not fear
What earth or hell can do,
He's stronger who is near:
Near to maintain thy right—
Near for thy soul to fight.
Each strongest enemy
Shall soon before thee fly;
In God's strength thou shalt beat them low,
And o'er their necks in triumph go."

The days of the believer's life upon earth are not many. Three score and ten years he may possibly number. Some get even beyond that limit, and creep on a good way farther. How many fall long before reaching that term of years measured out by the prophet! far more than those who see it—far more than those who survive it. Those who see it experience long before they reach it manifold infirmities. To them it has been for a long while a downward journey from the top of life. Before dissolution overtakes them and extinguishes the torch of life, it has long been burning faintly; their bodies are already rent with many chinks, and almost decayed. Those who survive it, have also survived many other things besides—their friends and those things which, when alive and vigorous, bound them with the strongest ties to this world. Their bosoms are like sepulchres. Entombed in them are most of those things which were the chief sources of delight to them under the sun. What has been said of old age elsewhere may here be repeated:—

"Alas, old age! I pity thee;
Spring, summer, autumn past—
All human joy is long since past;
Death's darkness gathers fast.

"Alas, how soon shalt thou, old age,
To the church-yard be carried!
Even now, yea, long ago, thy joy
Has pined, has died, is buried!"

When condoling with old age and lamenting its infirmities, let us not overlook our own mortality, and fall into the error which the poet lays at the door of all men:—

"All men think all men mortal but themselves,"

to which censure we all lie but too open. Let us not dismiss it as an inconvenient intruder which it were better to give countenence and entertainment to some future time than at the present. The apostle's way was much wholesomer, who protested that he died daily, having his thoughts always bent on his own mortality, and living daily as, for aught he knew, each day might be his last upon earth. We might profitably copy after him, whose time is as uncertain as Paul's, and who in preparedness for death are, with it may be a few exceptions, incalculably short of him.

But whether one score or three score and ten years be measured out for the believer—for however short or long a time his footsteps may mark this world, and his voice be heard in it—his travel through the whole course of it is to be a difficult and hazardous travel to his soul. His life here is not a continual walking in the sunshine along pleasant and flowery paths; but often also in darkness, and sometimes as it were through the bowels of hell—if his experience is to run parallel with that of most of the servants of the Lord who have gone before him, and whose experience has been recorded by the Spirit for his help. Our Saviour frequently admonishes of this, that we may not pervert the promises, and interpret them as the Jews did, of carnal things; thinking that a sinless paradise may still be found upon earth, and life so shaped as to have all evil and bitterness shut out of it. Our Lord admonishes his disciples to "be of good cheer," for he has overcome the world. In taking this exhortation and applying it to every purpose of consolation, we are not to overlook what goes before: "In the world ye shall have tribulation." How absolutely is it stated! It is not, possibly, probably, peradventure ye shall have tribulation; but "*Ye shall have tribulation.*" The Apostle Paul often enjoins the believer to rejoice: "Rejoice evermore. Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, Rejoice." But he also warns of trial (none more distinctly): none had greater experience of it than himself. What formed the texture of his own experience, he could more than guess would likely form that of all who served the same Master, and walked in the same path. Thus, whilst he describes the believer as rejoicing in hope, he immediately adds: "Patient in tribulation." Those whom the Apostle John saw in glory, were such as had come out of great tribulation, who had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Listening to the voices of pain and anguish that cry to us out of all past time, you shall be able to distinguish those of believers walking through dark places, and in manifold temptations.

The sources of the believer's trials are not obscure and hidden. The region whence those clouds and darkness are blown which so annoy and envelop him, is not an unknown land. It lies near at hand. It is that over which his travel Zionward lies.

> "How lies the course of our mortal life?
> Come tell me, through what land?—
> A course of pain, through a land of woe,
> And terror on either hand.
>
> "By the borders of death and the edge of hell,
> Through storm and cloud alway.—
> By Heaven's light he must steer, who thinks
> To steer for the realms of day."

But not only is the believer's path a rough and difficult one; it is also crowded with enemies, like locusts for number and destructiveness. They are many and strong. Never asleep, that a march might be stolen upon them and escape effected; ever watchful as the lidless dragon that guarded the tree in the garden of the Fates. Who are they? Legion, it might be answered, for they are many. To begin with the heart, the believer's heart: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" It is full of deceit, treachery—all wickedness; so full that no one can know it. With all his experience of it, the believer knows but a little of it. He has never seen all its wickedness. There are depths of sin in it which he has never fathomed, which he cannot fathom, for they are bottomless. It is only by the light of God's Word, the candle of the Lord, that he can make any discovery of the plagues of his own heart. Carefully searching it with this light in his hand, he will discover much—enough for ever to humble him, and shut his mouth against all boasting. But man sees not as the Lord sees; and whatsoever discovery any one may make of the evil of his own heart, there is still a plague that lies hidden; and in that which he does see there is a complexity and deep-grainedness of sin which he cannot unravel or comprehend. After all his soundings of his own heart, there is a depth of wickedness beneath, and no line of his can reach the ground of it. Inside and outside the gates of the heart there is a continual passing to and fro, a stir and commotion of evil thoughts and desires—a readiness at all times to betray the Lord, and go over to the enemy. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Many other enemies has he besides the wickedness of his own heart. It is this wickedness, however, that makes them so dangerous, and gives them such strength and power. But for it they were toothless, and could inflict but little injury, and gain but little advantage. But many there are that thrive by the wickedness of the believer's own heart, and, by taking advantage of it, assault and often grievously wound him. Above all, there is Satan; he goes about continually like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Conversion is a delivering of the soul from the power and bondage of Satan, a casting of him down from his high places. His kingdom is then thrown down in the soul, and the captive delivered out of the hand of the mighty. But he does not finally depart and give up all hope, but rather redoubles his diligence, if so be he may succeed in again imposing his yoke and fetters. He lies about, lurking in ambush round the soul; he goes round the city like a dog, like a lion prowling, gnashing his teeth and ravening. In the city he has many friends, who would fain do him efficient service, willing to open and betray all. He shoots into the heart the fiery darts of hell, and makes them stick and rankle in the conscience, so as to put the believer often to the rack, and rend asunder his rest and peace, and mightily disturb his comfortable walk with the Lord Jesus. How he will stir up and foment wicked desires, mistrustful surmises, downright unbelieving thoughts, about the ways, providence, and faithfulness of God! How often did he assail our Lord in the wilderness, and elsewhere! He could not expect to succeed against him. How much more will he assault the Lord's followers, whom he knows well to be in themselves but sinful dust and ashes; upon whom he therefore hopes to practise with success—if not to slay them, for that he cannot, yet sorely to wound them and make them halt! How eagerly does he watch every thought, every motion of the soul, if he may bend it to his own evil purposes! He is as crafty and wise as he is strong. He prevailed upon many angels in glory to marshal themselves under his rebellious standard. As for the believer, how weak he is! for weakness a worm: "Thou worm Jacob"—"We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." But for grace it would never come to a wrestling with the believer; he would utterly fall before the enemy before the issue was so much as joined. The following prayer in temptation is very suitably and well conceived :—

> "Thou hast me made; and shall thy works decay?
> Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste.
> I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
> And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
> I dare not move my dim eyes any way,
> Despair behind, and death before me cast
> Such terror; and my feeble flesh doth waste
> By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh.
> Only thou art above, and when towards thee,
> By thy leave, I can look, I rise again;
> But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
> That not one hour myself I can sustain;
> Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
> And thou, like adamant, draw mine own heart."

The merciful care of the Lord over his people should next be observed, as it appears in the provision he has made for them against the time of trial and temptation. He has provided suitable defences for them against their adversaries. The adversaries, the strife, the armour, are described by the apostle : "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance, and supplication for all saints."

The breastplate of righteousness, the helmet of salvation—two of the pieces of this heavenly armour. The head and heart, the two eminently vital parts; both in the highest sense seats of life. A serious injury inflicted on either, and the life is gone. The limbs may be hewn and mangled in battle with many a sword blow, and yet the life be preserved. Not so with the head and the heart, the citadels of life. Righteousness and salvation are the armour provided for these; both of invulnerable proof, as they are the defences of the life's vitality, and as against these the main attack of the enemy may be expected. It is a common thing with Satan (and thousands have experienced it—perhaps every true believer has, at one period or another of his Christian course) to thrust at the heart with a temptation like the following: Taking advantage of the smarting of the believer's conscience under a sense of sin, innumerable shortcomings, and infinite unworthiness, he throws an insinuation like this into the heart: How can such a one as thou art hope for mercy? What should the Lord have to do in delivering such a sinner as thou art? Consider how often thou hast provoked him. How long hast thou wearied him with thy iniquities? how grievously hast thou abused his chiefest mercies? how often hast thou put him to an open shame, yea, crucified him afresh? Now, thou hast fallen under fear and terror; how reasonably may the Lord now laugh at thy calamity, and mock thee now that thy fear has come upon thee? He requireth holiness in all his. Thou hast none; your righteousness is as filthy rags; this thou must acknowledge. Surely there can be no hope for thee.

Many believers have been so tempted, and that for a long and sad season. And who knows but such a temptation it may be thine to fall under? Under such a temptation how securely may the humble believer plead the righteousness of Christ! Let him fully admit all that Satan charges against him in reference to his own exceeding sinfulness and worthless estate; it is all true. A great deal more is true; but what can the tempter bring against the righteousness of Christ? No charge against it can alight; no flaw can be found in it; no weapon of the enemy can prevail against it. It can stand all trials of all the darts of hell. When the righteousness of Christ is presented to his attack, the enemy will soon leave the field.

But our space is exhausted, and the reader must be left to pursue his own meditations.

F.

DAVID HUME.

NO. III.

Passing from the points of character which have been noticed, we proceed to observe, that Hume indicates *a low moral sense upon various most important duties and virtues.* It is not necessary to inquire how far this may have sprung from his vanity, or be distinct from it. The facts are too serious to be passed over. We notice them separately.

1. Our Infidel philosopher had a low sense of the claims of truth in general. As a rational creature, as a man of education who had received many mercies from God—above all, as a philosopher, and moral and religious reformer, he was bound to have

a sacred affection for Truth in all departments of inquiry and pursuit—seriously and impartially to search for her—to embrace and retain her at every sacrifice of prejudice—to propagate her, in the face of all danger and opposition, to the ends of the world. Was this the spirit or the practice of Hume? Will any of his warmest admirers pretend that such was his character? Will not most who know anything of the man contend, and with great show of reason, that his practice embodied the very opposite of what is here described as duty?

It seems frequently to be matter of doubt whether Hume differed from the mass of mankind as really and extensively as he appeared—whether his scepticism was not of the sportive kind, suggested by the love of argument and of controversy. On the death of his mother he was tenderly affected; and on being condoled with as one who could not entertain the hopes enjoyed by others, of meeting with dear friends in another world, he put the condolence away from him, by remarking that, though he liked to indulge in argument, he differed less from his friends than they imagined. We are disposed to give all due weight to this explanation; but we are afraid it will not avail to any serious extent. Granting that Hume often assumed a character in his reasoning with his friends, the very fact of his doing so—at least of his leaving it uncertain, on the most momentous questions, whether he were arguing from conviction or for mere reasoning's sake—would indicate no very deep sense of the claims of truth, while his deliberate and repeated publications, spread over a life-time, and elaborately corrected and defended, exclude the idea of the sportive, save at a more serious imputation upon his character. There can be no reasonable question that, in the mass, Hume's writings express his real sentiments; and how inconsistent his mode of treating Truth, compared with her claims! He was careless about ascertaining the truth. Though a laborious student of books, there is no evidence of his ever seriously reading, far less regularly searching, the Book of books. We find in his correspondence and works ample evidence of his acquaintance with the ancient classics, and also with modern literature, Foreign as well as British, but no evidence of his acquaintance with the Scriptures; and that, though no small part of his writings affected morals and religion. There are, indeed, a few Scripture texts and allusions, but where not introduced in an improper spirit, they seem to have been the mere recollections of childhood. We have no evidence that the man whose principles were sapping revelation, had ever seriously considered its claims so far as solemnly and prayerfully to read through the New Testament.

This was a bad preparation for fidelity in ordinary history. Accordingly, we do not wonder to learn that, while most careful about his style and mode of expression, even in his private letters, while he laboriously corrected any errors as to these, he was culpably careless about the facts of his History. He would not endure the toil of thoroughly exploring the dry Parliamentary and other documents, which are essential to complete and accurate knowledge. In short, he was more concerned about the manner than the matter, the varnish than the substance. Hence his general inaccuracy, and, in fact, his gross injustice to the Reformers, and such characters as Sir Walter Raleigh, and Prynne, the persecuted Puritan. It is strongly maintained by those who do not speak without authority, that Hume not only would not avail himself of the materials of true history placed within his reach, but that he perverted the materials lying open before him; so that, if fully quoted, they would have been found to have contradicted his statements. If secular history were treated in this way, the reader may judge what chance sacred history had of justice at his hands—history so deeply wounding to his prejudices. Professor Dugald Stewart, indeed, in his Preliminary Dissertation to the Encyclopædia Britannica, takes credit to Hume for a love of truth, from a desire to submit his Treatise on Human Nature to the inspection of Bishop Butler previous to its publication; but the course which he pursued in the matter brings out a fresh view of his disregard for the claims of truth. What says he himself in a private letter to Lord Kames? Speaking of his work, he says: "I am at present cutting off its *nobler parts*—that is, endeavouring it shall give as little offence as possible; before which I could not pretend to put it into the Doctor's hands. *This is a piece of cowardice for which I blame myself*, though I believe none of my friends will blame me." Was this honourable or manly—like the love of truth, or like anxiety, let consequences be what they may, to find it? Was this the way in which the sacred writers, and those who are imbued with their spirit, treated truth? Hume condemned himself for the cowardly suppression, and yet he continued to act upon the principle. For ten years he kept back his doctrine on the subject of miracles, and his utilitarian theory of morals, though he deemed them of high importance. No doubt, there is a prudence to be observed in the communication even of truth. Scripture acts upon the principle of teaching men as they are able to bear; but this is not the position of Hume. Not out of regard to the good of others, but in cowardly fear about himself, he held back what he believed to be immediately important, and what, but from fear of his own interests, he would have made known. Is this the champion of truth? Is he not rather its betrayer? One thing is clear, that upon Hume's principle, truth never would have had any martyrs, at least, he would not have been one of the number. Acting in the manner which he did, it is impossible that he could have had any deep impression of the value and obligation of truth.

And the same superficial impression is apparent in his abstaining from zealous means of propagation. If a man love the truth, he will feel the obligation of making it known to others. God gives the knowledge of truth on the express condition that it be propagated. If a man do not zealously propagate what he professes to believe to be true, we have great reason to doubt whether he really believes in its high claims. Certainly, under the restriction which has been noticed, Hume was a busy writer and propagator of his views through the press, but it is re markable that here his labours ceased. Whether from policy, a sense of insecurity, or a fear of losing his temper, he avoided controversy in society, and made a rule not to answer those who replied to him even through the press. He never spoke in private society of his peculiar opinions, though he considered them very important. The condition of his intercourse with clerical friends was, that they were to be silent on the subject of religion. So little did many apprehend from the society of Hume, that we are informed he was a great favourite with ladies and children, and that he never attempted to bias their views in favour of his own. Some may think this a creditable course, savouring of the calm and impartial. We humbly apprehend that it is treachery to truth, showing that the party has no just impressions of the obligations of truth, and very imperfectly believes what he professes to hold as true—at least is prepared to make no sacrifice of ease and social comfort and worldly friendship in its behalf. What a contrast to the inspired propagators of truth!—to the spirit and conduct of Him who is emphatically The Truth! Was the man who held truth so lightly, and was prepared to suffer so little in its behalf, warranted to rob others of their faith in a truth which animated its holders, where necessary, to submit to the loss of all things? An anecdote is related, not by Hume's present biographer, but by an authority which seems unqestionable (Dr. Gregory)—that on the philosopher being asked whether, if he had a wife or daughter, he would wish them to be his disciples, he replied, "No; I believe scepticism may be too sturdy a virtue for a woman."

Is this like truth, and the highest truth, to be limited to men, and it may be only a small part of them? How unlike to revealed truth on the same subjects, which is thrown open to all! and how are Hume's poor narrow views of truth in connection with woman rebuked by the fact, that the female sex are the very parties who have stood undauntedly and to the last in defence of persecuted truth! What a contrast their courage to the philosopher's timidity! How they might act under the influence of Infidelity is another question. Thus have we seen that Hume indicates a low moral sense in regard to the claims of truth in general; and that this is apparent in his carelessness in asserting the truth, his cowardice in fully unfolding it, and his want of zeal and courage in propagating it.

2. We notice, secondly, his low moral sense in the want of honesty and truth between man and man, and his consequent gross injustice to many who merited a different treatment at his hands. Entertaining poor impressions of the obligation of truth in general, it is not wonderful that his observance of relative truth was most defective; and yet this is a sort of morality in which mere men of the world pride themselves. How disgraceful that a philosopher should fall short of the attainments of men who make no pretension either to religion or philosophy! Hume speaks of justice, not as a natural but artificial virtue, depending entirely on the arbitrary institutions of men and civil society, and by no means therefore incumbent. Holding this as a principle, need we be surprised that he was unfaithful to his fellow-men in many forms?

An ordinary sense of honour and justice, we think, should have led a man denying and hating revelation, and maintaining the principles of Infidelity and Atheism, to have abstained from any interference with the appointments of the Christian Church. Plainly these were beyond his province. Common propriety should have dictated this; but no. Hume had no moral scruples. Through friends he actively exercised patronage in the Church of Scotland, the Church of Ireland, and the Church of Rome in France. However striking an illustration the fact may afford of the absurdity of Church patronage, it also furnishes a striking proof of Hume's low moral sense in transactions between man and man. If the current belief be correct, and there is nothing in the "Life" to contradict, but rather confirm it, that he at one time contemplated an Irish bishopric for himself, as the reward of his political and literary services, the circumstance would only bring out his wretched morality in a still more impressive form. In keeping with this low moral feeling in regard to Church patronage, if not a serious aggravation passing into direct hypocrisy, it may be added, that Hume (at least during the two years he resided in France in the later period of his life) regularly attended the ambassador's chapel; in other words, professedly joined in Protestant worship, while all the time a thorough unbeliever! nay, that when in Scotland he kept seats in church for his servants, and called them to account for supposed absence! How can this conduct be denominated? Surely by no other term save hypocrisy. Could an honest or an honourable man in his dealings with his fellow-men have acted in this manner? Then what a want of truth was there in his confounding true Christianity with Popery, though he could not but know that intelligent Christians held the one to be a gross corruption of the other!—in speaking, in his Essay on Miracles, of "*our* holy religion," &c., leaving his reader to suppose that he was a Christian, and so throwing the reader the more effectually off his guard!—and in writing a review of the work of Henry the historian, in the course of which he takes occasion to praise Robertson and Blair as pillars of Christianity, and speaks of Infidelity with concern, as a Christian would be supposed to speak of it! What gross insincerity and hypocrisy must have been here!

Descending from religion proper to the more ordinary transactions of man with man, we mark the same absence of strict truth and honesty. He deals in the grossest flattery of Madame Boufflers, of which a philosopher of sense might well have been ashamed. According to his friend Robertson, he wrote the Anglo-Saxon period of his History slightly and superficially, because it was paid for before it was composed—the very reason, with an honourable mind, why the greater pains should have been bestowed upon it; and in regard to the History as a whole, apart from the mere influence of prejudice, from which none are altogether free, it may safely be pronounced a monument of unfairness and dishonesty, full of injustice to the principles and character of many. Gilbert Stuart, in his "View of the Society of Europe," speaks of the "many gross and *wilful* errors of Hume," and points some of them out. Lord Gardenstone, in his "Critical Remarks on Eminent Historians," says of Hume, "It was his misfortune to despise accuracy of research, and fidelity of citation; while detection flashed in his face, he commonly adhered to whatever he had once written. He sometimes asserts a positive untruth, contradicted by the very authorities whom he pretends himself to be quoting, but more commonly gains his purpose by suppressing the whole evidence on the opposite side of the question." The Rev. Dr. M'Queen, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, eminent as a scholar as well as a divine, exposed, at the moment of publication, the dishonesty and injustice of the Infidel historian, in a series of admirable "Letters;" while in later times, Mr. Brodie, the present historiographer for Scotland, has made a most searching exposure in his "History of the British Empire"—an exposure which we are glad to learn he means to continue. Indeed, it is a happy arrangement in providence, that the same Infidel pen which was so unjust to religious men, was not more merciful to the friends of civil liberty. Hence, all who sympathize with the former obtain the benefit of the defensive labour of the latter. But we need not appeal to authorities; the careless dishonesty of Hume is apparent from statements of the biographer, and his own letters, now published. Not only was he averse to the study of British law—a study which was essential to the correctness of his statements and conclusions—but where furnished with valuable materials, as in the Memoirs of James II., written by himself, he made the most meagre and inadequate use of them. Was this the spirit of a man who really loved honesty and uprightness? Lord Brougham, in his memoir of Hume, attempts to apologize for him, by saying that he wrote too hastily. This may be true as a fact, but it is no real excuse. Why write in a haste inconsistent with doing justice to the parties more immediately concerned? He was not pressed by penury. Does this not of itself discover a low sense of what was due to truth? He could be slow and elaborate when it suited his humour. He kept back his Dialogue on Natural Religion for thirty years, and even in his History there are ample evidences of care and elaboration as respects the style. Why in such haste about the more important materials? Moreover, rapidity in composition is not always inconsistent with the claims of justice and truth. Some of the writings of his brother Infidel Voltaire, were written in as great haste as Hume's History, but not interfering with his prejudices, are not open to the same charges.

The crowning proof, however, of Hume's utter want of truth and justice between man and man remains to be noticed, and that is a private letter only partially and reluctantly quoted by Lord Brougham, but now published at length, which consists of A DELIBERATE AND LABOURED DEFENCE OF LYING. With all the laxity of his moral principles, few, perhaps, would have been prepared for such an exhibition. It is in perfect harmony, however, with the facts which we have been stating, as well as his own system. Applying in behalf of an Infidel friend for an appointment in the Church of England, Hume, not in the folly of youth, or the weakness of age, but at fifty-three, a season of maturity and vigour, thus attempts to vindicate, or rather state, the case:—

Addressing Colonel Edmonstone in 1764, he says: "What! do you know that Lord Bute is again all-powerful, or rather that he was always so, but is now acknowledged for such by all the world? Let this be a new motive for Mr. V—— to adhere to the ecclesiastical profession, in which he may have so good a patron; for civil employments for men of letters can scarcely be found; all is occupied by men of business, or by Parliamentary interest. It is putting too great a respect on the vulgar, and on their superstitions, to pique one's self on sincerity with regard to them. Did ever one make it a point of honour to speak truth to children or madmen? If the thing were worthy being treated gravely, I should tell him that the Pythian oracle, with the approbation of Zenophon, advised every one to worship the gods. I wish it were still in my power to be a hypocrite in this particular. The common duties of society usually require it; and the ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation, without which it is impossible to pass through the world. Am I a liar, because I order my servant to say I am not at home, when I do not desire to see company?"

Of course, by "the vulgar and their superstition," we are to understand Christians and Christianity. Philosophers put too great respect upon them, by being sincere! They are fair game, and lying and falsehood are good enough for them. What a miserable exhibition of boasted philosophy! Hume wishes it were still in his own power to be a hypocrite—that is, if he could make money by his hypocrisy. Unhappy man! wretched master of logic as well as of morals. "Did ever one," says he, "make it a point of honour to speak truth to children and madmen?" Yes, thousands and tens of thousands of better men than David Hume, have felt it a point of conscience as well as honour; and experience has proclaimed that they were right, that it is the only successful way of treating either. No guardian even of the insane can dispense with truth. The attempt to do so has been found a fatal error in medicine as well as morals. Such was Hume in the commonplace morality which presides over the dealings of man with man. What a humiliating picture of character does he present! And this is the person to denounce patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, reformers and martyrs—men who loved truth, who exemplified it in their own persons, and who, when called by principle, cheerfully sacrificed life in its behalf.

3. But there is still another illustration of Hume's low moral sense. We refer to the light views which he entertained of conjugal infidelity. He speaks "of the monkish virtues of mortification, penance, humility, and passive suffering," thus insidiously classing the Christian virtues of mortification of sin, and hu-

mility, and resignation, with penance, and denouncing them as monkish; and not contented with giving an indirect loosening to the passions, he speaks of adultery in the lightest, and therefore the most atrocious, terms. Dr. Beattie has given the substance of his sentiments in the well-known statement: "That adultery must be practised if men would obtain all the advantages of life; that, if generally practised, it would in time cease to be scandalous; and that, if practised secretly and frequently, it would by degrees come to be thought no crime at all."* Marvellous to tell, Hume described the work in which adultery is thus spoken of—viz., his "Essay Concerning the Principles of Morals"—"as, of all my writings, historical, philosophical, and literary, incomparably the best."

Nor were these awful sentiments—so destructive to the law both of God and of man—such an outrage on decent society—a mere monstrous theory: Hume acted upon them in his intercourse with men. He treated his French friends and admirers, living in open immorality, with the greatest respect. He never whispered a word of dissatisfaction at their conduct; nay, at the mature age of fifty-three, he entered into a warm and protracted correspondence with Madam de Boufflers, who had been living for years, and was living at that time, in undisguised adultery with the Prince of Conti. On the death of her husband, Hume laboured to prevail upon the prince to acknowledge her as his wife; not from any detestation of the crime, but that she might be raised to "a station suitable to her merit;" and on being unsuccessful, he tells us that he was more agitated by the various turns of this affair, than by "almost any event in which I was ever engaged." So deep was the interest which he felt in an unblushing woman. And this was not a solitary case. His biographer admits that many of the literary society of France, in which Hume bore a part, were thorough profligates; and that, morally considered, the state of things was hideous, and yet, that the actors were insensible to its hideousness. To refer to one or two individual instances. D'Alembert, the philosopher, was a great favourite of Hume's, so much so that the latter left him a legacy of £200, and describes him thus: "In a word, I scarce know a man who, with some few exceptions (for there must always be some exceptions), is a better model of a virtuous and philosophical character." Yet this very man was living in open immorality. This was not the only case; Diderot was another. Hume expressly mentions him among those whose person and conversation he liked best; and yet, what is the account of him which is given in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1813, apparently by the present Lord Jeffrey? He tells us that he cannot read his writings without a portion of disgust—that there is a tone of blackguardism, indelicacy, and profanity, quite shocking. He adds (and this includes all Hume's French friends): "The whole tribe of French writers who have had any pretensions to philosophy for the last seventy years, are infected with a species of indelicacy which is peculiar, we think, to their nation, and strikes us as more shameful and offensive than any other."

It is not necessary to refer to Rousseau, as he could not be reckoned among Hume's friends, a bitter quarrel having hopelessly separated them. It may only be noticed, that it was not Rousseau's notorious profligacy which repelled Hume—that in the midst of this the Scottish philosopher could say: "I am sensible that *my* connections with him add to my importance at present"—but other causes. It may be added, that the prodigious influence which this man's writings exerted in France, and the popular worship in which he was held by all classes, form a striking proof of the moral hideousness of French society at the time.

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* Essay on Truth, part ii., ch. 1.

CURIOSITIES OF SCRIPTURE CHRONOLOGY.

(*From the Princeton Review.*)

We here insert two tables relating to the early chronology of the world, prepared by one of our correspondents, the Rev. J. U. Parsons, of Georgia.

Table I.—*From the creation to the Flood, exhibiting,* 1, *the number of years that each Patriarch was contemporary with the other.* 2, *The years of the world in which each was born and died.* 3, *The age of each.*

	Adam.	Seth.	Enos.	Cainaan.	Mahalaleel.	Jared.	Enoch.	Methuselah.	Lamech.	Noah.	Shem, &c.	Anno Mundi. Born.	Anno Mundi. Died.	Anno Mundi. Ag
Adam	930											1	930	930
Seth.	800	912										130	1042	912
Enos	695	807	905									235	1140	905
Cainaan. . . .	605	717	815	910								325	1235	910
Mahalaleel .	535	647	745	840	895							395	1290	895
Jared	470	582	680	775	830	962						460	1422	962
Enoch.	308	365	365	365	365	365	365					622	987	365
Methuselah.	243	355	453	548	603	735	300	969				687	1656	969
Lamech. . . .	56	168	266	361	416	548	113	782	777			874	1651	777
Noah			84	179	224	366		600	595	950		1056	2006	950
Shem, &c. . .								100	95	450	600	1556	2156	600
The Flood .													1656	

From this table several very valuable points of information are gained. The thought has probably arisen in the mind of every liberal student, "Is there not reason to apprehend that the account of creation and of the early events in the history of the world, such as the garden of Eden, the temptation, fall and expulsion of our first parents, &c., would be greatly corrupted by passing through so many generations, when there were no letters to perpetuate a historical event? Would not the imaginations of men, and the love of the marvellous, intermingle much of fancy with truth, in the account transmitted to subsequent generations?"

This sceptical suggestion arises from the idea that the story must have passed through many narrators, and that few opportunities of comparing and correcting one account by another were enjoyed. Look at the table as illustrating these points.

1. And first, the number of times that the story must be repeated by different persons. Noah and his three sons could receive the account of creation at the second rehearsal, and that through several distinct channels. 1. Adam could relate it to Enos for 695 years, and Enos to Noah for eighty-four years. Or, 2. Adam, during 605 years, could discourse of it to Cainaan, and Cainaan 179 years to Noah. Again, 3. Adam could rehearse it for 535 years to Mahalaleel, and Mahalaleel for 224 years to Noah. 4. Adam had 470 years to instruct Jared in those sublime facts, and Jared was contemporary 366 years with Noah. Through these four distinct channels Noah could receive a direct account from Adam. But again, 5. Adam lived till Methuselah was 243 years old, time enough surely to obtain an accurate knowledge of all those facts pertaining to the dawn of created existence; and Methuselah lived 600 years with Noah, and 100 with his three sons. And once more, 6. Adam lived to see Lamech, the father of Noah, till he was fifty-six years old, and Lamech lived with Noah 595 years, and ninety-five years with Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Through these six channels the account could be brought down to the time of the flood.

Now the directness of this communication is the same as the following. My grandfather was a sergeant in the revolutionary war, and was wounded in the arm by a musket ball. How do I know that, seeing he died before my birth? He related it to his children, among whom was my mother, and she to me. He was contemporary thirty years with her, and she twenty-five years with me, and that fact is as well established, distinct, and certain to my mind as any recorded in history. Precisely such was the directness of Noah and his sons' information relative to creation; and at the same time the certainty of accuracy was increased by much longer periods of contemporary life, and a six-fold chain of testimony.

2. This table shows how many opportunities there were of comparing and correcting different accounts. The perpendicular column of names shows how many were contemporary with generations before them, and the figures in the horizontal line denote the number of years common to both. Thus, Jared was contemporary with Adam 470 years, with Seth 582, Enos 680, Cainaan 775, Mahalaleel 830, and with himself 962. The horizontal column of names, and the perpendicular line of figures under them, show the generations after them with which each was contemporary, and the length of time. Thus take the name Jared over the perpendicular line of figures, and follow it down, and he will be found to have lived with his son Enoch 365 years, and survived him, with Enoch's son Methuselah 735 years, with Lamech 548, and Noah 366.

These two combined, show the whole number of generations with which each was contemporary. Thus, Adam was contemporary with none before him, but all after him down to Lamech. Again, take the horizontal name Methuselah, and trace it along the horizontal line of figures, and you find him contemporary with all before him, till you come to himself; then turn down the column under his name, and he is contemporary with all after him down to the very year of the flood, being 100 years with Shem and his brothers.

In this way it will be found that all the generations from Adam to the flood were eleven. Of all these Adam was contemporary with nine, Seth with nine, Enos ten, Cainaan ten, Mahalaleel ten, Jared ten, Enoch nine, Methuselah eleven, Lamech eleven, Noah eight, Shem and brothers four. Thus there were never less than nine contemporary generations from Adam to the flood, which would give, in one lineal descent, eighty-one different channels, through which the account might be transmitted.

3. Another important point illustrated by this table, is the occurrence of the flood at the precise time, and the only time, when it could have occurred, without contradicting the sacred history, and the chronological account. The reason assigned in sacred history for the deluge, was the great wickedness of men, for which all were to be destroyed, except Noah and his family. Now, if the flood had occurred ten years sooner than it did, it would have involved Methuselah and Lamech in the destruction of the wicked; for the former lived to the very year of the flood, A.M. 1656, and the latter within five years of it, A.M. 1651. And again it would have involved a contradiction; for if the ark had been completed in fifty instead of 100 years, and the age of Methuselah and Lamech had been given as it is, it would have brought their death fifty years after the flood! And there is not one year from the creation, at which the date of the flood could have been fixed without involving such a con-

tradition, till the very date given! This is a very remarkable coincidence, and, if the accounts given are fabrications, a most fortunate escape from a fatal blunder.

Table II.—*From the Flood to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.*

	Noah.	Shem.	Arphaxad.	Salah.	Eber.	Peleg.	Rue.	Serug.	Nahor.	Terah.	Abram.	Isaac.	Jacob.	Anno Mundi. Born.	Anno Mundi. Died.	Anno Mundi. Age.
Noah . . .	950													1056	2006	950
Shem . . .	450	600												1556	2156	600
Arphaxad	350	433	438											1658	2096	438
Salah . . .	315	433	403	433										1693	2126	433
Eber . . .	285	433	373	403	464									1723	2187	464
Peleg . . .	209	209	209	209	209	209								1757	1916	209
Reu	221	239	239	239	239	170	239							1787	2026	239
Serug . . .	189	230	230	230	230	165	207	230						1819	2049	230
Nahor . .	158	148	148	148	148	67	148	148	148					1849	1997	148
Terah . . .	130	205	177	205	205		100	130	148	205				1878	2124	205
Abram . .	60	175	148	175	175		78	101	49	175	175			1948	2123	175
Isaac . . .		108	58	78	139			1	76	75	75	180		2048	2228	180
Jacob . . .		48		18	79				16	15	15	120	147	2108	2255	147

The results of the second table are no less striking and instructive. Who ever imagined, without making the comparison, that Noah lived to see Abram sixty years old, and that Shem lived to witness all the glorious things transacted between God and Abram, and finally to see him buried and to unite in the general mourning for the father of the faithful! Who would have supposed that Abram lived his whole lifetime, Isaac for 108 years, and Jacob for forty-eight years, with those who for 100 years of their early life witnessed and assisted in the building of the ark; who were borne triumphantly in it through the swelling flood, saw the opening heavens, felt the heaving earth when its deep foundations were broken up, and heard the groan of a perishing world! Yet such was the fact, as will be seen by comparing births and deaths in the second table. Noah was contemporary with every generation after him down to Abram; Shem down to Jacob; and Arphaxad down to Isaac; Salah and Eber again down to Jacob, and probably Eber to the twelve sons of Jacob.

Every one disposed to do so, can trace the same facts in regard to the manifold channels of communication from the flood to Abram, Isaac, and Jacob, as we found from the creation to the flood. We will only notice here the whole chain from Adam to the fathers of the Hebrews. Three narrations only were necessary to bring the account of creation to those fathers; and a part of the cords entwined in this "cable strong," may be seen from the following collation:—

ADAM could narrate to	Enos,	could narrate to	Noah,	could narrate to	Shem, &c.,
	Cainaan,		Shem,		Arphaxad, &c.,
	Mahalaleel,		Ham, and		Nahor,
	Jared,		Japheth,		Abram,
	Methuselah,				Isaac,
	Lamech,				Jacob.

Three narrations bring the account to the time when minute and particular history commences; and when the art of inscribing upon papyrus, and probably upon parchment, was understood. The participators in the awful scenes of the flood lived to see the Pharaohs, the pyramids and obelisks of Egypt, and probably to have those scenes stereotyped on monuments and in hieroglyphics which have come down to us. So that we have the account, in a manner, second-handed from Shem.

We here leave this interesting field of observation to be pursued by the intelligent Christian at his leisure.

CHRIST CURSING THE BARREN FIG TREE.

"And on the morrow, when they were come from Bethany, he was hungry: and seeing a fig tree afar off having leaves, he came, if haply he might find anything thereon: and when he came to it, he found nothing but leaves: for the time of figs was not yet. And Jesus answered and said unto it, No man eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever."—Mark xi. 12-14.

It appears somewhat strange, that our Lord should have expected to find fruit on this fig tree at a season which is expressly affirmed not to have been the time of figs; and still more so, that he should have blighted it for ever for not having what, by the very constitution of nature, it was prevented from possessing. Many suppositions and conjectures have been made to account for this, or at least to take off a little of its seeming contradiction to truth and propriety. To say nothing of some attempts at explanation which carry their own refutation along with them, we have been told of certain fig trees which are always green with leaves, and have also a kind of perennial fruit, for the old and new hang on it together at the same time (Whitby); but, unfortunately, no such fig trees are now-a-days to be found, and we may safely dismiss them among other absurdities of Jewish learning. Then, we have been told of a certain peculiarity of the fig tree, that it forms its fruit before putting forth its leaves, so that this particular tree, being full of leaves, might possibly, it is thought, have had fruit also in a state of sufficient forwardness to be eaten, and to satisfy the hunger of Christ; as if it were not a matter of well-known certainty, that the young figs remain hard and uneatable till past midsummer, that *the earliest ripe* are never found before the end of June, few even before the end of July, while the transaction here recorded took place at the time of the passover; that is, about the beginning or toward the middle of April. Yet if only seen in the right point of view, there is no inexplicable difficulty in the matter, and the very point which creates the embarrassment, is fitted, and no doubt was intended, to render the meaning of the whole more clear and manifest.

1. It must be seen at once by all who have the least spiritual discernment, that the deed performed by our Lord here was a symbolical transaction—a thing done, not properly for its own sake, but for the purpose of teaching a great moral lesson. Even supposing it *had* been the time of figs, and that, seeing such an appearance of leaves on the tree, Christ might justly have expected something on it to satisfy his hunger, yet to betray a spirit of resentment at not finding what he expected, by blighting the unconscious tree, would have been unworthy even of a reasonable being, not to speak of the Holy One of Israel; but how much more, when it was not the time of figs, when that was still at a distance of three months, and when, of course, there was no room for any feeling of resentment whatever to enter! It is clear as day, that the action of our Lord on the tree was altogether of a symbolical nature, and that he never would have done what he did, unless it had been to give, by this outward action, a suitable and striking exhibition of some important truth. Indeed, all the works of Christ on earth were chiefly of a prophetical or instructive character: they were performed, not for their own sakes alone, but as the means of revealing to the world his person and character, and the nature and objects of his mission. Hence, when John's disciples came inquiring whether he was indeed the Messiah, the answer returned was simply, "Tell him what things ye do hear and *see*." And hence, also, he called upon his disciples to "believe him for the very works' sake;" and said to the Jews, "The works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me." But if this was true of all his works, it was pre-eminently true of such as were miraculous, in which there was a display of properties manifestly and peculiarly divine. And if we may distinguish among these, then surely the symbolical or teaching character must have belonged in the highest and most emphatical sense to the works or miracles of Christ, which were of a more extraordinary nature than others, in performing which he travelled out of his usual course, and did what we cannot suppose he would have done at all, but for the higher ends of his mission. For what could he intend by such deeds, but to arrest men's attention, and, as it were, compel their regard to the spiritual instruction conveyed under the outward action? Now, this action of Christ upon the fig tree was of so extraordinary, so singular a nature, that it may be said to stand alone in the history of his miraculous working. Tenderness and mercy breathe from every other part of that. His power displayed its divine energy not only upon living and conscious beings, but always in blessing them and doing them good; here alone did he expend it on an inanimate object, and that for the immediate purpose, not of remedying an evil that already existed, but of inflicting one that had no existence before. By its whole character and circumstances, therefore, this transaction of Christ is marked out as one pre-eminently symbolical—as done, not like the rest, in part merely, but *solely* to teach a spiritual lesson of great importance and solemnity.

2. If now we look to the time and occasion when this miracle of blighting was wrought on the fig tree, we shall see plainly enough what was the nature of the lesson it was designed to teach, and how appropriate the work was at such a season. The Lord had just entered in triumphal procession into Jerusalem, riding on an ass, according to the words of the prophet, and thereby announcing himself as the King of Zion. In this capacity he proceeded to the temple, the house that peculiarly belonged to him as king; and in proof of the authority which he claimed there, as well as of his holy indignation at the iniquity which exalted itself in the very centre of his kingdom, he cast out the covetous traffickers from its courts, saying: "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." This action also, so unlike the usual mildness and forbearance of Christ, was evidently symbolical, and was designed to show what was *his* sense of the state of things then existing in the land, and what, if not speedily reformed, it might expect from his hand. The temple was at that time the seat of the divine kingdom, and as such was well fitted to represent in general the members and interests of the kingdom. Even the rebellious generation, whose obstinate perseverance in sin drew on the Babylonish exile, showed that they understood this when they said: "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we." And there can be no doubt, that when Christ took possession of the temple as his own, as the palace of the great King, and expelled from it the unworthy characters who were polluting its courts, he meant to teach a lesson to the whole nation—to declare by an outward act, that, having withstood the preaching of John the Baptist, and refused to profit by his own instructions as the great Prophet of Israel, he was now ready to come near to them in judgment, and would drive them all from the kingdom as he drove the traffickers from the temple. But lest, in their infatuated blindness, they should mistake his meaning, or not attend to the solemn warning, he repeated the lesson on the following day by direct instruction in the parable of the wicked husbandmen of the vineyard, in which he spoke so pointedly, that "the Pharisees perceived he spoke against them;" and which he wound up with the equally explicit and startling testimony, that "the

kingdom of God should be taken from them, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof."—(Matt. xxi. 43.) It was on the same morning, and as he was on his way to the temple, where he taught this parable, that he went to the fig tree and blasted it; so that the action on it stands mid-way between the purging of the temple and the direct instruction by the parable. And how suitably does it stand there! How clearly does it proclaim, in common with the other two, the purpose for which he comes as the King of Zion to his Church! viz., to seek the spiritual fruit which all his gracious and kindly dealings toward it as well as its own fair professions entitled him to expect! And if disappointed in this just expectation, how certainly does it then declare he would cause his judgment to alight, to bring the outward condition into fitting correspondence with the inward—to render what *would* not bear fruit, when it *might* have done so, henceforth manifestly incapable of doing it—a monument of blighting, desolation, and ruin!

3. Such being the evident design, and the *only* design of this transaction, we may surely understand that its being done when the time of figs was not yet come, was only to make the lesson more clear and manifest—to render it in a manner impossible for the people to think merely of the unfruitfulness of the fig tree and its blighted condition, but to force them to see in these the higher and spiritual things they represented. The fleshly nature of Christ, conscious of hunger, instinctively prompted him to look for relief to the first object that seemed capable of affording it. That the fig tree did not possess the means of doing so, the merest child could see was no fault on its part—nature had denied it the power of yielding the satisfaction. But, ah! then, how much more easily was the mind carried out to think of those who *might* have brought forth the expected fruit, if they had but so willed it! And how much more forcibly was the warning pressed upon their notice of a fearful, impending visitation of judgment! For now the action spoke to them, not indirectly and by halves, but directly and exclusively. Had it been the time of figs, there would have been some excuse, at least, for their looking merely to the field of nature, and thinking only of what presented itself to the eye of sense; but as it was, there was no mistaking the transaction—it was a mirror in which the most unreflecting mind could hardly fail to behold the solemn and awakening truth it was designed to inculcate. So clearly, indeed, does the symbolical here shine through the visible—so exclusively was that in the eye of the evangelist, as it doubtless was also in the eye of Christ—that he regards the tree as a living creature, a conscious representative of the people; in whose condition Christ hears, as it were, their mind expressing itself, and to whom therefore he *answers* and speaks the feelings of his own. "The will of my divine nature," he in a manner proclaimed, "as irresistibly constrains me to seek in you, the visible members of my kingdom, the fruits of righteousness, as the natural instinct of hunger has impelled me to seek here the means of a present satisfaction. But, lo! such is the hopeless degeneracy of your state, notwithstanding all your proud and flattering appearances, that I might as soon have found in this season of spring the fruit of mid-summer on the fig tree before me, as that spiritual harvest from you which I have a right to look for. Let *it*, then, be your warning monitor; see what for your sakes I have made it; and in its now blighted and withering condition, behold the emblem of what the just retribution of Heaven, if it fall, must inevitably make you." Thus we see, that when rightly considered—that is, viewed not in part merely, as is commonly done, but as altogether a symbolical transaction, performed simply for the purpose of teaching a great moral lesson—there is no inexplicable difficulty about it. Not only so, but the circumstance of its being done when the time of figs was not yet, not *nearly* indeed come, rather serves to help us to the real meaning of the transaction, and might almost be regarded as a sort of key to its right interpretation.

4. It is not to be forgotten, that while the transaction spoke directly to the Jews, and, as a prophetical action, had its accomplishment primarily in them, it speaks also with loud and solemn warning to the whole professing Church of God. This is in every age a vineyard of the Lord's planting, in which every tree is planted for the purpose of yielding fruit to God. Nay, so intent is the Lord on obtaining this, and so large is the desire of his heart regarding it, that he will not be content merely with some degree of productiveness; for he says: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit." Not only are the leaves not accounted of, but a small return is also esteemed as nothing—much fruit is sought; because replenished as the Church is with gifts of grace, this alone is glorifying to the Father, and acceptable to the Son. Here, too, in this region of grace it is otherwise than in the region of nature; for the sun of grace ever shines, and its showers of blessing ever fall, so that it is always the time for yielding fruit to God; and if not yielded through all the seasons of life, it can only be because the root of the matter is not in us—we are as a field nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned. Fruitless professor, be warned in time of the perilous nature of thy condition, and trifle not with the things of God's mercy and judgment. Remember that both of these mingle in his dealings toward thee; mercy, indeed, first, but that, if slighted and abused, assuredly running into judgment. He is giving thee, as he gave sinners in the days of his flesh, line upon line, and warning upon warning; loath to execute the work of judgment, and still yearning for thy salvation, he not only plies thee with the calls and entreaties of grace, but turns the field of nature into a school of instruction, and shows thee there, in many an object of blighting and desolation, the emblem of thy deserved doom; but the judgment cannot always linger, and suddenly, it may be by the morning dawn, will the hour of visitation come, as it befell this fruitless fig tree. Awake, therefore, awake now to righteousness, and sin not; be up and doing in the Lord's service, lest repentance should be hid from his eyes.

P. F.

Salton.

DYING SAYINGS.

John Welsh.—This eminent sufferer in the cause of Christ, although he died in exile, was yet so overwhelmed and transported upon his death-bed with a sense of the divine presence and favour, that he was overheard exclaiming, "O Lord, hold thy hand, it is enough; thy servant is a clay vessel, and can hold no more!"

Robert Cunningham.—Among other quaint but pious and cheering expressions upon his death-bed, Cunningham said, "I see Christ standing over Death's head, saying, 'Deal warily with my servant: loose thou this pin, then that pin, for this tabernacle must be set up again.'"

Samuel Rutherford.—Although he was known to be dying, the Parliament summoned him to appear before them at Edinburgh, to answer to the charge of high treason—for so his fidelity to the cause of Christ was termed. The messengers found him in bed. "Tell them," he said, "I have got a summons already before a superior Judge and judicatory; it behoves me to answer my first summons; and ere your day come, I will be where few kings and great folks come."

James Renwick.—In returning thanks after a slight meal, previous to his execution, he used these remarkable words: "O Lord, thou hast brought me within two hours of eternity, and this is no matter of terror to me more than if I were to lie down on a bed of roses; nay, through grace, to thy praise I may say, I never had the fear of death since I came to this prison, but from the place where I was taken I could have gone very composedly to the scaffold. Oh, how can I contain this, to be within two hours of the crown of glory?" On hearing the drums beat for the guard to turn out, he exclaimed: "Yonder the welcome warning to my marriage; the Bridegroom is coming; I am ready, I am ready!" Renwick, who suffered martyrdom at the early age of twenty-six, was the last victim of a long period of persecution that had continued in Scotland twenty-eight years.

"MY SHEEP KNOW MY VOICE."

A **traveller** once asserted to a Syrian shepherd, that the sheep knew the *dress* of their master, not his *voice*. The shepherd, on the other hand, asserted it was the *voice* they knew. To settle the dispute, he and the traveller exchanged dresses, and went among the sheep. The traveller in the shepherd's dress called on the sheep and tried to lead them, but "they knew not his *voice*," and never moved. On the other hand, they ran at once at the call of their owner, though thus disguised. (John x. 4.)—*Bonar's Mission to the Jews.*

SCENE AT ROME.

The first time I entered St. Peter's I found it quite solitary, a crowd having just dispersed from the ceremonies of Ash-Wednesday, when the pope scatters ashes on the heads of the cardinals. A poor peasant came in leading his little boy. He approached the statue of St. Peter, knelt reverently before it, crossed himself, repeated a prayer, rose and kissed the toe, and then lifted the child to it, who kissed it also. This done, he left the church. I looked with pity on that child, and I thought of the Protestant family and the Sabbath school. The statue is placed on a pedestal breast high. The time I was there the pope entered with his Swiss guard, followed by a suite of ecclesiastics of various grades. He in like manner knelt before his bronze predecessor, prayed, and kissed the toe—an edifying example to his flock. He has plenty of imitators in this. The peasant and the pope were the first instances of my witnessing that piece of devotion. The toe is worn half away by wiping and kissing. He finished his devotions before the high altar. There was no music or audible prayer; the service was only mental or in whispers, the pope alone performing. Among his priestly followers, who knelt behind him, and moved when he moved, I noticed whispering and levity even when upon their knees. An English Puseyite clergyman present remarked to me that he often observed a want of seriousness and decorum in the priests of Rome in their devotions—whereat he felt a little scandalized, but not apparently stumbled. He believed in the Romish Church, he said, but not her "errors." The errors of Rome! What, and how many may they be, in the judgment of a Puseyite? I imagine Paul would need but two brackets to include them all—one at the beginning of the book, and the other at the end.—*Mitchell's "Notes from over the Sea."*

A MINISTER'S STUDIES.

Luther's maxim was admirable, "*Bene orasse est bene studuisse*—He studies well who prays well." Prayer is the best kind of study; first in itself, and second, because it guides and regulates all other study. No man *can* study aright, who does not study with prayer. "Not to read or study at all," says Quesnel, "is to tempt God; and to do nothing *but* study, is to forget the ministry; to study only to glory in one's knowledge, is a shameful vanity; to study in search of the means to flatter sinners, is a deplorable prevarication; but to store one's mind with the knowledge proper to the saints by study and by prayer, and to diffuse that knowledge in solid instructions and practical exhortations—this is to be a prudent, zealous, and laborious minister."

Add to this the remark of Bishop Wilkins as to the communication of one's studies to others. What is thorough and prayerful, will be plain. "The greatest learning is to be seen in the greatest plainness. The more clearly we understand anything ourselves, the more easily can we expound it to others." Studies that are gained in prayer are most useful to ourselves, and most edifying to others. Studies gained in prayer, though concerned with the highest mysteries, are always simple and plain. •

GOD'S LOVE.

Not as the world loves, doth God love. They love to-day, and hate to-morrow; wearing their friends like flowers, which we may behold in their bosoms whilst they are fresh and sweet, but soon they wither. and soon they are laid aside. Whereas the love of God to his people is everlasting, and he wears them as a signet upon his right hand, which he will never part with. Not as the world gives, doth God give. Then give liberally, and repent suddenly, but "the gifts and calling of God are without repentance."—*White.*

THE ACCIDENTS OF PROVIDENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THOLUCK.

"The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."—Prov. xvi. 33.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him he passed by on the other side."—Luke x. 31.

"By *chance*." And so even Holy Writ knows of *chance*. Men are sometimes cautious in speaking of *accident*, but surely the bare word can have no sin in it, since our Saviour has used it. But what is accident? A divinity, a fate, aside from or superior to the Almighty Father of heaven and earth? It cannot be. No; it is nothing but a word which we ordinarily use when our sagacity is unable to unite the chain between cause and effect; it is more the name for something in *us*, than for anything in the *nature of things*. Effects which do not appear to be the result of plan and design we call accidental. Thus we speak of accidents, when anything happens which *man* did not predetermine, as where our Lord says, that the "priest by chance came down that way;" and here the word has its proper signification.

But we speak still again of accident when it seems to us that something happens contrary to the divine plan and design; and there the word is nothing but a word. We talk of *necessity* when the decrepit old man dies in the weakness of his age, after both windows that look out upon the world of sense—the dull eyes—are closed, and the door of the mouth is but seldom opened, and the hoary head has long worn the livery of the grave; we acknowledge then a plan and design, since the fruit is gathered after it has become ripe, and the labourer is called from the field because his instrument is worn out. But let the *youth* be torn away unexpectedly, and by a casual circumstance, perhaps the falling of a stone from the roof—let the beautiful casket be crushed ere yet the spirit it contains has had time to unfold its impulses—then it is we speak of *accident*, for we see there no divine *intention*.

Again, the son of Jakeh affirmed that *he* was "more brutish than any man;" and yet I could tell of many men in comparison of whom Agur might have spared himself that idle fancy, especially those teachers who imagine that the boundary of all thought and all knowledge is where *their* penetration blinks and begins to fail them. We children of men were pitiable indeed, if everything we did not see had on that account no being. No; in a world of which it is recorded, "Thou hast ordered all things in measure, number, and weight," there can be no place for accident. The lot may be cast into the lap strangely, by invisible or by visible hands—suddenly, or in such a way that men can mark its coming—from this side or that, from beneath or from above, sparingly or bountifully; yet the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord still. So long as we are in a school where we are baffled, as upon other points, so upon the great problem of *imperfection*, surely in God's world accident must play an important part for us; and as we are informed that in this world all things are ordered in measure, number, and weight, we may believe the declaration, though unable to substantiate it. Those *stupid* souls, on the one hand, who are not given to calculating and measuring even in plain, ordinary transactions, must certainly in the vast economy of the world, find *chance* meeting them at every corner. And as, on the other hand, there are men vain enough really to think that where their wits are brought to a stand, that is about the end of all knowledge, it is no wonder if the feet of such *wise* people are every moment stumbling upon accident, since they are better satisfied that you should consider the wisdom that made the world imperfect, than their own. He who conceives vanity shall bring forth a lie.

Is it not a strange thing that so much effort is needful to persuade men that the *great day* will disclose a measure, and number, and weight, in many an accidental and fortuitous occurrence, when even these days on earth so often and variously served as much? There travelled once upon a certain road two men, of whom one was the fast friend of accident, and argued for it powerfully. The other, who believed in that wisdom which orders all things in measure, number, and weight, remarked to his philosophic companion, how upon the right side of the road the trees grew vigorously and beautifully, while upon the left they were stinted and sickly;—a manifest freak of accident. It was a plain case to our philosopher:

but hold! the side of the road upon the left was the lowest, and the trees there consequently felt less of the sunshine. O how much more seldom should we see chance in the world, if men's thoughts were not so often casual, finite, and contracted!

How can we take accident out of God's hand and give it to another, when we so often see the "best laid schemes" fall short of the consummation; and on the other hand, a grain of dust from the wall, or the thin shadow that flits before the sun, determine the weightiest events? It was "*by chance*" that the Priest and the Levite and the Samaritan came down that way. And *had the Samaritan not gone down!* a man's death would have been the consequence.

As Napoleon was returning to France from Egypt, Nelson kept his eye upon the fugitive, and once even stood out with his whole fleet directly in the teeth of Napoleon's two ships; but a thick mist settled down between them both—and but for that mist, we should now be having a different world. In solemn majesty rests the old avalanche upon the summit of the glacier, and accumulates there, year after year, till the pinion of a little bird that struggles by on the wing jostles it—it slides!—and under the impetuous ruin thousand upon thousand of human lives are crushed out of being. True it is, that slight shocks do not *make* revolutions, nor do trifling junctures prevent them. To overwhelm a city, the avalanche must pile itself up for many a long year, and Napoleon must be Napoleon, if the complexion of the world is to be changed by a mere mist; and yet the contact of the little bird, and the misty partition—all come in for their share of the influences.

Honest men, who have to decide upon the fate of the world, are the first to acknowledge *how* that which they call destiny or accident produces its results. Napoleon often said of himself that no man could have a firmer belief in Providence than he; but had he believed in Providence, he would have bowed the knee before it, and brought to it the offering of a meek thanksgiving. The truth is, he believed in a blind destiny, and therefore offered *himself* up as Destiny's favourite child. Those men, however, who are called to a great mission, and who, at the same time, acknowledge the King of kings, are constrained to the avowal: "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so he giveth his beloved sleep."

If everything in the world is arranged in measure and number, then no *part* can be removed without destroying the *whole*, or at least spoiling its harmony, any more than in a symmetrical piece of architecture. And thus the Holy Scriptures declare, in many places, that misfortune as well as prosperity, evil as well as good, are under God's control: "I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil. I the Lord do all these things." And says another prophet: "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it!" So also in the New Testament, our Lord and his apostles, even in the case of the darkest crime, represent all as happening after the counsel of God. Thus it is written: "For of a truth, against thy holy child Jesus whom thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate with the Gentiles and the people of Israel were gathered together, for to do whatsoever *thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done.*" Thus do the prophets of the old and the new covenant significantly testify that both the small and the great come under the inspection of the Almighty. O short-sighted man! who, while he himself cannot embrace the small and the great together, thinks it must be quite the same with the eternal God. But would the Eternal be so great as he is, if by reason of his greatness he had no eye for the minute? Could the world be properly called *a work of art*, if the same Artist who was recognised in the *grand*, did not also show himself in even the minutest? I can never look at yonder lofty cathedral, where the obscurest edge of the threshold is elaborated with the same fondness, the same care, and in the same *spirit*, as the spire that throws itself high into heaven, without recognising there a likeness of the great Architect of the universe.

I will not, therefore, measure the Eternal by the scale of my diminutive eye. And although my ear is not open enough yet to catch, from out the clashing of the various powers and conditions in the world, the harmony that nevertheless breathes in all, yet I will not dispute it. Should a deaf mute be suddenly introduced for the first time into a great orchestra, and see there the laborious activity of hands and feet, and the sweat of the brow, and—all for nothing! how puerile would he think it; and thus it is with us men in regard to the universe. O, when I shall know *Him* even as I am known, and the measure shall be known, and the num-

ber, and the weight, by which, through all his worlds, everything is measured, and the smallest is united and harmonized with the greatest, that will be a blessed symphony, in which I will quicken myself for ever and for ever.

A PAGE FOR THE MOURNER.

(*Selected from Grosvenor's "Mourner; or, The Afflicted Relieved.*")

SHALL I admit a thought reflecting upon God and his conduct? Shall my ignorance impeach God's knowledge? I do not see the wisdom or the goodness of this providence! No more did Jacob see either wisdom or goodness in his loss of Joseph. "All these things are against me," says he; "and yet God meant it for good." (Gen. l. 20.)

Can infinite wisdom be mistaken? Can infinite goodness be cruel? Can infinite truth be false? Allow Him that "knows the end from the beginning," to know better what is good for you, than you do for yourself, and to know how to come to his end the best way. Since He does not "willingly grieve nor afflict the children of men," and since it is only "if need be," that "we are in heaviness;" what is it but "mercy and truth" that can make him do a thing unwillingly, and do it only "if need be?" Would it be mercy or truth to humour you in omitting what must "needs be?" You will allow him to judge of the necessity of it too, for the same reason; and then you will see reason to conclude, with the royal mourner, "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that in very faithfulness thou hast afflicted me." (Ps. cxix. 75.)

To quarrel with providence, is to charge God foolishly. It is as much as to say that God governs the rest of the world well enough, but not in this particular. He orders all affairs well but mine. When others die, and other husbands mourn the beloved, the suitable, and the amiable creature gone, or when other widows weep in secret, and are left alone, then the lesson is—ALL MUST DIE; and submission is preached up as wisdom, our best wisdom, as well as duty. "Behold, thou hast instructed many; but now it comes upon thee, and thou faintest; it toucheth thee, and thou art troubled." (Job iv. 3, 5.) It touches thee to the quick, and you find the lessons you taught to others not so easy to learn yourself.

Resolved and agreed, that God's will ought to determine mine, and not mine pretend to determine the will of God. The question is put, Whose will shall be done? That petition in the Lord's Prayer was made for this very case and season: "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." I should be ashamed to say otherwise; but actions have a language as well as words. I should have been ashamed to have said, in words at length, "Lord, my will shall determine thine, and govern mine. I will have no will superior to my own;" but my actions have said as much, when, by my murmurs, rebellious thoughts, sinful courses, and desperate uneasiness, I have behaved so contrary to the duty of a subject, and the relation of a child. Lord, forgive what is past! And now, "Behold, here I am! Let the Lord do to me what seemeth good unto him." (2 Sam. x. 12.) "Father! not as I will, but as thou wilt." (Luke xxii. 42.)

Again, resolved and agreed, that it is part of my business in this world to endure what I cannot innocently avoid. What can be avoided, we may and ought to avoid, since "no affliction for the present is joyous, but grievous;" but what cannot be avoided by lawful means, has the mark of being the will of God—that I should endure. And, "No man should be moved by these afflictions; for yourselves know that we are appointed thereunto." (1 Thess. iii. 3.) How do I know what I am appointed to, but by being unable to avoid it without sin, which is a worse evil than suffering, and comes in the room of a great excellence, namely, a submissive spirit.

Further, resolved and agreed, that I will neither "despise the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when I am rebuked" (Heb. xii. 5); to prevent which, I fly to the assistance of his grace. I consider that it is one evidence of true grace to be willing to bear the will of God, as well as to do it; I call to mind the promises in this behalf made and provided; I look to the recompense of reward, and I "endure, as seeing him that is invisible;" I look to that particular blessing promised to him that endures in a right manner: "Blessed is the man who endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of righteousness." (James i. 12.) "For which cause we faint not; for though our outward man perish, our inward man is renewed day by day." (2 Cor. iv. 16.)

Moreover, resolved and agreed, that I humble myself under the mighty hand of God. "I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken, but I will not answer: yea, twice, but I will proceed no farther" (Job xl. 5); that is to say, "I have not a word more to say, neither against thee, nor for myself. I have said too much already, and too unadvisedly with my lips, in defending myself, and arraigning thy providence. I will proceed no farther in such challenges. Forgive what is past, and assist me for the time to come."

God delights to humble those who will not humble themselves, and to exalt those that do. "Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time." (1 Pet. v. 6.)

Had not God a property in them as well as you, prior to yours, and superior? They were his, before they were yours; they are his, now they are no longer yours, by a thousand obligations, ties, and relations, that ought to take place of all our claims and pretensions.

Should they have been immortal here, only to please you?—to have lived, though weary of it; to have stayed, though longing to be gone; and in misery, though fit for happiness? Should they be kept in the troubles of life, in the pains of sickness, and the infirmities of age; or, at best, in the insipid repetition of the same round of things, only to prevent a vacancy in any of your amusements or delights? "Is this thy kindness to thy friend?"

Some parting time must come, why not this? If the time of parting with them was left to our choice, it would greatly increase our confusion.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours." They could have little or no rest here, with labour and trouble, temptation and sin. What a vast improvement in knowledge must a disencumbered soul make in such a situation! "Now we see darkly, as through a glass, but then face to face." If the pleasure be not so complete as after the resurrection, it must, however, be unspeakable, beyond all that this world affords. They are sure of their own salvation, and of being the heirs of glory. And if the pleasure of assurance here be so transporting as to give sometimes a "joy unspeakable, and full of glory," while we say with the apostle, "We know and have believed the love which God hath towards us;" what will it be for a soul to find itself safely landed in the world of perfection, among "spirits of just men made perfect;" freed from all imperfections, natural and sinful; returned to their native soil, having left that foreign country where they were "pilgrims and strangers," and got home to their Father's house, "where there are many mansions;" in the best society and company, as well as the best place; reviewing past dangers and labours; admiring the wisdom of God, and his goodness that has brought them thither; and especially the goodness of that stroke we are mourning over here? Their worship must needs be spiritual, who are all spirit; without weariness, failure, or interruption. They have glorious scenes at present before them, and pleasing expectations of greater and more glorious things, such as the accomplishing the number of the elect, and all that shall be saved; the fulfilling the great periods of prophecy that remain; the downfal of Antichrist; the glorious appearance of our Lord Jesus Christ; the resurrection of the body; the abolition of death; and the solemn coronation of all the conquerors through "the blood of the Lamb," to a kingdom that can never be shaken.

Is this a condition to be lamented with incessant tears? Is it for people who are in such a case as this that we go up and down in black, with downcast looks, and weeping eyes? What one article of this happiness aforesaid is not worth more than the longest life of pleasure and honour in the world? One would think that these things only wanted to be believed and thought on. Would we fetch them back from this condition if we could? I am afraid we are so selfish, that if the resurrection power were lodged in our hands for one day, we should immediately run to the graves of our dear departed, and fetch them back again. To stop our own sorrows for a while, we should begin theirs afresh, and bring them back to misery. They no sooner enter heaven, but they wish they had been sooner there. And the next wish is, that we may be with them too as soon as may be; and yet we wish a quite contrary way.

Of immoderate grief we may say, as Solomon does of extravagant mirth, "What doth it?" What doth it for them who are gone, or for you? It may do us much hurt, but can do them no good. It may weaken our bodies, and damage our health; it may sadden our spirits, deprive us of the comforts of life, and indispose us for the duties of it. And what then? What advantage to the departed from so costly a sacrifice to their memory? Do they need your tears, who have for ever taken leave of weeping? Could your cries call back the departed spirit, and awaken the body into life; could you water the plant with your tears till it revived, you might weep like a cloud, and call nothing excessive that was likely to prove successful. But there are no Elijahs now, who may stretch themselves upon the child, and bring back the soul. It is more reasonable to conclude with David: "Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." (2 Sam. xii. 23.)

How many mercies and comforts are continued to thee, that might also have been taken away; and how many troubles prevented, that might have befallen you? You have lost some children; it might have been all. You have lost all; it might have been your husband, too, or wife, at the same time. You have lost husband or wife; it might have been also estate, and all the means of subsistence. Or suppose that gone too; you have liberty, health, peace, and friends. Or suppose they are also gone; you are out of hell, and within reach of heaven, which, I will say, is a greater thing than any you have lost, or all these put together. Pardon of sin, and peace with God, may still be yours.

"These, I fear, are not mine."

Nay, then, it is time to mourn over something else than a dead friend. To mourn over a dead soul of your own, to mourn over a lost God, to sorrow for sin—these are infinitely more to your purpose than sorrowing for the dead. And there is at least this room to rejoice, that all these spiritual blessings *may be had*. You may be pardoned, accepted, sanctified, and saved. And it is matter of great comfort that these things are possible, and within reach.

How soft a name is given to the Christian's death; and how lovely a notion of their present state! "They sleep in Jesus."

"They sleep." Why do you mourn as if they were extinct; as if they were annihilated and utterly lost?

"But they are lost to me."

Not for ever; not for a very long time. "Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." When they were alive, sleep and absence separated your relation for a great part of the time.

"But I knew then they would awake from sleep, and return from absence; but now."

And do not you now believe that they will awake from sleep, and return from absence? But when you say you knew that they would awake from sleep, and return from absence, you speak in terms too strong. You might expect, indeed, and hope, that they would awake and return; but that they would certainly do so, is more than any one could insure who "knows not what a day may bring forth." But this we certainly know, that "they who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him," as surely as we believe that "Jesus died and rose again from the dead."

"But it will be a great while first."

What if it be? Is it not worth tarrying for? And it may not be so long, neither, as you imagine.

"But what must I do in the meantime?"

Do but these two or three things, and all shall be well. See that your own soul is safe; secure your happy meeting, that your separation may not be eternal; give due allowance to the passion of nature, and refuse not the help of grace. Time will do something, reflection more, and religion will complete the work of resignation.

They that are asleep in Jesus are as truly alive as you, and in a thousand times more excellent sense, and to more excellent purposes. For He who died for us, did it for this end, that, "whether we sleep or whether we wake, we should live together with him." (1 Thess. v. 10.) For "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." (Luke xx. 38.) Living, at present, as to the soul; and who shall live hereafter in the body again.

We live together with him, whether we wake or sleep. They who sleep in Jesus, live together with him, in his presence and enjoyment. In this respect it is that Christ says, "He that believes in me shall never die"—never die totally. But when the body sleeps in Jesus, the soul "lives together with him," and proceeds in a life that death cannot discontinue, nor eternity exhaust.

Sleep is a rest from weariness—from the cares and labours of the day. Such is the death of the Christian.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labours"—from the labours of their calling as men—from the labours of their duty as Christians, because all the duty that follows in the

te state will be without labour and weariness
a the labour of opposing sin, and temptations
-from all the troubles of life, and the sorrows
ing it. It is not merely farewell husband,
and children; but farewell sorrow and sin;
ell suffering; farewell corruption, weakness,
ation. Welcome rest from all these troubles!
ep is a refreshment, and a reparation of spirits;
o the better part death gives a refreshment
mounts to a satisfaction. "I shall be satisfied,
I awake, with thy likeness" (Ps. xvii. 15),
some have understood of the soul's awakening
obler life upon the body's falling asleep.

ep is but for a while, and then we wake again;
eath is but for a while, and we awake in the
ing of the resurrection. What David says of
ing down in his bed and rising, we may say of
ying down in the grave and rising: "I laid me
and slept; for the Lord sustained me." "So
lieth down, and awaketh not," as to the body,
the heavens be no more." "If a man die,"
Job, "shall he live again?" Shall he indeed?
then I acknowledge there is consolation in the
ght, and wonder in the work, to support and
my mind; and therefore, "all the days of my
nted time" that I have to lie in the grave, there
I wait till my change," by the resurrection,
ne." "For thou shalt call," by the sound
e last trumpet and voice of the Lord, "and I
answer." "Thou wilt have a desire to the work
ine own hands," to restore and improve it, and
suffer it always to lie there in rubbish. Sleep is
a short death, and death a longer sleep to the
. "The hour is coming when all that are in
graves shall hear his voice, and shall come
; they who have done good unto the resurrec-
of life."—John v. 28, 29. May they sleep
tly, may they wake joyfully! They were Christ's
nds as well as yours. Allow him to have his
nds about him, as well as you have had them so
. It may be, before Christ has had them so
with him as some of you have had them here
w, you will be with them again, and Christ, and
and they, be all together.

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oderate sorrow is allowable on account of our
loss, even of those who sleep in Jesus. The
stle does not say he would not have them sorrow
ll, but not "as others." He does not say, I
ld not have you sorrow at all, but not as "those
have no such hopes" as you have. It is the re-
ation of sorrow that he aims at, and not the total
pression of it. Grace doth not destroy nature,
refines it; it doth not extinguish the affections
passions, but rectifies and moderates them. To
altogether unconcerned is unnatural. To be so
rmuch is unchristian. They are both hurtful
remes to any soil, either to have no water at all,
to have it overflow and drown the land round
ut.

SCRIPTURES RECONCILED.

(*From Andrew Fuller's Works.*)

please all men in all things."—1 COR. x. 33.

I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ."—GAL. i. 10.

IOUGH both these kinds of action are expressed by
e term, to *please*, yet they are exceedingly diverse;
less so than a conduct which has the glory of God
d the good of mankind for its object, and one that
iginates and terminates in self. The former of
ese passages should be read in connection with what
ecedes and follows it. 1 Cor. x. 31–33: "Whether therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. Give none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the Church of God: even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved." Hence it appears plain that the *things* in which the apostle pleased all men require to be restricted to such things as tend to their "profit, that they may be saved;" whereas the things in which, according to the latter passage, he could *not* please men, and "yet be the servant of Christ," were of a contrary tendency. Such were the objects pursued by the false teachers whom he opposed, and who desired to make a fair show in the flesh, lest they should suffer persecution for the cross of Christ. 1 Cor. vi. 12.

The former is that sweet inoffensiveness of spirit which teaches us to lay aside all self-will and self-importance; that charity which "seeketh not her own," and "is not easily provoked;" it is that spirit, in short, which the same writer elsewhere recommends from the example of Christ himself: "We then, who are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification; for even Christ pleased not himself, but as it is written, The reproaches of them that reproached thee fell on me."

But the latter spirit referred to is that sordid compliance with the corruptions of human nature of which flatterers and deceivers have always availed themselves, not for the glory of God or the good of men, but for the promotion of their own selfish designs.

"While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest shall not cease."—GEN. viii. 22.

"There are five years in which there shall be neither earing nor harvest."—GEN. xlv. 6.

The former of these passages contains a general truth or rule, which, as is common with general rules, has its particular exceptions. And yet it hardly amounts to an exception; for there never was a year since the flood in which there was no harvest *throughout the world*. To understand the promise of God's engaging never to afflict any particular nation, or number of nations, with famine, is to make it universal as to place, as well as uninterrupted in respect to time; and this would go to insure a harvest to the sluggard who refuses to sow.

"Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him."—PROV. xxvi. 4.

"Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."—PROV. xxvi. 5.

A "fool," in the sense of Scripture, means a wicked man, or one who acts contrary to the wisdom that is from above, and who is supposed to utter his foolishness in speech or writing. Doubtless, there are different descriptions of these characters; and some may require to be answered, while others are best treated with silence. But the cases here seem to be one; both have respect to the same character, and both require to be answered. The whole difference lies in the *manner* in which the answer should be given. The terms "according to his folly," in the first instance, mean *in a foolish manner*, as is manifest from the reason given—"lest thou also be like unto him." But in the second instance, they mean *in the manner which his folly requires*. This also is plain from the reason given—"lest he be wise in his own conceit." A foolish speech is not a rule for our imitation; nevertheless our answer must be so framed by it as to meet and repel it.

Both these proverbs caution us against evils to which we are not a little addicted—the former, that of saying and doing to others *as they say and do to us*, rather than as *we would* they should say and do; the latter, that of suffering the cause of truth or justice to be decried, while we, from a love of ease, stand by as unconcerned spectators.

The former of these proverbs is exemplified in the answer of Moses to the rebellious Israelites, the latter in that of Job to his wife. It was a foolish speech which was addressed to the former: "Would God that we had died when our brethren died before the Lord! And why have ye brought up the congregation of the Lord into this wilderness, that we and our cattle should die there?" Unhappily, this provoked Moses to speak unadvisedly with his lips; saying, "Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock?" This was answering folly in *a foolish manner*, which he should *not* have done; and by which the servant of God became but too much like them whom he opposed. It was also a foolish saying of Job's wife, in the day of his distress: "Curse God, and die." Job answered this speech, not in the *manner of it*, but in the *manner it required:* "What, shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" In all the answers of our Saviour to the Scribes and Pharisees, we may perceive that he never lost the possession of his soul for a single moment; never answered *in the manner* of his opponents, so as to be "like unto them;" but neither did he decline to repel their folly, and so to abase their self-conceit.

"I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."—EXOD. xx. 5.

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die; the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son."—EZEK. xviii. 20.

Neither of these passages appears to be applicable to men as the individual subjects of God's moral government, and with respect to a future world, but merely as members of society in the present life. Nations, and other communities, as *such*, are considered in the divine administration as persons. That which is done by them at one period is visited upon them at another, as the history of the children of Israel and of all other nations evinces. The effects of the conduct of every generation not being confined to itself, but extending to their posterity, would, in proportion as they were possessed of natural affection, furnish a powerful motive to righteousness; and, to them who sinned, prove an aggravation of their punishment.

This part of divine providence was objected to in the times of Ezekiel as unjust. "The fathers," said they, "have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge; the ways of the Lord are not equal." To this objection two things were suggested in reply:—

1. That though it was so that the sins from the times of Manasseh fell upon that generation, yet there was no injustice in it, but, on the contrary, much mercy; for what they bore was no more than what *their own sins* deserved; and its not having been inflicted before was owing to divine forbearance. God might have punished *both their fathers and them*. Hence, "As I live, saith the Lord, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel"—"The soul that sinneth it shall die!" Which is as if he had said, I will no more forbear with you as I have done, but will punish *both father and son*, instead of the son only. (Ezek. xviii. 1-4.)

2. That if the sins of the fathers fell upon the children, it was not without the children having adopted and persisted in their fathers' crimes. The visiting of the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation, is only of *them that hate him;* that is, where the fathers hate him, and the children tread in the fathers' steps. If Judah, in the times of Ezekiel, had been righteous, they had not gone into captivity for what was done in the times of Manasseh.

"Arise, walk through the land; for I will give it unto thee."—GEN. xiii. 17.

"And the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, the field and the cave which was therein, and all the trees which were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession."—GEN. xxiii. 17, 18.

"He gave him none inheritance in it, no, not so much as to set his foot on: yet he promised that he would give it to him for a possession, and to his seed after him."—ACTS vii. 5.

The first of these passages is the language of *promise;* the last intimates that the promise was not performed to Abraham, but reserved for his posterity. It is true he purchased a burying-ground of the sons of Heth, according to the second passage; but that could hardly be called ground *to set his foot on*, which expresses an idea different from that of a place to lay his bones in, and much less an *inheritance* of God's *giving* him to set his foot on. His having to *purchase* even a grave was rather a proof that he was considered as a stranger than of his being a native of the soil. An *inheritance given of God* he had not; that only was such which his posterity enjoyed without purchase, the inhabitants of the land being driven out before them.

"Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."—MATT. vii. 7, 8.

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able."—LUKE xiii. 24.

Some have supposed a difference in the latter passage between *seeking* and *striving;* as though it were not enough to seek, without striving, even to an agony. But this does not reconcile the two passages; for *seeking* in the one is connected with finding, whereas in the other it is not.

The distinction appears to lie in the time and nature of seeking. Seeking, in Matthew, refers to the application for mercy through Jesus Christ, in the present life; but in Luke it denotes that anxiety which the workers of iniquity will discover to be admitted into heaven at the last day. The *strait gate* in this latter passage does not mean an introduction to the kingdom of grace, but of glory; and *striving*, or agonizing, to enter in at it, does not describe an exercise of mind which is necessary to conversion, but to final salvation. The striving here exhorted to is the life's work of a Christian, in order that he may enter into the kingdom of heaven at last. All this is manifest from the context, which determines it to refer to what shall take place at the great day, "when the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and sinners shall begin to stand without, to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto them, I know you not whence you are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity."

There is, therefore, no contradiction whatever in these passages. Every one that seeketh mercy in the name of Jesus, while the door is open, succeeds; but he that seeketh it not till the door is shut, will not succeed. "Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer: they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me."

To be continued.

SKETCH OF THE LIVES OF THE FIRST TWO CONVERTS FROM POPERY IN MADEIRA.

I.—NICOLAU TOLENTINO VIEYRA.

The Valley of Machico, debouching on the ocean on the north-east side of Madeira, is one of the most lovely spots of that beautiful island. Far up the valley, near where it opens out to the base of the mountains, lie a number of sequestered cottages, called the Lombo das Fayas. These are inhabited by a portion of the best peasantry of Madeira; distinguished by their industry, their superior intelligence, and what may be called their humble wealth.

The parents of Nicolau Tolentino Vieyra possessed a small fazenda or farm in the Lombo das Fayas. They belonged to the better class of the peasantry, and were in comfortable circumstances. His mother was sister to Maria Joaquina, who, in 1844, was condemned to death at Funchal, for denying the doctrine of transubstantiation, the lawfulness of worshipping images, and some of the other dogmas of the Popish Church. Nicolau's parents destined their son for the priesthood. With this view he was put under the tuition of the priest of a neighbouring parish, and thus acquired the rudiments of a somewhat better education than is usually enjoyed by boys of his rank in life. Indeed, with the mass of the peasantry in Madeira, education there is none. Four or five years ago, scarcely an individual of the lower classes could read, and such solitary individuals as could, were ashamed to own it. Matters are now considerably changed for the better in some districts of the island. Considerable numbers were taught to read in the schools established and supported by Dr. Kalley and his friends; and though these schools have been suppressed by a bigoted and persecuting Government, their fruits remain—a general and strong desire of learning to read has been awakened, and the people are quietly and extensively teaching one another.

Nicolau was an active, spirited lad, and became a favourite of his teacher, as much from joining and aiding him in the sports of the field—hunting and shooting—as from diligence in his studies. One of the duties which devolved on him was to sweep and keep clean the parish church, and to dust the images with which it was stored. Whilst thus engaged alone, he would sometimes examine the images with great attention, turn them round on every side, place them in different attitudes, and look at them from different points of view, wondering how it was that they which were destitute of life, and of all power to move themselves, should yet be able to confer benefits on those who worshipped them. This problem he found himself utterly unable to solve. Something like scepticism would involuntarily arise in his mind, but he hastened to suppress it as impious.

But his understanding, though darkened by ignorance and superstition, and reined in by the strong power of his Church, was at work. He found himself drawn on to more perilous questionings than those which demurred to the worshipping of images, and the possession of power by the images for good or evil. Doubts sometimes arose as to the reality of the transformation of the consecrated wafer into God. From such involuntary doubts, however, he recoiled with the utmost horror, as the height of blasphemy and wickedness. He sought to turn away from the subject as one which it would be deep and daring sin even to investigate. And this is the way that Popery maintains her dominion over many whose faith has been shaken, and whose doubts have been awakened. She strictly forbids investigation. She tells her victims that the doubt must be silenced and expelled, not examined or solved; that what the Church says must not be called in question; that what the Church demands from her children is implicit, blind obedience, not intelligent belief and attachment. And she would frighten men from inquiry, by representing inquiry as a sin of the deepest dye.

It was thus that Popery met the misgivings of Nicolau, and attempted to oppose a barrier to the first movement of his mind towards the truth. And for a time Popery succeeded. Nicolau shrunk from the doubts and suspicions which had been forced upon him, and trying to turn his thoughts wholly away from the subject, he sought to give himself up to a blind, implicit faith.

But other circumstances soon occurred to shake this blind faith, and revive the questionings and scepticism of Nicolau. His father died, and his mother behoved to part with a gold chain to purchase the services of the Church for the repose of her husband's soul. Nicolau was struck with this. Could the priest really do anything for the good of his father's soul, and was he so unfeeling and cruel as to refuse, unless his services were purchased by a large portion of the little property of the widow and her fatherless children? In the state of mind in which he was, several other things happened which stumbled him, and raised his suspicions that all was not right; and these occasional doubts he found it impossible to banish from his mind.

About this time he heard of Dr. Kalley, and was much surprised at what was told him of the doctor's disinterestedness and liberality. He felt a considerable curiosity to see him; and as a young relative was going to Dr. Kalley to purchase a Bible, Nicolau determined to accompany him. The distance between Nicolau's house and Funchal, where Dr. Kalley was living, is about sixteen or eighteen miles. On this occasion he got a Bible from Dr. Kalley, on condition that he would read it to his relations and neighbours. Nicolau was delighted with his acquisition, and greatly astonished with the kindness and condescension of Dr. Kalley's manner, so very different from that of the higher classes of the Portuguese towards the peasantry. On his return home, Nicolau set himself immediately to redeem the promise he had made. On the part of his mother, the other members of the family, and his neighbours, there was no opposition. The Bible was at that time unknown in these parts, and was therefore neither dreaded nor forbidden, as it is in other Popish countries; and the Spirit of God had a work for that copy of the Word to do. Night after night, when the labours of the day were over, did the neighbours assemble at the cottage of Nicolau's mother, and there, night after night, did Nicolau read to them the Sacred Volume, beginning at Genesis, and reading straight on consecutively.

After this had continued some time, Nicolau had occasion, in the way of business, to go to the house of a morgado or landed proprietor; and as it was on a Friday, he was much surprised to see beef on the table. But he supposed that as the morgado was a man of rank, and wealth, and learning, he must necessarily know what was right; and therefore, with a Portuguese shrug of the shoulders, tried to rest satisfied with that solution of the matter. But his mind reverted to the subject; and as in the Bible, so far as he had read, he had found nothing about eating beef on Fridays, he came to Funchal to inquire at Dr. Kalley where the passage of Scripture was to be found which contained the prohibition.

It was on the occasion of this visit, we believe, that Dr. Kalley happened to overhear him reading the Scriptures, and remarked the superior manner in which he read, and the evident intelligence which his reading manifested. He, therefore, asked him to become Bible-reader to the people who frequented the hospital. Several patients were lodged in the hospital, and a large number attended every day for medical advice; and these latter required to wait till the turn of each came for being seen by Dr. Kalley. A very favourable opportunity was thus afforded for bringing the Word of God under the notice of a considerable number of persons; and it was to them that Nicolau engaged to read the Bible.

Nicolau was naturally of a proud, ambitious spirit, and some of his friends tried to persuade him that this was a degrading employment. A do-nothing life is esteemed by the Portuguese a mark of gentility. The sons of the higher classes usually prefer to go about in idleness, rather than engage in business. And as Nicolau's parents were in very comfortable circumstances, for their rank, it was represented to him that it would be a very disgraceful and degrading thing to become a hired servant, and that, too, for the purpose of attending on the poorest of his countrymen. But Nicolau was now very anxious for instruction in the Scriptures, and therefore desirous to be near Dr. Kalley. He therefore accepted the situation, and became an inmate in Dr. Kalley's house. Here he enjoyed the benefit of the expositions at the doctor's family worship, and on the Sabbaths and festas or saint days; for at that time Dr. Kalley held himself entitled to exercise his own religion within his own premises in the Portuguese language, even when Portuguese citizens were present.

Nicolau's mind now rapidly opened to the truth. Serious impressions were made on him. He became convinced of the unscripturalness of the Romish Church, and of the superstitions in which he had been brought up. He was led to Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of lost sinners, and, as far as man could judge, was enabled to rely on his finished work, by a faith that worketh by love.

When in this state of mind, Nicolau, along with Francisco Pires Soares, another Portuguese, who had also, by attending the services at Dr. Kalley's house, been led to Jesus Christ, proposed to join in the communion about to be celebrated in the Scotch Presbyterian Church at Funchal. They knew nothing of English, and therefore would not join in the service; but they felt an intense longing to obey Christ's dying commandment, and to partake of the holy ordinance of the supper in a scriptural manner. Though their request was very gratifying to Dr. Kalley, he was so far from having prompted it, that he set before them, plainly and faithfully, what were likely to be the consequences of such a step—how it would irritate against them the Romish priesthood, probably involve them in loss and suffering, and might subject them to a criminal prosecution, however unjustly. But they had both counted the cost. The love of Christ constrained them; and though fairly warned of the trials and dangers which awaited them, they went to the Lord's table with their Presbyterian brethren, and thus sealed at once their renunciation of Popery, and their faith in Jesus Christ as the only sacrifice for sin, and the only mediator between God and man. A young Portuguese female communicated along with them. This was done openly, in the spring of 1843.

Proceedings at law were immediately instituted against Dr. Kalley and the two men who had communicated. The doctor was accused of blasphemy (because he had taught Protestant doctrine, though without any particular reference to Popery, or any public or violent attack on its dogmas), of heresy, and of aiding and abetting apostasy. Nicolau and Francisco were accused of apostasy and heresy, and a warrant was issued for their apprehension; but they escaped, and succeeded in concealing themselves. Strenuous efforts were made to discover and capture them, but in vain. At length it was conjectured by the authorities that they concealed in the house or about the pre- s of Dr. Kalley. We believe that the e of no British subject can be entered or hed by the officers of law in Madeira, un- the British consul be present, or at least given his sanction to such an act. On ccasion in question, the British consul in chal came up to Dr. Kalley's house with police, and remained there whilst a minute protracted search was made for Nicolau and ncisco over the whole house and grounds. the search was in vain, and the Romanists red disappointed of their prey.

ot long after this, Dr. Kalley himself, in end of July 1843, was thrown into prison, ere he remained upwards of five months. ring this period Nicolau found it necessary remain in concealment. And even when Kalley was liberated on bail, on the 1st of uary 1844, it was not thought safe for poor olau to come forth out of his hiding-place. anwhile, there was no shrinking on his part, ler the trials which had come upon him. was quite firm and resigned, and anxious grow in acquaintance with the truth of God, ich comforts and makes wise unto salvation. hen Dr. Kalley, after his liberation, resumed ordinary family exercises and his exposi- ns in his own house on Sabbaths and holy ys, Nicolau durst not mingle with the people o attended these meetings, nor enter the room ere they were met; but the writer of these ntences has often seen him lingering about e window, which was usually open, on ac- unt of the heat, with his Bible in his hand, d trying to catch some portion of the instruc- ns which Dr. Kalley was giving, or devoutly ning in the prayer which he was offering up. is soul was hungering for the bread of life; d though his fellow-men did all they could deprive him of it, his heavenly Father's nd was dealing it out to him.

Meanwhile such proceedings took place in r. Kalley's case as made it appear that the urts did not consider what had been done by icolau as a punishable offence. The Attor- ey-General at Lisbon, in his argument on the ase, expressed himself thus: "If these two itizens (Nicolau and Francisco) have aposta- ized from our religion, however great an injury hey may have done to their own souls, they have ommitted no civil crime whatever for which hey can be punished." This opinion he founded n that article of the Constitutional Charter which provides expressly "that nobody shall e prosecuted on religious grounds."

When this pleading of the Attorney-General n the Supreme Court at Lisbon was known in Madeira, it seemed unnecessary that Nicolau should remain any longer in concealment. Still there was much apprehension and considerable caution. The period for dispensing the Lord's supper in the Presbyterian Church was at hand, and the hearts of Nicolau, Francisco, and the young female already mentioned, yearned to partake again of the holy ordinance. Christian friends were doubtful whether it would be safe for them to do so. But they were hungry and thirsty, and thankful to Him who had preserved them hitherto, and it was hard to forbid them. On the morning of the communion Sabbath, Dr. Kalley saw them. When he left them, we asked him, "Well, what are they to do?" "They have gone," replied he, "to pray together, and to ask direction from God; but I think they will go." And so it was. They all three went quietly but openly to the Presbyterian Church and communicated.

The authorities took no notice of this. Nicolau now began to appear in public. He occasionally met the officers of police, but they did not molest him. This was in the winter and spring of 1844. In the beginning of summer Nicolau returned to his home in the Lombo das Fayas. There he employed himself in the usual country labour, and as opportunities were presented, he spoke to his neighbours of the Lord Jesus Christ as he is made known to us in the Bible. He also commenced an evening school for the instruction of the lads in the neighbourhood, which was soon numerously attended; for deep interest had begun to be felt in the Bible throughout that district. Its statements and doctrines, which were quite new to the people, had become almost the only theme of conversation; and a very general and strong desire was felt to learn to read, that they might peruse the Word of God for themselves. Nicolau's school soon became exceedingly offensive to the enemies of the truth, and he was accordingly threatened with vengeance if he persisted. The school was, notwithstanding, continued, and measures were taken to prevent any sudden surprise when it was met.

Things went on in this way till the middle of autumn. On the evening of the 16th of September, fourteen men were despatched from Machico to apprehend Nicolau. They reached his house in the Lombo das Fayas soon after sunset, and went straight to the school, where the scholars were beginning to assemble. They carried a gun, a reaping-hook, and a thick cord. Their arrival at such an hour naturally produced considerable excitement. They told Nicolau that they were officers of justice, and produced an order from the Administrador of Machico for him to go with them as their prisoner. The Portuguese law provides, "that, in fulfilment of mandates for the imprisonment of those indicated, their houses, and those of persons with whom it is presumed they are, never shall be entered after the setting or before the rising of the sun:" and the Charter declares that "no officer can enter any man's house, for any reason (except in cases of fire, flood, or screams from within), between sunset and sunrise." Nicolau knew this law; and, therefore, objecting to the men the illegality of their proceedings, he declined to accompany them. He expressed a suspicion that there was a design to destroy him in the dark road, in the absence of witnesses. He remarked that he had been at work openly on the road-side all day, and that had they apprehended him then, all would have been fair. He told them that if they chose to wait till sunrise, he would go with them; and that in the meantime he would give them their supper, and such accommodation as the house could afford.

The men were not satisfied with this reasoning, and manifested some disposition to proceed to violence. One of the scholars, on observing this, sounded a *buzio*, or spiral shell, with which the country people are wont to make signals to one another, and this called out the inhabitants of the neighbouring cottages to see what was the matter. They were unfurnished with weapons of any kind, but they were in considerable numbers, and they openly expressed their indignation at the officers for coming at such an hour, and accused them of intending to murder Nicolau if they had him once on the road alone.

The officers were overawed, and retired without any attempt to secure their prisoner. Not the slightest violence was offered to them. On the contrary, as by that time it was very dark, and the paths through the yam beds were narrow and difficult, Nicolau's step-father furnished them with straw torches to light them on their way. When they were fairly gone, some of the lads raised a shout of triumph, but this was immediately checked by Nicolau; and on his invitation, they all knelt down and gave thanks to God for having mercifully prevented violence, and so far graciously protected them.

We may mention that this attempt to seize Nicolau was, in every respect, illegal. The person signing the order was incompetent to do any such act; the person who was intrusted with the execution of the order was the church beadle, and not an officer of police at all; and the time at which it was attempted to be put in force was an illegal time.

Dreadful consequences followed the transactions of that evening. During the immediately succeeding week, reports began to be circulated that soldiers were to be sent up and billeted on the inhabitants of the Lombo das Fayas. The proprietors of the lands are paid in kind, and some of them who had cattle and grain in the hands of the people of that district, had them removed. The landlord of a part of the grounds possessed by Nicolau's family sent for the portion of grain and potatoes which belonged to him, though in former years he had allowed them to remain till February or March; and there is reason to believe, that the authorities gave the hint to their friends to secure their property, in the prospect of what was about to take place.

On the evening of Monday the 23d of September, Judge Negraõ, and the public prosecutor, Senhor Mascarenhas, left Funchal for Santo Antonio da Serra, with fifty-six soldiers and three officers. Negraõ and Mascarenhas remained with the priest at the Church of St. Antonio; whilst the soldiers, guided by the church officers, pushed on about three miles farther to the Lombo das Fayas, which they reached about four o'clock in the morning, whilst it was yet dark. Some of the inhabitants, roused by the barking of the dogs, and alarmed by the tread of feet, hastily rose, and fled into the thicket. Among these was Nicolau. From about twenty families, the soldiers took thirty prisoners, men and women. Many of these they inhumanly beat; almost all of them they bound, and drove them off to St. Antonio, where the judge was waiting for them. There they underwent a sort of examination and much ill treatment: eight were discharged; twenty-two, of whom five were women, were retained as prisoners. All access was denied to them. They were known to be suffering from hunger, and provisions were sent by two English families residing in the neighbourhood, but were repeatedly refused, by order of Negraõ. On Thursday the 26th, these twenty-two individuals were put on board the Portuguese frigate *Diana*, and conveyed to the jail of Funchal. After an imprisonment of more than twenty months, these poor people were brought to trial in June last (1846), and found *not guilty*, but were sent back to jail till they should pay some prison-dues.

After the soldiers had conducted their prisoners to St. Antonio, on the morning of the 24th, they were sent back to be billeted on the cottagers in the Lombo das Fayas. There they perpetrated every atrocity that licentiousness, cruelty, and rapine could prompt. They stripped the dwellings of everything valuable, consumed and destroyed the provisions and cattle, beat and maltreated the aged to make them discover where their money was kept, and grossly abused the women. Infamous females from Funchal were loaded with the spoil, which they carried openly by day down to the city; and when the Hon. F. Scott, M.P. for Roxburghshire, Dr. Kalley, and another English gentleman, visited the Lombo das Fayas, on Monday the 30th, after the soldiers had left it, they found it presenting all the appearance of a sacked village—locks forced open—doors broken—the wreck of furniture strewed about the floor—empty chests, &c. In the cottage of Nicolau's mother everything had been either carried off or destroyed; the very floor had been torn up in search of property, or out of wanton mischief.

Whilst this was going on, Nicolau and several others were concealed among the furze and brushwood which abound on the Serra of St. Antonio. He did not dare to seek shelter in any human habitation, though suffering from both cold and hunger. Occasionally, and with the utmost caution, and for a few minutes, he ventured into the houses of friendly individuals in the neighbourhood; but, like our own persecuted forefathers, he had to make his bed at a distance from human habitations, and snatch a hasty and precarious meal where and how his heavenly Father provided it for him.

The friends of the Gospel had looked forward to Nicolau being of use among his countrymen, in teaching them to read, in reading to them and with them the Word of God, and in making them acquainted with the things which belonged to their peace. But it was now felt that all hopes of this kind were at an end. He was personally and thoroughly obnoxious to the authorities; they were on the alert for his capture; he could not appear in public without the certainty of being apprehended; it was extremely difficult to conceal him for any length of time; and such concealment would be very irksome to himself. In these circumstances, he could be of no use to the cause of truth in Madeira. It was thought desirable, therefore, that he should be got off the island, and, if possible, conveyed to some place where he might be in safety, and serve the cause of Christ. This, however, was a matter of no small difficulty. But it providentially happened that a vessel bound for one of the British West India possessions called at Madeira; and it was ascertained that the master was willing to receive Nicolau, if he could be put on board. Friends undertook to manage this. Boatmen were engaged, who, without being told who the individual was, were promised a handsome remuneration if they succeeded in putting a person on board the ship in question after she had cleared out from Funchal. At a late hour, Nicolau and a brother went on board the open boat at a retired part of the coast, and put out to sea. Their movements were not so secret as to escape the notice of some of the custom-house or police employées, who are always on the outlook for smugglers, or for persons leaving the island without passports. They gave chase, but were unable to come up with the boat which carried Nicolau. The period of the chase was one of intense anxiety to the poor fugitives; but the chief boatman bade them be of good cheer, and, laying his hand on his pocket, said, that he had there a pistol which would secure their liberty. He referred to a supply of dollars, with which he made no doubt he would be able to bribe their pursuers, should they be overtaken. At length, after having been some hours in the open boat, they reached the vessel, which had lain-to for them, and she then spread her sails, and soon carried poor Nicolau far from his persecutors, and in a few days landed him safe under the protection of British power. He is now living in one of the British possessions, enjoying that liberty of conscience which, through God's goodness, those who live under British law possess, and embracing such opportunities of usefulness as are placed within his reach.

MARIA, OR DUTY DEFERRED.

In the early part of my life I was attending a boarding school for young ladies. The school was flourishing, and we were a peculiarly united and happy company. We enjoyed much in the society of each other, and in the instructions of our teachers.

In the early part of the term, the school was visited by the power of the Holy Spirit. Some of our number were hopefully converted to God; and many others were deeply impressed with the necessity of attending immediately to the concerns of the soul, one of whom was Maria B——. Her natural temperament was rather gay and lively, but her disposition very amiable, and she readily won the affections of all who became acquainted with her.

Our principal laboured with us all faithfully. She strove to impress upon those of us who were professors of religion, the duty of seeking earnestly the salvation of our dear companions. She reminded us, not only of our duty to converse with them, and pray for them and with them, but that we ought constantly to exhibit our principles, and *live* religion before them.

But after a season this special religious interest died away, and among those who were left unconverted was Maria. Her health was always delicate, and towards the close of the term it began materially to decline. She appeared uniformly gentle and amiable, and with a spirit somewhat subdued. I often thought I ought, in some way, to *manifest* the desire which I still felt for the salvation of her soul; and resolved, repeatedly, that I would entreat her to consecrate herself to the service of God, and become a sincere friend and follower of the Saviour. But as no very favourable opportunity occurred for a long time, I continually delayed what I felt to be an important duty.

She was frequently absent from the table on account of ill health; and on one such occasion I obtained permission to carry her some light food, and sit with her while the family were at tea. When I entered the room I found her alone, and very sad. She appeared grateful for my attention, and it seemed to me a favourable opportunity to direct her thoughts to the Saviour, and to dwell upon the realities of eternity. But I felt reluctant to *commence* the conversation, and allowed the time to pass by without saying one word on the subject which was weighing so heavily upon my heart. After tea was over some gay young ladies came in, and I withdrew. A few days after this she left us, and returned to her parents, sick. We frequently heard that she still remained feeble; but we heard nothing of the state of her mind.

The close of the term was rapidly approaching, and with it the excitement of the coming examination, sorrow that we must so soon be separated, and joy at our anticipated meeting with our beloved families and friends. Soon we were all scattered, and I returned to my home, far away from all my school-fellows. I occasionally heard from one and another of them, with much interest; but nothing from Maria; until at length a paper was sent me, and in the list of *deaths* was the name of *Maria B* ——. My pen would vainly attempt to describe my feelings on beholding it. A remembrance of my unfaithfulness came over me with crushing weight. She had gone into *eternity!* and all further opportunity to beseech her to come to a merciful Saviour was gone for ever. I might have besought her once, but now it was too late.

I eagerly examined the few words which were said of her, to catch, if possible, some ray of hope that she had, in her last days, made her peace with God; but I only found a notice of the sweetness of her disposition and of the general loveliness of her character, while nothing was said of a change of heart, or repentance for sin, of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, or of hope of salvation through the efficacy of his atoning blood. I took the paper and retired to my chamber, to weep and pray over my neglect of duty, to seek forgiveness from God, and implore his assistance to enable me in future to obey, without hesitation, the voice of conscience and of his word.

For a long time the day of judgment was vividly before me. The mild eye of Maria seemed resting upon me, with a look unutterably expressive—a look which pierced my heart with anguish; for it seemed to say, "You saw my danger, but you warned me not. You knew the way of life, but you directed me not to walk in it. You had experienced the love of the Saviour, but you invited me not to come to him. Now it is *for ever too late.*" The record of my unfaithfulness was in the book of God, and my sin was continually before me. I did not attempt to relieve my overburdened heart by expressing its anguish to any one, but to my God. I felt that through his mercy he might forgive me, and grant me grace to be more faithful. That he would do so, for the Redeemer's sake, was my earnest prayer.

Oh! if we lived with eternity constantly in view; if we felt at all times the infinite value of the soul, we could not be so negligent and unfaithful as we are prone to be; but should work while it is day, knowing that "the night cometh when no man can work."—*American Messenger.*

GIVE THANKS.

In everything does it become the Christian to give thanks, even for those trials which call into exercise, and thus strengthen his graces; for though "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them which are exercised thereby." The Christian can, therefore, "glory in tribulation," well knowing, that when he comes to the end of his course, and looks back on all his blessings, and on all his trials, when he sings of mercy, he will see reason to sing of judgment too. But when we drag on heavily, as if there were disheartening difficulties to be met, and heavy penalties to be endured at every step, we bring up an evil report upon the good land; and make the world believe that we serve a harsh master, who demands much while he gives little; and confirm the too readily adopted notion, that religion is a dull and gloomy thing, the death of all pleasure, and the grave of all enjoyment. And if we go to the discharge of every duty, as if there were a "lion in the way," and go to meet trial and temptation with feelings like those with which Saul went from Endor to Gilboa, what but discomfiture can we expect, when we engage under the depressing influence of anticipated defeat?—*Dods on the Incarnation.*

THE FAULT OF MANY PRAYERS.

We are invited to come, and that even "with boldness, to the throne of grace." And why should we not do so? If, indeed, we depended for obtaining the petitions that we ask upon our own merits, and might ask nothing but what we deserve, then it would be useless to go to a throne of grace, or to take the name of God into our lips at all, since we have deserved only wrath. But if our petitions be founded on the merits of Christ, then we can ask nothing that he has not deserved, and nothing that, if it be really good for us, he is not willing to bestow. In this case, to come to God with fear and hesitation—to limit our petitions to small matters, because we feel that we have no claim to ask larger—or to make our own merits, in any degree, the measure of our acceptance—or to ask, as if God would grudge what he bestows—in all this we are just dishonouring our great High Priest, and living far beneath the privileges which he bestows upon us. To consider religion as being our business, but the world as the source from which we must draw our pleasures—to approach God in prayer as a duty which it is right, and proper, and profitable to perform, but without any notion or feeling of its being a privilege which it is delightful to enjoy—to come to him as a judge, whose good-will it is our interest to conciliate, without being able to look upon him as a Father, whose power, and riches, and kindness, it gives us pleasure to contemplate and celebrate, and whose approving smile, the light of whose countenance, is a greater treasure than corn, and wine, and oil—is to take a view of that communion to which God calleth us, and of the privileges which he has conferred upon us, that must greatly mar both our peace and our progress in the Christian life. While, therefore, everything approaching to presumption, or to that affected familiarity with God which some appear to mistake for filial confidence, is to be guarded against with the most sedulous care; with equal care ought we to guard against that distrust of our High Priest, which makes us dread to exercise and to enjoy, with the most perfect confidence and freedom, the privileges which in Christ Jesus we possess.—*Ibid.*

CUNNING OF SATAN.

Satan would seem too mannerly and reasonable, making as if he would be content with one-half of the heart; whereas God challenges to all or none, as indeed He has most reason to claim all, that made all. But this is nothing but a crafty fetch of Satan; for he well knows, that if he get any part, God will have none.—*Hall.*

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE WITH PROFIT.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WATSON.*

he grand question I am to speak to is this: ow we may read the Scriptures with most ritual profit. It is a momentous question, d of daily use.

For the resolution of this question, I shall down several rules and directions about ading of Scripture.

1. If you would profit by reading, remove ose things which will hinder your profiting. here are three obstructions that must be removed, if you would profit by Scripture.

(1.) Remove the love of every sin.—Let a hysician prescribe never so good receipts, if e patient takes poison, it will hinder the virtue and operation of the physic. The Scripture prescribes excellent receipts; but sin lived in oisons all. The body cannot thrive in a fever; or can the soul under the feverish heat of lust. Plato calls the love of sin "a great devil." As he rose is destroyed by the canker which reeds in it, so are the souls of men by those ins they live in.

(2.) Take heed of the thorns which will choke he word read.—These thorns our Saviour expounds to be "the cares of this world." (Matt. iii. 22.) By "cares" is meant covetousness. A covetous man is a pluralist. He hath such diversity of secular employments that he can scarce find time to read; or if he doth, what solecisms doth he commit in reading! While his eye is upon the Bible, his heart is upon the world. It is not the writings of the apostles he is so much taken with, as the writings in his account-book. Is this man likely to profit? You may as soon extract oils and sirups out of a flint, as he any real benefit out of Scripture.

(3.) Take heed of jesting with Scripture.—This is playing with fire. Some cannot be merry unless they make bold with God. When they are sad, they bring forth the Scripture as their harp to drive away the evil spirit; as that drunkard who, having drunk off his cups, called to his fellows, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." In the fear of God beware of this. King Edward IV. would not endure to have his crown jested with, but caused *him* to be executed *who* said he would make his son heir to the crown, meaning the sign of the crown: much less will God endure to have his word jested with. Eusebius relates of one who took a piece of Scripture to jest with, that God struck him with frenzy. The Lord may justly give over such persons "to a reprobate mind." (Rom. i. 28.)

2. If you would profit, prepare your hearts to the reading of the Word.—The heart is an instrument that needs putting in tune. "Prepare your hearts unto the Lord." (1 Sam. vii. 3.) The Heathens (as Plutarch notes) thought it indecent to be too hasty or rash in the service of their supposed deities. This preparation to reading consists in two things: (1.) In summoning our thoughts together to attend that solemn work we are going about.—The thoughts are stragglers; therefore rally them together. (2.) In purging out those unclean affections which do indispose us to reading.—The serpent, before he drinks, casts up his poison. In this we should be "wise as serpents;" before we come to these "waters of life," we should cast away the poison of impure affections. Many come rashly to the reading of the Word; and no wonder, if they come without preparation, that they go away without profit.

3. Read the Scripture with reverence.—Think every line you read God is speaking to you. The ark, wherein the law was put, was overlaid with pure gold, and was carried on bars, that the Levites might not touch it. (Exod. xxv. 10–15.) Why was this, but to breed in the people reverence to the law? When Ehud told Eglon he had a message to him from God, he arose from his throne. (Judg. iii. 20.) The Word written is a message to us from Jehovah; with what veneration should we receive it!

4. Read the books of Scripture in order.—Though occurrences may sometimes divert our method, yet for a constant course it is best to observe an order in reading. Order is an help to memory: we do not begin to read a friend's letter in the middle.

5. Get a right understanding of Scripture.—"Give me understanding, that I may learn t y commandments." (Ps. cxix. 73.) Though

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* The author was one of the Puritans, and the work from which we take this paper is at once valuable and rare.—Ed. C. T.

there are some knots in Scripture, which are not easily untied, yet things essential to salvation the Holy Ghost hath plainly pointed out to us. The knowledge of the sense of Scripture is the first step to profiting. In the law Aaron was first to light the lamps, and then to burn the incense: the lamp of the understanding must be first lighted, before the affections can be inflamed. Get what knowledge you can by comparing Scriptures, by conferring with others, by using the best annotators. Without knowledge the Scripture is a sealed book; every line is too high for us; and if the word shoot above our head, it can never hit our heart.

6. Read the Word with seriousness.—"If one go over the Scripture cursorily," saith Erasmus, "there is little good to be got by it; but if he be serious in reading of it, it is the 'savour of life.'" And well may we be serious, if we consider the importance of those truths which are bound up in this sacred volume. "It is not a vain thing for you; because it is your life." (Deut. xxxii. 47.) If a letter were to be broken open and read, wherein a man's whole estate were concerned, how serious would he be in reading of it! In the Scripture our salvation is concerned; it treats of the love of Christ—a serious subject. (Tit. iii. 4.) Christ hath loved mankind more than the angels that fell. (Heb. ii. 16.) The loadstone, despising the gold and pearl, draws the iron to it: thus Christ passed by the angels, who were of a more noble extract, and drew mankind to him. Christ loved us more than his own life; nay, though we had a hand in his death, yet that he should not leave us out of his will, this is a love "which passeth knowledge." (Eph. iii. 19.) Who can read this without seriousness? The Scripture speaks of the mystery of faith, the eternal recompenses, the paucity of them that shall be saved: "Few chosen." (Matt. xx. 16.) One saith, the names of all the good emperors of Rome might be engraven in a little ring. There are but a few names in the book of life. The Scripture speaks of "striving" for heaven as in an agony (Luke xiii. 24); it cautions us of falling short of the "promised rest" (Heb. iv. 1); it describes the horror of the infernal torments, "the worm and the fire." (Mark ix. 44.) Who can read this, and not be serious? Some have light feathery spirits; they run over the most weighty truths in haste; like Israel, who ate the passover in haste; and they are not benefited by the word. Read with a solemn, composed spirit. Seriousness is the Christian's ballast, which keeps him from being overturned with vanity.

7. Labour to remember what you read.—Satan would steal the word out of our mind (Matt. xiii. 4, 19); not that he intends to make use of it himself, but lest we should make use of it. The memory should be like the chest in the ark, where the law was put. "I have remembered thy judgments of old." (Ps. cxix. 52.) Jerome writes of that religious lady, Paula, that she had got most of the Scriptures by heart. We are bid to have the "word dwell in" us. (Col. iii. 16.) The word is a jewel that adorns the hidden man; and shall we not remember it? "Can a maid forget her ornaments?" (Jer. ii. 32.) If the word stays not in the memory, it cannot profit. Some can better remember a piece of news than a line of Scripture; their memories are like those ponds where the frogs live, but the fish die.

8. Meditate upon what you read.—"I will meditate in thy precepts." (Ps. cxix. 15.) The Hebrew word "to meditate," signifies "to be intense in the mind." In meditation there must be a fixing of the thoughts upon the object: the Virgin Mary "pondered" those things, &c. (Luke ii. 19.) Meditation is the concoction of Scripture: reading brings a truth into our head, meditation brings it into our heart: reading and meditation must appear together. Meditation without reading is erroneous; reading without meditation is barren The bee sucks the flower, then works it in the hive, and so turns it to honey: by reading we suck the flower of the Word, by meditation we work it in the hive of our mind, and so it turns to profit. Meditation is the bellows of the affections: "While I was musing the fire burned." (Ps. xxxix. 3.) The reason we come away so cold from reading the Word is, because we do not warm ourselves at the fire of meditation.

9. Come to the reading of Scripture with humble hearts.—Acknowledge how unworthy you are that God should reveal himself in his Word to you. God's secrets are with the humble: pride is an enemy to profiting. It is observed that the ground on which the peacock sits is barren: that heart where pride sits is barren. An arrogant person disdains the counsel of the Word, and hates the reproofs: is he likely to profit? "God giveth grace unto the humble." (James iv. 6.) The most eminent saints have been but of low stature in their own eyes; like the sun in the zenith, they showed least when

they were at the highest. David had “more understanding than all his teachers.” (Ps. cxix. 99.) But how humble was he! “I am a worm, and no man.” (Ps. xxii. 6.) *David* in the Arabic tongue signifies a “worm.”

10. Highly prize the Scriptures.—“The law of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver.” (Ps. cxix. 72.) Can he make a proficiency in any art, who doth slight and depreciate it? Prize this book of God above all other books. St. Gregory calls the Bible “the heart and soul of God.” The rabbins say, that there is a mountain of sense hangs upon every *apex* and tittle of Scripture. “The law of the Lord is perfect.” (Ps. xix. 7.) The Scripture is the library of the Holy Ghost; it is a pandect of divine knowledge—an exact model and platform of religion. The Scripture contains in it “the things which we are to believe,” and “the things which we are to practise.” It is “able to make us wise unto salvation.” (2 Tim. iii. 15.) “The Scripture is the standard of truth,” the judge of controversies; it is the pole-star to direct us to heaven. (Isa. viii. 20.) “Thy commandment is a lamp.” (Prov. vi. 23.) The Scripture is the compass by which the rudder of our will is to be steered; it is the field in which Christ, the Pearl of great price, is hid; it is a rock of diamonds; it is a sacred “eye-salve;” it mends their eyes that look upon it; it is a spiritual optic-glass in which the glory of God is resplendent; it is the panacea or “universal medicine” for the soul. The leaves of Scripture are like the “leaves of the tree of life, for the healing of the nations.” (Rev. xxii. 2.) The Scripture is both the breeder and feeder of grace. How is the convert born, but by “the word of truth?” (James i. 18.) How doth he grow, but by “the sincere milk of the word?” (1 Pet. ii. 2.) The word written is the book out of which our evidences for heaven are fetched; it is the sea-mark which shows us the rocks of sin to avoid; it is the antidote against error and apostasy—the two-edged sword which wounds the old serpent. It is our bulwark to withstand the force of lust; like the Capitol of Rome, which was a place of strength and ammunition. The Scripture is the “tower of David,” whereon the shields of our faith hang. (Cant. iv. 4.) “Take away the Word, and you deprive us of the sun,” said Luther. The Word written is above an angelic embassy, or voice from heaven. “This voice which came from heaven we heard. We have also a more sure word.” (2 Pet. i. 18, 19.) O prize the Word written; prizing is the way to profiting. If Cæsar so valued his Commentaries, that for preserving them he lost his purple robe, how should we estimate the sacred oracles of God? “I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food.” (Job xxiii. 12.) King Edward VI., on the day of his coronation, had presented before him three swords, signifying that he was monarch of three kingdoms. The king said, there was one sword wanting. Being asked what that was, he answered, “The Holy Bible, which is the sword of the Spirit, and is to be preferred before these ensigns of royalty.” Robert, king of Sicily, did so prize God's Word, that, speaking to his friend Petrarcha, he said, “I protest, the Scriptures are dearer to me than my kingdom; and if I must be deprived of one of them, I had rather lose my diadem than the Scriptures.”

11. Get an ardent love to the Word.—*Prizing* relates to the judgment, *love* to the affections. “Consider how I love thy precepts.” (Ps. cxix. 159; Rom. vii. 22.) He is likely to grow rich who delights in his trade; he who is a “a lover of learning will be a scholar.” St. Austin tells us, before his conversion he took no pleasure in the Scriptures, but afterwards they were his “chaste delights.” David tasted the word “sweeter than the honey which drops from the comb.” (Ps. xix. 10.) Thomas a Kempis used to say, he found no content but “in a corner, with the book of God in his hand.” Did Alphonsus, king of Sicily, recover of a fit of sickness with that great pleasure he took in reading of Quintus Curtius? What infinite pleasure should we take in reading the book of life! There is enough in the Word to breed holy complacency and delight; it is a specimen and demonstration of God's love to us. The Spirit is God's love-token, the Word his love-letter. How doth one delight to read over his friend's letter! The Word written is a divine treasury, or storehouse; in it are scattered truths as pearls, to adorn “the hidden man of the heart.” The Word written is the true manna, which hath all sorts of sweet taste in it; it is a sovereign elixir—it “gives wine to them of an heavy heart.” I have read of an ancient rabbi, who in a great concourse of people made proclamation of a sovereign cordial he had to sell; many resorting to him, and asking him to show it, he opened the Bible, and directed them to several places of comfort in it. Holy David drank of this cordial. “This is my comfort in my affliction: for thy word hath quickened me.” (Ps. cxix. 50.) St. Chrysostom compares the Scr

garden; every line in it is a fragrant flower, which we should wear, not in our bosom, but our heart. Delight in the Word causeth profit: and we must not only love the comforts of the Word, but the reproofs. Myrrh is bitter to the palate, but good for the stomach.

To be continued.

SCRIPTURES RECONCILED.

"Let another praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."—Prov. xxvii. 2.

"I laboured more abundantly than they all. . . . . . In nothing am I behind the very chiefest apostles."—1 Cor. xv. 10; 2 Cor. xii. 11.

So near is the resemblance of good and evil, with respect to their outward expressions, that the one is very liable to be mistaken for the other. Vices pass for virtues, and virtues for vices. Thus indifference is taken for candour, bitterness for zeal, and carnal policy for prudence. The difference in these things may frequently lie, not in the expression or action, but merely in the *motive*, which, being beyond human cognizance, occasions their being so often confounded.

It is thus that a just and necessary vindication of ourselves, when we have been unjustly accused, is liable to be construed into self-applause. That which was condemned by Solomon, and that which was practised by Paul, were far from being the same thing; yet they appear to be so with respect to the outward act or expression. A vain man speaks well of himself, and Paul speaks well of himself. Thus the branches intermingle; but trace them to their respective roots, and there you will find them distinct. The *motive* in the one case is the desire of applause; in the other, justice to an injured character, and to the Gospel which suffered in his reproaches.

The apostle, in defending himself, was aware how near he approached to the *language* of a *fool;* that is, a man desirous of vain-glory, and how liable what he had written was to be attributed to that motive. It is on this account that he obviates the charge which he knew his adversaries would allege. "Yes," says he, "I speak as a fool . . . . but ye have *compelled* me." This was owning that, as to his *words*, they might indeed be considered as vain-glorying, if the *occasion* were overlooked; but if that were justly considered, it would be found that they ought rather to be ashamed than he, for having reduced him to the disagreeable necessity of speaking in his own behalf.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven."—Matt. v. 16.

"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father, who is in heaven."—Matt. vi. 1.

This is another of those cases in which the difference lies in the *motive*. It is right to do that which men may see, and must see; but not *for the sake* of being seen by them.

There are indeed some duties, and such are prayer and the relief of the needy, in which a truly modest mind will avoid being seen; but in the general deportment of life no man can be hid, nor ought he to desire it. Only let his end be pure, namely, "to glorify his Father who is in heaven," and all will be right.

"This is Elias, who was to come."—Matt. xi. 14.

"Art thou Elias? And he saith, I am not. Art thou that prophet? And he answered, No."—John i. 21.

John the Baptist was not literally the person of Elias; and it was proper for him to say he was not, in order to correct the gross notions of the Jews on that subject. Had he answered in the affirmative, and had they believed him, he would have confirmed them in a gross falsehood.

Yet John the Baptist was that Elias of whom the Prophet Malachi spoke (chap. iv. 5); that is, as Luke expresses it, he came "in the spirit and power of Elias" (chap. i. 17); and so was, as it were, another Elias.

"He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end."—Luke i. 33.

"Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power."—1 Cor. xv. 24.

When the kingdom of Christ is said to have "no end," it may mean that it shall never be overturned or succeeded by any rival power, as all the kingdoms of this world have been, or shall be. Such is the interpretation given of the phrase in Dan. vii. 14: "His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which *shall not pass away*, and his kingdom that which *shall not be destroyed*."

But this need not be alleged in order to account for the phraseology, which will be found to be literally true. The end of which Paul speaks does not mean the end of Christ's kingdom, but of the world, and the things thereof. "The delivering up of the kingdom to the Father" will not put an *end* to it, but eternally establish it in a new and more glorious form. Christ shall not cease to reign, though the mode of his administration be different. As a divine person, he will always be one with the Father; and though his mediatorial kingdom shall cease, yet the effects of it will remain for ever. There will never be a period in duration in which the Redeemer of sinners will be thrown into the shade, or become of less account than he now is, or in which honour, and glory, and blessing will cease to be ascribed to him, by the whole creation.

"Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see."—Luke x. 23.

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."—John xx. 29.

The former of these passages pronounces a blessing upon those who saw the fulfilment of what others have believed; the latter upon those who should believe the Gospel upon the ground of their testimony, without having witnessed the facts with their own eyes. There is no contradiction in these blessings; for there is a wide difference between *requiring sight as the ground of faith*, which Thomas did, and *obtaining it as a completion of faith*, which those who saw the coming and kingdom of the Messiah did. The one was a species of unbelief, the other was faith terminating in vision.

"If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true."—John v. 31.

"Though I bear record of myself, yet my record is true."—John viii. 14.

Our Lord in one of these passages expresses what was to be admitted as truth *in the account of men;* in the other what his testimony was *in itself*. Admitting their laws or rules of evidence, his testimony would not have been credible; and therefore, in the verses following, he appeals to that of John the Baptist, and the works which he had wrought in his Father's name, which amounted to a testimony from the Father. But though he in a manner gave up his own testimony, yielding himself to be tried even by their forms of evidence, yet would he not so far concede as to dishonour his character. He was, in fact, whatever they might judge of him, the Amen, the faithful and the true witness; and as such he taught many things, prefacing what he delivered with that peculiar and expressive phrase, "Verily, verily, I say unto you!"

> "Who through faith obtained promises."—HEB. xi. 33.
>
> "And these all received not the promise."—HEB. xi. 39.

The *promises* which were obtained by faith refer to those which were fulfilled during the Old Testament dispensation. It was promised to Abraham that he should have a son; to Israel, that they should possess the land of Canaan for an inheritance; to David, that they should return from Babylonish captivity, &c.; and by faith each of them in due time obtained the promise.

But there was *one promise* which was of greater importance than all the rest, namely, the coming of the Messiah. In the faith of this the fathers lived and died, but they saw not its accomplishment; to see this was reserved for another generation. Hence the words of our Saviour to his disciples: "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear. For verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them."

It is thus that God has wisely balanced the advantages of different ages. The fathers obtained much, but not all. In respect of the blessings of Messiah's kingdom, they sowed, and we reap; they laboured, and we enter into their labours. Thus it is ordered that "they without us should not be made perfect." The fulfilments of our times must come in to answer the faith and complete the hopes of those who have gone before us.

> "Jesus saith unto Mary, Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father."—JOHN xx. 17.
>
> "Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing."—JOHN xx. 27.

It is manifest, from these and other passages, that the reason why Mary was forbidden to touch her risen Saviour was not because the thing itself was *impossible*. Indeed, if it had been so, the prohibition had been unnecessary, for we need not be forbidden to do that which cannot be done. There might, however, be an *impropriety* in her using the same freedom with him in his immortal state as she had been wont to do in his mortal state. It might be proper to touch him at his own invitation, and so to answer an important end (see Luke xxiv. 39), and yet improper to do so without it. By comparing the passage with Matt. xxviii. 9, 10, it appears that Mary Magdalene and the other Mary who was with her *did touch him;* for they are said to have "held him by the feet, and worshipped him." There is reason to think, therefore, that the words, "Touch me not," in John, were used merely to induce her to *desist* from what she was doing; and that on account of his having more important employment for her—"Go, tell my brethren!" This agrees with the reason given in John: "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father," &c. This was as much as if he had said, You need not be so unwilling to let go my feet, as though you should see me no more; I am not yet ascended, nor shall I ascend at present. Yet do not imagine that I am raised to a mere mortal life, or am going to set up a temporal kingdom in this world. . . . No. . . . "I ascend unto my Father and your Father; and unto my God and your God."

> "The Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law."—ROM. ii. 14.
>
> "Among whom we all had our conversation in times past . . . . . and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others."—EPH. ii. 3.

The term "nature" in these two passages is of very different signification. In the former it stands opposed to the written law of God, or the light of revelation; in the latter it is opposed to custom, education, or anything merely accidental. In the one case it is expressive of their want of external means; in the other of the inward disposition of their minds. The phrase "by nature," in the former, refers to the *rule* of action; but in the latter to the *cause* of it. All arguments, therefore, against the total depravity of human nature, or in favour of a natural disposition to virtue, drawn from the former of these passages, are entirely unfounded.

To be continued.

JOHN FOSTER'S JOURNAL.

GOD NEAR TO US IN SOLITUDE.

WHEN we withdraw from human intercourse into solitude, we are more peculiarly committed in the presence of the Divinity; yet some men retire into solitude, to devise or perpetrate crimes. This is like a man going to meet and brave a lion in his own gloomy desert, in the very precincts of his own dread abode.

A PRAYER.

Give me all that is necessary to make me, in the greatest practical degree, happy and useful. I feel so remote from thee, thou Grand Centre, and so torpid! It is as if those qualities were extinct in my soul which could make it susceptible of thy Divine attraction. But, oh! thine energy can reach me even here. Attract me, thou Great Being, within the sphere of thy glorious light; attract me within the view of thy throne; attract me into the full emanation of thy mercies; attract me within the sphere of thy sacred Spirit's most potent influences.

I thank thee for the promise and the prospect of an endless life; I hope to enjoy it amid the eternal splendour of thy presence, O Jehovah! I thank thee for this introductory stage, so remarkably separated by that thick-shaded frontier of death, which I see yonder, from the amplitude of existence. But oh! how shall I occupy the space of this stage, so as *absolutely* to achieve its capital purpose—so as to take possession of what, in Heaven's judgment, is its *utmost value?* O do thou seize my existence at its present point, and henceforward guide and model it thyself! Images of excellence, of happiness, or real greatness, often appear to me, and look at me with an aspect inexpressibly ardent and emphatic. Monitors! why do you accuse me? Whither would you lead me? Yes, I will follow them, and try what is that scene to which they invite. Oh, my Father! give me thy strength; inspire, conduct, and crown one of the unworthiest of all thy sons.

A LIVING SACRIFICE.

I hold myself a sacrifice; a victim, consecrated and offered up on the great altar of the kingdom of

Christ, as one of the human fruits of his kingdom offered by him, the Great High Priest, to the God of all.

INFIDELS.

Infidels assume, in subjects which, from their magnitude, necessarily stretch away into mystery, to pronounce whatever can or cannot be. They seem to say, we stand on an eminence sufficient to command a vision of all things; *therefore* whatever we cannot see, *does* not exist.

REVELATION THE GUIDE OF REASON.

Polished steel will not shine in the dark; no more can *reason*, however refined, shine efficaciously, but as it reflects the light of Divine truth, shed from heaven.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

How dangerous to defer those momentous reformations which conscience is solemnly preaching to the heart! If they are neglected, the difficulty and indisposition are increasing every month. The mind is receding, degree after degree, from the warm and hopeful zone, till, at last, it will enter the *arctic* circle, and become fixed in relentless and eternal ice!

THE SUN.

I have sometimes thought, if the sun were an *intelligence*, he would be horribly incensed at the world he is appointed to enlighten; such a tale of ages, exhibiting a tiresome repetition of stupidity, follies, and crimes.

THE LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

BY THE REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, SALTON.

> "For the kingdom of heaven is like to a man that is an householder, who went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard. And when he had agreed with the labourers for a penny a day," &c. "So the last shall be first, and the first last; for many be called, but few chosen."—MATT. xx. 1-16.

THIS parable of the labourers in the vineyard, called into it at different hours, and labouring in it for very different periods, yet all receiving at the close the same pay, is perhaps the least understood of our Lord's parables, and requires a more attentive consideration than most of them, to get at its real meaning. There is no difficulty in deriving a certain measure of truth from it, or perceiving that its drift is somehow aimed at the challenging of a divine sovereignty on the part of God, and the checking of a presumptuous and querulous pride on the part of men. But it is in fitly accommodating the several parts of the parable to the spiritual lessons taught in it that the difficulty is felt; and on this account it is that, while the opinions of commentators are of almost endless variety, they commonly find some part of the parable which does not properly square with the particular opinion adopted, and "which, consequently, must not be strained too far." We shall not attempt to expose what we conceive to be the errors of some current interpretations, but shall simply endeavour, in a few leading particulars, to bring out what we take to be the true import and great practical lesson of the parable.

1. It is first of all to be noted, in regard to the general aim of the parable, that nothing depends for its right interpretation on the particular hour persons came into the vineyard, or the precise amount of work they did in it. The first, third, sixth, ninth, and eleventh hours are all specified as the several times at which they were called to enter; but when we come to the reckoning, no account is made of any but those who entered last and first. The reason obviously was, that as the space of time spent in the vineyard, and consequently the amount of service performed there (for, since nothing is said to the contrary, all must be understood to have wrought with equal diligence), differed most in these two, so they were taken as the best representatives of their respective classes; in them the state and temper of mind characteristic of each would naturally be most distinctly marked; and the shorter or longer periods of time were of no further moment than as serving, when viewed in connection with the uniform rate of pay, to give rise in the labourers to the one or the other class of feelings. Then, the slightest glance at the parable itself, especially at the latter part of it, is sufficient to show that it is the wrong state and temper of mind, as exhibited in the first called labourers, which our Lord especially seeks to bring out to view; and that the other and right one is to be gathered only from the contrast, which the silent acquiescence of the last called labourers presented to the querulous demands of the first.

2. The question, then, is, What is the state and temper of mind here represented as so peculiarly characteristic of the first class, and which our Lord would stamp with his condemnation, as disqualifying for the membership of his kingdom? Manifestly a proud and self-righteous spirit, which must first have some ground to work upon, and then some opportunity to display its real disposition and character. The first it had in the long period of service, reaching from the earliest dawn to the shades of evening, and consequently having trial of all the heat and burden of the day. Here there was something for a self-exalting spirit to rest upon—a ground in their case for favour and distinction, such as those evidently wanted who had wrought only during the last brief hour of time. And the opportunity also was given them to show that such was their spirit, by the order of the reckoning, beginning as it did with the last called, and thus furnishing the first called with an occasion to exhibit the spirit that was in them in two of its leading manifestations—its boasting over others, and its dissatisfaction with the Lord's procedure toward themselves. It is always characteristic of such a spirit, for "men to trust in themselves,

that they are righteous and despise others;" and viewing all with an eye of self-love, it naturally leads them to dwell chiefly upon the outside and superficial distinctions, which, in comparison of these others, they can claim to themselves. What sacrifices have we not made in the cause of righteousness? What labours have we not undergone? What wonderful works have we not done? (Matt. vii. 22, 23.) But it is not less characteristic of the same spirit, to quarrel with the dispensations of God, and complain that their singular merits are not duly attended to. "Wherefore have we fasted, and thou seest not? wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge?"—"Ye have wearied the Lord with your words. Yet ye say, Wherein have we wearied him? When ye say, Where is the God of judgment?" (Isa. lviii. 3; Mal. ii. 17.) Thus we see the object of this parable is very much the same with that of the Pharisee and the Publican; the early call here in the first called labourers, and their long period of service, serves precisely the same purpose as the fastings, tithes, and outward decencies in the Pharisee do there; while the short period of service in the last called labourers, and the consciousness of manifold sins in the Publican, cut off equally from both all possible ground for boasting, and leave room only for a spirit of deep abasement and prostrate humility.

3. If now we look to the occasion which called forth this parable, we shall see that this was precisely the lesson we might have expected it to teach, viz., the utter unsuitableness of a proud and self-righteous spirit to the kingdom of God. For it was occasioned by a declaration of Peter, which evidently breathed not a little of this spirit, and called for a solemn check and admonition. "Behold," said he, "we have forsaken all and followed thee: what shall *we* have therefore?" This was said with the view of contrasting what they had done, and were hence entitled to expect, with what the rich young man mentioned immediately before had been called to do, but refused from his love of riches to perform. Rather than part with these, he had shown his determination to bid farewell to the kingdom of God. But the thought instantly occurred to Peter, *We* have done the very thing which *he* has failed to do—we have left all, and followed thee; surely, then, since it is so difficult a matter, we may expect a large recompense of blessing. In reply to this expression of self-complacent satisfaction with their own doings, and boastful superiority over the young man, our Lord declared it to be, indeed, a principle in his kingdom, that for every such sacrifice, sincerely and honestly made by any one for his sake, there would be large recompenses of blessing—"He shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life;" but he proceeds at the same time to teach, that all depended on the *spirit* in which it might be done; and that if the spirit, the germ of which had now so clearly discovered itself in Peter, were to become their characteristic, so far from being largely recompensed, they would be found incapable of holding a place in the kingdom at all. "But many," he adds, "that are first shall be last, and the last first." He expresses himself at first mildly, as if it were only a danger to be feared and guarded against, lest those who thought themselves, and were perhaps thought by others, in the foremost rank of members, might after all be found in the lowest place; and then, when he has delivered the parable, and shown how completely at variance the self-righteous disposition is with the nature of the kingdom, he draws the conclusion more strongly and comprehensively as a universal principle: "*So* the last shall be first, and the first last; for many be called, but few chosen." The first all last, and the last not chosen; that is, utterly unfit to hold a place in the kingdom at all; their labours and sacrifices, however great and long-continued, were all done upon a wrong principle, and could attain to no blessing. For Christ takes it for granted, as a thing plain enough of itself, that the persons who betrayed an opposite mind to that of the householder, and were denounced by him as having an evil eye, while his was good, that these persons could not possibly represent the true members of the kingdom, but only such as listened to the outward call, and had a nominal title to its privileges and blessings. Such persons might in the eye of man rank among its members, and in their own esteem might even hold an unrivalled place; but there is an utter contrariety between their mind and that of the Lord of the kingdom; and when the full truth is told concerning them, it is, that they are altogether aliens from his chosen and blessed company. What a timely and solemn warning, then, to Peter and his fellow-disciples? It was just a repeating over again of the lesson which had already been impressively taught them (Matt. xviii. 1–6), but which their still carnal minds rendered them incapable of fully apprehending. They had contended who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven; but Jesus, taking a little child and setting him in the midst of them, said, "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven;"—as much as to say, It is well, indeed, for you to be contending about who is to occupy the highest place there; when it rather becomes you to take heed lest ye be excluded from any place among its members; for assuredly, unless ye come down from your present towering imaginations, and possess the heart of little children, the kingdom is not for you, nor you for it.

4. The foundation of this great practical truth concerning the kingdom of God lies in the nature of the kingdom itself, as wholly of God,

and in all its provisions the gift of his grace to men. This fundamental idea is also brought out here, and runs through the representations of the parable. The vineyard is the householder's in so complete and absolute a sense, that to him alone it belongs to call men into it, to prescribe and appoint the terms on which they are to labour in it, and in his awards to do as he wills, because transacting with what is entirely his own. In such a case it would manifestly be an incongruity, nay, an insolent presumption not to be tolerated, for any to think of making terms and bargaining with him concerning its recompenses of blessing. These are, in the highest sense, gifts of grace freely conferred in sovereign goodness upon the sinful and unworthy. Here pre-eminently all things are of God through Christ; the kingdom and everything that concerns it are his. Our calling is of God; we must wait till he bids us; and when we enter, must enter on the terms he is pleased to prescribe to us, and take thankfully from his hand what he sees good to bestow. A spirit of deep abasement and childlike humility must, on our part, lie at the root of all, disposing us, at the bidding of our divine Master, to enter as labourers into his vineyard, but not as hirelings;—as labourers indeed; for while all receive freely and undeservedly from his hand, it is that they may lay it out in doing faithful service to him. From the highest seraph in glory to the humblest follower of Jesus on earth, all have their appointed work to do in the kingdom, and must find their happiness and well-being, not in an idle and profitless repose, but in diligently obeying the will of their common Father in heaven. While we must work, however, if we are Christ's, we must do so as proper labourers, and not as hirelings. "These may both apply their powers, often even their most strenuous efforts, to the execution of a work, in which they obey the guidance and direction of some other will than their own. But in this they differ from each other, that the labourer, being prompted by love, makes his Lord's will his own; whereas the hireling remains as an alien to the will of his Lord, because he is destitute of love. The labourer moves himself with ease and freedom, because he is full of spirit; the hireling is crippled and benumbed, because he is destitute of spirit. The labourer finds his pleasure in his work; the hireling is allured only by what he wins. The labourer rejoices in the success also of others, his heart being in the cause; the hireling grudges every gain in which he has himself no share." (*Dræseke.*) In short, self and the claims of self are everything with the one, who has never felt himself to be a lost and undone sinner; while God's grace, and will, and glory, are everything with the other.

5. Finally, the parable is fitted to impress upon us the sad and miserable condition of those who are not truly living and labouring in the kingdom. It is to wrest the parable quite beside the purpose, for which it was manifestly taught, to understand it as implying, by the preference given to the last called, that it is a matter of no moment at what period of life men may apply themselves in earnest to the things of God. Its real teaching is rather the reverse; for by all being represented as idle up to the moment they received and complied with the call of the householder, it obviously seeks to impress upon us a conviction of the alike dangerous and hurtful nature of delay. Not only does every hour deferred increase the peril of our finding the door at last finally closed and shut, but it is also so much time misspent, utterly and irrevocably gone. For though men may toil and labour ever so hard, and even think, while they are doing so, that they are working for heaven, yet it is only when they listen as humble sinners to the voice of mercy in the Saviour, and give themselves, as ransomed creatures, to his service and glory, that they labour to any purpose. Till then they are idle as regards the real interests of their natures—"spending their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not." To work out of the kingdom, or to work in the kingdom otherwise than in a spirit of humble and lowly dependence upon God, is equally lost labour.

MOUNT PISGAH.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

MOSES was denied entrance into the land of Canaan. Though he had braved the wrath of Pharaoh, renounced his worldly expectations, periled his life, and led on the hosts of Israel for forty years through the wilderness, for the sole purpose of reaching the promised land, his eyes were never to be gladdened by the sight. He had escaped the wrath of his pursuers—the pestilence that swept so many thousands to death—the bite of the flaming serpents that strewed the camp with so many thousands more—even the decay of the body itself—to die at last by special decree in sight of the very object of all his toils—the anticipated rest from all his labours. The sea had been passed—the murmurs of the people borne with—the long, weary desert travelled over—forty years of the prime of life exhausted, to secure one single object, and then he died with that object unreached, though spread out in all its tempting loveliness before him.

Angry when the people clamoured for water—daring to carry out the commands of the Lord in a petulant manner—assembling the people hastily, without sanctifying them for the great miracle about to be performed—addressing them roughly, and claiming the credit of the miracle, though, perhaps unintentionally, saying, "Must *we* bring water out of the rock?" and smiting, in his vexation, the rock twice, instead of once, as he had been commanded, and thereby injuring the antitype—Moses had so displeased the Lord that he denied him entrance into Canaan.

In whatever relations we behold Moses, with the above single exception, he is ever the same sublime and majestic character. Noble by nature, great by his mission, and greater still by the manner in which he accomplished it, he ever maintains his ascendency over our feelings. We see the fiery promptings of the heart that could not brook oppression, in the bloody vengeance he took on the Egyptian who would trample on his brother. Preferring the desert with freedom to the court of Pharaoh in sight of injustice, he led the life of a fugitive. Called by a voice from heaven to go back to deliver his people, he again trod the courts of the king of Egypt.

But not in the presence of Pharaoh when he withstood the monarch to his face, and brought down the thunders of heaven on his throne—not on the beach of the sea, with one arm upraised toward heaven and the other stretched out over the water, while the waves that went surging by, stopped and crouched at his feet—not in the midst of the raining manna —not in the lifting of the brazen symbol in the midst of the flying serpents, while the moan of suffering and the cries of the dying struggled up from a mighty encampment—not when, between the mountains, his stately form shone in the light of the blazing, fiery pillar, while the tread of the mighty multitude shook the earth behind him—nor even when he stood on shaking Sinai, his guard the thunder, and his vesture the lightning, and talked with the Eternal, as friend talketh with friend—not in all these awful relations does he appear to be so majestic and attractive as in the last event of his life.

Behold the white tents of Israel, stretched over the plain and swelling knolls, at the foot of Mount Nebo. It is a balmy, glorious day. The sun is sailing over the encampment, while the blue sky bends in love over all things. Here and there a fleecy cloud is hovering over the top of Pisgah, as if conscious of the mysterious scene about to transpire there. The trees stand green and fresh in the sunlight; the lowing of cattle rises through the still atmosphere, and Nature is lovely and tranquil, as if no sounds of grief were to disturb her repose. Amid this beauty and quietness, Moses assembled the children of Israel for the last time, to take his farewell look, and leave his farewell blessing. He casts his eyes over the leaders beside him, and over the host, while a thousand contending emotions struggle for the mastery in his bosom. The past, with its toils and sufferings, rose up before him; and how could he part with his children, murmuring and ungrateful though they had been, whom he had borne on his brave heart for more than forty years? Self-collected and calm he stood before them, and gave them his blessing. He made no complaints—never spoke of his hardships in their behalf; made no allusion to his anguish in leaving them on the very verge of Canaan, the object for which he had toiled so long. He did not even refer to his death. In the magnanimity of his great heart, forgetful of himself, or else not daring to trust his feelings in an allusion to his fate, he closed his sublime address in the following touching language:—"The eternal God thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: and he shall thrust out the enemy before thee. Israel then shall dwell in safety alone. Happy art thou, O Israel! who is like unto thee: O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency!" Noble language—noble heart! Carried away in the contemplation of his children's happiness, he burst forth into exclamations of joy in the moment of his deepest distress. But did not that manly voice falter, and that stern lip quiver, as he advanced to bid them his last adieu? For a moment, perhaps, the rising emotions checked his utterance. They had been the companions of his toil—the objects of his deepest solicitude. A common suffering, a common fate, had bound them to him by a thousand ties. He looked back on the desert: it was passed. He looked forward to Canaan: it was near. He turned to the people: they were weeping. He cast his eye up Nebo, and he knew he must die. Although no complaint escaped his lips—no regret fell from his tongue, a deeper paleness was on his cheek, and a sterner strife in his heart, than he had ever felt before. Though outwardly calm, his stern nature shook for a moment like a cedar in a tempest, and then the struggle was over. His farewell was echoed in melancholy tones from lip to lip through the vast host as he turned to ascend the mountain. As he advanced from rock to rock, the sobbing of the multitude that followed after tore his heart-strings, like the cry of a child for its parents, and it was long before he dare trust himself to turn and look below. But at length he paused on a high rock, and gazed a moment on the scene at his feet. There were the white tents of Jacob glittering in the sunlight, and there the dark mass of Israel's host, as they stood and watched the form of their departing leader. Those tents had become familiar to him as household scenes; and as he gazed on them, now far, far beneath him, and saw the cloud overshadowing the mysterious ark, a sigh of unutterable sadness escaped him. He thought of the bones of Joseph he had carried forty years, that were to rest with his descendants, while he was to be left alone amid the mountains. Again he turned to the ascent, and soon a rock shut him from view, and he passed on alone to the summit.

There was spread before him the land of Canaan. He stood a speck on the high crag, and gazed on the lovely scene. Jordan went sweeping by in the glad sunlight. Palm trees shook their green tops in the summer wind, and plains, and cities, and vineyards spread away in endless beauty before him. But, ah! methinks he saw more than the landscape smiling beneath the Eastern sky. Was not the history of the future unrolled before him? Did he not see the spot of Bethlehem, and also the star that hung over it? Did he not see Jerusalem in its glory and downfall? Did he not hear the birth-song of the angels? Did not a mysterious mount rise before him, wrapped in storm and cloud, through whose gloomy foldings gleamed a cross? The clouds rolled away, and lo, the Strength of Israel, the Refuge of Judah, hung in death. Again the vision changed — the sepulchre was open, and like an ascending glory that form rose to heaven.

The scene vanished from his sight, and with the rock for his couch, and the blue sky for his covering, he lay down to die. O, who can tell what the mighty lawgiver felt, left in that dreadful hour alone! The mystery of mysteries was to be passed. No friend was beside his couch to soothe him, no voice to encourage him in that last, darkest of all human struggles. No one was with him but God, and though with one hand he smote him, with the other he held his dying head. How long was he dying? God alone can answer. What words did his quivering lips last utter? God alone knows. Was his last prayer for Israel?—his last words of the Crucified? From that lonely rock did a shout go up: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Of that last scene and its changes we know nothing, but when it was over, Moses lay a corpse on the mountain top. And God buried him. There he slept alone — the mountain cloud which night hung around him was his only shroud, and the thunder of the passing storm was his only dirge. There he slept while centuries rolled by, his grave unknown and unvisited, until at length he is seen standing on Mount Tabor, with Christ, in the transfiguration. Over Jordan at last!—in Canaan at last!

I will not speak here of the instruction this scene affords, but from the very summit of his sorrows, where he had gone to die, Moses, for the first time in his life, caught a view of Canaan. He did not know, as he went over the rocks, torn and weary, how lovely the prospect was from the top. In this world it frequently happens that when man has reached the place of anguish, God folds away the mist from before his eyes, and the very spot he selected as the receptacle of his tears becomes the place of his rapture.

For thirty days did the Israelites mourn at the base of that mountain over their departed leader, and then mournfully struck their tents and moved away. —*New York Observer.*

ANXIETIES OF THE SAILOR'S LIFE.

BY THE REV. MR. ABBOTT OF NANTUCKET.

A MAN was speaking a few days ago of the emotions with which he was overwhelmed, when he bade adieu to his family on his last voyage. The ship in which he was to sail was at Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard. The packet was at the wharf which was to convey him from Nantucket to the ship. He went down in the morning and saw all his private sea stores stowed away in the sloop, and then returned to his home to take leave of his wife and children. His wife was sitting at the fire-side, struggling in vain to restrain her tears. She had an infant a few months old in her arms, and with her foot was rocking the cradle, in which lay another little daughter about three years of age, with her cheeks flushed with a burning fever. No pen can describe the anguish of such a parting. It is almost like the bitterness of death. The departing father imprints a kiss upon the cheek of his child. Four years will pass away ere he will again take that child in his arms. Leaving his wife sobbing in anguish, he closes the door of his house behind him. Four years must elapse ere he can cross that threshold again. One sea captain upon this island has passed but seven years out of forty-one upon the land.

A lady said to me a few evenings ago, "I have been married eleven years, and counting all the days my husband has been at home since our marriage, it amounts to but three hundred and sixty days." He is now absent, having been gone fifteen months: and two years more must undoubtedly elapse before his wife can see his face, and when he shall return, it will be merely a visit to his family for a few months, when he will again bid them adieu for another four years' absence.

I asked the lady the other day how many letters she wrote to her husband during his last voyage.—"One hundred," was the answer. "And how many did he receive?" "Six." The inevitable rule is to write by every ship that leaves this port or New Bedford, or any other port that may be heard of, for the Pacific Ocean. And yet the chances are very small that any two ships will meet on this boundless expanse. It sometimes happens that a ship returns when those on board have not heard one word from their families during the whole period of their absence. Imagine, then, the feelings of a husband and father, who returns to the harbour of Nantucket, after the separation of forty-eight months, during which time he has heard no tidings from his home. He sees the boat pushing off from the wharf, which is to bring him the tidings of weal or woe. He stands pale and trembling, pacing the deck with emotions which he in vain endeavours to conceal. A friend in the boat greets him with a smile, and says, "Captain, your family are all well;" or perhaps he is the bearer of heavier news.

A young man left this island last summer, leaving in his quiet home a young and beautiful wife, and an infant child. The wife and child are now both in the grave. But the husband knows not, and probably will not know of it for some months to come. He perhaps falls asleep every night thinking of the loved ones left at his fire-side, little imagining that they are both cold in death.

On a bright summer afternoon, the telegraph announces that a Cape Horn ship has appeared in the horizon, and immediately the stars and stripes of our national banner are unfurled from our flag-staff, sending a wave of emotion through the town. Many families are hoping that this is the ship in which their friends are to return, and all are hoping for tidings from the absent. Soon the name of the ship is announced. And then there is an eager contention with the boys to be the first bearer of the joyful tidings to the wife of the captain; for which service a silver dollar is the established and invariable fee. And who can describe the feelings which must then agitate the bosom of the wife? Perhaps she has heard of no tidings from the ship for more than a year. Trembling with excitement, she dresses herself to meet her husband. "Is he alive," she says to herself, "or am I a widow, and the poor children orphans?" She walks about the room, unable to compose herself sufficiently to sit down; eagerly is she looking out of the window and down the street. She sees a man with hurried steps turn the corner, and a little boy has hold of his hand. Yes, it is he. And her little son has gone down to the boat and found his father. Or, perhaps, instead of this, she sees two other neighbours returning slowly and sadly, and directing their steps to her door. The blood flows back upon her heart. They rap at the door. It is the knell of her husband's death. And she falls senseless to the floor, as they tell her that her husband has long since been entombed in the fathomless ocean.

This is not fiction. These are not extreme cases which the imagination creates. They are facts of continued occurrence—facts which awaken emotions to which no pen can do justice.

A few weeks ago a ship returned to this island, bringing the news of another ship that was nearly filled with oil, that all on board were well, and that she might be expected in a neighbouring port in such a month. The wife of the captain resided in Nantucket, and early in the month, with a heart throbbing with affection and hope, she went to greet her husband on his return. At length the ship appeared, dropped her anchor in the harbour, and the friends of the lady went to the ship to escort the husband to the wife from whom he had so long been separated. Soon they sadly returned with the tidings that her husband had been seized with the coast fever, upon the Island of Madagascar, and when about a week out, on his return home, he died, and was committed to his ocean burial. A few days after I called upon the weeping widow and little daughter in their desolate home of bereavement and anguish.

[How much need have such of the instructions and consolations of the Gospel; and yet how little is done for the poor sailor!]

THE MIRACLES OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

REFERRING to the worship of the Virgin in the dark ages, says the calm and philosophic Hallam, "It is difficult to conceive the stupid absurdity and the disgusting profaneness of those stories which were invented by the monks to do her honour." He then gives, upon the authority of Le Grand D'Aussy, the following few specimens, to confirm his assertions, "lest they should appear to the reader harsh and extravagant." The titles are my own.

1. *The robber saved from hanging.*—"There was a man whose occupation was highway robbery; but, whenever he set out on any such an expedition, he was careful to address a prayer to the Virgin. Taken at last, he was sentenced to be hanged. While the cord was round his neck, he made his usual prayer, nor was it ineffectual. The Virgin supported his feet 'with her white hands,' and thus kept him alive two days, to the no small surprise of the executioner, who attempted to complete his work with strokes of a sword. But the same invisible hand turned aside the weapon, and the executioner was compelled to release his victim, acknowledging the miracle. The thief retired into a monastery, which is always the termination of these deliverances."

2. *The wicked monk admitted to heaven.*—"At the monastery of St. Peter, near Cologne, lived a monk perfectly dissolute and irreligious, but very devout toward the apostle. Unluckily, he died suddenly without confession. The fiends came as usual to seize his soul. St. Peter, vexed at losing so faithful a votary, besought God to admit the monk into paradise. His prayer was refused, and though the whole body of saints, apostles, angels, and martyrs, joined at his request to make interest, it was of no avail. In this extremity he had recourse to the mother of God. 'Fair lady,' said he, 'my monk is lost if you do not interfere for him; but what is impossible for us, will be but sport to you, if you please to assist us. Your Son, if you but speak a word, must yield, since it is in your power to command him.' The queen mother assented, and, followed by all the virgins, moved toward her Son. He who had himself given the precept, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' no sooner saw his own parent approach, than he rose to receive her, and, taking her by the hand, inquired her wishes. The rest may be easily conjectured. Compare the gross stupidity, or rather the atrocious impiety of this tale, with the pure theism of the Arabian Nights, and judge whether the Deity was better worshipped at Cologne or at Bagdad."

"These tales," adds the historian, "it may be said, were the productions of ignorant men, and circulated among the populace. Certainly they would have excited contempt and indignation in the more enlightened clergy. But I am concerned with the general character of religious notions among the people; and for this it is better to take such popular compositions, adapted to what the laity already believed, than the writings of comparatively learned and reflecting men. However, stories of the same cast are frequent in the monkish historians. Matthew Paris, one of the most respectable of that class, and no friend to the covetousness or relaxed lives of the priesthood, tells of a knight who was on the point of being damned for frequenting tournaments, but saved by a donation he had formerly made to the Virgin."

BELIEVER! IS DEATH REALLY TO BE FEARED?

YOU complain that you fear death: he is no man that doth not. Besides the pain, Nature shrinks at the thought of parting. If you would learn the remedy, know the cause for that she is ignorant and faithless. She would not be cowardly, if she were not foolish. Our fear is from doubt, and our doubt is from unbelief; and whence is our unbelief, but chiefly from ignorance? She knows not what good is elsewhere: she believes not her part in it. Get once true knowledge and true faith, your fear shall vanish alone. Assurance of heavenly things makes us willing to part with earthly. He cannot contemn this life, who knows not the other. If you would despise earth, therefore, think of heaven. If you would have death easy, think of what glorious life which follows it. Certainly, if we can endure pain for health, much more should we abide a few pangs for glory.

Think how foolish it is to fear a vanquished enemy. Lo, Christ hath triumphed over death; he bleedeth and gaspeth under us: and yet we tremble. It is enough to us that Christ died: neither would he have died, but that we might die with safety and pleasure.

Think that death is necessarily annexed to nature. We are for a time, on condition that we shall not be; we receive life, but upon the terms of re-delivery. Necessity makes some things easy, as it usually makes easy things difficult. It is a foolish injustice to embrace the covenant and shrink at the condition.

Think, there is but one common road to all flesh: there are no by-paths of any fairer or nearer way; no, not for princes. Even company abateth miseries; and the commonness of an evil makes it less fearful. What worlds of men are gone before us; yea, how many thousands out of one field! How many crowns and sceptres lie piled up at the gates of death, which their owners have left there, as spoils to the conqueror! Have we been at so many graves, and so often seen ourselves die in our friends; and do we shrink when our course cometh? Imagine you alone were exempted from the common law of mankind, or were condemned to Methuselah's age; assure yourself, death is not now so fearful as your life would then be wearisome.

Think not so much what death is, as from whom he comes, and for what. We receive even homely messengers from great persons, not without respect to their masters: and what matters it who he be, so that he bring us good news? What news can be better than this, that God sends for you, to take possession of a kingdom? Let them fear death who know him but as a messenger sent from hell; whom their conscience accuseth of a life wilfully filthy, and binds over secretly to condemnation. We know whither we are going, and whom we have believed: let us pass on cheerfully through these black gates unto our glory.

Lastly, know that our improvidence only adds terror unto death. Think of death, and you shall not fear it. Do you not see, that even bears and tigers seem not terrible to those that live with them? How have we seen their keepers sport with them, when the beholders durst scarce trust their chain! Be acquainted with death; though he look grim upon you at first, you shall find him (yea, you shall make him) a good companion. Familiarity cannot stand with fear. These are receipts enough. Too much store doth rather overwhelm than satisfy. Take but these, and I dare promise you security.—*Hall.*

TWO REASONS FOR GETTING A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

1. *You cannot possibly get rid of your conscience; therefore be persuaded to get a good one.*—There is nothing more common than for wicked men to do what they can to extinguish conscience. They flatter it with carnal reasoning; they bribe it with mock devotions; they wound it with heinous provocations; they sear it with customary wickedness; they trample it under foot by sinning in despite of it; they run away from it, and will not endure to hear it, by diversions: and yet they can sooner turn their souls out of their bodies, than conscience out of their souls; yea, amongst all these indignities, it is as fresh and active as if it were not thus abused. It doth but watch its opportunity, when it will be heard, when it will make that which was done perhaps forty years ago, as if it had been but yesterday. What ails the great emperors of the world, "that cause their terror in the land of the living?" What ails them to tremble with inward contrition? Is it a vain fear? Why then do they not shake it off? Is it the fear of men? No: they are above human punishments. Is it the fear of shame? No: the sin perhaps was secret; at least man knows not the inward consternation of their spirits. What is the matter? O! they are haunted by the fury of their own consciences. Would wicked men but blab the gripes they sometimes feel, even then when they out-face a ministerial or friendly reproof, there would need no more to be said to evidence that a conscience you will have, which will, first or last, do its office.

2. *Your own conscience will be your best friend, or your greatest enemy, of any creature, unto eternity.*—There is no greater riches, no greater pleasure, no greater safety, than a good conscience. Let the pressures of the body, the hurry of the world, the
affrightments of Satan, be never so great, a
reach the conscience. A good conscienc
cheers the dying body, joyfully accomp
God the departed soul, triumphingly pre
soul and body unto the desired tribunal. T
more profitable means, nor surer testimony,
nent conveyer of eternal happiness, than a
science. And, on the contrary, there is n
torment than that of an evil conscience; t
gentler checks may be disregarded, its lo
ours will make you tremble. O sirs! what w
when conscience shall upbraid you with w
of mercies, incorrigibleness under judgm
tempt of Christ, and hatred of holiness?
not now endure to hear what conscience ha
how will you endure it unto eternity? H
killed his own father, could not, in some H
account, be more cruelly punished, than
compelled to behold the murdered body
days; what a torment will it be to be forced
every sin, with every aggravation, unto
Here, in bodily sickness, there are some i
revive the spirits; but hereafter there will
moment's intermission of unexpressible h
eternity. The conscience shall roar unde
wrath, and the sinner shall be kept from a
under it by infinite power.—*Annesley.*

POPISH PROFANITY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Record*, June
thus: "I send you an extract from a Brus
which will more than bear out what you
on the subject of Continental manners.
passion of our blessed Saviour (it is shocking
the words) should be made part of a drama
ment and exhibition on a Sabbath, to a mix
of play-goers, as the sequel of a spectacle,
part of which consisted of conjurer's tricks,
Indian games, and comic interludes, might
peared incredible: it was, nevertheless, the
amusement in Brussels, in the month of
The *Record* gives the play-bill in French.
lowing is a translation of the last part: "Th
tacle will be closed by the PASSION OF OUR S
JESUS CHRIST, in which the various stations
will be represented. In the last view the
will undergo a change, and angels and cheru
be seen to descend; at that moment the Savi
take his ascension into heaven in the midst of
and the theatre will be entirely illuminated
of various colours. The last view will be th
and most imposing."

WRONG WAY OF FLYING.

THERE is a good moral in Lessing's short
between the young eagle and the owl.

"I have something more to ask you," said t
eagle to a learned melancholy owl. "Men say
is a bird, by name Merops, who, when he
the air, flies with his tail upward, and his
toward the ground. Is that true?"

"Certainly not," answered the owl, "it is
foolish tradition of man; he is himself a Mer
he would fly to heaven without for a moment
sight of the earth."

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE WITH PROFIT.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WATSON.

(*Continued from page* 436.)

12. Come to the reading of the Word with honest hearts.—Christ speaks of "the honest heart." (Luke viii. 15.)

"What is it to read the Word with an honest heart?"

(1.) To come with a heart willing to know e whole counsel of God.—A good heart would ot have any truth concealed; but saith, as Job, "That which I see not, teach thou me." (Job xxxiv. 32.) When men pick and choose religion, they will do some things the Word joins them, but not others. These are unund hearts, and are not benefited by Holy rit. These are like a patient, who having a bitter pill prescribed and a julep, he will take the julep, but refuseth the pill.

(2.) To read the Word with an honest heart, is to read it that we may be made better by it. —The word is the medium and organ of sanctity; and we come to it not only to illuminate us, but consecrate us: "Sanctify them through hy truth." (John xvii. 17.) Some go to the le as one goes to the garden, to pick flowers; that is, fine notions. Austin confesseth, that before his conversion he went to hear Ambrose more for the elegancy of speech and quaintness of notion, than the spirituality of the matter. This is like a woman that paints her face, but neglects her health. But *this* is to have an honest heart, when we come to the Scriptures, as Naaman to the waters of Jordan, to be healed of our leprosy. "O," saith the soul, "that this sword of the Spirit may pierce the rock of my heart; that this blessed word may have such a virtue in it as the water of jealousy, to kill and make fruitful (Numb. v. 27, 28); that it may kill my sin, and make me fruitful in grace."

13. Learn to apply Scripture.—Take every word as spoken to yourselves. When the Word thunders against sin, think thus: "God means my sins;" when it presseth any duty, "God intends me in this." Many put off Scripture from themselves, as if it only concerned those who lived in the time when it was written; but if you intend to profit by the word, bring it home to yourselves: a medicine will do no good, unless it be applied. The saints of old took the word as if it had been spoken to them by name. When King Josiah heard the threatening which was written in the Book of God, he applied it to himself: "He rent his clothes, and humbled" his soul "before the Lord." (2 Kings xxii. 11, 13.)

14. Observe the preceptive part of the Word, as well as the promissive.—The precepts carry duty in them, like the veins which carry the blood; the promises carry comfort in them, like the arteries which carry the spirits. Make use as well of the precepts to direct you, as the promises to comfort you. Such as cast their eye upon the promise, with a neglect of the command, are not edified by Scripture; they look more after comfort than duty. They mistake their comforts, as Apollo embraced the laurel tree instead of Daphne. The body may be swelled with wind as well as flesh; a man may be filled with false comfort as well as that which is genuine and real.

15. Let your thoughts dwell upon the most material passages of Scripture.—The bee fastens on those flowers where she may suck most sweetness. Though the whole contexture of Scripture is excellent, yet some parts of it may have a greater emphasis, and be more quick and pungent. Reading the names of the tribes, or the genealogies of the patriarchs, is not of the same importance as faith and "the new creature." Mind the "weighty things of the law." (Hos. viii. 12.) They who read only to satisfy their curiosity, do rather busy than profit themselves. The searching too far into Christ's temporal reign hath, I fear, weakened his spiritual reign in some men's hearts.

16. Compare yourself with the Word.—See how the Scripture and your hearts agree—how your dial goes with this sun. Are your hearts, as it were, a transcript and counterpart of Scripture? Is the word copied out into your hearts? The word calls for humility; are you not only humbled, but humble? The word calls for regeneration (John iii. 7); have you the signature and engraving of the Holy Ghost upon you? have you a change of heart? not only a partial and moral change, but a spiritual?

Is there such a change wrought in you, as if another soul did live in the same body? "Such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified," &c. (1 Cor. vi. 11.) The word calls for love to the saints (1 Pet. i. 22); do you love grace where you see it? Do you love grace in a poor man as well as in a rich? A son loves to see his father's picture, though hung in a mean frame; do you love grace, though mixed with some failings, as we love gold, though it be in the ore? The bringing the rule of the word and our hearts together, to see how they agree, would prove very advantageous to us. Hereby we come to know the true complexion and state of our souls, and see what evidences and certificates we have for heaven.

17. Take special notice of those Scriptures which speak to your particular case.—Were a consumptive person to read Galen or Hippocrates, he would chiefly observe what they writ about consumption. Great regard is to be had to those paragraphs of Scripture which are most apposite to one's present case. I shall instance only in two cases: *first*, Affliction; *second*, Desertion.

(1.) Affliction.—Hath God made your chain heavy? Consult these Scriptures: "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons." (Heb. xii. 7. See Job xxxvi. 8, 9; Deut. viii. 15; 1 Kings xi. 39; Ps. lxxxix. 30–33; Heb. xii. 10, 11; Ps. xxxvii. 39; Rom. viii. 28; 1 Pet. i. 6, 7; 2 Chron. xxxiii. 11-13; Rev. iii. 19; 2 Cor. iv. 16; Job v. 17; Micah vi. 9.) "By this shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged; and this is all the fruit to take away his sin." (Isa. xxvii. 9.) "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy." (John xvi. 20.) The French have a berry, which they call "the grape of a thorn." God gives joy out of sorrow; here is the grape of a thorn: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." (2 Cor. iv. 17.) The limner lays his gold upon dark colours; God first lays the dark colour of affliction, and then the golden colour of glory.

(2.) Desertion. — Are your spiritual comforts eclipsed? "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment: but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee." (Isa. liv. 8. See also Lam. iii. 31–33; Ps. cvi. 6, 9, ciii. 9; Mark xv. 34; Isa. viii. 17, xlix. 15, l. 10, liv. 10; 2 Cor. vii. 6.) The sun may hide itself in a cloud, but it is not out of the firmament; God may hide his face, but he is not out of covenant. "I will not be always wroth: for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made." (Isa. lvii. 16.) God is like the musician—he will not stretch the strings of his lute too hard, lest they break. "Light is sown for the righteous." (Ps. xcvii. 11.) A saint's comfort may be hid as seed under the clods, but at last it will spring up into a harvest of joy.

Are you under the power of unbelief? Read Isa. xxvi. 3: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." Mr. Bolton speaks of a distressed soul who found much comfort from this Scripture on his sick-bed: "The word of the Lord is tried: he is a buckler to all them that trust in him." (2 Sam. xxii. 31. See also Zeph. iii. 12; Ps. xxxiv. 22, lv. 22, xxxii. 10; Mark ix. 23; 1 Pet. v. 7.) "That whosoever believeth in him should not perish." (John iii. 15.) Unbelief is a God-affronting sin: "He that believeth not God, hath made him a liar." (1 John v. 10.) It is a soul-murdering sin: "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii. 36.) Thus, in reading observe those Scriptures which do "touch upon your particular case." Although all the Bible must be read, yet those texts which point most directly to your condition be sure to put a special star upon.

18. Take special notice of the examples in Scripture.—Make the examples of others living sermons to you.

(1.) Observe the examples of God's judgments upon sinners.—They have been hanged up in chains *in terrorem*. How severely hath God punished proud men! Nebuchadnezzar made to eat grass; Herod eaten up with vermin! How hath God plagued idolaters! (Numb. xxv. 3–5, 9; 1 Kings xiv. 9-11.) What a swift witness hath he set up against liars! (Acts v. 5, 10.) These examples are set up as sea-marks to avoid. (1 Cor. x. 11; Jude 7.)

(2.) Observe the examples of God's mercy to saints.—Jeremiah was preserved in the dungeon; the three children in the furnace; Daniel in the lions' den. These examples are props to faith, spurs to holiness.

19. Leave not off reading in the Bible till you find your hearts warmed.—"I will never forget thy precepts: for with them thou hast quickened me." (Ps. cxix. 93.) Read the word, not only as a history, but labour to be affected with it. Let it not only inform you, but inflame you. "Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord." (Jer. xxiii. 29.) Go

not from the word till you can say as those disciples, "Did not our heart burn within us?" (Luke xxiv. 32.)

20. Set upon the practice of what you read.—"I have done thy commandments." (Ps. cxix. 166.) A student in physic doth not satisfy himself to read over a system or body of physic, but he falls upon practising physic: the life-blood of religion lies in the practice part. So, in the text: "He shall read" in the book of the law "all the days of his life: that he may learn to keep all the words of this law and these statutes, to do them." Christians should be walking Bibles. Xenophon said: "Many read Lycurgus' laws, but few observe them." The word written is not only a rule of knowledge, but a rule of obedience: it is not only to mend our sight, but to mend our pace. David calls God's word "a lamp unto his feet." (Ps. cxix. 105.) It was not only a light to his eyes to see by, but to his feet to walk by. By practice we trade the talent of knowledge, and turn it to profit. This is a blessed reading of Scripture, when we fly from the sins which the word forbids, and espouse the duties which the word commands. Reading without practice will be but a torch to light men to hell.

21. Make use of Christ's prophetical office.—He is "the Lion of the tribe of Judah," to whom it is given "to open the book" of God, "and to loose the seven seals thereof." (Rev. v. 5.) Christ doth so teach as he doth quicken. "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall have the light of life." (John viii. 12.) The philosopher saith, "Light and heat increase together." It is true here: where Christ comes into the soul with his light, there is the heat of spiritual life going along with it. Christ gives us "a taste of the word:" "Thou hast taught me. How sweet are thy words unto my taste!" (Ps. cxix. 102, 103.) It is one thing to read a promise, another thing to "taste" it. Such as would be Scripture proficients, let them get Christ to be their teacher. "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." (Luke xxiv. 45.) Christ did not only open the Scriptures, but "opened their understanding."

22. Tread often upon the threshold of the sanctuary.—Wait diligently on a rightly constituted ministry: "Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching diligently at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors." (Prov. viii. 34.) Ministers are God's interpreters; it is their work to expound and open dark places of Scripture. We read of "pitchers, and lamps within the pitchers." (Judg. vii. 16.) Ministers are "earthen" pitchers. (2 Cor. iv. 7.) But these pitchers have lamps within them, to light souls in the dark.

23. Pray that God will make you profit.—"I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to profit." (Isa. xlviii. 17.) Make David's prayer: "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." (Ps. cxix. 18.) Pray to God to take off the veil on the Scripture, that you may understand it; and the veil on your heart, that you may believe it. Pray that God will not only give you his word as a *rule* of holiness, but his grace as a *principle* of holiness. Implore the guidance of God's Spirit: "Thou gavest them thy good Spirit to instruct them." (Neh. ix. 20.) Though the ship hath a compass to sail by, and store of tackling, yet without a gale of wind it cannot sail. Though we have the word written as our compass to sail by, and make use of our endeavours as the tackling, yet, unless the Spirit of God blow upon us, we cannot sail with profit. When the Almighty is as "dew" unto us, then we "grow as the lily," and our "beauty is as the olive tree." (Hos. xiv. 5, 6.) Beg the anointing of the Holy Ghost. (1 John ii. 20.) One may see the figures on a dial, but he cannot tell how the day goes unless the shun shine: we may read many truths in the Bible, but we cannot know them savingly till God's Spirit shine in our souls. (2 Cor. ix. 6.) The Spirit is "a Spirit of wisdom and revelation." (Eph. i. 17.) When Philip joined himself to the eunuch's chariot, then he understood the Scripture. (Acts viii. 29–35.) When God's Spirit joins himself to the word, then it will be effectual to salvation.

These rules observed, the word written would, through God's blessing, be "an engrafted word." (James i. 21.) A good scion grafted into a bad stock changeth the nature of it, and makes it bear sweet and generous fruit; so when the word is grafted savingly into men's hearts, it doth sanctify them, and make them bring forth the sweet "fruits of righteousness." (Phil. i. 11.)

DAVID HUME.

NO. IV.

BY THE REV. JOHN G. LORIMER, GLASGOW.

We have hitherto alluded to Hume's character chiefly as respected himself and his fellow-men, but our view would be very imperfect if we did not comprehend, however briefly, a reference to HIS SPIRIT AND CONDUCT AS RESPECTED GOD—the supreme lawgiver and source of obligation—his bountiful benefactor. How did Hume stand affected to God? how did he treat Him? He first of all denied his being. In this he may have been consistent. Frequently he wrote as if he believed in the Divine existence, but evidently the truth had a very faint and wavering hold of his mind. Lord Brougham, who is not disposed to disparage—who, on the contrary, strange to say, speaks of him as "a man perfectly honest and single-hearted"—admits that Hume's doctrine of cause and effect, and the impossibility of proving a miracle, taken together, "amount to plain and practical Atheism, as far as such a belief is compatible with sanity of mind." And these sentiments he held onward to the last, when he had the near prospect before him of meeting with the God whose existence he called in question. If Hume be cleared from the charge of Atheism, it is only to fall under another scarcely less creditable—in some respects, considering his circumstances, more odious—the charge of Polytheism. In the face of all probability and evidence, he defends Polytheism as the most ancient faith, and professes that the belief in the Divine unity was an after-thought of the vulgar. He argues, that under Polytheism the worshipper has the advantage of feeling more at his ease, and that to believe that the gods are but a little way removed from us, is therefore more favourable to devotion. His friend, Diderot, held the same opinion, and considered Polytheism more consistent with modern philosophy than the belief in one God! One would be ready to doubt whether men claiming the possession of reason, not to speak of philosophy, could be in earnest in such professed belief; but an anecdote recorded of Hume seems to establish his Polytheistic leaning. Revising the lectures of the late Mr. Bruce, professor of logic in the University of Edinburgh—when he came to the division of the course headed "Proof of the Unity of the Deity," Hume is said to have exclaimed, "Stop, John, who told you whether there were one or more?" Then, whether Atheist or Polytheist, we find a strong tincture of profanity running through Hume's correspondence, and that even in his letters to professed ministers of the Gospel. Of course we do not quote specimens; but if Hume indulged in profane swearing even in letters, and in letters written to ministers, we may believe, without any breach of charity, that the practice with him was common and inveterate. If one may credit a statement in the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly, there is reason to think that his successive biographers have exercised a wise discretion in keeping back the more offensive parts. Sir Samuel tells us, that he was in Edinburgh, and passed some time with Dugald Stewart, at the very time he was preparing his account of Hume, and that out of deference to public opinion—let us hope also from a better motive—Mr. Stewart withheld the more profane parts of the correspondence. If this were really the case, the fact should have been stated, that no admirer of Hume might afterwards have it in his power to appeal to the comparative freedom of the letters from the profane, as a proof of the good character of the hero. We say nothing of the position of professed servants of Christ, who could be contented to maintain a friendship with the infidel, on the footing of religious neutrality, yet allow him to write such letters to them as have been published. The position is one of high discredit, leaving a painful suspicion on the mind that Hume believed them not to be very sincere in their profession of Christianity.

Along with the profanity of Hume, we must remember, in trying to estimate his religious position, that on principle he was an enemy to devotion and prayer. In a letter to Mr. Mure of Caldwell, he comments on the doctrine of Principal Leechman of Glasgow, on the subject, and contends, from the constitution of man, and his imperfect knowledge of the Deity, that it never can be his duty to address the Supreme. He is particularly severe upon prayer. "Since the address," says he, "has no influence on him (God), it is only a kind of rhetorical figure, in order to render wishes more ardent and passionate." And then he goes on to show how improper and dangerous such a figure of speech is. It is sad to record that, while Hume was opposed to all prayer, the particular view of it, which is open to his keen exposure, was the low view held by a professed minister of the Gospel.

But Hume's hatred to the true God, and the true worship of him, is apparent not only from the circumstances already related, but from his bitter antipathy to the Christian ministry. He not only hated God, but all connected with him, especially what was fitted to recommend his truth and cause upon earth. The antipathy, though most unworthy of a philosopher or a gentleman, appears on all occasions. He may have stood on good terms with "Moderate" ministers of the Church of England and of Scotland, though he did not care even to have a thrust at them; as at the latter, in a *jeu d'esprit*, entitled "The Bellman's Petition," in which he puts them on the same footing with grave-diggers, and gives the preference to the latter in point of efficiency; but his bitter hatred to the Evangelical ministry is notorious and undisguised. It is true that they were his only real religious opponents, that Dr. Erskine and Dr. M'Queen took up and exposed the dishonesty of his History, and warned the public against it, as soon as the first volume appeared; that Dr. Wallace, too, exposed his Essay on the Populousness of Ancient Nations, which was fitted, possibly designed, to shake all confidence in ancient testimony, and so indirectly aim a blow at revelation and its records; but we cannot explain the enmity from anything of a personal quarrel. Indeed, the enmity appeared in the very works which called forth their replies. The thwarting him on his road to a professorship in the University of Edinburgh, which was doubtless the deed of the same party, as well as the movement afterwards made in the General Assembly against his other infidel works, may have had their influence in deepening the hatred; but we apprehend it existed long before, and was far more deeply seated. There can be little question that it must be traced to hatred to Evangelical religion in general, irrespective altogether of individuals or their acts. Accordingly we find that Hume's hatred to an Evangelic ministry was not confined to those of his own day, but extended to men of the same character in all former times. This is the explanation of inconsistencies and contradictions which seem to have puzzled even Lord Jeffrey.

Nothing is more prominent in Hume's History than his hatred to the Evangelical Reformers of the sixteenth century. How base and disgraceful his treatment of the noble Luther! A servant of God noted for his disinterestedness is accused of being animated, in his super-human and self-denying labours, by nothing higher than an avaricious grudge, because the Augustinian order of monks, of which he was a member, were denied the privilege of making gain by selling indulgences, while the Dominicans were preferred! We say nothing of the utter want of philosophy which is betrayed in attempting to explain such an event as the Reformation from such a cause; but we beg to remind the reader that this is an old Popish calumny, first started by Paul Sarpi—not believed by any of the contemporary enemies of the Reformer, who were sufficiently credulous and bitter—never urged, rather refuted by them. It was first propagated by Cochlœus, a Roman Catholic historian of no weight among Roman Catholics of name, and was never whispered even by him till Luther was lying cold in his grave. And yet this is the authority whom a professed philosopher, in the face of all other testimony, quotes to the detraction and disparagement of a man of whom the world was not worthy—a man who laboured, and suffered, and sacrificed for his fellow-men to the last; and the charge is preferred, moreover, by a man who must have had the consciousness that he himself had never made throughout his life any one sacrifice of vanity, or ambition, or interest, for the public welfare.* What can explain Hume's conduct, but his hatred of Evangelical religion, and therefore his hatred of its able, consistent, and successful advocates and propagators? It were easy to show that our philosopher, in the very act of bringing such a charge against Luther, fell into various historical mistakes, and discovered no small historical ignorance. But we cannot wait to notice these, we would merely observe, that the general charge preferred against the Reformation as a whole, of being the parent of universal violence and bloodshed, is most unfair; nay, most disgraceful. It is well known to those who have examined the subject, that the Reformation was introduced into various countries with the approbation of the monarch, without any violence; that in others the struggle was very brief, not worthy of mention, compared with the inestimable benefits received; and that in the only cases where there was serious or protracted warfare, as in France, this was owing to the political state of parties, to causes which would have led to violence and war though the Reformation had never dawned.

It is not the Reformation only, however, which suffers at Hume's hands, though it might have been thought that a philosopher would have sympathized with, and rejoiced in, so glorious an emancipation of mind. The subsequent struggles of Evangelical religion in this country, in connection with civil liberty, share in the same treatment, and evidently from the same cause. It is here that the critics of Hume's writings are nonplussed. Lord Gardenstone, referring to the collision between the principles of freedom in his Essays, and the recommendation of despotism in his History, exclaims, "But on turning over his Essays, we are surprised by the most stupendous and unblushing contradiction." Lord Jeffrey, again, says, "Few things are more unaccountable, and indeed absurd, than that Hume should have taken part with High Church and High Monarchy men. The persecutions which he suffered in his youth from the Presbyterians, may perhaps have influenced his ecclesiastical partialities, but that he should have sided with the Tudors and the Stuarts *against* the people, seems quite inconsistent with all the great traits of his character." His lordship is mistaken in supposing, as is justly noticed by the biographer, that Hume had met with anything, previous to the publication of his first volume, seriously to discompose his judgment of parties. Plainly the only explanation—and it is an adequate one—was his *hatred to Evangelical religion and its ministers.* The party arrayed against the High Church and the High Monarchy men was the Evangelical party, and these—men of great warmth and fervour. Hence Hume's inconsistencies. He would rather contradict himself and all his published political opinions, than do justice, far less seem to show favour, to the friends of Evangelical religion. He sacrificed himself, that he might have a thrust at them. What a proof does this afford of genuine enmity! and all the while he was a philosopher of boasted calmness! It is remarked, that he himself seems to have felt the gross inconsistency of his position: he betrays anxiety to soften it; but this only renders the enmity more conspicuous. He was consciously wrong; but enmity deprived him of courage to do justice to others. After all, and as a befitting punishment, his Infidelity did not allow him to do all for Charles I. which his High Church patrons would have desired; and hence he does not enjoy the confidence even of the party to whose prejudices he so strongly pandered. There are few portions of Hume's History more imaginative than his pictures of Charles I., particularly of his death. He has here drawn far more largely upon fancy than facts; but it is alleged that he has not done justice to his piety; and so Hume's History, at least in this passage, is as little valued by High Church Puseyites as by the representatives of the Covenanters.

There is yet another aspect of Hume's religious position to which we must refer, and that is—his strong favour for the Church of Rome. This may seem strange, and in some respects it is so, but in others it is natural, at least not of difficult explanation. Other Infidels have, like Voltaire and Gibbon, betrayed the same liking. We believe that we do no injustice to Hume in alleging that the following was the order of his religious preferences: Atheism he liked best—Polytheism next—then Popery—then Protestant Moderatism. Evangelical religion was the object of his deadly hatred throughout. He praises Polytheism as putting men more at their ease than the doctrine of the Divine unity. He praises it also for its superior toleration—very ignorantly indeed, but still he praises it above Christianity. Then Popery, as next to Polytheism, comes in for a share in his affectionate regards; doubtless also for the same reasons. His Popish leanings are too numerous and well-known to need much mention. What is the meaning of his gross disparagement of the Reformation, and not less gross disparagement of the Puritans, but that he might better vindicate and exalt the antagonist party in the one case, though Papists, in the other, semi-Papists? Why is there such a softening of the character of Popish persecution? and why so scanty commendation of the Protestant martyr? Why are matters so represented, that our sympathy is pretty equally balanced between the one and the other? What but favour for Popery, and hatred to Scripture miracles, could have led Hume to write such a sentence in 1734 as, "I shall conclude with observing, that no clergy are more celebrated for strictness of life and manners than the secular clergy of France, particularly the rectors or curès of Paris, who bear testimony to these impostures"? (The miracles of the Abbe de Paris.) Is this the true character of the French ecclesiastics of the age of Louis XV.? What but the same bias could have led our author to expunge from the first edition of his History the expression "superstition," as applied to the Romish religious system, and to substitute uniformly that of "creed" or "religion"? and who, acquainted with the true character of Popery, and its operation on the mass of the people, can doubt that the one designation is much more applicable than the other? Above all, what but blended ignorance and hatred to Evangelical Protestantism, implying a corresponding favour for Popery, could have led Hume, after sojourning, too, for a season in France, to write as he does, in a private letter to Adam Smith: "The Hugunots in France (the Evangelical Protestants of the country) were not persecuted. They were really seditious, turbulent people, whom their king was not able to reduce to obedience"? Could there possibly be a more gross perversion of historical truth? If ever there were persecuted men, the Hugunots were the parties. For 300 years, nay, from a far earlier period, their country flowed with Protestant blood. The most atrocious religious massacres took place within its borders. Of no other country in Europe can the same awful history be given. As to their turbulence and sedition, solemn official documents—the recognised standards of their Church—affectionately cherished, breathe the warmest loyalty; and more than one of their kings bore testimony to their practical loyalty in seasons of emergency, when they might have been tempted to follow an opposite course. Much less could be alleged of Hume's favourite Papists, and of his still more favourite Infidels. But a few years posterior to the death of the philosopher were sufficient to try the loyalty of Infidelity, and, in the horrors of the French Revolution, to prove how little alliance there was between subjection to civil authority and those principles of scepticism, which Hume and his French friends had been engaged so busily in sowing. Hume is concerned for the French monarch not being able to reduce his subjects to obedience; but he ought to have inquired, as a philosopher, *whether the thing* in regard to which the king sought to reduce them to submission was one which fell within his province, or the province of God. If the latter, which in all probability it was, it would have been sin for him to have claimed, and would have been sin for the Hugunot subjects to have yielded. But this care about the king is of a piece with the spirit of his History, which led Charles James Fox to say, that his partiality for kings and princes was intolerable, and that it resembled the foolish admiration of women and children. We may add, what indeed the reader will be prepared for from the last specimen of gross injustice to the French Protestants, that Hume proclaims his liking for Popery by speaking mildly, and in an extenuating tone, of the most horrid Popish persecutions. How could he better show his leaning to Popery than by becoming the semi-apologist, if not patron, of the St. Bartholomew massacre? "The massacre of Paris," says he, "is a memorable though temporary instance," of what? "the *bigotry* of that superstition." So the murder of 60,000 innocent and confiding Protestants is only the effect of a little bigotry!!

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* See Villars on the Reformation and M'Lanes's translation of Mosheim's Church History.

Thus have we endeavoured to estimate, mainly through the medium of facts, the position of Hume in regard to God. We have found that he maintained principles which naturally conduct to Atheism—that he argued for Polytheism—that he was the enemy of prayer and devotion, on grounds of reason—that he took the name of God in vain—that he hated the Christian ministry, treating them as if they were necessarily weak and credulous men—and that he showed a decided leaning to Popery, in other words, the most corrupted form of Christianity. How could one more impressively proclaim enmity to the one living and true God, and the revelation which God has given? He denies his being, or if this ground cannot be absolutely maintained, he allows many gods; the one, it may be, neutralizing the operations of the other—all disparaging to the one living Jehovah; or he falls in with the stupid notion of the vulgar, that the Divine Being has delegated powers to nature, and that henceforward events move on without him. He denies, on principle, that God should be worshipped. From first to last he lives for himself—it may be a little for friends—certainly never for God. Not one of his actions, great or small, can be traced to a regard for the Supreme Being. So far as we remember, there is not, in all his numerous letters, so much as one serious reference to the God in whom he lived, and moved, and had his being—the God who bestowed upon him all his intellectual powers, and upheld them from day to day. Not contented with all this, he hates God's servants, because they are God's, and remind him of God's truth. He flagrantly traduces the most eminent of the number, in the face of history and of his own professed principles; and when he feels still obliged to make some choice among systems bearing the Christian name, he shows the strongest preference for that which is most dishonouring to God, and which he has denounced in his Word as fit only for destruction.

What a melancholy character is this! What an exemplification of determined enmity to God! What a contrast, in spirit, and temper, and conduct, and also in true wisdom and philosophy, to multitudes whom he denounced with scoffing and hatred!

FALSE LIBERALITY.

Liberality, or charity, as two sects of professed Christians would call it, is no real proof of good character; because, as generally understood, it is an external act, proceeding from a principle of *humanity*, which is, by the goodness of God, interwoven with our constitution, allowing for some exceptions.

But the giving of money, or all my goods to the poor, is no proof of love to God, or man for God's sake. One man is liberal in some few instances, to cover his covetousness, his overreaching in trade, his extortionate charges, and his habit of "beating down" the prices of the poor, honest tradesman. I have known several zealous professors of religion make collections for poor tradesmen in distress, and these very persons have obliged those poor tradesmen to work for their families, so as never to gain one shilling by them in ten years! Why then, I inquired, did you work for them? "Because I feared they would use their influence to ruin me if I did not," was the answer. And is this liberality? to grind a poor tradesman for my own profit, and then collect money of others for him, to hide my injustice? And yet this is the charity, this is the liberality, this is the religion of many flaming professors of religion! "O my soul! come not thou into their secret; to their honour be not thou united."

A second class of professors are liberal from the love of distinction, power, and flattery; and many who know their weakness will fawn on them, crouch to them, say as they say, and do as they do, to make them dupes to their party, or to secure good dinners, loans of money—and, in a word, "follow them for loaves and fishes." How many little tradesmen sell their consciences, their liberty, and their peace, to secure the custom of others? "The fear of man bringeth a snare; but he that putteth his trust in the Lord, shall be made fat," or prosper. There are persons who make a trade of religion, as if "gain were godliness."

A third class are liberal to the cause of God, to obtain power and office in the Church of God. "They hope to melt down the minister by their subscriptions, presents, and good tables—to preach *their* views of the Gospel—to shield their sins from reproof—to obtain from him a good name, and to form him in their own mould. Such a preacher is a man after their own heart; he is a man-pleaser, who "holds men's persons in admiration, because of advantage." Should he enforce the discipline of Christ, and exalt his authority in the Church, he would draw down on his own head the resentments of pride, lust, covetousness, and hypocrisy.

A fourth class of liberal professors will give largely to a religious society what they owe to their creditors; and after becoming bankrupts, to enrich themselves, and prospering in their dishonesty, will still be liberal, to gain a standing in some religious society; and purchase the character of pious and just men, whilst their distressed creditors were put off with a few shillings in the pound. They quiet their consciences by the law of the land, which they substitute for the law of Christ, which enjoins them not to defraud, but to do justice—to owe no man anything, to be honest in the sight of all men, and to do to men as they would that men should do to them—knowing (whatever be their excuse) that the unjust, the dishonest, shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

I have known such bankrupts, who have failed more than once, proclaim their prosperity, and declare they *intend* to pay their creditors the remainder due, after they have secured so many thousands. But, beginning at the wrong end, and not paying when they could, death has seized them; they have died in their sins: and after they have been summoned to the bar of a just God, their children have said, What have I to do with my father's debts? He must answer for himself. Thus the father's example of injustice entails a curse on his family: they are partakers of his sins and his punishment.

SCRIPTURES RECONCILED.

"And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man."—Acts ix. 7.

"And they that were with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid; but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me."—Acts xxii. 9.

The statement in these two passages contains a variety, but no contrariety—the former observing that the men "heard a voice;" the latter, that "they heard not the voice of him that spake" to Saul. They heard a sound which terrified them, but did not understand the meaning, which Saul did. The one says that they "saw the light;" the other that they "saw no man." In all this there is no inconsistency.

The reason why they are said to have "seen no man" is, not to distinguish them from Saul, for neither did he see the personage who spoke to him, but to account for their terror, or their being struck speechless. It must have been overwhelming to their minds to have heard a voice, and yet to see no person near from whom it should proceed.

The difference, upon the whole, however, between the case of these men and Saul was great, and strongly marks the difference between mere convictions and true conversion. The voice of the Lord was heard by both; but to the one it was a mere general and indistinct sound—to the other it was a word that entered into his soul. They "saw the light and were afraid," but that was all; he saw, and heard, and understood, and felt, and inquired, "Who art thou, Lord? Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Many *hear* the word in a general way, and *see* enough to make them tremble; but then it is truly effectual when it is addressed to us as the voice of one that speaks to us from heaven—when it disarms us of our enmity to Christ, excites in us the desire of knowing him, and makes us willing, without hesitation or delay, to obey his commandments.

"God, who is faithful, will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. x. 13.

"We were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life."—2 Cor. i. 8.

The *ability* in the former of these passages, and the *strength* in the latter, are far from being the same. The one is expressive of that divine support which the Lord has promised to give to his servants under all their trials; the other of the power which we possess naturally as creatures. We may be tried beyond this, as all the martyrs have been, and yet not beyond the other. The outward man may perish, while the inward man is renewed day by day.

"Bear ye one another's burden, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—Gal. vi. 2.

"Every man shall bear his own burden."—Gal. vi. 5.

The former is an exhortation to Christian sympathy under present afflictions; the latter is a declaration of the rule of future judgment, according to character. We may alleviate each other's sorrows in this life, but cannot stand in each other's place at the last day.

"The Lord is at hand."—Phil. iv. 5.

"Be not soon shaken in mind, nor troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter, as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand."—2 Thess. ii. 2.

Everything with respect to degrees is what it is by comparison. Taking into consideration the whole of time, the coming of Christ was "at hand." There is reason to believe from this, and many other passages of the New Testament, that the sacred writers considered themselves as having passed the meridian of time, and entered into the afternoon of the world, as we may say. Such appears to be the import of the following, among other passages: "God hath in these *last days* spoken to us by his Son"—"Once *in the end of the world* hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself"—"Upon whom *the ends of the world* are come"—"The coming of the Lord draweth nigh"—"Surely I come quickly."

But taking into consideration only a single generation, the day of Christ *was not at hand.* The Thessalonians, though a very amiable people, were by some means mistaken on this subject, so as to expect that the end of the world would take place in their lifetime, or within a very few years. To correct this error, which might have been productive of very serious evils, was a principal design of the Second Epistle to that people.

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."—1 John i. 8.

"Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God."—1 John iii. 9.

It appears that the word *sin*, in these passages, is of different significations. In the former it is to be taken properly, for any transgression of the law of God. If any man say, in this sense, he has no sin, he only proves himself to be deceived, and that he has yet to learn what is true religion.

But in the latter it seems, from the context, that the term is intended to denote the sin of *apostasy.* If we were to substitute the term apostasy for sin, from the 6th to the 10th verse, the meaning would be clear. Whoso abideth in him *apostatizeth* not; whosoever *apostatizeth*, hath not seen him, neither known him. He that is guilty of *apostasy* is of the devil; for the devil hath been an *apostate* from the beginning. Whosoever is born of God doth not *apostatize*, for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot *apostatize*, because he is born of God.

This sense of the latter passage perfectly agrees with what is said of the "sin unto death," ver. 16-18. "There is a sin unto death. . . . . . We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not." It also agrees with chap. ii. 19: "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us. But they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us." Altogether, it affords what we might presume to call an incontestable proof of the certain perseverance of true believers.

"All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."—2 Tim. iii. 12.

"When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."—Prov. xvi. 7.

Some consideration is required for the difference of *times.* It was the genius of the Old Testament, more than of the New, to connect obedience to God with temporal prosperity; and therefore that might be said under the one which would be less applicable under the other.

It is allowed, however, that this is not sufficient to solve the difficulty. There has always been the same radical enmity in general between the seed of the serpent and the seed of the woman. He that was born after the flesh *then*, persecuted him that was born after the Spirit; and so it is *now.* And by how much more spiritual the Church at any time has been, by so much higher has the enmity arisen against it. It is also true under the Gospel, as well as under the law, that where a man perseveres in righteousness and godliness, though he may have many enemies, yet their enmity shall frequently be prevented from hurting him, and even turned away from him into other channels. The truth seems to be, that neither of the above passages is to be taken *universally.* The peace possessed by those who please God does not extend so far as to exempt them from having enemies; and though all godly men must in some form or other be persecuted, yet none are persecuted *at all times.* God has always given his people some seasons of rest. The former of these passages may, therefore, refer to the native enmity which true godliness is certain to excite, and the latter to the divine control over it. The rod of the wicked must be expected to fall, but not to *rest*, upon the lot of the righteous. Man's wrath shall be let loose in a degree; but further than what is necessary for the praise of God it shall not go. It shall be suffered to shoot forth in measure, but God will debate with it. "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind."

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

(*From the Evangelical Magazine.*)

In a small village, resided a pious officer, retired from the British navy. He had six children, who were sent to a village school; and these had a pious mother. The eldest, however, a boy, fourteen years of age, seemed determined not to profit by either maternal love or pious instruction. He mingled with a class of wicked idlers who infested the village, and would have been as bad as the worst of them, but for his father's rigid discipline; that alone restrained him from rushing into excess of wickedness and riot. But the father died, and the poor widow had to combat with the waywardness of her boy alone. No, not alone; she sought the help of her heavenly Father.

Her son, however, soon grew worse, and resolved to leave her, and go to sea. A ship was obtained for him. The bustle of preparation began, and was over. Unknown to the youth, the good mother placed a Bible in his chest, with a secret hope and fervent prayer that its light might lead him to his heavenly Father, when he should be far off on the deep blue sea. Many were the prayers that the mother offered for the son, many the counsels that she gave him from the fulness of her heart.

The day of separation came. Oh! it was a day of trial to all but him, who was the cause of the family's sadness. Warm were the tears the mother shed, as, pressing him to her bosom, she bade him farewell, and commended his wayward heart to God. Many years had passed, and the wanderer had not returned. The ship had perished at sea, and the widow mourned for her son, as though he had been dead; and, what was worse, she trembled for the safety of his undying soul. Could she have been assured of his happiness in a better world, her pained heart would have been at rest; but she wept as if he had been doubly lost.

It was a stormy night in midwinter; the wind howled, the rain poured down in torrents, and deep darkness obscured the sky. The widow and her children sat beside the winter fireside, and a chastened cheerfulness overspread the circle; though now and then a cloud of melancholy gathered over the mother's brow, as the driving storm reminded her of her lost son; when a slight tap came to the door. It was opened. A sailor stood there, wayworn and weather-beaten. He begged a shelter from the storm. It was not in the mother's heart to refuse a sailor on such a night, and she offered him her fireside and her food. When he had refreshed himself, she questioned him as to his history. His tale was soon told. He had been shipwrecked, and was going home, poor and penniless, to his mother. He had been shipwrecked once before.

The widow asked him to give her the account of his sufferings. He said that in a violent storm the ship ran ashore, and went to pieces. The crew were either drowned or dashed to death against the rocks. Himself and another were the only persons who reached the shore. They were thrown high upon the beach by a powerful wave. His companion was senseless at first, but at length revived, alas! but to die. "He was a sweet youth," the sailor observed. "Once he had been the terror of the ship, for his excessive devotion to vice, but suddenly he changed. He became a serious, praying man, as remarkable for piety as he had been for vice. When he had revived a little on the beach," said the sailor, "he pulled a Bible from his bosom, and pressed it to his lips. It was this blessed book, he told me, that led him to change his way of life. Rummaging his chest one day, he found a Bible; his first impression was to throw it away, but chancing to see his mother's writing, he paused to examine it. It was his name. It made him think of his mother, of her instructions, and of his teacher at school; and then he saw his sins, and felt he was a sinner. Overwhelmed, he sunk upon his knees beside his chest, and wept, and prayed, and vowed to change his way of life. And he did change it, for he became a decided Christian. After telling me about his change," continued the sailor, "he gave me his Bible, and bade me keep it for his sake; and then, falling back upon the sand, he expired, with a half-offered prayer upon his lips."

As the sailor concluded, the widow, who had listened with a deep interest and feeling, inquired, "Have you that Bible, my friend?"

"Yes, madam," said he, and he took from his bosom what appeared to be a bunch of old canvass. He at last produced a small pocket Bible, and gave it into her hands. Tremblingly and hastily she seized it; and turning to the blank page, lo! her child's name, in her own hand-writing, was there. A death-like paleness overspread her usually pale check, as she made the discovery, and she exclaimed, "'Tis his! 'tis his!—my son! my son!" Nature could bear no more, and she fainted. Her prayers were heard, and answered; for her son was dead, but behold! he is alive for evermore. It is true she saw him no more on earth, but she could look, by faith, into the land afar off, and see his glorified spirit near the King in his beauty. Like the prodigal son, he had wandered far from God, and far from peace; but the eye of his mother's God was over him in all his wanderings, and her prayers were answered, in leading her wandering boy to the chart of salvation and heaven.

LYING WONDERS.

(From Turnbull's Travels in Italy, quoted in Dowling's History of Romanism.)

I WAS much struck, both in France and Italy, but particularly in Italy, with the extreme superstition of the Catholic Church. Accounts of *miracles* the most grotesque and absurd are retailed by the priests and circulated among the people. The most of these are performed by the Virgin Mary, who is the presiding genius, and, one may say, the goddess of the Catholics. Her image is to be seen everywhere, in churches and in private houses. It is worn as an amulet by priests and people, and the most extravagant things are said of her glory and power, and the most marvellous accounts given of the miracles performed by her agency. I read several of these stories in Italian pamphlets or tracts, and heard many of them from the lips of apparently intelligent priests. Relics of dead saints, known only to the Catholic Church, and even of Christ and his apostles, are to be seen in many of the Catholic churches, and many wonderful stories are told of their miraculous powers.

In the Church of San Gennaro, or St. Januarius, in Naples, the blood of the patron saint is kept in a vial, and liquefied once or twice a year, to the great edification and delight of the faithful. A picture in miniature of the Virgin Mary is shown in the church of the Augustines (I think that is the name) in Bologna, painted by *St. Luke!* It is said that the brazen serpent, or a piece of it, is shown in the church of St. Ambrose at Milan; and a gentleman informed me, that even in the church of St. John Lateran, in Rome, they show the table on which our Lord partook of the Last Supper.

The *holy stairs*, visited by so many pilgrims, and which they ascend on their knees, are composed, according to the Catholics, of the steps up which our Saviour walked to Pilate's judgment-hall; and the pilgrims are often seen kissing the spots said to be "blessed" with the sweat of his sacred feet. The water which flows from the rock in the dungeon of the *Carcere Mamertina*, in which Paul and Peter are said to have been confined, is sold to pilgrims, as possessing most marvellous properties. Mr. Neale and I drank of the water, having paid the requisite sum. Tradition says it was miraculously brought from the rock, before dry, by the Apostle Peter: hence its great value. Large sums of money are made annually by the sale of such holy water, and in other ways which appeal directly to the grossest superstition of the people.

You frequently see persons prostrate before images, and in a state of the greatest apparent devotion, even if those images are formed out of materials taken from heathen temples. At Pisa I saw several females prostrate before the statues of *Adam* and *Eve*. The celebrated statue of St. Peter, in the Church of St. Peter at Rome, the toe of which is almost literally kissed away, was originally a statue of Jupiter, taken from the Capitol. Many of the altars, ornaments, and so forth, in the churches, are entirely heathen in their origin and appearance. Naked forms in marble abound in all the churches. Many of the vases used for baptismal purposes, and those containing the holy water, were anciently used for similar purposes in the days of heathenism. Nothing struck me with more force than incidental circumstances like these, as indicating the gross ignorance, credulity, superstition, and dishonesty abounding in the Catholic Church.

St. Januarius is the protector of Naples in Italy; his blood is preserved in a small bottle at the altar of the church of the same name. It is believed by every Neapolitan, that the liquefaction of that blood is an indication of grace and mercy to the inhabitants of the city, as well as to private individuals who approach in faith to the saint. At the time when Napoleon invaded Italy, suppressing the convents and nunneries, carrying the priests and their riches to France, the few who remained were, as a matter of course, not very loyal to the emperor. They agitated in secret; whispered in the confessionals into the ears of the Lazzaroni, that "St. Januarius is displeased with the conduct of the invaders—that his blood did not boil during the whole time the ungodly French soldiers occupied the kingdom of Naples." On the day of the celebration of high mass, the blood of Januarius was exposed to the adoration of the people; but it would not boil, not even liquefy. The spies of the French immediately informed the commander of the troops of the imminent danger of the rising of the populace, who, without delay, gave orders that the whole army should occupy the principal streets of the city. *Two cannons* were planted before the door of the Church of St. Januarius, and at the different corners of the streets, with lighted matches, and a special *order* to the vicar of the bishops, who celebrated the mass, "*That if in ten minutes St. Januarius should not perform his usual miracle, the whole city would be reduced to ruins;*" and in five minutes the saint was pacified—his blood was liquefied and boiled. The "gloria in excelsis" was sung, the shouts of joy re-echoed in the air, and the French rejoiced with them, but not the disappointed priests.

RULES FOR READING.

As many fish and catch nothing, so many read good books and get nothing, because they read them over cursorily, slightly, superficially. But he that would read to profit, must then,

First, Read, and look up for a blessing. (1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.) Paul may plant, and Apollos may water; but all will be to no purpose, except the Lord give the increase. God must do the deed, when all is done, or else all that is done will do you no good. If you would have this work successful and effectual, you must look off from man, and look up to God, who alone can make it a blessing to you. As without a blessing from heaven thy clothes cannot warm thee, nor thy food nourish thee, nor physic cure thee, nor friends comfort thee; so without a blessing from heaven, without the precious breathings and influences of the Spirit, what here is done will do you no good, it will not turn to your account in the day of Christ, and therefore cast an eye heavenwards. It is Seneca's observation, that the husbandmen in Egypt never look up to heaven for rain in the time of drought, but look after the overflowing of the banks of the Nile as the only cause of their plenty. Ah! how many are there in these days, who, when they go to read a book, never look after the rain of God's blessings, but only look to the River Nile. They only look to the wit, the learning, the arts, the parts, the eloquence, &c., of the author—they never look so high as heaven; and hence it comes to pass, that though these read much, yet they profit little.

Secondly, He that would read to profit, must read and meditate. Meditation is the food of your souls; it is the very stomach and natural heat whereby spiritual truths are digested. A man shall as soon live without his heart, as he shall be able to get good by what he reads without meditation. "Prayer," saith Bernard, "without meditation, is dry and formal; and reading without meditation is useless and unprofitable." He that would be a wise, a prudent, and able experienced statesman, must not easily ramble and run over many cities, countries, customs, laws, and manners of people, without serious musing and pondering upon such things as may make him an expert statesman; so he that would get good by reading, that would complete his knowledge, and perfect his experience in spiritual things, must not slightly and hastily ramble and run over this book or that, but ponder upon what he reads, as Mary pondered the saying of the angel in her heart. "Lord," saith Austine, "the more I meditate on thee, the sweeter thou art to me." So the more you shall meditate on the following matter, the sweeter it will be to you. They usually thrive best who meditate most. Meditation is a soul-fattening duty, it is a grace-strengthening duty, it is a duty-crowning duty. Gerson calls meditation the nurse of prayer; Hierom calls it his paradise; Basil calls it the treasury where all the graces are locked up; Theophylact calls it the very gate and portal by which we enter into glory; and Aristotle, though a Heathen, placeth felicity in the contemplation of the mind. You may read much, and hear much, yet without meditation you will never be excellent—you will never be an eminent Christian.

Thirdly, Read, and try what thou readest. Take nothing upon trust, but all upon trial, as those noble Bereans did. (1 John iv. 10; Acts xvii. 10, 11.) You will try, and tell, and weigh gold, though it be handed to you by your fathers; and so should you all those heavenly truths that are handed to you by your spiritual fathers. I hope, upon trial, you will find nothing but what will hold weight in the balance of the sanctuary; and though all be not gold that glisters, yet I judge that you will find nothing here to glister that will not be found, upon trial, to be true gold.

Fourthly, Read and do, read and practise what you read, or else all your reading will do you no good. He that hath a good book in his hand, but not a lesson of it in his heart or life, is like an ass that carrieth a rich burden, and feeds upon thistles. In divine account, a man knows no more than he doth. Profession without practice will but make a man twice told a child of darkness. To speak well is to sound like a cymbal, but to do well is to act like an angel. He that practiseth what he reads and understands, God will help him to understand what he understands not. (John vii. 16; Ps. cxix. 98–100. There is no fear of knowing too much, though there is much fear in practising too little. The most doing man shall be the most knowing man; the mightiest man in practice, will, in the end, prove the mightiest man in Scripture. Theory is the guide of practice, and practice is the life of theory. Salvian relates how the Heathen did reproach some Christians, who by their lewd lives made the Gospel of Christ to be a reproach: "Where," said they, "is that good law which they do believe? Where are those rules of godliness which they do learn? They read the holy Gospel, and yet are unclean! They hear the apostles' writings, and yet live in drunkenness! They follow Christ, and yet disobey Christ! They profess a holy law, and yet lead impure lives!" Ah! how many preachers may take up sad complaints against many readers in these days? They read our works, and yet in their lives they deny our works! they praise our works, and yet in their conversations they reproach our works! They cry up our labours in their discourses, and yet they cry them down in their practices. Yet I hope better things of you, into whose hands this treatise shall fall. The Samaritan woman (John iv. 7) did not fill her pitcher with water, that she might talk of it, but that she might use it; and Rachel did not desire the mandrakes to hold in her hand (Gen. xxx. 15), but that she might thereby be the more apt to bring forth. The application is easy. But,

Fifthly, Read and apply. Reading is but the drawing of the bow, application is the hitting of the white. The choicest truths will no farther profit you than they are applied by you; you were as good not to read, as not to apply what you read. No man attains to health by reading of Gallen, or knowing Hippocrates' aphorisms, but by the practical application of them. All the reading in the world will never make for the health of your souls, except you apply what you read. The true reason why many read so much, and profit so little, is, because they do not apply and bring home what they read to their own souls. But,

Sixthly and lastly, Read and pray. He that makes no conscience of praying over what he reads, will find little sweetness or profit in his reading. No man makes such earnings of his reading, as he that prays over what he reads. Luther professeth that he profited more in the knowledge of the Scriptures by prayer, in a short space, than by study in a longer. As John by weeping got the sealed book open, so certainly men would gain much more than they do by reading good men's works, if they would but pray more over what they read. Ah! Christian, pray before you read, and pray after you read, that all may be blest and sanctified to you. When you have done reading, usually close thus:—

So let me live, so let me die,
That I may live eternally.

—*Brooks.*

A DRINK FROM THE SPRING.

I LIT the other day on the bank of Bunyan's "River of Life," bubbling up with the sweetest and best of water, which he himself drank of all his days, from the very beginning of his pilgrimage. It is better than any mineral spring I ever found. Hear Bunyan tell about it, and let your mouth water to drink of it:—

"This *is* water of life. *Probatum est.* It is the right holy water! It never fails. It will cure the most desperate melancholy. It will *dissolve* doubts, though they have grown as hard as a stone in the heart. It will make you a *white soul*, which is better than a white skin. It gently purgeth, yet more effectually than any other waters. It provokes appetite, and makes us long for what is wholesome.

"I have read of some *seas* so pure and clear that a man may see the *bottom*, though it be forty feet deep. So then we shall look down through these crystal streams, and see what be at the bottom of all. The *bottom* of all is, *that we might be saved!* 'These things, I say,' saith Christ, 'that ye might be saved!' What a good sound bottom is here! These are the waters that the doves like to sit by (Cant. v. 12), because in their clearness they can see themselves as in a glass. These be the streams in which they wash their eyes, and by which they solace and content themselves. As in fair waters, a man may see the body of the sun, moon, and stars, and the very body of heaven, so he that stands upon the brink of this river, and washeth his eyes with its water, may see the Son of God, the stars of God, the glory of God, the city of God."

What a blessed water is that which can show all this! If such a mineral spring were struck upon, what multitudes would flock to it! Well, there we have it in the Word of God. Drink ye all of it.

Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. "He that believeth on me," saith the Saviour, "shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life." Reader, may you and I be always drinking there!

UNHOLY HOUSEHOLDS.

Ah! how many families are there whose houses are not the "church of God," but the "synagogue of Satan" rather! "God is not in all their thoughts;" God is not in all their mouths, except it be in swearing, and cursing, and blaspheming. Their "bellies are their god," and their lusts are their lord. It is said of Noah's ark, that it "was pitched within and without." (Gen. vi. 14.) "Such," says one, "is the condition of many a man's house: it is a Noah's ark; it is pitched within and without; nothing but the pollutions and defilements of sin in every room, and passage, and corner. *Idleness* stands at the door; *unconscionableness* walks in the shop; *covetousness* lurks in the counting-house; *luxury* sits at the table; *pride* looks out at the window;—all pitchy both within and without."

And therefore, Christians, for the Lord's sake, out with all this rubbish, if it should be found in your families. How do you in London here delight to have your houses clean; and hereupon sweep them, and wash them, and rub them! O that you would be as careful to cleanse your families from sin as you are to cleanse your houses from dirt! How soon would this great city become "a habitation of righteousness," and "a mountain of holiness!" How would this family reformation prevent the guilt of family sins, and keep out family distractions, and secure from family desolation! Therefore, sirs, set up family watchfulness, and family correction. Let every house be an house of correction of itself: and set about family reading, and family conference, and family repetition, and especially family prayer; that all your houses may be like God's house: you know his is called an "house of prayer:" "Mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people." (Isa. lvi. 7.) So should yours; they should be houses of prayer all of them: if they be not, let me tell you they are no better than dens of thieves. Saith Christ, "My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." (Matt. xxi. 13.) There is no medium betwixt these two; if your houses be not "houses of prayer," they are certainly "dens of thieves;" if you do not pray to God for your mercies before you receive them, and praise God for your mercies when you enjoy them, you do but rob God of his mercies. They are not given, but thrown; and snatched, indeed, rather than received.—*Kitchen.*

THE POISONED WAFER.

The absurdity of the monstrous doctrine of transubstantiation is well illustrated by the following well-known anecdote. If literally true, it shows also what we are well persuaded of, that the priests do not themselves believe the dogma which, to increase their own authority and dignity, they impose upon the silly multitude. Whether true in all its particulars or not, it may serve as an illustration of the glaring absurdity of transubstantiation. There is not a priest in the land who would have faith enough to submit to such a test of his sincerity:—

A Protestant lady entered the matrimonial state with a Roman Catholic gentleman, on condition that he would never use any attempts, in his intercourse with her, to induce her to embrace his religion. Accordingly, after their marriage, he abstained from conversing with her on those religious topics which he knew would be disagreeable to her. He employed the Romish priest, however, to instil his Popish notions into her mind. But she remained unmoved, particularly on the doctrine of transubstantiation. At length the husband fell ill, and, during his affliction, was recommended by the priest to receive the holy sacrament. The wife was requested to prepare the wafer for the solemnity by the next day. She did so, and on presenting it to the priest, said: "This, sir, you wish me to understand, will be changed into the real body and blood of Christ, after you have consecrated it?"

"Most certainly, my dear madam; there can be no doubt of it."

"Then, sir, it will not be possible, after the consecration, for it to do any harm to the worthy partakers? for, says our Lord, 'My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed,' and 'He that eateth me shall live by me.'"

"Assuredly, the holy sacrament can do no harm to the worthy receivers, but, so far from it, must communicate great good."

The ceremony was proceeded in, and the wafer was duly consecrated; the priest was about to take and eat the *host*, but the lady begged pardon for interrupting him, adding, "I mixed a little arsenic with the wafer; sir, but, as it is now changed into the real body of Christ, it cannot, of course, do you any harm." The principles of the priest, however, were not sufficiently firm to enable him to eat it. Confused, ashamed, and irritated, he left the house, and never more ventured to enforce on the lady the doctrine of transubstantiation.—*Dowling.*

RELIGIOUS GUARDIANSHIP.

As to the schools, when young and tender, choose out such guides and masters as may edify them, and imprint something more of God upon their hearts. It is a great fault in many that take up any neighbour school where are profane and wicked children, such as have learnt of their parents to swear, and take God's name in vain. Many times little youths gather a great deal of filth, and soil, and pollution in such places, that sticks by them many years after. It is a good work "to prohibit and keep them off from all illiberal and sordid speeches and spectacles." There was, it seems, a great crew of naughty children at Bethel, in the days of Elijah, that mocked the prophet—a place that was a seminary and nursery for young ones in knowledge. (2 Kings ii. 3, 23.) O how sad is it for children that have been diligently taught at home in the fear of God to unlearn all in wicked schools! Have a great eye to this, and especially if they be such as are designed for academical learning, that they be placed under godly tutors at the university: or if for trades, or other mechanical mysteries, that you choose out the blessed shadow of a godly master and mistress, that may rivet and clinch the nail that thou hast knocked in. Great will be thy comfort in this, if thou soughtest more a pious family than a great and rich trade; a family wherein ships go to heaven, and a trade is driven to Canaan: but especially in the grand concernment of marriage, that they match into a godly family, in whose veins the blood of the covenant doth run. An heiress of the divine promises is a greater match than an empress of the whole world. He that hath but one foot of land in Mount Zion is richer than he that holds a sceptre over the round globe. —*Lee.*

SKETCH OF THE LIVES OF THE FIRST TWO CONVERTS FROM POPERY IN MADEIRA.

II.—FRANCISCO PIRES SOARES.

Francisco Pires Soares was the holder of a fazenda or piece of vine and sugar-cane ground in the immediate neighbourhood of Funchal. He was about forty years of age, and was married, but had no family. He was an intelligent, superior man for his rank in life; he could read very well, and he could also write and cast accounts.

A deep interest was taken by the Madeirenses in the contest between the brothers Don Pedro and Don Miguel for the crown of Portugal. The islanders were divided into two parties, and many atrocities were mutually perpetrated. The priesthood, almost to a man, sided with Don Miguel, and succeeded in persuading a large body of the people, especially in the country districts, to espouse his cause, telling them that it was the cause of their holy religion. But that was a weak argument with many of the Madeirenses, who were avowed infidels, and who, besides, were too well acquainted with the lives led by the priesthood, and the opinions which most of them really held, to be much influenced by anything they said on the subject of religion. Francisco, however, was at this time an obedient and devoted son of the Church. He entered keenly into the politics of the day; and none in his station in society was a more ardent supporter of mother Church and Don Miguel than he. But the party whose interest he supported was worsted. Don Miguel was driven forth a fugitive—his partisans were put down—Donna Maria, the daughter of Don Pedro, ascended the throne—the Church was curtailed of her fair proportions—the priesthood was humbled. During the contest the zeal of Francisco involved him in not a little danger, and before everything was settled he suffered considerable loss in his property.

Some time after Dr. Kalley came to Madeira, Francisco was seized with inflammation, and applied to him for medical aid. The means employed were successful, and he was soon restored to health. When he offered Dr. Kalley the usual remuneration, it was declined; and this at once struck Francisco as something singular. Soon after Dr. Kalley called upon him. On the Doctor's entrance Francisco said to his wife, "Here comes our father"—a mode of expression implying a deep feeling of gratitude to the Doctor, and a strong sense of the benefit received from him.* Dr. Kalley, who overheard the words, desired him to look up to God, as the Father to whom he was indebted, and whom he ought to thank for all the mercies which he had received. "Strange man this," thought Francisco, "who will accept neither fee nor thanks for the benefits which he confers;" and it struck him that there must be something peculiar in his religion, since it led to so much disinterestedness and humility.

He now began occasionally to attend the worship in Dr. Kalley's house, which was conducted in the Portuguese language. He also began to read the Bible. Still there was evidently no real saving change. He seemed willing to use the means of grace, and was actually to be found in the pretty frequent use of them. But he made no profession of Bible Christianity; and his conduct about this time bore open testimony that sin had yet dominion over him. He formed a criminal connection with a young woman who lived in his house. But a merciful God gave him grace to repent. He was convinced of sin; he began to give more diligent heed to divine things; and by a gradual but steady progress he now passed out of darkness into light, and from the bondage of sin and Satan into the liberty of the children of God. His temper (a change in which we would almost regard as the touchstone of conversion) became meek and gentle, from having been passionate and fierce; and his life was under the manifest influence of the law of God.

In the spring of 1843, Francisco, after having had distinctly set before him the probable consequences of such a step, and having deliberately counted the cost, communicated at the Scotch Presbyterian Church. As already stated in our sketch of the life of Nicolau Tolentino Vieyra, a warrant was immediately issued for the apprehension of Francisco and Nicolau, on a charge of blasphemy, heresy, and apostasy; but they both succeeded in concealing themselves. Dr. Kalley's house and premises were searched for them by the police, with the sanction and in the presence of the British consul; but they were not found.

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* This form of speech is common among the Portuguese. We recollect occasionally seeing an old priest, who, by Dr. Kalley's instrumentality, had been restored to comparative health when in a very hopeless state, and who always called himself the Doctor's son.

After this, Francisco and Nicolau were obliged to remain in close hidings. During the irksome, anxious period of their concealment the Bible was their chief—almost only—companion, comforter, and instructor. Hidden, we believe, for a considerable period, during the day in a place of concealment from which the light was excluded, they ventured out to breathe the fresh air only after the darkness of the night had set in; and this state of matters continued for some months.

At length, in consequence of the turn which Dr. Kalley's case took before the courts at Lisbon, in the end of 1843 and the beginning of 1844, this concealment was thought no longer necessary. Francisco communicated openly at the Free Presbyterian Church in the winter of 1844, and was not molested by the authorities. He soon after this returned to his home, and went about his ordinary avocations, attending as usual to the dressing of his vines and the cultivation of his grounds. His fazenda lay next to that of the vicar of the parish, and his house lay just under the vicar's windows, so that he was seen daily on his return home by his parish priest; yet no notice was taken of him as one amenable to the laws.

When the communion in the spring of 1844 came round, Francisco was kept back from the Lord's table, on the ground that the young woman formerly mentioned continued to reside in his house. Such a step on the part of the Church was perhaps necessary. At the same time it is proper to state, that there is no ground for believing that there was anything wrong in the conduct of Francisco at this time; and the reasons which he gave for refusing to turn the young woman out of his house were very weighty, and did honour to his Christian principles. The young woman was utterly friendless, and not of a very strong mind. Unless she got a situation as a servant, her immediate and utter ruin was certain; and friendless, and facile, and weak-minded as she was, in few Portuguese families would she have been safe from the corrupting influences which unfortunately abound. Francisco well knew all this, and therefore he felt that it was more his duty to brave suspicion where there was actually no guilt, than to purge himself of that suspicion by plunging a poor, friendless, helpless girl into certain irremediable ruin. And it is pleasing to be able to state that no part of Francisco's after conduct gave the least reason to believe that he was influenced in this matter by any other than the purest and most Christian motives.

Francisco felt much this exclusion from ordinances. He was very sensitive; indeed, his sensitiveness was almost tinged with jealousy and suspicion. He regarded himself as in a measure cast off by his Protestant friends; yet he did not waver in the least in his attachment to the truth. His affection for Dr. Kalley remained unabated, notwithstanding it was by the Doctor's interposition that he had been debarred from the communion. As an instance of this, we may mention that, when a very generally believed report prevailed that Dr. Kalley had been assassinated, Francisco, in the utmost anxiety, abandoned his work, and hastened on foot up to St. Antonio da Serra, a distance of fifteen miles, where the Doctor and his family were residing during the summer months, to ascertain the truth of the report.

Throughout the summer of 1844, Francisco went about the ordinary operations of his fazenda in the most public manner, and met with no molestation. But immediately after the outrages committed by Negraõ and the military on the inhabitants of the Lombo das Fayas, it seems to have occurred to the authorities that their motives for treating Nicolau as they had done would be very open to suspicion, were they to allow Francisco to continue at liberty. People would be apt to think that it was Nicolau's school that was his real offence, and not, as pretended, his heresy and apostasy. It was, therefore, determined to apprehend Francisco; and as he was known to be at home, and unsuspicious of any such movement, no doubt was entertained of his capture. Accordingly, about three weeks after the attempt to seize Nicolau, the authorities, with the utmost privacy, took up the process against Francisco, had six copies of the warrant made out instantly in their presence, and sent eighteen men, each three armed with a warrant, to surround Francisco's house, that his escape might be impossible. By a singular providence Francisco, suspecting nothing, had left his grounds to go up to the house of Dr. Kalley on some piece of business, just as the officers were approaching them from the opposite direction. The officers, therefore, searched the house and grounds in vain—no Francisco was to be found there. They also searched the house of a neighbour with whom Francisco was intimate. In the meantime some one had hastened to Dr. Kalley's with information of what was going on; and Francisco immediately sought a place of shelter and concealment.

Judge Negraõ and the public prosecutor were meanwhile awaiting the issue in the judge's house. Their disappointment and rage were great when the officers came back without their prisoner; for from the turret they had, with a glass, seen Francisco in his grounds at the very time that the officers were on their way to them; and they vehemently abused them for a parcel of dogs, who had permitted him to slip from among their hands.

Christian friends at one time thought that it might be advisable for Francisco to give himself up, and take his trial for the offences alleged against him. But the unfairness of the decisions by the courts in these cases connected with religion, which was daily becoming more apparent, and the remarkable interposition of Providence, which had prevented Francisco's capture when it seemed inevitable, led them afterwards to entertain a different opinion. Francisco, therefore, was received into the house of a British subject, where he remained concealed three months and a-half—shut up by himself all day, and only stealing out occasionally in the dark moonless nights, to pay a hurried visit to his family. Several times during that period the police surrounded and searched his house at dead of night, in the hope that the yearnings of natural affection might have drawn him thither; but the true place of his concealment was never suspected.

During those anxious and trying months, Francisco's chief companion was his Bible. It was his great delight to read and study God's Holy Word. The Portuguese Bibles have no marginal references. Francisco had felt the importance and benefit of comparing Scripture with Scripture. He had seen the marginal references in the English Bible, and perceived their value. He did not understand English, and therefore could not well himself use those references, but many an hour did he spend with the gentleman in whose house he was concealed, reading the Word of God, and marking on a paper, for transference to his Portuguese Bible, the parallel passages read off to him from the marginal references. He also occupied himself betimes in a little handicraft work, at which he was very expert—constructing and repairing little articles of furniture.

It became now a serious question what ought to be done. There was no hope of Francisco being permitted to return to his home; for in addition to what has been mentioned, he was at law with the vicar of the parish, who was superior of part of his fazenda, and it was not likely that the vicar, in these circumstances, would allow the charge of heresy and apostasy to drop. For want of his presence and superintendence, also, his worldly affairs were by no means prospering; his fazenda was entered by plunderers, his property stolen, and his law-suit, with the weight of the vicar's influence in the scale against him, did not improve his circumstances.

Whilst Francisco's friends were daily becoming more anxious on his account, a most unexpected opening was made in Providence for his deliverance. A letter was received from a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, on his way to a sphere of duty in a distant part of the British dominions, stating that in the field of labour to which he was proceeding, there were many Portuguese, expressing an anxiety for their spiritual welfare, and asking if he could be furnished with a converted Portuguese from Madeira, to labour among them as a catechist. Francisco was thought to be just the sort of person wanted — steady, intelligent, well acquainted with his Bible, and willing to spend and be spent in Christ's service. The situation was proposed to him, and at once accepted.

But then there was the difficulty of getting him off the island. A British steamer was going to Gibraltar with passengers, now leaving Madeira after their winter sojourn. By the management of a relative, Francisco was got on board that vessel, and came to England under the care of a gentleman who felt a deep interest in him. That gentleman brought him to London, till arrangements should be made for sending him out to the field of labour which it was designed he should occupy. There he met with much kindness. On an early Sabbath after his arrival, he communicated at Regent Square Church (the Rev. James Hamilton's), and expressed himself greatly delighted and refreshed.

But that crooked stinging serpent, Popery, got her basilisk eye on poor Francisco, even in Protestant London. Somehow or other, we cannot tell by what means, a Roman Catholic countryman got access to him. That individual first remonstrated with Francisco for renouncing Popery, and endeavoured to prevail on him to return to the bosom of mother Church. Failing in this attempt, he tried to lead him to improper places. This plan, too, not succeeding, he offered to lend him money, in the hope, it is supposed, of entangling him, and getting him into his power, and at the same time causing him to lose the confidence and countenance of his Protestant friends. By the grace of God, Francisco was enabled to escape the snares thus laid for him, and to resist all the wicked and cunning schemes of Popery to pervert his principles, entangle him in its meshes, and involve him in ruin. But though disappointed and hitherto foiled, the agent of Popery determined to make one effort more. He called with a cab for Francisco, and invited, pressed him, to take a drive with him. This Francisco absolutely declined, and he began now to be seriously alarmed at the persevering attentions of his Popish countryman. In this alarm his friends in London in some measure participated. When the unscrupulous means which Popery is known to employ for accomplishing her ends are considered, it is not surprising that fears began to be entertained for poor Francisco's safety. Once in the hands of the agents of Popery, the poor stranger, who could neither speak nor understand a word of our language, could easily be disposed of so as to cause no farther trouble as a convert to Protestantism, and a witness for the truth. Francisco dreaded lest he should be kidnapped. Under this fear he refused to leave the house, and became very sad and dispirited. In this state Dr. Kalley found him when he came to England in July 1845. Right glad was poor Francisco to see again his old friend and teacher. Arrangements were now made for his leaving England, and in a few weeks he sailed from London to occupy a sphere of labour in the far distant land to which he had been called.

PREACHING CHRIST.*

BY THE REV. JAMES SHERMAN.

Dear Brother, let Christ have a prominent place in your sermons. Rather be accused of sameness, tautology, and wandering from your subject, than fail to introduce him. Why, he is the bread of life, on which starving souls are to feed, and hunger no more—the water of life, which thirsty souls are to drink, and never die; he is the "tree of life," under which weary souls are to repose, and find his fruit sweet to their taste. Omit him, and you cease to be a good minister of Jesus Christ. Rather adopt the language of Paul as your motto: "Whom we preach, warning every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."

May I say, Whom should you preach but Christ? Brother, he laid aside his robes of light and glory, and came from heaven on an errand of mercy for you: he assumed human flesh, took upon him the form of a servant, and tabernacled on earth for you: he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, to save your precious but sinful soul: he gave you his good Spirit, called you out of darkness into his marvellous light, counted you faithful, and put you into the ministry—the highest honour he can confer upon a mortal—and he intends to purify and glorify you, and keep you for ever in his presence in mansions of eternal peace and joy! Oh! shall you ever need any exhortation to preach about him? Why, his very name, as Bernard says, should be "honey in your mouth, melody in your ear, and a jubilee in your heart." The very stones would cry out against you, if you should hold your peace, and not magnify Christ with the best member that you have. Therefore, let the deity and glory of Christ, which, like a mine of gold, runs through the whole of Scripture; the atonement of Christ, which is the basis of a sinner's hope; and the example of Christ, the perfect model of a saint's deportment—be the leading and constant topics of your ministry. Faithfulness to your commission, and love to your Master, demand that you should "fully preach the Gospel of Christ."

Do not be afraid of introducing the distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel *often* into your sermons. Many pious ministers, from a dread of Antinomianism, that worst of Satan's heresies, spreading among their congregations, have occasionally only, and then very sparingly, mentioned the truths which are the great source and motive of all evangelical holiness. But the apostles did not so preach Christ. They preached the doctrines practically, and the precepts evangelically. They based practice upon doctrine. From what in modern language would be termed the high doctrines, they drew the most powerful incentives to holiness.

Will preaching the sovereign love of God, lead men to sin against him?—"According as he hath chosen us in him, that we should be holy, and without blame before him in love"—"We are bound to give thanks always to God for you, brethren, beloved of the Lord, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth."

Will the finished salvation of Christ?—No; it is represented as producing similar fruits: "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Will the doctrine of justification by faith in the imputed righteousness of Christ?—Our Saviour publishes the doctrine of justification as a motive to abstinence from sin: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." Licentiousness cannot abound among your hearers if you thus preach. The doctrines will necessarily, when thus practically applied to the conscience by irresistible motives, produce the most correct morality. As Bishop Horne beautifully remarks, "To preach practical sermons, as they are called—*i. e.*, sermons upon vices and virtues—without inculcating those great Scripture truths of redemption and grace, which alone can excite and enable us to forsake sin and follow after righteousness; what is it but to put together the wheels and set the hands of a watch, forgetting the spring which is to make them all go?" Whatever, therefore, you find in the Bible, dear brother, preach. It will not be necessary that you should give undue prominence to offensive truths, or that you should confine yourself to the phraseology of particular schools; but, as far as in you lies, preach the whole counsel of God

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* From a useful selection, for ministers and preachers, just published, by the Rev. Dr. Burns of London.

Then, as Robert Hall eloquently remarks, "a morality more elevated and pure than is to be met with in the pages of Seneca and Epictetus will breathe through your sermons, founded on a basis which every understanding can comprehend, and enforced by sanctions which nothing but the utmost stupidity can despise; a morality, of which the love of God, and a devoted attachment to the Redeemer, are the plastic soul, which pervading every limb, and expressing itself in every lineament of the new creature, gives it a beauty all his own. As it is the genuine fruit of just and affecting views of divine truth, you will never sever it from its parent stock, nor indulge in the fruitless hope of leading men to holiness, without strongly imbuing them with the spirit of the Gospel. Truth and holiness are in the Christian system so intimately allied, that the warm and faithful inculcation of the one lays the whole foundation for the other."

BY THE REV. J. A. JAMES.

Preach Christ.—The pulpit is intended to be a pedestal for the cross, though, alas! even the cross itself, it is to be feared, is sometimes used as a mere pedestal for the preacher's fame. We may roll the thunders of eloquence, we may dart the coruscations of genius, we may scatter the flowers of poetry, we may diffuse the light of science, we may enforce the precepts of morality from the pulpit; but if we do not make Christ the great subject of our preaching, we have forgotten our errand, and shall do no good. Satan trembles at nothing but the cross: at this he does tremble; and if we would destroy his power, and extend that holy and benevolent kingdom, which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, it must be by means of the cross.

Christ Crucified.—Yes! give me but a barn, the very shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, and give me a man who shall preach Christ crucified, with something of the energy, which the all-inspiring theme is calculated to awaken; and in spite of the meanness of the one, and the magnificence of the other, you shall see the former crowded with the warm and pious hearts of living Christians, while the matins and vespers of the latter, if the Gospel be not preached there, shall be chanted to the cold and cloistered statues of the mighty dead.

BY THE REV. DR. CHALMERS.

I cannot but record the effect of an actual though undesigned experiment which I prosecuted for upwards of twelve years. For the greater part of that time, I could expatiate on the means of dishonesty—on the villany of falsehood—on the despicable arts of calumny—in a word, upon all those deformities of character which awaken the natural indignation of the human heart against the pests and disturbers of human society. Now, could I, upon the strength of these warm expostulations, have got the thief to give up his stealing, and the evil speaker his censoriousness, and the liar his deviations from truth, I should have felt all the repose of one who had gotten his ultimate object. It never occurred to me, that all this might have been done, and yet the soul of every hearer have remained in full alienation from God; and that even could I have established in the bosom of one who stole, such a principle of abhorrence at the meanness of dishonesty, that he was prevailed upon to steal no more, he might still have retained a heart as completely unturned to God, and as totally unpossessed by a principle of love to him, as before. In a word, though I might have made him a more upright and honourable man, I might have left him as destitute of the essence of religious principle as ever. But the interesting fact is, that during the whole of that period in which I made no attempt against the natural enmity of the mind to God; while I was inattentive to the way in which this enmity is dissolved, even by the free offer on the one hand, and the believing acceptance on the other, of the Gospel salvation; while Christ, through whose blood the sinner, who by nature stands afar off, is brought nigh to the heavenly Lawgiver whom he has offended, was scarcely ever spoken of, or spoken of in such a way as stripped him of all the importance of his character and his offices: even at this time I certainly did press the reformation of honour, and truth, and integrity among my people; but I never once heard of any such reformations having been effected amongst them. If there was anything at all brought about in this way, it was more than ever I got any account of. I am not sensible that all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and the proprieties of social life, had the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my parishioners. And it was not till I got impressed by the utter alienation of the heart in all its desires and affections from God; it was not till reconciliation to him became the distinct and the prominent object of my ministerial exertions; it was not till I took the scriptural way of laying the method of reconciliation before them; it was not till the free offer of forgiveness through the blood of Christ was urged upon their acceptance, and the Holy Spirit given through the channel of Christ's mediatorship to all who ask him, was set before them as the unceasing object of their dependence and their prayers; it was not, in one word, till the contemplations of my people were turned to these great and essential elements in the business of a soul providing for its interest with God, and the concerns of its eternity, that I ever heard of any of those subordinate reformations which I aforetime made the earnest and the zealous, but I am afraid at the same time, the ultimate, object of my earlier ministrations.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MISSIONARY.

(*From the Presbyterian Missionary Chronicle.*)

It was a very hot day in August 184–, and I was lying on a couch suffering from debility induced by the heat of a tropical summer. While thus reclining, the physician of the place, a serious and moral man, but at that time making no professions of piety, called to see me. He said he had a patient recently brought from a neighbouring city, and dangerously ill of a disease at that time prevailing, who expressed a wish to see an evangelical clergyman; and that he (the physician) would be much pleased if I would call on him. I went immediately, and on being shown into the sick-room, found a young-looking man, who held out his hand and expressed much gratification that I had called. His Bible was lying on a chair at his bedside, and it was not many minutes before he had told me fully and frankly his state and feelings. He was the son of a pious man, who had done much for the cause of missions in his own land. He himself had united with the Church in his youth, and for several years maintained a fair character, and thought himself a Christian. Of late, however, and especially since coming to this heathen land, he had greatly backslidden, and, as he said, had so far forgotten his profession as to fall into open sin. While in this state he was attacked with a disease which had already proved fatal to several persons; and though there was at first nothing very alarming in his own case, yet it had aroused him to think on his ways, and the Spirit of God seemed to have brought his sins strongly to his remembrance.

When I saw him he was in great distress, fearing lest he had committed the unpardonable sin, and that there could be no hope for him. A few minutes' conversation showed that the instructions of his excellent father had sunk deep into his heart, and that he was tolerably well acquainted with the doctrines of religion, so that it was an easy and a pleasant duty to give him the instructions his case required. Doubtless there are those in our days who commit a sin for which there is no repentance, and for which we are not commanded to pray; but there was no evidence that such was his case, and on this point his mind was relieved. He feared, however, that he was not one of the elect—could there be hope for him? I told him my belief in the doctrine of election was as firm as my belief in my own existence; but God's secret decrees were not the rule of our faith and practice. Repent and believe, and be saved; let him make his calling sure, and the question of his election need not trouble his mind. To this he freely assented, and then, with tears in his eyes, and the utmost earnestness, asked if I thought it possible God could or would forgive so vile a backslider as himself. Taking up his Bible, I opened it at the beautiful passage in the 14th chapter of Hosea: "Take with you words, and turn unto the Lord: say unto him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously," &c., and read and explained the whole chapter. Never did it appear so rich and precious to my own soul, and the sick man heard it with entranced attention. When it was finished, he exclaimed, "What precious words these are! Will you not pray with me?" After prayer, and a little further conversation, I left him, promising to see him again in the evening.

About sunset I called again, and found his disorder making rapid progress, so that occasionally he seemed to be wandering in mind. But his thoughts were on his soul's concerns, and towards Christ; his mind was calmer than when I first saw him, and though he expressed much fear of death, yet he seemed to apprehend fully that the grace of Christ was his only refuge, and I could not but hope that his faith was fixed on the Saviour; and with a mind much lightened in regard to him, I returned to my room. The exposure and exertions of the day, in my weak state, were too much for me, and a sleepless night left me with but little strength in the morning. As the day proved stormy, it seemed imprudent to venture out, and accordingly I wrote a note to the physician, requesting him to inform me if his patient should wish for me, as otherwise I could scarcely leave the house. The kind-hearted physician himself had some conversation with him, and finding him (in the intervals of his delirium), to be much more peaceful, and apparently hopeful, did not send for me. He died in the night, and when I called early the next morning I found him laid out, with an expression of countenance like one who had gone in peace.

Among strangers, we buried him in a stranger's grave; for, excepting the physician and myself, there were none in the place who knew him. He had but recently arrived in this country; and, as we found in a day or two after, his partner died of the same disease on the same day.

Soon after his death I wrote to his mother (his father being dead) an account of his last moments, and of the hope I had that he had found the great salvation. Several months passed away, and amidst other events, the above was almost forgotten, when one day a small package from a distant land came into my hands. It contained a beautiful copy of the memoir of Mr. M'Cheyne, and a note breathing "the most heartfelt gratitude," and the assurance of "earnest and constant prayer for my welfare." For some reason unknown to me, the writer wished to be unknown; but I could not avoid associating her (for it was a lady's hand) with the person spoken of above. Is it not true that bread cast upon the waters is found after many days; and that often in a way not anticipated? The parents of that young man "bestowed much labour" in forwarding the cause of missions, and the dying hours of their son were cheered and consoled in a strange land by a missionary of a different country, and a different denomination. I went in weakness to visit him, without a thought of reward; but how often has the thought cheered me since, that in a distant land there is one (or more) whom I have never seen, whose fervent prayers are offered up on my behalf.

JOHN BAPTIST'S MESSAGE TO CHRIST.

BY THE REV. P. FAIRBAIRN, SALTON.

> "Now when John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples, and said unto him, Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?"—MATT. xi. 2, 3.

THIS message of John to Christ is so different from what we are naturally disposed to look for in John, that the great majority of commentators will not believe that he was properly the author of it; they think it must have proceeded from his disciples rather than himself, and that only for their satisfaction did he allow the question to be submitted by them to Christ's consideration. This supposition, however, made for the purpose of saving John's credit at the expense of his disciples', derives no countenance from the words of the inspired historian. There the whole matter is referred to John himself, as distinctly as language could do it. He does not simply authorize the disciples to go, but *sends* them with words which he himself puts into their mouth: and the circumstance that led to his doing so was, not their, but *his* having heard in prison of the works which Christ was performing. Nor, when our Lord replied to the question put to him, did he seem to entertain the least idea that others, rather than John, were here concerned. On the contrary, as if to exclude the possibility of this supposition, he gives the reply a very pointed and personal application: "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see." It is not conceivable that the mild and tender Jesus would have aggravated the distresses of John's situation by thus plainly charging upon him the ignorance or unbelief implied in the message, unless it really and properly belonged to him.

No doubt, it seems at first sight strange and almost unaccountable, that after the revelations which John had not only received, but publicly declared, concerning Christ, he should have of himself proposed such a question, especially if that question, "Art thou he that should come?" be understood as asking whether he were really the Messiah; for John had obtained the most explicit and certain information of Christ's person, as well as of his great mission to the world. When Christ presented himself for baptism, it was with reluctance that John administered the ordinance, feeling his own vast inferiority; he then also saw the heavens opened over the head of Jesus, and heard the voice proclaiming from the most excellent glory, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" and, with the fullest confidence of his being the Messiah, he had pointed him out to the assembled multitudes in the striking and solemn announcement, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." After all this, we are naturally disposed to ask, How could he possibly doubt concerning the Messiahship of Jesus, without, at the same time, belying the testimony he had himself received and delivered? But why should we think it more likely for his disciples to do so? They had seen what he saw, and heard what he testified; advantages in this respect were even possessed by them which he could not enjoy; for while he was shut up in prison, they were enabled to attend upon the ministry of Christ, and witness the wonderful works that proceeded from his hand. It is clear, by comparing one part of the narrative with another, that they were present while he was performing some of these, or, at least, in the immediate neighbourhood where they were done; and so great was the impression made upon their minds by what they had seen and certainly knew, that they could not refrain from going to give an account of the whole to their master. (Matt. ix. 14–31; Luke vii. 11–18.) So that, from the whole circumstances of the case, we would say, it was less likely for John's disciples to fall into doubt than for John himself; and, indeed, our Lord's message to John renders it plain that it was he, and not they, who needed the information: "Go and show John *again* those things which ye do hear and see." You have already, indeed, shown him of them, but without the suitable impression being produced; go and do so yet again.

Besides, it is not to be forgotten that the situation of John at present was such as peculiarly tended to raise improper feelings, if not unworthy suspicions, regarding Jesus. The sad and depressing cloud which his imprisonment threw over his career, must necessarily have formed a strong temptation to this, and one which the report brought to him of the wonderful works of Christ was precisely fitted to stir into new strength and activity. For when he heard of the blind receiving their sight, the devils being cast out of their possessions, and even the dead raised to life, how natural was the thought, "Why, then, am I not rescued from this miserable dungeon? why are all receiving comfort and deliverance, me alone excepted?" And labouring, as in all probability he did, under the idea, which had more or less taken possession of the whole Jewish people, that the Messiah's course was to be distinguished by splendid victories of an earthly kind, ah! then, how unbefitting that his chief herald and forerunner should be permitted to lie bound in chains! If thou art he of whose triumphs the prophets have written in such lofty strains, why should I be left to pine in a prison? Art thou indeed he, or must we still look for another, from whom such things may be expected? (*Lightfoot.*) Such thoughts, it must at once be seen, were extremely natural at such a time to John; and if he allowed them to get a footing in his mind, he was only giving way to the temptation to which his peculiar situation exposed him. We know what power there is in strong temptation to disturb even the clearest views of the mind, and bring into doubt for a time its most settled convictions. And yet, perhaps, it were saying too much of John's misgiving, to represent him as actually doubting of Christ's divine character and mission. Perhaps he only sought by the message to remind Jesus of the unhappy contrast his situation afforded to what his high office might have warranted him to expect, and of the propriety of Christ's proving himself to be "he that should come," by rescuing his servant from the pit. And, indeed, there may have been as much of perplexity as of doubt or dissatisfaction in this question of John. He may have been quite convinced still of Christ's being the Messiah, the Messenger of the Covenant predicted in Malachi, of whom John was the immediate forerunner going before his face; and the very fact of his proposing such a question to Christ for an authoritative settlement implied as much—implied that he still had faith in Christ as one greater than himself. But when he saw so little appearance of a fulfilment of the purposes, those, namely, of blessing and judgment, for which the coming of that Covenant-messenger was announced; when he saw, and in his own experience felt, how still the righteous were afflicted, and the wicked allowed to reign and prosper, he could not understand how Christ could be the one that should come, as foretold, suddenly to his temple, to confound his adversaries, and elevate and bless his faithful people. Seeing that he was so slow in doing the expected work, while he manifestly had power to do what he pleased, might he not, after all, have come for a different, an inferior purpose? and might there not still be another to come for the execution of the great work, which he seemed to be leaving undone?

Such, there is every reason to think, were the thoughts and feelings which at this time agitated the bosom of John in prison—a mixture of perplexities and doubts, and probably also in part of personal chagrin or disappointment. And the reply of our Lord to his question was perfectly suited to meet such a state of mind; first going over the miracles of mercy he was engaged in performing, and his preaching of the Gospel to the poor, which were clear and undoubted proofs of his Messiahship; and then subjoining the seasonable admonition: "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended (or, find a stumbling-block) in me;" as much as to say, While I am indeed the great deliverer that was to come, and have in these miraculous deeds the evident seal of Heaven on my mission, yet I shall be found in my work here on earth very different from what many expect me to be; and blessed are those who have that spiritual discernment and sanctified frame of mind which fits them for entering into my design, and disposes them to expect at my hands only what I have come to bestow. Hence, also, appears the propriety of the words our Lord proceeded to address to the multitude concerning John, which partly contained a commendation of him, extolled him even as the greatest that up till his time had been born of women, and partly announced his comparative inferiority: "Notwithstanding, he that is least (properly lesser, comparatively little) in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." This comparative depreciation of John would manifestly have been out of place, if he had not actually betrayed some weakness on this occasion; it is obviously stated to account for that measure of weakness which he did display, and is, in fact, an excuse thrown over it. John, Christ as much as says, holds a high place in the development of God's plans and purposes on earth; he has stood nearest of all God's authorized messengers to the Messiah, in whom Godhead itself is made manifest, and, consequently, he ranks highest—he is the herald next the King; but now, so great a change is to be brought in by the Messiah's coming, so mighty an advance is to be made in all that concerns the manifestation of divine truth, that even such as shall occupy but a secondary place in the Messiah's kingdom, shall surpass in fulness of light and privilege this greatest of all who had gone before.

Thus all is plain and intelligible. The different parts of the sacred narrative have each their fair meaning and due weight attached to them; and nothing is ascribed to John himself, but what might have been expected from one in his situation and circumstances; while, according to the other view, which imputes the message to John's disciples, rather than to John himself, there is not only a supposition made for which the sacred record gives no warrant, but a satisfactory explanation is not rendered of much that the record contains. And viewed in the light we have presented it, there are at least two important practical reflections, which it is well fitted to impress upon our minds. *First*, It shows how highly privileged is the condition of those who are now members of Messiah's kingdom, and how much, consequently, may justly be expected of spiritual attainment and holy working from their hands. When we read of what was done by the righteous men of old, who lived before the coming of Christ—how deep their insight was into the mind of God, and how much they both sacrificed and performed for his glory, and yet are told that those no way singularly gifted now may be greater than the greatest of them, what a high sense should it not give us of our calling and dignity as Christians! How should it stimulate us to holy diligence in improving the means and opportunities with which we are favoured! And especially, how should it lead us to prize the blessed revelation we have of God in Christ, and to press near to him, as the fulness of all wisdom and glory! For it was John's higher advantages in this respect which made him so great in comparison of those who had gone before him; and the more any child of God is in contemplating the person and work of Christ, and the closer the fellowship and communion he holds with him, the higher always must his standing be, the clearer his discernment in spiritual things, and the greater his fitness for the service of God. But, *secondly*, This subject is also fitted to warn and admonish us of the peculiar danger in which we stand of finding Christ in some respects a stumbling-block to our souls. That even his immediate forerunner did so, a man so highly gifted and honoured, is a solemn lesson to the Church. Christ is far from being the kind of Saviour men naturally desire, and his ways of dealing and government towards his Church are very different from what even her holiest members would often have him to pursue. The flesh wars with the Spirit, and is ever apt to obscure its views of truth and duty, and to create in us desires which it does not consist with divine wisdom to satisfy. So that if we would not find Jesus a stumbling-stone to our souls, and would be prepared to go heartily along with him in his divine administration, we must seek to be deeply imbued with his own lowly and child-like spirit, and instead of forming notions to ourselves of what should be, must keep our hearts directed to him as the eyes of a servant to his master. Let us not forget that we must be of a widely different temper from the world, which, however it may outwardly acknowledge and honour Christ, must ever at heart find the leading peculiarities both of his doctrine and of his service a ground of offence to it.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.*

DISCIPLINE is indispensable to the prosperity, and even the existence, of a Christian Church.

That our views and habits are greatly influenced by society is sufficiently obvious. Had we been born in another land, we should have been like its inhabitants; and we differ from them in numerous elements of character, because we have been surrounded and moulded by different usages. Generally speaking, this influence is equally mischievous as it is powerful. The course of this world is a course of iniquity, and the sway which it exerts is delusive and corrupting. Hence arises the importance of erecting, apart from the general community, a hallowed circle of acquaintance, the tendency of whose fellowship shall be all-efficacious for good. The Church is such an association. Its members are examined as to their knowledge; and here is a stimulus to inquiry and reflection. Their character is sifted; and here is a motive to good conduct. Their mutual relation begets mutual obligations; and here is an incitement to the interchange of kind offices. They meet for the discharge of common duties; and thus individual purpose is animated and propelled by collective sympathy. They have a common interest in each other; they have a common inspection of each other; and, next to his personal character and the good name of his own family, every one is concerned to uphold and elevate the reputation of his religious connection.

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* From Dr. King's comprehensive and admirable work (recently published) on the Lord's Supper.

Suppose that a young man leaves a rural district, and enters a large city where he has neither friends nor introductions. If he be not a member or adherent of any Church, in what circumstances does he find himself? He is lost in a multitude whom he knows not, and who know not him. He may follow this or that course with apparent impunity. If he do well, no one approves; if he do ill, no one censures. Virtue is thus left unprotected, and temptation unchecked; and what the results are you may largely witness in the wreck of youthful promise, and the bitter tears of parental disappointment.

Suppose, on the other hand, that this stranger attaches himself to a well-ordered Church. From the hour he does so, he is as truly and completely one of themselves as if he had been the founder of their brotherhood. His solitude and isolation have ceased. He is one of a small society in the midst of amassed thousands—one of a select society in the midst of abounding wickedness—and he walks among those to whom his ill-doing is an affliction, to whom his well-being is an honour, and who recognise, in every good quality he displays, an accession to their strength, a credential of their faith, and an earnest of their success. Are the effects asked for? See them in the number and magnitude of beneficent institutions—in the triumphs of humanity at home, and missionary enterprise abroad—in all that gladdens the earth, and sheds hope on its prospects, and gilds the horizon of arduous enterprise by the precursory beams of approaching glory. An able writer, who will not be suspected of religious enthusiasm (Dr. Adam Smith), observes, that "while a man of low condition remains in a country village, his conduct may be attended to, and he may be obliged to attend to it himself. In this situation, and in this situation only, he may have what is called a character to lose. But as soon as he comes into a great city, he is sunk in obscurity and darkness. His conduct is observed and attended to by nobody, and he is, therefore, very likely to neglect it himself, and to abandon himself to every sort of low profligacy and vice. He never emerges so effectually from this obscurity, his conduct never excites so much the attention of any respectable society, as by his becoming the member of a small religious sect. He from that moment acquires a degree of consideration which he never had before. All his brother sectaries are, for the credit of the sect, interested to observe his conduct; and, if he give occasion to any scandal—if he deviate very much from those austere morals which they almost always require of one another—to punish him by what is always a very severe punishment, even where no civil effects attend it—expulsion, or excommunication from the sect. In little religious sects, accordingly, the morals of the common people have been almost always remarkably regular and orderly."

Where would all this be without discipline? How could persons form a society without terms of admission? What association is there, or can there be, civil, literary, or sacred, that has no defined qualification? What inducement is there to inquire, if the ignorant may enter? to act properly, if the dissolute are welcomed? Where is the Church at all, if it be not marked off from the world? Where the *without* and the *within* of religious privilege, if all spiritual distinctions have been heedlessly demolished and trampled into a thoroughfare? It is true, that persons may still preach, and a throng may still hear them; but these hearers are not a distinctive society, and have none of its advantages. The organization, if there be any, is all with the clergy; and the clergy are no more a Church than officers are an army, or shepherds a flock.

The argument from fact is weak, only because the principles contended for are poorly exemplified. Let Christian societies become more worthy of the name, more assimilated in love and oversight to Christian families, and then the Church will stand forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

I shall notice two objections to the views which have been advanced:—

1. It has been speciously said that the apostles admitted very freely into the communion of the Church, and reserved strictness for after superintendence. When we think of the multitudes simultaneously and immediately received by them, this idea seems to be countenanced by the facts. But it will not abide the test of scrutiny. The objection admits the principle of select communion, and asserts only a late application of it. But the supposition of such delay is quite arbitrary, and, I may say, inexplicable, since reasons that forbid to retain in the Church surely forbid to admit into it. According to all ordinary reckoning, it requires stronger cause to justify the expulsion of members than merely to defer the admission of applicants. That more is said about putting out, than about keeping out improper characters, is only what might have been anticipated. Exclusion would be quietly effected; for, a person having received no rights, could not exercise them factiously. But, when any had been admitted into the Church, and wielded its privileges in corrupting its purity and distracting its peace, then it required a firm administration of discipline, and often the express intervention of apostolic authority, to repress such abuses. Even although it could be demonstrated that admission was readily afforded in these early days, we would reason insecurely from that time to this. One gift of the apostolic age was the discernment of spirits. No doubt the endowment was conferred for practical purposes; and how far it was engaged in protecting the sanctity of Christ's table it is now impossible to determine. Besides, the circumstances of the times were, themselves, a probationary ordeal. When the Church was entered at the sacrifice of comfort, reputation, and safety, there was ample reason to construe application favourably. If ever the path to communion become again as perilous, our interrogatories may be simplified. But the case is widely different, and a vigilant caution is indispensable, when the path to the Lord's table is a path to honour; and the favour of the multitude, once hostile to the Christian profession, is now enlisted on its side. This objection, then, opposes the sentiments we have advanced only in part; and, even to that extent, cannot invalidate the clear testimony we adduced on behalf of select fellowship from the records of inspiration.

2. It is objected that we do not know the heart; and cannot, therefore, decide who are sincere Christians, and who are not. The reply is easy; that we judge of state and frame only in so far as they are indicated by conduct. "By their fruits ye shall know them." If a dissembler so artfully sustain dissimulation as to furnish no tangible ground for denying him sealing ordinances, the responsibility of the results rests with himself. If, on the other hand, a true believer be so deficient in the works of faith

as to compel the guardians of Church order to stand in doubt of him, the shame of consequent exclusion is his own; and the practical reproof thus administered may be happily blessed of God to produce a higher and more unequivocal faithfulness.

I am far from intending, by these remarks, to vindicate a process of unsparing extermination. The Gospel discountenances, alike by its precepts and its spirit, all pernicious rigour. We are to remember that the Church is not an assembly of perfect men in Christ, but of the whole household of faith—of Christians, young and old, strong and weak—some of them veterans, and some of them babes in attainment and exploit. Hence it becomes a delicate, and often a very difficult duty to discriminate honestly and yet tenderly; to insist on the tokens of saintship, and yet make reasonable allowance for the defects and faults by which it may be obscured. Through all these perplexities, however, the principle is never to be forgotten, that we aim at Christian communion, and are not to admit or retain those whom we cannot regard in the judgment of charity—not a blind charity, but a discerning charity, the charity of reason and revelation—as the followers of Christ; and the more stedfastly we contemplate, and the more effectively we prosecute, this end, the more will our Churches exhibit of all spiritual prosperity.

With a few remarks on what is called *free communion*, I will leave this part of the subject. Since our fellowship at the Lord's table is that of saints, only saints should be there: but the converse proposition seems equally axiomatic, that all saints are admissible—all of them at least who have not, like Roman Catholics, perverted views of the ordinance, or are not proper subjects of discipline, as walking disorderly. It is "the Lord's table;" and who, then, shall keep back the Lord's people? To confess that any are children, and yet deny them the children's bread, is not very safe or reasonable conduct. Not a few have acted as if the sacrament of the supper were a symbol of our differences, and have therefore refused to partake of it with any who did not agree in every tittle with themselves. But the very idea of fellowship presents the ordinance rather as a symbol of agreement—a bond of union to all who hold the Head. This is a delightful aspect of the institution which a Christian heart is pained to relinquish. Exclusion there must be, for the feast is inappropriate to the ungodly, and is defiled by their approach. But it is enough, surely, to repel Christ's foes; and how consolatory is it to think that, if the ordinance be in one view restrictive, in another view it is unrestricted; that if it be exclusive in its relation to the ungodly, it is also comprehensive in its relation to the righteous, and extends its invitation and welcome to the whole family of the redeemed! It is readily conceded, that Christians of different sects should speak together, work together, pray together. But, if ever there be cause for union, it is surely in commemorating that atoning blood by which it hath pleased God to reconcile all things unto himself, and, in doing express homage to him in whom "all the building, fitly framed together, groweth into an holy temple in the Lord." Permit us, then, to recognise here an earnest of heaven, and to delight in the persuasion that, to the followers of the Lamb, the gates of this ordinance are not shut at all by day, and that it has no night—belonging to the children of light and of the day, and to all of them radiant with the beams of life and immortality.

These remarks I make on the *principle* of catholic communion, but with a deep sense of its practical difficulties. Our fellowship must not be made so free that it shall cease to be Christian. Where discipline ends, freedom itself is compromised, and passes into licentiousness. The chief hindrance arises from the disorganized and secular condition of some Churches, which renders their attestation to Christian character of little or no value. If the several denominations could trust each other's discipline, there would be no barrier to intercommunion.

This shows how much one duty aids another. To enforce pure communion, and hence keep out the impure, has an aspect of exclusiveness; and yet it establishes that mutual confidence which alone is needed to banish sectarianism in the celebration of Christ's death. Selection and catholicity thus go hand in hand. They are mutual helpers in this land of arduous pilgrimage, and where we shall find one we shall find both gloriously perfected in the Jerusalem above. The worship of that Zion is not frequented by aliens, and not deserted by citizens; but in strains as pure as they are powerful, the select and countless worshippers uplift their songs of everlasting joy. The Lord grant an earnest of such worship now! "Thy kingdom come: thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." Let the Church still refine its elements while enlarging its efforts, till its terrestrial be assimilated to its celestial condition; and even here the ejaculation be elicited—"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city!"—*King.*

PROFANE SWEARING.

(*From Hopkins on the Ten Commandments.*)

1. It is a sin which hath very little or no temptation to commit it. The two great baits by which the devil allures men to wickedness, are profit and pleasure; but now this common rash swearing is the most unprofitable barren sin in the world. What fruit brings it forth, but only the abhorrence and detestation of all serious persons, and the tremendous judgment of God? The swearer gains nothing by it at present, but only the reputation of being a devil incarnate; and, for the future, his gains shall be only the torments of those devils and damned spirits, whose language he hath learned and speaks. He that sows the wind of an oath, shall reap the whirlwind of God's fury.

Again, what pleasure is there in it? Which of his senses doth it please and gratify? "Were I an epicure," saith one "I would hate swearing." Were men resolved to give themselves up to all manner of sensual delights, yet there is so little that can be strained from this common sin, that certainly, unless they intended to do the devil a pleasure, rather than themselves, they would never set their black mouths against heaven, nor blaspheme the great God who sits enthroned there. Ask them, why they indulge themselves in such a provoking sin? why, some cannot forbear out of mere custom; and others are pleased with the lofty sound and genteel phrase of an oath, and count it a special grace and ornament of speaking. And what! are these temptations? Are these such strong and mighty provocations, that you cannot forbear? Shall the holy name of the great God be torn in pieces by you, only to patch and fill up the rents of your idle talk? If this be the motive and inducement that makes you commit so great a sin (as commonly there is no other) know that you perish as fools perish, and sell your souls to damnation and eternal perdition, for very nothing.

Others, perhaps, will plead for their excuse, that they never used to swear, but when they are vexed, and put into a passion. But what a madness is this, when men anger thee, to strike at God and to provoke him far more than others can provoke thee? If thou art never so highly incensed, why shouldst thou throw thy poisonous foam in God's face? Hast thou no other way of venting thy passion, but to fly in God's face, and to revenge thyself on him, when men have injured thee? Certainly thy passion can be no more a temptation to do this, than it would be to stab thy father, because thine enemy hath struck thee.

2. It is a most foolish sin, because it contradicts the very end for which they commit it. The common swearer, perhaps, thinks that he shall be much the sooner believed for his oaths; whereas, with all serious and judicious persons, there is nothing that doth more lighten the credit of his speeches, than his rash binding and confirming the truth of them by swearing. For what reason have I to think that man speaks truth, who doth so far suspect himself as to think what he relates is not credible unless he swear to it? and certainly, he that owes God no more respect, than to violate the sanctity and reverence of his name upon every trifling occasion, cannot easily be thought to owe the truth so much respect as not to violate it, especially considering that there are far stronger temptations unto lying than unto swearing.

3. Consider that the devil is the author and father, not of lying only, but of swearing also: "Let your yea be yea, and your nay nay," saith our Saviour; "for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil" (Matt. v. 37); that is, it cometh of the evil one, who is still prompting the swearer, and putteth oaths upon the tip of his tongue.

SATAN'S SOPHISMS.

A KEY TO SOME OF THEM.

Be well skilled in unmasking the sophistry and mystery of iniquity, in defeating the wiles and stratagems of the tempter, and in detecting and frustrating the cheats and finesses of the flesh with its deceitful lusts. (Eph. iv. 22; 2 Cor. ii. 11.) No small part of spiritual wisdom lies in the blessed art of discovering and refuting sin's fallacies and impostures. If ever thou wouldest prove famous and victorious, and worthy of honour and reverence in thy spiritual warfare, be well seen in the skill of fencing—know all thy wards for every attack. Provide thyself with answers and retorts beforehand, against the subtle insinuations and delusions of thine enemy. For example: If Satan tells thee, as he often will, that the sin is pleasant, ask whether the gripings of conscience be so too—whether it be such a pleasant thing to be in hell, to be under the wrath of an Almighty Judge? If he tells thee, "Nobody sees—thou mayest commit it safely;" ask whether he can put out God's all-seeing eye, whether he can find a place empty of the Divine presence for thee to sin in, or whether he can blot the *items* out of the book of God's remembrance? If he tells thee, "It is a little one;" ask whether the majesty of the great Jehovah be a little one, whether there be a little hell or no? If he talks of profits and earthly advantages that will accrue, ask what account it will turn to at the last day, and what profit there is if one should gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what one should give in exchange for his soul? (Matt. xvi. 26.) When sin, like Jael, invites thee into her tent, with the lure and decoy of a lordly treatment, think of the nail and hammer which fastened Sisera dead to the ground. (Judg. iv. 18, 21, v. 25, 26.) Be not caught with chaff; lay by thee such memoirs, such answers and repartees, as these, wherewith thou mayest reply upon the tempter: That the God of truth hath other manner of pleasures, profits, honours, to court thy love and reward thy service with, than the father of lies; namely, true and real, solid and eternal ones. What are "the pleasures that are in sin for a season," to be compared with "the rivers of God's pleasure, that are for evermore at his right hand?" And what is a little wealth, "that thieves can steal," a despicable heap of riches (which, like a flock of birds alighting a little while in thy yard, will "take wing presently and fly away"), to be named with "the unsearchable riches of Christ," or that "inheritance of the saints in light?" Or what is the painted bubble, the fading though beauteous rainbow, of earthly honour and grandeur, to "a weight of glory," to an "incorruptible crown of righteousness that fadeth not away," to "a kingdom which it is the Father's good pleasure to reserve" in the highest heaven for every sheep and every lamb of his "little flock?" And (to name these considerations by cluster) remember, that the greatest wisdom is to do (not what in some poor few regards is, but) what is absolutely lovely and desirable; that what is best of all is best for thee to love, and mind, and prosecute; that a good conscience is a continual feast; that God alone is enough, and *without him* nothing is enough for thy happiness; that thy soul is worthier thy care than thy carcass, and the life to come than this; that eternity is more valuable than time; that not the opinions of men lulled asleep in voluptuousness and sensuality, but God's estimate, but the sentiments of the holiest, best, and wisest men—or, if you needs will, of the worst and vilest, when conscience is awakened, when they come to lie a-dying, and when they shall stand before God at the last day—are to be preferred as the wisest; that everlasting happiness cannot be bought too dear, but repentance and shame may easily; that the hardest doings or sufferings for Christ are infinitely easier than everlasting misery; that heaven and glory will more than recompense all thy self-denials and mortifications—all thy watchings, fastings, &c.; and, in the meantime, the very hope of it, beside "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," and his love and grace, and the comforts of his Spirit, will certainly sweeten all the tediousness of thy way to heaven, with inexpressible redundance of satisfaction, yea, sometimes with joy unutterable and full of glory: in sum, that God is a good master, and his service perfect freedom; for beside the glorious recompense to come, thy work, Christian, is even now its own reward. If thou believest strongly such aphorisms as these—and he is madder than any in bedlam that doth not believe them—it will be no hard matter, by God's blessing and assistance, in their strength to "put to flight the armies of the aliens," at least to shield thyself against the volleys of fiery darts, which at any time the tempter shall pour upon thee.—*Dr. Gibbon*

JESTING WITH SCRIPTURE.

There is a practice which is fearfully common, even among professors of religion, and from which, alas! ministers of the Gospel are not always free, which cannot be too severely condemned, as offensive to God, and injurious to the best interests of man. We allude to the practice of connecting ludicrous anecdotes with passages of Scripture. We know by sad experience, and we appeal to the experience of others for the confirmation of the remark, that so lively is the impression which is often produced on the mind by the association of something grotesque with certain texts of the Bible, such passages can hardly be read in the most serious moments, without bringing up to the mind some idea which it requires a strong effort to prevent from producing a smile. This is one abuse of sacred things not less displeasing to God, than under the Old Testament it would have been to desecrate from a holy to a common use the sacred implements of the temple, the holy anointing oil, or the hallowed fire of the altar. If to put new wine into old bottles, or to sew a new patch on an old garment be unwise and incongruous, how much more so to prostitute the sacred words of inspiration to point a jest for the amusement of a social circle! To do so, in the presence of the young, is peculiarly injudicious. Here the maxim of the Roman satirist is especially applicable: *Maxima debetur puero reverentia.*

Jeremy Taylor forcibly remarks on this subject: "Some men used to read Scripture on their knees, and many with their heads uncovered, and all good men with fear and trembling, with reverence and grave attention. For all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is fit for instruction, for reproof, for exhortation, for doctrine, not for jesting; but he that makes that use of it, had better part with his eyes in jest, and give his heart to make a tennis-ball; and that I may speak the worst thing in the world of it, it is as like the material part of the sin of the Holy Ghost, as jeering of a man is to abusing him; and no man can use it, but he that wants wit and manners as much as he wants religion."—*Presbyterian.*

AN EXAMPLE.

Why should not we love God as well as ever Abraham did? God gives the word: "Abraham, take *now* thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt-offering. And Abraham rose up early in the morning," &c. (Gen. xxii. 1–3.) Had he not loved God, so far as the creature can love God, infinitely, every word would have been as a dagger to his heart. As if he had said:

"*Abraham,*—I gave thee that name, from thy being 'a father of many people;' but now be thou the death of that seed which I intended to multiply." God seemed to change his name to Abraham, as Solomon named his son Rehoboam, "an enlarger of the people," who *enlarged* them from twelve tribes to two!

Take now—No time to demur upon it.

Thy son—So many years prayed for, and waited for.

Thine only son—All the rest of thy children are not worth thy owning.

Isaac—The son of thy laughter, now the son of thy sorrow.

Whom thou lovest—More than ever father loved a child, and that upon several justifiable accounts.

And get thee into the land of Moriah—Though no time to deliberate before thou resolvest, yet time enough for repentance before thou executest thy resolutions.

And offer him there for a burnt-offering—It is not enough to give him up to be sacrificed by another, but thou thyself must be the priest to kill thy lovely child, and then to burn him to ashes.

And Abraham rose up early, &c.—He quarrels not with God: "What, doth God mean to give me such a command, as never to any one else in this world?" He consults not his wife: "O what will Sarah say?" He sticks not at what might expose religion: "What will the Heathen say?" You may well suppose great strugglings between nature and grace; but God seemed to press upon him with this question: "Whether dost thou love me or thy child most?" Abraham doth, as it were, answer, "Nay, Lord, if that be the question, it shall soon be decided, how and where thou pleasest."—*Annesley.*

A COMMON FOLLY.

Do thy passions begin to rise in arms? Do they grow disordered and unruly? Let thy reason come out to them, and ask, whether they know their master; and let thy soul blush, with infinite scorn, that ever these base slaves should usurp the throne of their rightful lord, and unman thee, by deposing reason, which is all thou hast to show that thou art not a beast! What an extreme silly thing is a man in passion! Nothing can be more ridiculous and contemptible. Out of love and pity to thyself, O man, do not affront and disgrace thine immortal soul any more, by suffering any malapert and saucy passion to outrage and assassinate thy reason. That was a generous rule of Pythagoras: "Let a man use great reverence and manners to himself." Be ashamed, friend, to do any vile or dishonest action before thyself.—*Gibbon.*

CHRISTIAN CONVERSATION.

If you meet with a physician, all your discourse shall be something about your health. If you meet with a traveller, you are presently inquisitive about the places he hath seen. Why should not Christians, when they meet, converse like Christians, and presently fall into a heavenly dialogue? Christians, this you know—there must be a forsaking of all wicked company, ere you can pretend the least love to Christ. Mistake me not: I do not mean that the bonds of family relations must presently be broken: that husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and covenant-servants, must presently separate if one of them be ungodly. No; where the relation is such as cannot be dissolved without sin, then those that are godly must converse with the ungodly, as physicians with their sick patients. But this is it I say, You must not willingly and out of choice make God's enemies your familiar friends. Those that are always speaking well of God insensibly draw out our hearts in love to him. When Christ's spouse had told the daughters of Jerusalem what Christ was more than others, they presently offer themselves to seek him with her. (Cant. v. 9, vi. 1.) As "evil communications corrupt good manners" (1 Cor. xv. 33), so good communications correct evil manners. —*Annesley.*

JESUS THE FRIEND OF SINNERS, AND THE ENEMY OF SIN.

A Sermon.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFACKER.

> "And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation. And he went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought; saying unto them, It is written, My house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves."—Luke xix. 41-46.

In this portion of Scripture two incidents are narrated, which at first sight may seem to be very dissimilar, but which, if duly considered, will be found to be in perfect harmony. The Saviour had set out on his last journey to Jerusalem. A great multitude followed him, who, having seen his mighty works, believed on him, and were joyfully anticipating the day when Messiah's kingdom should come. Their joy they manifested after the manner in which the triumphant marches of the princes of the earth were often celebrated. They spread their garments in the way, and over these the King of Zion gently rode. And as he approached "the descent of the Mount of Olives," they "began to praise God with a loud voice." They shouted and sang, "Blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven, and glory in the highest." But, amidst these testimonies of joy, Jesus began to weep, and gave vent to his feelings in lamentation. It was compassion for Jerusalem, hardened in sin, that so moved the Son of God. How sublime the spectacle! How compassionate the heart of Christ must be! We read, however, in the same chapter, that, on entering the temple, he "began to cast out them that bought and sold therein." With a scourge he drove out of it the buyers, and sellers, and exchangers of money. Now, it is the same divine power, which characterized all his words and actions, that is made manifest in this expression of his holy zeal. Dear hearers! he who wept over Jerusalem, and he who drove the buyers and sellers out of the temple, is the same Jesus; and he was animated with the same spirit on both occasions. He, whose heart is so full of compassion towards sinners, is the decided enemy of sin. And this, with the divine assistance, we shall now endeavour to show.—Gracious High Priest! merciful Saviour! be pleased to bless what may be uttered regarding the kindness and compassion of thy heart! Give us grace to know something of thy love, that we may willingly devote ourselves to thee! Amen.

The heart of Jesus, our great high priest, is full of compassion towards sinners.

Ah! this is a truth, unspeakably great and important—a Gospel "worthy of all acceptation," for thee, for me, for all who sigh under the heavy curse of sin. Hear it, hear it, my weak desponding soul! thou hast an High Priest whose heart burns towards thee with the most pitying compassion, with the most merciful loving-kindness—thou hast an High Priest, unwilling that any should perish, but that all should come to him and live—thou hast an High Priest, who bears on his bosom the names of sinners, and thy poor sinful name also, even as Aaron bore the names of the children of Israel on his breastplate—thou hast an High Priest who is thy Saviour. I do not think, my dear hearers, that it is necessary to prove this great truth; you may read it in every page of the Holy Scriptures. Although there are few who truly believe it, it is a truth admitted generally by every professing Christian. The appearance of the Son of God upon earth, his assumption of the human nature, his pilgrimage here below, all his doings, his words, his sorrows, his death, his resurrection, his ascension—all these bear witness to this great truth. I need not prove to you that the heart of Jesus is full of compassion towards sinners. The kingdom of God cometh not by proofs, but by the power of the Holy Ghost. Let us, however, consider this great truth, which is to be met with in every page of the Gospel.

"When he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it." Dear hearers, the Saviour wept! It becomes us to stand still in silent contemplation as we read that he wept. Our Creator, our Lord, our God, he on whom the decision of our future state depends, our Judge, the Almighty Lord of heaven and earth, whom all the angels worship, at whose feet all the heavenly host lay down their crowns, wept, yea, shed warm and bitter tears. Be amazed, my soul, and adore! O that I could perceive the depth of this mighty wonder—that I could sufficiently comprehend its import! Jehovah-Jesus wept. That he was angry—that with divine power he drove the buyers and sellers out of the temple—at this I wonder not. That his justice, which burns to the lowest hell, should be made manifest—that "his eyes" are "as a flame of fire"—that, under the influence of his frown, everlasting destruction shall overtake all who have not obeyed the Gospel—that the heavens and the earth shall flee away from his presence, and no place be found for them—dear hearers, I do not wonder at this; for he is Jehovah, a holy and jealous God, and nothing that is unclean can stand before him. But O that he wept! this is wonderful.

How clearly do the love and benevolence of the Father shine forth in the tears of Jesus! How apparent here, to a world of sinners, is the Saviour as the Son of Man! And how these tears entitle him to the name of the Lamb of God! He had a human heart; he felt as a man. The deepest sorrow overwhelmed his spirit; and pressing heavily upon him, was made manifest by sighs and bitter tears. He wept, and was not ashamed of his tears. He is God; yet he wept. As our High Priest he wept; unlike the boasted heroes of antiquity, who assumed a forced hardihood that made them ashamed of tears. No, no; he had become man, and shed tears even as other men; and, as one of the sons of Adam, he is not ashamed even thus to be styled our brother.

Dear hearers! although he has now resumed the glory of his Father, his heart is still the same. Seated at his Father's right hand, he is still the same Jesus who walked on this earth in the days of his flesh—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." As he was before the foundation of the world, so was he in the depth of his humiliation; and the same feelings which characterized him during his pilgrimage here, are even now his own. True, since his Father crowned him with glory and honour, he has ceased to weep; yet those feelings have not become strange to him which made his tears flow while he sojourned upon earth. That which then moved him, moves him still; that which then called forth his zeal, awakens it still; that which then filled his heart with joy, gladdens him still. O what a comfort to the heart of a poor sinner to be assured that He who is the dispenser of heavenly blessings, and on whom the salvation of our souls depends, is man even as he is God! With what confidence may not we approach him, as we remember his tears, and pour out our souls into his great heart of love! With what unlimited trust may not we tell him of all the sorrows that oppress us, since we know that he is no despotic lord, but is, and ever will be, our faithful Jesus. Verily, my poor heart, thou needest such an High Priest, if thou wouldst not draw back in terror, if thou wouldst not be dumb before him. "We have not," however, "an High Priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities; but was, in all points, tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help us in time of need."

But over what did he weep? "He beheld the city, and wept over it." Dear hearers! when we weep, our tears flow for ourselves, or because of something which nearly concerns us. If we are crossed in something—if our schemes are thwarted—if, in consequence, we are oppressed with grief or overwhelmed with sorrow, then we weep. Even the strongest are constrained to weep, when cast into the furnace of affliction. There are also tender souls which can easily be made to weep, whether by the narrative or the view of suffering. But so far from being deeply seated is the impression thus made, that in a little they may be seen to smile, even as they had wept. Their tears are often the result of mere weakness, or of a peculiar constitutional sensibility of soul. But it was not thus that the Saviour wept. He wept not for himself.

He was now drawing nigh to the gates of Jerusalem. Behind him were the three and thirty years of his weary pilgrimage. Deep humiliation, many and bitter sorrows, had he experienced. Stormy had been his course through life. A dark, dread future lay before him. His last conflict, his sufferings and death of shame—all this was full in his mind's eye. He saw before him that place which was to be the scene of his deepest abasement. Who could have wondered, though his strength of mind had failed him? who could have wondered, though he had wept as he thought of his long course of sufferings which were to end so fright-fully? who could have wondered, if the thought had arisen in his breast—Ah! thou poor sheep destined for the slaughter, here thou art to earn the bloody reward of thy love. This would have been no weakness. And yet he wept not for himself: "He beheld the city, and wept over it."

O, my heart! be lost in the greatness of the heart of Jesus. Consider what a Saviour, what a High Priest thou hast. Jerusalem, that great city of great sinners, lay, spread out as it were, before him. God had long done many great things for that city and its inhabitants. He had given them his law; he had sent unto them his servants the prophets. Patiently had he borne with their faithlessness and idolatry. As a tender mother, he had led them by the hand. He had spared no pains with Israel. In a very wonderful manner he had made known to them his mercy. Jerusalem was his vineyard. He had "fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof." He had "planted it with the choicest vine," and had "built a tower in the midst of it, and made a wine-press therein." He had "looked that it should bring forth grapes;" but it had "brought forth wild grapes." Jesus beheld these wild grapes; and, when he looked on them, he wept.

God had done for Jerusalem even more than this. He had sent his Son. Jesus had appeared, and preached to its inhabitants God's counsel of love for the salvation of sinners. He invited them to enter into the kingdom of God. He spake with power. He made his divinity evident by signs and wonders. He was "a prophet, mighty in word and deed." After his ascension he sent unto them other prophets and apostles. Many miracles were wrought, that they might believe; yet they continued unmoved. All was esteemed by them as nothing. They rejected the Son. They took him, and nailed him to the cross. They called down the curse, not the blessing, of his blood upon their heads. They persecuted and put to death the prophets and apostles. They put far away from them God's matchless love. Jesus wept, because they were so hardened. He knew that, because of the hardness of their hearts, they were drawing down misery on themselves, in time and for eternity. In spirit he saw the city besieged, destroyed, laid low. He beheld woe descending upon it—its children scattered in wretchedness over the face of the earth, sighing and weeping for generations. The Father had sent his Son into his garden, to dress and to keep the fig tree which he had planted. For three long years had the gardener laboured diligently that the tree might bear fruit; and three times had the Lord of the vineyard come to see whether fruit was brought forth by the tree of which such care had been taken. But it brought forth none. "Then said the Lord of the vineyard, Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground? And he answered, and said, Let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down." These four years were now ended; and still there was no fruit to be seen. The axe, in consequence, was laid to the root. The compassionate vine-dresser could no longer plead for it. He must say yea and amen to its destruction. But he did so with tears.

And now, behold once more the loving heart of our dear Saviour! What see you there? Assuredly nothing but the most generous, the most merciful, love to sinners. No thoughts of his own sufferings are mingled with his tears. In this noble heart there arises no wrathful feeling against the men who were so soon to bring him to such a death of shame. How should he, whose love to sinners made him die for them—how should he who prayed for his murderers while they nailed him to the cross, experience emotions of wrath? Behold this man of love—of love unparalleled! In him you see no sparks of the fiery zeal of Elias. No: he wept—he wept over his people's sins. He wept for his enemies; not because they rewarded his good with evil, but because they drew down upon themselves the wrath of God, and would not consider the day of their visitation.

O what mercy is here! These tears of the Saviour bear witness that it is his indeed to seek and to save lost sinners. These tears proclaim, far more plainly than words, that towards sinners he is full of compassion. And is he indeed my friend? is he indeed our God? Then I may freely ask, Who is like Jesus? whose heart is like his heart? whose love is like his love? whose Saviour is like our Saviour? He is the incomparable, the unspeakable friend of sinners.

Poor soul, knowest thou this friend of sinners? Hast thou tasted somewhat of his love? Hast thou looked into the depth of his mercy? Livest thou in his love? Or must he still sorrow over thee? Must he still sigh and weep, and say, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes?" I know well that there are many here who do not consider the time of their visitation; who keep far away from Jesus—far away from his great, his wondrous love; who "mind" only "earthly things;" who walk after "the course of this present evil world." Oh, be convinced that the Saviour has the same heart towards you, towards each one of you, as he had towards Jerusalem; that he loves you as he loved Jerusalem; that he bears you on his heart as he did Jerusalem; that he would rejoice over you if you knew his love, as he would have rejoiced over Jerusalem, if that city had known the day of its visitation; that he sorrows over you who are hardened in sin, as he sorrowed over Jerusalem.

We dare not think as if it were with him a matter of indifference whether sinners should be saved or not. We dare not imagine that our salvation lies as little at his heart as it often does at ours. No: there is a heart yonder that beats toward us with more than a mother's love; that takes the deepest interest in our fate, and, in connection with it, may experience the intensest sorrow, or the most perfect joy. If the Saviour were one to whom we owed nothing, he might take no interest in our lot. But what shall we say if he does? There is, indeed, a mystery in this which we cannot comprehend. But let us try to look into it. It can never be a matter of indifference to any one whether he is beloved or not, even though he should not be closely related to those whose esteem he desires. But Jesus, by whom we are loved, is not thus far removed from us. He has given us being; he has supported us and cared for us all our life long. To him we are indebted for the air we breathe. He gives us the food we eat. We have nothing which we have not received from him as a free gift. But what do I say? He is the Saviour; and in this one sentence all is said. For the salvation of lost souls he took upon him the form of sinful flesh; for this he subjected himself to inexpressible shame and contempt; for this he died the cursed death of the cross; for this he became "a man of sorrows," a martyr without equal; for this he became a city of refuge; for this he bore the mighty load of the wrath of God, even that he might deliver sinners from eternal damnation, and exalt us to glory. Behold his love! Behold the bleeding, fainting, dying Jesus, extended on the cross as a curse, and sinking down into the dark night of death; and all for our sakes—all for the sake of the souls that were dear to him. And can it be that we are not affected by such a manifestation of love—can it be that we fail to appreciate this man of love? Can we make his heart still more sorrowful? Can we grieve him still more? Can we crucify afresh the crucified one? Oh, "how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

Satan saw plainly that the Saviour had come to destroy all his works and well-built fortresses; so he gathered all his bands against him, and, as he thought at the time, gained the victory. Yes; when the great Shepherd of the sheep was made a curse for us, the triumph of the devil and sin seemed as if complete. But it was not so in reality; for all was according to the "counsel of God." Justice behoved to be executed on the body of Christ, that sinners might be saved. "He was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Satan, by his wickedness, was an instrument in God's hand to crush his own head. The martyred body of Jesus was placed between us and sin. In that body we have the clearest testimony how unspeakable is the Saviour's love to the sinner—but also how unspeakable is his hatred of sin. By the power of that body, all, even the finest and most unseen threads which attach us to sin, may be unloosed. As Jesus died unto sin, so may we also, by the power of his death. As he arose from the dead, so may we also walk with him in faith, by the power of his resurrection. Great and blessed secret, concealed from the world, and from the wise men of the world, but made known to the poor, the simple, and the unlearned! All, however, will be made plain on the resurrection morning. Then will an assembled universe see with its own eyes how gloriously, how completely, Jesus Christ has thus in eternal love saved the believing sinner from sin, and changed him into the glorious image of God. Then it will be made apparent that there was nothing wanting in this great work. Then will it be seen how much, how very much, Jesus loves the sinner, and how much he hates sin. And it will be seen also, that he has vanquished it. Behold the love of Christ!

But if a man hears all this without laying it to heart, he hardens his soul in sin, which he knows well the Saviour hates, and from which he knows that he cannot be saved but by faith in him. In such circumstances he will sink deeper and deeper in sin—he will become stupified. Think not, dear hearers, that it is a matter of indifference whether you obey the Gospel call or not. The preaching of the love of God, leaves not a man as it finds him. He either believes this Gospel, and receives it in his heart; or he believes not this Gospel, and hardens his heart against it: and then, no longer moved by the Holy Spirit, he is the more hardened in sin, and sinks into a state of appalling stupefaction. It was thus with the Jews. In the first years of his ministry, when he cleansed the temple, the Saviour said, "Ye have made my Father's house an house of merchandise." But, three years afterwards, as we have read this day, he said, "Ye have made it a den of thieves." And, verily, the temple had become a den of thieves; for it was filled with those who "sought how they might kill him." So deeply had Jerusalem sunk in three years! Three years ago, "merchants;" now, "thieves!" And this in the time of their glorious visitation, while they had the Son of God, the image of the Father, in the midst of them! O, let this be to us an awful warning! Jerusalem is rejected, because it would not know, because it would not receive, the great, the matchless, love of God in Christ. Jerusalem is rejected because of its unbelief. This was the damning sin of the children of Israel. God behoved to give them up to the power of sin. His Spirit could strive with them no longer; for they had shut the doors of their hearts against him, and so hastened by quick steps their fearful destruction. They had become one with sin. They had gone over to the side of Satan, the prince of darkness. Therefore the judgment of Satan behoved to be passed upon them. They were cast off from the presence of God.

Dear hearers! every one that persists in despising the truth and love of God, must feel at last that the mercy of the sinner's Friend will be to it of no avail. If you harden your hearts in sin, you will find, when the time of your visitation has passed away, that, being joined so thoroughly unto sin, even Jesus the merciful must condemn you along with your sins, because he is sin's greatest enemy. He will do it, though with tears in his eyes. Ah! this is dreadful: but it will be all made plain at the last great day. Amen.

DANIEL M'MICHAEL.

(From "The Traditions of the Covenanters.")

DANIEL M'MICHAEL, was born at Dalzien, in the valley of the Sear, in the parish of Penpont. We have no notice, however, respecting the time and manner in which his mind was first savingly impressed with the truth. Whether it was in early youth or in riper years that he became the subject of a gracious change, tradition has not informed us. The fact, however, is certain, that he was a true believer, a genuine follower of the Saviour, and that he was honoured to seal his testimony with his blood. From the circumstance of his name being inserted in the fugitive roll, it would appear that his principles as a Nonconformist were well known, and that he was especially marked by his enemies. In the roll referred to, he is designated "Daniel M'Michael in Lurgfoot." The place is now called Blairfoot, and belongs to the farm of Burn, in the parish of Morton, in Nithsdale. In this locality there was a cave by the margin of a mountain stream, to which, in those days, the Covenanters often resorted. It was a hallowed retreat to many, not only as a place of refuge from their foes, but as a sanctuary for heavenly fellowship.

Daniel M'Michael's house at Blairfoot was something like the house of the good John Brown of Priesthill; it was a little church, a meeting-place to all the religious people in the district, who assembled there for the purpose of hallowed fellowship and prayer. The wanderers who had located themselves in the wilds and dens of the neighbouring mountains, frequently stole to Daniel's cottage, to spend the hours of a cold and stormy winter's evening in spiritual converse; and many a weary outcast found it a Bethel for God's presence and communion with his saints.

The seclusion of Daniel's residence must, in those times, have been very dreary. On the north it is fronted with dismal and frowning hills, the sterile aspect of which impresses the mind with the idea of a loneliness unwonted even in those desert parts. The ancient castle of Morton, mouldering into decay, raises its grim turrets in scowling aspect over the weary scene—a fortlet this once possessed by the doughty Douglases, where deeds of terrific interest, as old legends say, were perpetrated by the haughty lords of the domain, who ruled with almost absolute power in those rough times of feudal barbarism.

The house in which Daniel lived at Blairfoot is now razed from its foundation. It was demolished only the other year, when the ploughshare was made to pass over its site, and a solitary tree is left to mark the spot where this honest worthy lived and prayed in the dark times of Zion's troubles.

In the dreary month of January 1685, Daniel was confined to his bed of a fever, caught it is not said how, but in all probability brought on by his frequent exposure to cold and wet, when he was obliged to withdraw himself from the face of his foes to the bleak and inclement deserts. The worthy men who lay in concealment in the vicinity, often visited Daniel in his affliction, and prayed and discoursed like men who were on the wing to a better world. By means of these heavenly communings his spirit was refreshed. One day a company of these pious persons met at Blairfoot, for the purpose of engaging in religious exercises, and they adopted the common precaution of stationing a friend as a warder, to give notice in case of danger. At this time, Dalziel of Kirkmichael and Lieutenant Straiton, with a party of fifty soldiers, were ranging the country in quest of fugitives. Muncie of Durisdeer, the informer, having received notice of the meeting that was being held in Daniel's house, lost no time in communicating information of the circumstance to the commander of the troops, who led his company without delay to Blairfoot. The watchman, however, observed their approach, and hastened to the house with the unwelcome tidings. The party within instantly prepared for flight; but in their haste to be gone they forgot not their sickly brother. They knew that if he were left alone his sickness would procure him no exemption from the ill usage with which the soldiers might be disposed to treat him, and therefore they determined to remove him from his bed, and carry him along with them. Accordingly they wrapped him in the warm bed-clothes, and conveyed him with all speed, and unobserved, to the cave.

But there was another informer beside Muncie, and one who pretended to belong to their party, and who, under the mask of friendship and of piety had connected himself with them, with a view to accomplish his own nefarious designs. This individual left the cave to give certain information to the party that was in quest of the fugitives. Another of the company having left the hiding-place shortly after the departure of the traitor, and having occasion to call at a smithy in the neighbourhood, was informed that their nameless associate was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and that he would to a certainty conduct the troopers to their place of concealment. On receiving this report, the man hastened back to his companions in the cave to expedite their retreat before the soldiers should arrive. The friends in hiding agreed instantly to vacate the cavern, and to separate themelves into two companies—the one party, conveying Daniel, who was unable to walk, to move in the direction of Durisdeer; and the other party to flee towards the dark moss hags of Kirkhope.

It was the design of the latter party to act as a decoy to the dragoons, and to draw them away from the party that was conveying their friend Daniel towards Durisdeer. The dragoons, however, having observed the movement, divided themselves also into two parties, the one pursuing the fugitives that were hastening to the wilds of Kirkhope, and the other following in the route of the company that were moving slowly with their sickly charge.

The company that fled to the moss expected o secure themselves in its deep trenches from the approach of the soldiers. In some of the mossy parts of the hills and moors there are deep gullies, worn by the impetuous streams that descend from the heights after the melting of the winter snows, or during the gushing of a great thunder *spate*. These water-courses are in some places covered above with the tufted heather, which, decked with its purple blossoms, waves on each margin of the narrow ditch. It was into one of these slippery conduits that an individual of the fleeing party was endeavouring to creep, when the troopers came in view of the dark and rugged peat ground. This circumstance was observed by one of the dragoons only, who, being unwilling, it would seem, to expose the life of the poor man, fell to the rear of his party, and allowing them to proceed, advanced cautiously to the mouth of the mossy outlet, and seeing the cowering fugitive stretched at his full length in his murky hiding-place, accosted him in a suppressed and gentle tone, saying: "Friend, I know you are one of the party whom we are pursuing; I have no desire, however, to reveal you: creep farther into the hole, and stir not till the danger be overpast." He then rejoined his companions in the pursuit, and how the affair ended with this branch of the fugitives tradition has not said.

Meanwhile, the party who were carrying Daniel were pushing westward in the direction of Durisdeer. On this company the dragoons easily gained ground, as their motions were necessarily impeded by means of the burden with which they were charged. It was obvious to every one, and to none more than the sick man himself, that escape was nearly impossible, and it was his urgent request that they should leave him, and provide for their own safety. This they were unwilling to do, but finding that their remaining would endanger their own lives, and could not save his, they, at his earnest desire, concealed him in a cave under the projecting brow of a mountain stream, in hopes that the foe would not find his retreat, while the pursuit would be directed chiefly after themselves. How long, and with what success, the troopers pursued the fleeing party is not said, but had anything of a tragic nature occurred, it is likely that tradition would have preserved it.

Daniel, however, was soon discovered. The soldiers, as was common, were accompanied with dogs, which were often found very useful in leading to a discovery of persons in concealment, and these animals scented out the place where he was hid. The dragoons laid hold on their victim, and mercilessly dragged him from his retreat. Their eye was unaccustomed to spare, and their heart was unused to pity. Without resistance, for it was impossible, and without remonstrance, for it was needless, this holy man, who was ready to seal his testimony with his blood, resigned himself into the hands of his enemies. He did "not think it strange concerning the fiery trial which was to try him, as though some strange thing had happened unto him." No; for he was already in the furnace, and already had he endured much, and by grace he was prepared to endure more. He heard frequent reports of the martyrdom of his dear friends and beloved brethren, who had embarked in the same common cause, and he himself expected to be numbered with those who were daily falling in the wild moorlands around him, and his time to be offered was now near. He was carried by the soldiers to Durisdeer, where he was kept a prisoner during the night, in the silent hours of which he experienced much sweet communion with God, preparatory to the bloody death which he was to suffer on the following day.

Next day he was taken from his place of confinement, sickly as he was, and carried off by the soldiers, with a view, it would appear, to convey him to the garrison in Crawford Moor. The feeble state of his body, however, rendered this impossible, and the troopers were obliged to halt with their charge at the entrance of the pass of Dalveen, where his persecutors determined to ease themselves of their burden by putting an end to his life.

Many questions were put to him, which he declined to answer; and many things were laid to his charge, which he denied. He was told, says Wodrow, that unless he owned the king's supremacy in Church and State, and took the oaths that might be put to him, he must die. "Sir," said he to the commander of the party, "that is what, in all things, I cannot do, but very cheerfully I submit to the Lord's disposal as to my life." Dalziel replied: "Do you not know that your life is in my hand?" "No, Sir," answered he; "I know that my life is in the Lord's hand, and if he see good he can make you the instrument to take it away."

He had been told the night before to prepare for death, for he should die on the morrow. To this he said, with the utmost calmness, "If my life must go for His cause, I am willing; God will prepare me." And his confidence was not disappointed, for He who calls his servants to the endurance of sufferings and death for his sake, did not desert him in the hour of trial. Wodrow says, that the night previous to his martyrdom, "he enjoyed a sweet time of communion and fellowship with God, and great outlets of joy and consolation; so that some of the soldiers desired to die his death, and not a few convictions were left in their bosoms." By this means the Lord strengthened his servant, whom he had called forth to witness for his truth, and prepared him with spiritual fortitude and hope and joy for the fiery trial which was before him.

On the green spot where he was doomed to die he was permitted to kneel, and to engage for a brief space in those devotional exercises which were befitting a person in his situation—a favour not granted to every one. When he had ended his devotions he addressed himself in a very grave and solemn manner to Dalziel, who lent himself to work wickedness and to make havoc of the Church. What impression his discourse made on the commander's mind is not said, but he shrank not from the perpetration of the deed which he meditated.

When the napkin was tied about his face, this faithful witness for Christ, who "loved not his life unto the death," lifted up his voice, and said aloud: "Lord, thou broughtest Daniel through many trials, and hast brought me, thy servant, hither to witness for thee and thy cause; into thy hands I commit my spirit, and hope to praise thee through all eternity." The signal was then given, and four soldiers poured the contents of their muskets into his body, and the warm blood flowed from the wounds in purple streams on the grassy sod. The green heights of Dalveen resounded with the startling report, and the echo leapt from hill to hill, as if to announce to those who dwelt afar in the wilderness that another honoured witness for the truth had fallen. His pains were of short continuance, and his happy spirit, emancipated from its frail tenement, and exulting in glorious victory, winged its way to the regions of eternal bliss.

AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

THOUGH earth-born shadows *now* may shroud
Thy thorny path, a while,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.
Only BELIEVE, in living faith,
His love and power divine;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine!

When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,
Betokening storms shall cease!
Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight;
And thou shalt own His word fulfilled—
At eve it shall be light!

BARTON.

THE SOULS OF CHILDREN.

1. To you, *natural parents*, I first address myself; beseeching you, that you go and study what you have to do, and do all that you shall know, for your children's early conversion. I am of the mind, that "gallant language never did God's work;" and do find it what you call "wild note," rather than "set music," that I can ever move you by. Wherefore plainly I tell you, We may thank you for earth's becoming thus unlike heaven, and like to hell. We may thank your negligence, and worse, for the ruin of more children than ever Herod slew, or the liar and murderer of France himself. We may thank you that children be so generally beasts, before they are

young men; and young devils, before they are old men. We may thank you for vitiating the most numerous, the most ductile, and the most hopeful part of the world—for robbing God of his first-fruits in the world.

I beseech you, by God's tender mercies, repent of your cruelties. And I charge you before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, reform ye straightway, and do as aforesaid. The light of nature, that guides you to help your children to go, and to speak, and to do what is necessary for this life, guides you also to help them for the divine life. Nor can you doubt but God's ordinance in the old Church for the appearance of the male children before him thrice in the year, was to bring them to an early acquaintance with himself: and there is still both need and obligation to keep the substance of that precept now under the Gospel. O let it not be said any longer, that your care is more for your children's clothes than their souls! For shame, sirs, for shame! let them not be wicked without your pity, nor converted without your pains! Think ye daily of both the advantages and engagements to do it.

Dying Dr. Harris said, he was at peace with God, and told his children that his sins should not hurt them therefore, unless they made them their own. Can you say so, if you were now to die? Well; very nature also engages you. Ay, and equity binds you; for your children are God's, more than yours: and, surely it is to him, and for him, that you should educate his children. Truth also engages you. For you promised you would so educate them, when you had them baptized; did you not?

The fear and love of God, if any be in you, do engage you. And so doth your own interest also. Yea, lastly, shame engages you. For it is a shame—is it not?—to teach children to honour and serve you, and not to honour and serve their God and yours. I have bid many children ask you, whether, if they were too young to be bound to keep God's commands, they were not also too young to be bound to keep yours. Listen not to the white devils that will suggest, "If your children take not to religion of themselves without your a-do, your pains will do but little good." Do horses or camels tame themselves? Do men tame beasts of the wilderness? and do you not tame the children of your own bodies and families? But, all in a word: does God set you a work, and promise you success; and do you dream it to no purpose to set about it? Read you Prov. xxii. 6: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." "Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shalt not die. Thou shall beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell." (Prov. xxiii. 13, 14.) "The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame. Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul." (Prov. xxix. 15, 17.)

2. As for you, *ministers*, *Church fathers*, may I humbly assume to stir up your minds but in way of remembrance? You know, if the lambs be lost, the Lord of the flock will with great anger ask, "Where were the shepherds all the while? what were they doing?" Nor will our highest feeding of the sheep compound for the loss of his lambs. And I doubt it will not suffice to say, "Lord, we were the while digging for profound notions, or disputing nice questions, or studying polite sermons, for people whose peace and whose praise we could not have cheaper."

Brethren, for the Lord's sake, let us all do somewhat weekly, and set the parents of our congregations doing somewhat daily, for young people's souls. And let both set to it hopefully. Let the difficulty and impossibility, as to our endeavours, be left but to drive us to diligence, and dependence on Him to whom nothing is difficult or impossible. The more we do look for success, the more it will come. Let not catechising, that is praised by all, be unpractised by any. And in preaching, let none of us make need, where we find none, to shoot over young folk's heads, and use a language which we must needs know they understand not. Love of God and of them would make us willing rather to be trampled under scorners' feet for our faithfulness, than to ride over their heads in figures of vain-glorious impertinence; the which wise hearers do no more commend than weak hearers do understand. Neither be it any more grievous to us than it was to St. Austin, to have now and then, "Young people, this is for you." I would be glad to see wanton wits have less sauce, and weak souls have more meat, in all our sermons; and to discern that our pains in making converts did exceed the Papists in making proselytes. For it must be owned, it is an uncolourable profaneness, to baptize infancy and not to teach youth, or but slightly: because otherwise we shall starve the nursery; and then what becomes of Jesus Christ's family?

The good Lord awaken us all, and set ministers, parents, young people themselves, all a-doing, and well-doing! Our Churches then shall be beautified, and joyed, and strengthened with abundance of young meditating Isaacs; young Jacobs, seeking the blessing; young Solomons, choosing wisdom; young Obadiahs, fearing the Lord; young Johns, lying in Christ's bosom; yea, young children, crying "Hosanna;" stilling, or shaming at least, and balking, God's enemies and ours. Origen's father, Leonides, would sometimes uncover his breast as he lay asleep, and solemnly kiss it; blessing God, that had given him to be a father to so excellent a child. And so shall many of us have warrant to do. Upon our houses, schools, and churches, it shall be writ and read of all, "*Jehovah-shammah*—The Lord is there."
—*Burgess.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF INFIDELITY.

DAVID HUME:

NO. V.

WE must now attend to a few of the INCONSISTENCIES AND CONTRADICTIONS OF HUME, AS ILLUSTRATIVE OF HIS CHARACTER. In some measure this has been done already. It is impossible not to mark his strong prejudices. These, combined with a low sense of the claims of truth, naturally conduct to inconsistency and contradiction. What can afford a stronger proof of prejudice than the fact, stated by himself, that in the *second* edition of part of his History, he made a hundred material alterations from the *first* edition, and all in favour of one side?—marvellous to add, the side of despotism against freedom! What haste and inaccuracy must there have been in the first edition, and prejudice in the second, or both; and this is the spirit and conduct of a philosophical historian! What could be expected of the consistency of a composition in regard to which he says, wounded at once with the want of success, and the opposition which was provoked by the first volume: "After a long interval, I at last collected so much courage as to renew my application to the second volume, *though with infinite disgust and reluctance*; and I am sensible that in *many passages* of it there are *great signs of that disposition*, and that my usual fire does not everywhere appear." And this spirit of prejudice did not leave him. It was not a temporary ebullition. Thirteen years after, when he was a man of sixty, we find him, to use his biographer's language, "again busy in sifting his History of all remains of popular principles; and there is a tone throughout the letter, as if it were satisfactory to him to be able to overturn the objects of popular idolatry, which a people he *so heartily disliked* (as the English) had endeavoured to set up in the alleged antiquity of their constitution." What a spirit of prejudice was this in which to write history, and to review it after it was written! Could the author, a stranger meanwhile to the love of truth, and therefore without guiding principle, fail to fall into grievous inconsistency and contradiction? No. Accordingly, besides the conflict between the liberal principle of his Essays and the despotic principles of his History, to which reference has been already made—a History which Gilbert Stuart pronounces "to be, from beginning to end, a plausible defence of prerogative;" and which no friend to humanity or freedom can consider without feeling a lively surprise and patriotic indignation; and which Lord Gardenstone declares, in so far as the House of Stuart is concerned, is "not the statement of an historian, but the memorial of a pleader in a court of justice," besides the inconsistency in regard to civil freedom rising out of strong prejudices, we are compelled to mark *the inconsistency, not less conspicuous, in regard to religious liberty.*

Taking into account Hume's professed character—his principles of Infidelity—the uncertainty, in his view, of all religious belief, we would have thought him the last man to be intolerant. He seems to be the very paragon of religious neutrality and indifference. Certainly this is the spirit and position which he ought to have maintained, and in which he delighted to represent himself; but, alas! for the practice. Few men, perhaps, were ever more thoroughly uncandid and intolerant. We do not refer merely to his immovableness in controversy when obviously beaten, but to the spirit of religious bigotry and even persecution which can be traced in his writings. He admits himself that he was a bigot to his own views and prejudices; and Horace Walpole well remarks of the Infidel school to which he belonged, that "they hate priests, but love dearly to have an altar at their feet." Even his biographer, speaking of him at twenty-seven, candidly remarks: "Though his philosophy is sceptical, his manner is frequently dogmatical, even to intolerance; and while illustrating the feebleness of all human reasoning, he seems as if he felt an innate infallibility in his own. He afterwards regretted this peculiarity," &c. At forty-five years of age, we find his biographer saying: "The toleration which forbids us to punish our neighbour on account of his creed he had fully learned. That still higher toleration, which forbids us to treat our neighbour's creed with disrespect, he had not yet acquired." It is certainly true that Hume had not learned the latter lesson, but we are by no means sure that he was such a proficient in the former as to need no further teaching. The language which he employed in characterizing opposing minor systems, especially if religious, betrayed anything but a candid and tolerant mind. He had no mercy for the violence of the Reformers; and yet, amid all the literature and refinement of the eighteenth century, aided by French pôliteness, he could indulge in such mild language as, "I leave that to him and his gang; for he is a flatterer, I am told, of that low fellow Warburton." Again: "Lord Milton can with his finger stop the foul mouths of all the roarers against heresy"—"I wish that the parsons would confine themselves to their old occupation of worrying one another, and leave philosophers to argue with temper, moderation, and good manners"—"Our government has become a chimera, and is too perfect in point of liberty for so rude a beast as an Englishman, who is a man, a bad animal too, corrupted by or above a century of licentiousness." In his essay, again, on suicide, the Christian religion is evidently pointed at under such names as "the modern European superstition," "virulent poison," "cruel enemy," "inhuman tyrant," what "chiefly contributes to render life miserable." Such is the calm and tolerant spirit of Infidel philosophy. Could Christians be much worse in their speech or writings? *

But Hume proceeded farther than the language

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* Hume, in his hatred of revelation, contends, in one of his essays, that old Paganism was tolerant, while Christianity was persecuting. Supposing this to have been the case, it could have been explained, as we shall shortly notice; but the statement is discreditable to the writer's historical knowledge. It is notorious to well-informed men that Paganism was persecuting. The "divine" Plato, among the laws of his ideal republic, embraced enactments for maintaining a uniformity of religion, at all times and places—in all writings and conversations; others for compelling all men to worship the gods with the same ceremonies—prohibiting, at the same time, private sacrifices; others for severely punishing such sceptics as would dare to maintain that the wicked could be happy. Would Hume himself have been safe under this regime? It is well known, to use the language of Dr. M'Queen, that even the Greeks, "with all their noble sense of liberty, and at the period of time in which they had the warmest sense of it, would not suffer any one to condemn the public system, and far less openly spread the tenets of Atheism." The fearful persecutions of Christianity by Paganism in the first three centuries of the Christian era, are notorious persecutions, in which nearly *two millions* of Christian lives were sacrificed. We need not, however, appeal to independent sources of proof. Hume answers himself when, in his Note-Book, founding on the 39th book, 16th chapter, of Livy, he records that "exterior superstition was punished by the Romans." He may, perhaps, be regarded as strengthening the statement in favour of Christianity, when he writes, as he does in his Essay on the Liberty of the Press, in 1741, in these terms:—

"Before *the united provinces set the example*, toleration was deemed incompatible with good government; and it was thought impossible that a number of religious sects could live together in harmony and peace, and have all of them an equal affection to their common country and to each other." It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that the united provinces which *set the first example of toleration*, on Hume's own showing, was not a Pagan, but a Protestant Evangelical-Presbyterian country; and that the credit, therefore, of exemplifying toleration does not belong to Paganism, but to its only effectual antagonist—*real* Christianity.

[illegible]

[illegible] of "the [illegible]" [illegible] soul and [illegible] his [illegible] [illegible]! but there is [illegible] when he himself is to be [illegible] Since, then, a [illegible] [illegible] to punish or [illegible] no crime?

The inconsistency of [illegible] others is great—for now here [illegible] on the part of Christia[illegible] there is no discovering religious [illegible] and that no man is responsible [illegible] or unbelieving, and hence, [illegible]; consequently, [illegible] religious opinions, [illegible] we find Hume gravely [illegible] the sentiment of [illegible] speculation. Gener[illegible] [illegible] Pergamus, Mem[illegible] [illegible], and Memphis, [illegible] [illegible] the general [illegible] [illegible] subjects is [illegible] [illegible] as far as one's own [illegible] [illegible] there is most [illegible] [illegible] the Catholic [illegible] Now, this I have [illegible] [illegible] against this [illegible] [illegible] more intolerance and persecu[illegible] [illegible] issued from [illegible] There are outrageous [illegible] [illegible] How differe[illegible] [illegible] in the view of true Christians [illegible] only that truth [illegible] can be certainly known, but [illegible] that men are responsible for [illegible] it—that they who believe [illegible] and they who believe not shall be [illegible] [illegible] is it wonderful [illegible] be anxious and earnest about the [illegible] as well as their own—that [illegible] [illegible] the careless and [illegible] the objects of [illegible] and [illegible] and should [illegible] [illegible] is it wonder[illegible] [illegible] against [illegible] [illegible] their children of their only hope [illegible] of the world? No doubt [illegible] in these circumstances, [illegible] [illegible] the spirit of their [illegible] experience, but surely [illegible] more pardonable in the one [illegible] The truth is, and all history [illegible] the persons who are most excitable [illegible] upon others—we mean real [illegible] the very persons who have least yi[illegible]

GOD A DEFENCE IN BATT[illegible]

In [illegible], some time ago, an [illegible] [illegible] and the army were ordered [illegible] and [illegible]; but before they set out, the g[illegible] idol was to be dragged forth to bless the people, and they were to be sprinkled with holy water. Now it happened that three hundred of the soldiers had cast off idolatry; and when they heard what was coming, they said one to another, "What shall we do? If we do not bow before the idol we shall be counted among the rebels, and shall surely be put to death." The leader of the Christian band asked his brethren to meet together in the evening, that they might consult what steps they had better take. They met accordingly. Some said, "We are poor, feeble creatures; we hope that God will forgive us though we should bow before the idol—it will be only to preserve our lives." Others said, "We are married men; it will never do to leave our wives widows, and our children fatherless." The leader of the party, after he had heard the opinion of his companions, took his New Testament from his pocket, and read aloud, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth his life more than me, is not worthy of me." It was enough. Their decision was made at once. They would not forsake their Saviour. But it was a fiery trial through which they had to pass, and they knelt down to ask of Him that he would not leave them to pass through it alone. They then pledged one another to stand to their resolution.

One of them, however, was a traitor. He went and told the commanding officer. "Three hundred of the soldiers," said he, "are believers, and they have resolved not to worship the national god." The Christian leader was sent for, and asked if it was so. He confessed that it was. This made the officer very angry, and he ordered that the three hundred should not attend when the idol was brought out; but he added, "The god will avenge himself upon them." He would not put them to death, because they would be wanted in the army; but he determined to place them where they would be sure to be cut off.

The army marched to meet the rebels. They came up to them in a ravine between two lofty mountains. Here the Christians were ordered to occupy the front ranks. Their enemies took it for granted that they must fall there; but a hand greater than that of man so arranged the order of the battle that the arrows never touched the Christian band. When the sun set, a retreat was sounded; the roll was called, and it was found that, though there had been great destruction among the Heathen, not one of the Christian soldiers was missing! The other soldiers asked them how they had been preserved and began to suspect that the New Testaments in their pockets were charms. "It was not these that saved us," they made answer; "it was the God whom we serve." The rest were thunder-struck, and a hundred of them cast away their idols from that day.—*Miss. Rep.*

OBJECTIONS TO FAMILY WORSHIP ANSWERED.

It would be more honest for people frankly to own that they have no heart for it, and that this is the real cause of their neglecting it, and not any valid objections they have against it; but since they will torture their invention to discover some pleas to excuse themselves, we must answer them.

First objection. "I have no time, and my secular business would suffer by family religion."

Were you formed for this world only, there would be some force in the objection; but how strange does such an objection sound from an heir of eternity! What is your time given to you for? Is it not principally that you may prepare for eternity? And have you no time for the great business of your life? Why do you not plead, too, that you have no time for your daily meals? Is food more necessary for your body than religion for your soul? May you not redeem sufficient time for family worship from idle conversation, or even from your sleep? May you not order your family worship so that your domestics may attend upon it, either before they go to their work, or when they come to their meals?

Second objection. "I have not ability to pray."

Did you ever hear a beggar, however ignorant, make this objection? A sense of his necessities is an unfailing fountain of his eloquence. Further, how strange does this objection sound from you! What! have you enjoyed preaching, Bibles, and good books so long, and yet do not know what to ask of God? Again, is neglecting prayer the way to qualify you to perform it?

Third objection. "I am ashamed."

But is this shame well-grounded? Are sinners ashamed to serve their master? A little practice will easily free you from all this difficulty.

Fourth objection. "But, alas! I know not how to begin it."

Here, indeed, the difficulty lies; but why will you not own that you were hitherto mistaken, and that you would rather reform, than persist obstinately in the omission of an evident duty?

Fifth objection. "But my family will not join in it."

How do you know? Have you tried? Are you not master of your family? Exert that authority in this which you claim in other cases.

Sixth objection. "But I shall be ridiculed and laughed at."

Are you more afraid of a laugh or a jeer than the displeasure of God? Would you rather please men than him?

Therefore, let God have an altar in your dwelling, and there let morning and evening prayers and praises be presented, till you are called to worship him in his temple above, when your prayers shall be swallowed up in everlasting praise.—*Davies.*

WALK WITH GOD.

Let God be much in your thoughts, and in the view of your mind; not only when you approach some solemn ordinance, but in the whole course of your actions—when you go forth, and come in—when ye lie down, and rise up. Let the creatures you converse with, the several dispensations of Divine Providence toward you, present God to your thoughts, and in the view of your minds. For how can men that have seldom any thoughts of God maintain any communion with him? Our communion with God is not as it is with creatures, in a sensible way; but it is by the inward thoughts and exercise of the mind; which therefore we ought to be frequent in. And these thoughts of God should not be slight and transient, but fixed and serious; especially at some times, which we should more peculiarly devote to solemn meditation. Meditation brings the object nearer to the soul, and the soul nearer to it, though locally distant; unites the soul to it; mixeth itself with it; whereby it doth possess it, or is possessed of it.—*Barker.*

SATAN FOILED.

SATAN will do his utmost to flatter or fright you out of your purposes. But while you can approve your ends to Christ, yourselves may answer Satan in the hindrances he will throw in your way. For example:

Satan. Why art thou so solicitous for thy soul? Thou mayest be saved without all this ado. It is more than needs.

Soul. No, Satan! All I can do is too little, did not Christ undertake for me. But I will not do the less for Christ's doing so much.

Satan. All thou doest is to no purpose: thou shalt be damned at last.

Soul. Should it be so, I would rather serve God for nothing, than thee for all thy flattering, lying promises. I will do God all the service I can for the mercies I have received, though I should never have more. The very work of religion is better than the work of sin, even without a reward.

Satan. Spare thyself, poor soul! Thou art not all spirit: thou hast flesh and blood as well as others. Why wilt thou expose thyself to contempt and sufferings? No man in his wits will court a general hatred.

Soul. Peace, Satan! Be it known to thee, and to all thy imps, I had rather have your hatred than your love. All your kindness to me is to ruin me.

Satan. Be not so conceited of thine own wisdom. Look about thee in the world. Have not others souls to save as well as thou? and they do not proudly pretend to be wiser than their neighbours.

Soul. Begone, Satan! I will parley no longer. If others neglect salvation, therefore must I? Will their missing of salvation relieve me for the loss of mine? Though a Peter persuade Christ to spare himself;—nay, when his friends went out to lay hold of him, thinking his zeal had crazed him;—nay, when his brethren had wheedled in his mother to send to him, to abate his work;—he would not yield a minute. (Mark iii. 21, 31.) By the grace of God (though I shall come infinitely short), I will make Christ my pattern; and therefore, Satan, say thy worst, and do thy worst. Through Christ, I defy thee.—*Annesley.*

DARING ROBBERY!

A VERY daring robbery was committed last Sabbath in one of the chapels in ——. Mr. —— preached an excellent sermon, and more than five hundred impressions were distributed about in the house. But a large number were stolen almost immediately after coming into possession of the hearers. Others were robbed of theirs before the benediction was pronounced, and others before they reached home. It is believed that of the large number of the impressions of that sermon, the greater portion have been irrecoverably lost. This is most deeply to be regretted, as the discourse was one of great value, and might have been of greater advantage to the owners, if retained, than any other species of property in their possession. And, what is more strange, there was no commotion made on the occasion. The thief managed the thing so adroitly, that he got clear off with his spoils without any "hue and cry" being raised after him. The police, as far as I can find, have had no notice of the robbery, and the papers say nothing about it. Indeed, I have learned that the people robbed have said nothing to one another about their losses, and it seems doubtful whether many are aware yet of the greatness of their loss.

MYSTERIES.

CONTENT thyself with what is clearly revealed, and leave what is hid and above thee unto God. Be not thou so bold as to measure the boundless mysteries of God by thy narrow, confined understanding; neither do thou presume to reject what thou canst not comprehend. What is of God is above thee: for God is God; he is clothed with honour and majesty, and with that light which is inaccessible. We ought, therefore, to be modest when we speak of the unsearchable doctrines and providences of God: for in them we see enough to admire, but can never comprehend; and when we have spent all our time to "find out God," and the infinity of his being, the mystery of the Trinity, the mode of his workings or operations, the depth of his contrivances about the accomplishing of fallen man's salvation, and all the great counsels of God, and the intricacy of his providences, we must come to this close, with the apostle: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"—*Lobb.*

POPISH SUPERSTITION.

IT is well known that Catholics generally have a great dread of the curses of their Church, but perhaps it is not commonly understood that they dread the curses of each other.' It seems they suppose that any individual has power to inflict the curse of God upon those with whom he is offended, unless something can be done to remove it. An instance in which this power was pretended to be exercised was lately stated to us. An intemperate Irish nurse was employed in a public institution, but was dismissed for her intemperance. This greatly offended her, and she went through the institution, cursing every room, every bed, and every person that might occupy them. The Catholic members of the institution were greatly alarmed, and sprinkled the rooms and beds with holy water. This they considered a sovereign remedy for the curse. But the angry woman learning that an antidote had been applied to her bane, went over the institution and cursed it afresh, and the same remedy was applied again. No special calamity has befallen the institution, and the poor ignorant Catholics have probably been confirmed in the efficacy of holy water. —*Boston Recorder.*

YOUR CHIEF ENEMY.

SIN would deprive me of eternal life; therefore I will be its death. It would keep me from eternal rest: therefore I will never rest; till I have conquered and subdued it. Nothing in the world would bring upon my eternal soul the eternal loss of the eternal God, his glorious Son, and Holy Spirit—of the company of his holy angels and saints—of eternal treasures, of a blessed kingdom and incorruptible crown—but cursed sin. Poverty, sickness, men, death, devils, cannot; nothing but sin: therefore I will be its bane; *that* shall not reign in me that would not suffer me to live in everlasting happiness.—*Doolittle.*

ON MAKING RELIGION OUR BUSINESS.

O HOW few make religion their business! Is he an artificer that never wrought in the trade? Is he a Christian that never wrought in the trade of godliness? How few make religion their business!

1. Some make religion a compliment, but not their business.—They court religion by a profession, and, if need be, religion shall have their letters of commendation; but they do not make religion their business. Many of Christ's disciples, who said, "Lord, evermore give us this bread," yet soon after basely deserted Christ, and would follow him no longer: "From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him." (John vi. 34, 66.)

2. Others make the world their business: "Who mind earthly things." (Phil. iii. 19.) The earth puts out the fire; so the love of earthly things puts out the fire of heavenly affections. It was a judgment upon Korah and Dathan, "the earth swallowed them up." (Numb. xvi. 32.) Thus it is with many: the world swallows up their time, thoughts, discourse; they are swallowed up alive in the earth. There is a lawful use of these things; but the sin is in the excess. The bee may suck a little honey from the leaf; but put it in a barrel of honey, and it is drowned. How many engulf themselves in the creature, and drive such a trade in the shop, that they quite break in their trading for heaven! The farm and oxen have kept millions from Christ. These do not make religion their business, but make the world their business; and what will all be at death, but as a dream of fancy? "The people shall labour in the very fire, and shall weary themselves for very vanity." (Hab. ii. 13.)

Let us deal impartially with our own souls, and put ourselves upon a strict trial before the Lord, whether we make religion our business. And for our better progress herein, I shall lay down ten signs and characters of a man that makes religion his business, and by these, as by a Gospel touchstone, we may try ourselves:—

Character 1. He who makes religion his business doth not place his religion only in externals: "He is not a Jew who is one outwardly." (Rom. ii. 28.) Religion doth not stand only in forms and shadows; this is to give God *leaves* instead of *fruit*. It is often seen that the pomp of worship destroys the purity, as the paint of the glass hinders the light; and it is no untruth to say, that formality may as well damn as profaneness. A superstitious Pharisee may as well be in hell as a drunken epicure. A Christian's main work lies with his heart. He that makes religion his business, gives God the vitals; he worships him "in spirit and in truth." (John iv. 24.) In stilling, *the spirits* are strongest. The good Christian distils out the spirits for God. Aaron must offer the fat upon the altar: "He shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord; the fat that covereth the inwards. All the fat is the Lord's." (Lev. iii. 3, 16.) If Aaron had offered the skin instead of the fat, it would not have been accepted. External devotion alone is offering the skin; and they that give God only the skin of duty, shall carry away only the shell of comfort.

Char. 2. He who makes religion his business avoids everything that may be a "hindrance" to him in his work. A wicked man cares not whether the matter of religion goes forward or backward; he stands in the way of temptation; and as if sin did not come fast enough, he "draws it as with a cart-rope." (Isa. v. 18.) But he who makes religion his business flies from temptation; and while he is running the heavenly race, "lays aside every weight of sin which doth so easily beset" him. (Heb. xii. 1.) A man may as well miss of heaven by loitering in the way, as by losing the way. "The king's business required haste" (1 Sam. xxi. 8); so the business of religion requires haste: therefore the good Christian is careful that he be not taken off the work, and so be taken tardy in it.

Char. 3. He who makes religion his business hath a care to preserve conscience inviolable, and had rather offend all the world than offend his conscience: "I thank God, whom I serve from my forefathers with pure conscience." (2 Tim. i. 3.) Much of religion lies in conscience. Faith is a precious jewel; but conscience is the cabinet where this jewel must be kept: "Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience." (1 Tim. iii. 9.) Love is a beautiful flower; but this flower most grows in the garden of a pure conscience: "Charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience." (1 Tim. i. 5.) So sacred a thing is conscience, that without this all religion drops in pieces. He who makes religion his business, labours to get conscience regulated by Scripture (as the watch is set by the dial); and, having done this, he keeps his conscience as his eye, that no dust of sin fall into it.

Char. 4. He who makes religion his business, religion hath an influence upon all his every-day actions.

(1.) Religion hath an influence upon his eating and drinking.—He holds the golden bridle of temperance; he eats sparingly. "The godly man feeds not to please the sensual appetite, but that he may," as Chrysostom saith, "by the strength he receives from the creature," "be the more fit for the cheerful discharge of spiritual services;" he makes not his food fuel for lust, but help to duty. Epicures dig their own grave with their teeth; they feed without fear. Sinners fear not lest their table should be a snare (Jude 12); they fear not the process of justice; while the wine is in the cup, they fear not the hand-writing on the wall. But the godly man, being regulated by religion, puts a knife to his throat, that he may cut the throat of intemperance. (Prov. xxiii. 2.)

(2.) He that makes religion his business, religion hath an influence upon his recreation. —The strings of the viol must sometimes be slackened, lest they break. But we are apt to offend most in lawful things; more are killed with wine than with poison. Religion sits as moderator in the soul. The man influenced by religion dares not make play an occupation; it is oil to quicken him in God's service, not a sea to engulf him.

(3.) He that makes religion his business, religion hath an influence upon his buying and selling.—The wicked get a livelihood often by cozening; sometimes they embase commodities; they "sell the refuse of the wheat." (Amos viii. 6.) They would pick out the best grains of corn, and then sell the rest. Sometimes they falsify their weights: "He is a merchant, the balances of deceit are in his hand." (Hos. xii. 7.) But he who makes religion his business is regulated by it in the shop; he is just in his dealings; he dares not hold the book of God in one hand, and false weights in the other; he is faithful to his neighbour, and makes as much reckoning of the Ten Commandments, as of his Creed.

(4.) Religion hath an influence upon his marrying.—He labours to graft upon a religious stock: he is not so ambitious of parentage as of piety; nor is his care so much to espouse dowry as virtue; in a word, he seeks for "a meet help," one that may help him up the hill to heaven: this is marrying "in the Lord." That marriage indeed is "honourable" (Heb. xiii. 4), when the husband is joined to one who is the "temple of the Holy Ghost." (1 Cor. vi. 19.) Here is the man that makes religion his business, who in all his civil transactions is steered and influenced by religion: religion is the universal ingredient.

Char. 5. He who makes religion his business, is good in his calling and relation.—Relative grace doth much grace religion. I shall suspect his goodness who herein is eccentrical. Some will pray and discourse well; but it appears they never made religion their business, but took it up rather for ostentation than as an occupation, because they are defective in relative duties: they are bad husbands, bad children, &c. If one should draw a picture, and leave out the eye, it would much eclipse and take from the beauty of the picture: to fail in a relation stains the honour of profession. He who makes religion his business is like a star shining in the proper orb and station wherein God hath set him.

Char. 6. He who makes religion his business hath a care of his company.—He dares not twist into a cord of friendship with sinners: "I have not sat with vain persons." (Ps. xxvi. 4.) Diamonds will not cement with rubbish. It is dangerous to intermingle with the wicked, lest their breath prove infectious; sin is very catching. They "were mingled among the Heathen, and learned their works. And they served their idols; which were a snare unto them." (Ps. cvi. 35, 36.) If you mingle bright and rusty armour together, the rusty will not be made bright, but the bright will be made rusty. He who makes religion his business, likes not to be near them whose nearness sets him further off from God, and whose embraces, like those of the spider, are to suck out the precious life. The godly man ingrafts into the "communion of saints," and hereby, as the scions, he partakes of the sap and virtue of their grace: he who makes it his business to get to heaven, associates only with those who may make him better, or whom he may make better.

Char. 7. He who makes religion his business keeps his spiritual watch always by him.

(1.) He watcheth his *eye:* "I made a covenant with mine eyes." When the eye is gadding, the heart is defiled.

(2.) He who makes religion his business

watcheth his *thoughts*, lest they should turn to froth: "How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?" (Jer. iv. 14.) What a world of sin is minted in the fancy! A child of God sets a spy over his thoughts, he summons them in, and captivates them "to the obedience of Christ." (2 Cor. x. 5.)

(3.) He who makes religion his business watcheth over his *passions*.—Passion is like gunpowder, which the devil setting on fire, blows up the soul. Jonah in a passion quarrels with the Almighty. (Jonah iv. 1, 9.) He who is devoted to religion watcheth his passions, lest, the tide growing high, reason should be carried down the stream, and be drowned in it.

(4.) He who makes religion his business watcheth his *duties*.—"Watch and pray." (Matt. xxvi. 41.) *First*, He doth watch *in* prayer. The heart is subject to remissness; if it be not dead in sin, it will be dead in prayer; a Christian watcheth, lest he should abate his fervour in duty; he knows if the strings of his spiritual viol slacken, he cannot "make melody in his heart to the Lord." (Eph. v. 19; Col. iii. 16.) *Secondly*, He doth watch *after* prayer. As a man is most careful of himself when he comes out of a hot bath, the pores being then most open and subject to cold; so a Christian is most careful when he comes from an ordinance, lest his heart should decoy him into sin: therefore, when he hath prayed, he sets a watch. He deals with his heart as the Jews dealt with Christ's sepulchre; they "made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch." (Matt. xxvii. 66.) A good Christian having been at the word and sacrament (that sealing ordinance), after the sealing he sets a watch.

(5.) He who makes religion his business watcheth his *temptations*.—Temptation is the scout which the devil sends out to discover our forces; it is the train he lays to blow up our grace. Satan ever lies at the catch; he hath his "depths" (Rev. ii. 24); his "methods" (Eph. iv. 14); his "devices." (2 Cor. ii. 11.) He is continually fishing for our souls; and, if Satan be angling, we had need be watching. He who makes religion his business is full of holy exubation; he lies sentinel, and, with the prophet, stands upon his watch-tower. (Hab. ii. 1.) Solomon saith of a virtuous woman, "Her candle goeth not out by night." (Prov. xxxi. 18.) The good Christian keeps his watch-candle always burning.

Char. 8. He who makes religion his business, every day casts up his accounts to see how things go in his soul. (Lam. iii. 40.) Solomon saith, "Know the state of thy flocks." (Prov. xxvii. 23.) A man that makes religion his work is careful to know the state of his soul; before the Lord bring him to a trial, he brings himself to a trial; he had rather use the looking-glass of the Word to see his own heart, than put on the broad spectacles of censure to see another's fault. He plays the critic upon himself. He searcheth whether he have grace or no, and he tries whether it be genuine or spurious. He is as much afraid of painted holiness as he is of going to a painted heaven. He traverseth things in his soul, and will never leave, till that question, "whether he be in the faith," be put out of question. (2 Cor. xiii. 5.) Here is the man making religion his business; he is loath to be a spiritual bankrupt; therefore is still calling himself to account.

Char. 9. He who makes religion his business will be religious, whatever it cost him.—He is a resolved man: "I have sworn that I will keep thy righteous judgments." (Ps. cxix. 106.) There are some who *will be* rich (1 Tim. vi. 9); and there are some who *will be* godly. (2 Tim. iii. 12.) He that makes religion his business will not, as Luther saith, be put off with other things: he can want health, riches, friends; but he cannot want Christ or grace. He will be godly: let the times be what they will, they shall not take him off the work of religion; he will follow Christ upon the water; the floods of persecution cannot drown his zeal; he doth not say, "There is a lion in the way;" he will wrestle with difficulties, march in the face of death. The Christians of the primitive Church cried out to the persecutor, "Hew us in pieces, burn us: we will never worship your idols." These were in good earnest for heaven. There is a great deal of difference between those who go to sea for pleasure, and those mariners who are to go a voyage to the East Indies: the first, upon the least storm, retreat back to shore; but they who are embarked for a voyage hold on their course, though the sea be rough and stormy, and will venture their lives in hope of the golden harvest at the Indies. Hypocrites seem religious when things are serene and calm; but they will not sail in a storm: those only who make religion their business will hold out their voyage to heaven in the midst of tempests and death-threatening dangers.

Char. 10. He that makes religion his business lives every day as his last day.—He prays in the morning as if he were to die at night; he lives as if he were presently to be called to God's bar; he walks "soberly, righte[illegible]ly."

(Tit. ii. 12); he girds his loins, trims his lamp, sets his house in order, that when death comes for him with an *habeas corpus*, he may have nothing to do but to die. Behold here the man who makes religion his business.*

JOHN HUSS.

John Huss was condemned before the Council of Constance for adhering to certain of the "heresies" of Wycliffe. It was in his case that the Church of Rome sanctioned and exemplified the atrocious principle, that "no faith is to be kept with heretics." When John Huss went to stand his trial before the council, he received a "safe-conduct," or pass, from the Emperor Sigismund, certifying that he should be allowed to go to Constance, and *return* in safety. After the council had condemned him, however, they passed a decree to the effect that, Huss being a heretic, the emperor "should not in this case be obliged to keep his promise, by whatsoever tie he might have been engaged;" and, accordingly, Huss was handed over to the tender mercies of the magistrates of Constance. The following account of his sentence and death is taken from a work of singular interest, a translation of which has recently been published—"*The Reformers before the Reformation*," by Bonnechose:—

John Huss remained for thirty days in prison after having publicly replied to his judges; and it was on the 6th July that he appeared for the last time before the council, in the fifteenth general session, in order to hear his sentence pronounced.

The Cardinal de Viviers presided: the emperor and all the princes of the empire were present; and an immense crowd had assembled from all quarters to view this sad spectacle. Mass was being celebrated when Huss arrived; and he was kept outside until it was over, lest the holy mysteries should be profaned by the presence of so great a heretic. A high table had been erected in the midst of the church, and on it were placed sacerdotal habits, with which John Huss was to be invested, in order to be stripped of them afterwards. He was directed to seat himself in front of this table on a footstool, elevated enough to allow him to be seen by every one. On taking his seat, he made a long prayer in a low voice; and, whilst he was employed in this self-communion, the Bishop of Lodi ascended the pulpit. He took for his text this passage of St. Paul: "*That the body of sin might be destroyed.*" (Rom. vi. 6.) He concluded with these words, addressed to Sigismund: "Destroy heresies and errors, and, above all," pointing to John Huss, "this obstinate heretic. It is a holy work, glorious prince, that which is reserved to you to accomplish—you, to whom the authority of justice is given. Smite, then, such great enemies of the faith, in order that your praises may proceed from the mouth of children, and that your glory may be eternal. May Jesus Christ, for ever blessed, deign to accord you his favour!"

Immediately after the sermon, a bishop read the decree, by which the council demanded silence: and nothing testifies more strongly than this the omnipotence which the council arrogated to itself, and the humiliation in which the kings and the emperor were held in its presence. This decree is thus worded: "The holy Council of Constance, lawfully assembled by the influence of the Holy Spirit, decrees and orders every one, with whatever dignity he may be invested, whether imperial, royal, or episcopal, to abstain, during the present session, from all language, murmur, and noise, which may trouble the assembly, convoked with the inspiration of God; and this, under pain of incurring excommunication, an imprisonment of two months, and to be declared an abetter of heresy."

This decree having been read, Henry Piron, the proctor of the council, rose up and demanded, in its name, the condemnation of John Huss and of his writings.

The council had first sixty articles of Wycliffe, extracted from the books already condemned, read aloud; and it condemned them afresh. It then proceeded to the works of John Huss, and thirty articles were gone through which had not been previously read in public, but several of which were a mere repetition of those on which he had been already interrogated.

Huss wished to reply to each separately; but the Cardinal of Cambray ordered him to be silent, declaring that he could reply, at the end, to all of them together. Huss represented to him that so great an effort of memory was absolutely impossible, and was proceeding to enforce his request to be allowed to speak on each article as it arose, when the Cardinal of Florence stood up, and exclaiming, "You are stunning us!" gave orders to the ushers of the council to seize him, and force him to keep silence.

He was a second time prevented from speaking; and, finding that he was not permitted to repel so many accusations, he kneeled down, and, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, recommended his cause to the Sovereign Judge of the universe.

After the reading of the articles had been gone through, the depositions of witnesses were proceeded to, and these were designated by their titles and qualities, and not by their names. The accusation previously brought against him, relative to his doctrine on the administration of the sacrament, was again adduced, although he had victoriously refuted it, and had been pronounced orthodox on the point. He was also accused, amongst other absurd charges, of having given himself out as the fourth person of the Trinity. This accusation was supported by the testimony of a doctor, whose name was not given. John Huss, replied by repeating aloud the Athanasian Creed.

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* This admirable paper is from the same pen as the article, entitled "How to read the Bible with profit," previously inserted, pp. 433

His appeal to Jesus Christ was also again laid to his charge as a heavy crime. He, however, repeated it, and maintained that it was a just and proper proceeding, and founded upon the example of Jesus Christ himself. "Behold!" cried he, with his hands joined together and raised to heaven, "behold, O most kind Jesus, how thy council condemns what thou hast both ordered and practised! when, being borne down by thy enemies, thou deliveredst up thy cause into the hands of God, thy Father, leaving us this example, that we might ourselves have recourse to the judgment of God, the most righteous Judge, against oppression. Yes," continued he, turning towards the assembly, "I have maintained, and I still uphold, that it is impossible to appeal more safely than to Jesus Christ, because HE cannot be either corrupted by presents, or deceived by false witnesses, or overreached by any artifice." When they accused him of having treated with contempt the excommunication of the pope, he observed: "I did not despise it; but as I did not consider him legitimate, I continued the duties of my priesthood. I sent my procurators to Rome, where they were thrown into prison, ill-treated, and driven out. It is on that account that I determined, of my own free will, to appear before this council, under the public protection and faith of the emperor here present."

John Huss, in pronouncing these last words, looked stedfastly at Sigismund, and a deep blush at once mounted to the imperial brow.

Huss' refusal to abjure having been publicly repeated before the council, two sentences were pronounced—one of which condemned all his writings to be publicly burned; and the other devoted him to degradation from his sacred office, as a true and manifest heretic, proved guilty of having publicly taught errors which had been long condemned by the Church of God—of having advanced several things that were scandalous, rash, and offensive to pious ears, to the great opprobrium of the Divine Majesty, and to the detriment of the Catholic faith;—in fine, of having stubbornly persisted in scandalizing Christians by his appeal to Jesus Christ as to a sovereign Judge, in contempt of the apostolic see, and of the censures and the keys of the Church.

During the reading of the sentence, Huss, who was listening very attentively, exclaimed against it several times, and, in particular, repelled the accusation of stubbornness. "I have always desired," said he, "and am still most anxious, to be better instructed by the Scriptures. I declare that my zeal for the truth is such, that if, by a single word, I could overturn all the errors of heretics, there is no peril that I would not encounter for such a result." He then fell on his knees, and said "Lord Jesus, pardon my enemies! Thou knowest that they have falsely accused me, and that they have had recourse to false testimony and vile calumnies against me;—pardon them from thy infinite mercy!"

This prayer produced feelings of indignation in some of the members of the council, and called forth mockery in others, particularly amongst the heads of the assembly.

Then commenced the afflicting ceremony of degradation. The bishops clothed John Huss in sacerdotal habits, and placed the chalice in his hand, as if he was about to celebrate mass. He said, in taking the alb, "Our Lord Jesus Christ was covered with a white robe, by way of insult, when Herod had him conducted before Pilate." Being thus clad, the prelates again exhorted him to retract, for his salvation and his honour; but he declared aloud, turning towards the people, that he should take good care not to scandalize and lead astray believers by a hypocritical abjuration. "How could I," said he, "after having done so, raise my face to heaven? With what eye could I support the looks of that crowd of men whom I have instructed, should it come to pass, through my fault, that those same things which are now regarded by them as certainties, should become matters of doubt—if, by my example, I caused confusion and trouble in so many souls, so many consciences, which I have filled with the pure doctrine of Christ's Gospel, and which I have strengthened against the snares of the devil? No! no! it shall never be said that I preferred the safety of this miserable body, now destined to death, to their eternal salvation!"

The bishops then made him descend from his seat, and took the chalice out of his hand, saying, "O accursed Judas! who, having abandoned the counsels of peace, have taken part in that of the Jews, we take from you this cup filled with the blood of Jesus Christ!"

"I hope, by the mercy of God," replied John Huss, "that this very day I shall drink of his cup in his own kingdom; and in one hundred years, you shall answer before God and before me!"

His habits were then taken off one after the other, and on each of them the bishops pronounced some maledictions. When, last of all, it was necessary to efface the marks of the tonsure, a dispute arose amongst them whether a razor or scissors ought to be employed. "See," said John Huss, turning towards the emperor, "though they are all equally cruel, yet can they not agree on the manner of exercising their cruelty."

They placed on his head a sort of crown or pyramidal mitre, on which were painted frightful figures of demons, with this inscription, "THE ARCH-HERETIC," and when he was thus arrayed, the prelates devoted his soul to the devils. John Huss, however, recommended his spirit to God, and said aloud, "I wear with joy this crown of opprobrium, for the love of Him who bore a crown of thorns."

The Church then gave up all claim to him—declared him a layman—and, as such, delivered him over to the secular power, to conduct him to the place of punishment. John Huss, by the order of Sigismund, was given up by the Elector Palatine, vicar of the empire, to the chief magistrate of Constance, who, in his turn, abandoned him to the officers of justice. He walked between four town-sergeants to the place of execution. The princes followed, with an escort of eight hundred men, strongly armed; and the concourse of the people was so prodigious, that a bridge was very near breaking down under the multitude. In passing by the episcopal palace, Huss beheld a great fire consuming his books, and he smiled at the sight.

The place of punishment was a meadow adjoining the gardens of the city, outside the gate of Gotleben. On arriving there, Huss kneeled down and recited some of the penitential psalms. Several of the people, hearing him pray with fervour, said aloud, "We are ignorant of this man's crime; but he offers up to God most excellent prayers."

When he was in front of the pile of wood which was to consume his body, he was recommended to confess his sins. Huss consented, and a priest was brought to him, a man of great learning and high reputation. The priest refused to hear him, unless he avowed his errors, and retracted. "A heretic," he observed, "could neither give nor receive the sacraments." Huss replied: "I do not feel myself to be guilty of any mortal sin, and now that I am on the point of appearing before God, I will not purchase absolution by a perjury."

When he wished to address the crowd in German, the Elector Palatine opposed it, and ordered him to be forthwith burned. "Lord Jesus!" cried John Huss, "I shall endeavour to endure, with humility, this frightful death, which I am awarded for thy Holy Gospel. Pardon all my enemies." Whilst he was praying thus, with his eyes raised up to heaven, the paper crown fell off: he smiled, but the soldiers replaced it on his head, in order, as they declared, that he might be burned with the devils whom he had obeyed.

Having obtained permission to speak to his keepers, he thanked them for the good treatment he had received at their hands. "My brethren," said he, "learn that I firmly believe in my Saviour; it is in his name that I suffer, and this very day shall I go and reign with him!"

His body was then bound with thongs, with which he was firmly tied to a stake, driven deep into the ground. When he was so affixed some person objected to his face being turned to the east, saying that this ought not to be, since he was a heretic. He was then untied, and bound again to the stake with his face to the west. His head was held close to the wood by a chain smeared with soot, and the view of which inspired him with pious reflections on the ignominy of our Saviour's sufferings.

Fagots were then arranged about and under his feet, and around him was piled up a quantity of wood and straw. When all these preparations were completed, the Elector Palatine, accompanied by Count d'Oppenheim, marshal of the empire, came up to him, and for the last time recommended him to retract. But he, looking up to heaven, said with a loud voice, "I call God to witness, that I have never either taught or written what those false witnesses have laid to my charge. My sermons, my books, my writings, have all been done with the sole view of rescuing souls from the tyranny of sin; and, therefore, most joyfully will I confirm with my blood that which I have taught, written, and preached; and which is confirmed by the divine law and the holy fathers."

The elector and the marshal then withdrew, and fire was set to the pile! "Jesus, Son of the living God," cried John Huss, "have pity on me!" He prayed and sung a hymn in the midst of his torments, but soon after, the wind having risen, his voice was drowned by the roaring of the flames. He was perceived for some time longer moving his head and lips, and as if still praying—and then he gave up the spirit. His habits were burned with him, and the executioners tore in pieces the remains of his body and threw them back into the funeral pile, until the fire had absolutely consumed everything; the ashes were then collected together and thrown into the Rhine.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THERE is a reaper whose name is Death,
And, with sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he,
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes;
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord hath need of these flow'rets gay,"
The reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in the field of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she would find them all again,
In the field of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day,
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

PRAISE FROM THE STAMMERING TONGUE.

The following account of the conversion of William Sallah, an African boy, was received from his own lips by a Wesleyan missionary:—

"From a little boy I like for read too much. I pray; but, mind, that time I no feel nothing in my heart. The first thing led me to class good was. One day my father" (Pierre Sallah, who had taken him, when a boy, from the liberated African yard) "says, 'Little boy will die as well as big man.' When I hear that, the next day I went to Mr. Fox, and tell him, 'I want to join myself to class.' He tell me, 'What reason you want join yourself to class?' I answered, 'I not hungry for food. My soul is hungry.' He asked me, 'How do you know your soul is hungry? You not see your soul. How you know it is hungry?' He ask me, 'What pray is?' I tell him, 'Pray is beg.' He said, 'Do you sabby (know) beg?' I tell him, 'Yes, if I hungry I sabby beg person *nyam, nyam* (food). As I sabby *nyam, nyam*, for my body, so I think if I beg God *nyam, nyam*, for my soul, he go give me.' He say, 'Don't you hear what Christ say?—*Suffer little children to come unto me.*' I say, I hear that very well from my father all time; but I think I do so much bad, Christ can't carry me to that place.' When he hear that, he pleased very much, and asked me, 'What class you wish to meet?' I tell him to 'Monday.' He tell me, 'Monday you come to class.'

"In Monday I come and join myself in class: then next Monday I come in class, I pray: it please Mr. Fox very much. So I continually; but I not feel the pardon of my sins. Sometimes when I pray, my heart sweet me very much: sometimes it still dark. One day I pray, my heart sweet me very well. I see nothing in world. I only want for die. I was with my mother in middle day. I say, 'Mammy, I want nothing but die.' She asked me, 'William, are you hungry? Have you nothing to cover your skin? Anything hurt you? I tell, her, 'No;' but I didn't tell her what reason.

"In this way I continued until Mr. Swallow sent me in Fattota to teach in 1842. I was in house by me one (myself). In night I cook me supper; done, I put it in middle house. I think, 'By and by he cool.' I come back, I eat him. I go in piazza and lay down; the moon shine, and I see plenty star come out. I think of one word my father tell me one of the prophets say before: 'When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him?' &c. I think, 'That person who make them no him finger, he no bad as me.' I say, 'If he hear man as me; if he let the firmament fall down and crush me to I die, I am sure I shall be in hell.' When I think upon that, I am afraid and trembling. I rise, and went in the house to pray. When I begin to pray, I wish to pray sofely (softly); but my heart force me to pray aloud. Many Mandingoes and other people heard me and came; but my sin troubled me, and I pray loud and loud, till I believe in Jesus Christ, when I feel in my heart, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' Then my heart glad. That same night I not take my supper for the sake of my heart rejoice.

"In next morning the people begin come to meeting. I begin tell them all that God done for me. They astonishing. They get no proper word to say, until some say, 'I hope God will give me that blessing to feel it in my heart.' I tell them, hope, without believing could not give them that. They all went home, and pray much; but no one return back and tell me anything.

"The same morning I write to my father. It please him very much. He give very good work. This was January 5th, 1842. I thank God, I feel this yet."

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

On no subject is the Word of God more explicit than regarding those who have made shipwreck of the faith and a good conscience. In one passage we read, that it is impossible to renew to repentance those who were once enlightened, but have subsequently fallen away. (Heb. vi. 4–6.) In another it is written, that "if we sin wilfully, after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins" (Heb. x. 26); and in the same chapter (verse 38) we read, "If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." Except the phrases which describe the hopelessly lost, the eternally condemned, there are no stronger expressions employed in Scripture than those which thus apply to apostasy and apostates.

And as it is thus in the Word of God, there is frequently a response to it in the consciences of men. Few conversions take place in which, at some stage of the change, the thought does not occur to, or engross the mind, that the unpardonable sin has been committed, and the Spirit for ever grieved or quenched. It is felt that warnings have been slighted, that grace has been resisted, conscience stifled, and sin committed, not in ignorance, but against light. Hence deep, and often overwhelming fears, lest the sinner should be cut off from hope and the soul made a victim of misery before its time.

It may tend, then, to throw light on this subject, if we consider a few cases of clear and decided apostasy. In an age when profession is rife, and men are prone to substitute some transient emotions, felt at some period of their lives, for true and spiritual religion, it would be well to define distinctly the limits between the genuine and the spurious—between the religion which originates in earth, and must of necessity end there, and the religion which comes from heaven, and will infallibly conduct us thither—between the condition which Christ describes when he says, "None is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand," and that which he describes where these are his words, "When persecution or tribulation ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended."

The first case, then, of apostasy to which we ask attention, is that of the Roman emperor Julian, called by excellence, *The Apostate*. He was the nephew of Constantine the Great, the first emperor called Christian, and narrowly escaped being massacred in the sixth year of his age, when nearly all his kindred perished. When Constantine died, his empire was divided among his sons, and atrocities were soon perpetrated by them such as rarely disgraced the reigns even of the Pagan emperors. Julian was rescued from one of the massacres which were then so common, and kept for about six years as a kind of state prisoner, by his cousin the emperor Constantius. He pursued his studies at Constantinople; but his eminence and popularity are said to have excited the imperial jealousy, and Julian withdrew from the scene of peril to find safety and retirement at Athens. He was at last made the colleague of his cousin, who had inherited a third part of the empire; and, even as the Cæsar, Julian was devoted to study, to a degree that made him an object of mockery in a sphere and an age when martial glory was the passion of all, and when the science of murder had often supplanted the science of benefiting man. He continued in comparative obscurity till the gods, by their omens, compelled him to become a prince; and at last, after various battles and victories, the soldiers proclaimed him the emperor of Rome. Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, and Minerva, had become his favourite gods; and he entered Constantinople, under their guardianship, on the 11th of December 361.

But previous to that event, Julian publicly renounced the Christian religion in which he had been trained, and surrendered himself to the care of "*the immortal gods.*" Soon after his accession to the throne, he composed an elaborate work against the Christian religion, and yet he had formerly taken part in the festivals and functions of the Church. His education was intrusted to Eusebius, bishop of Nicomedia, and till his twentieth year the youth was constantly under the tutelage of Christian instruction. He even appeared so zealous a Christian, that he performed some of the duties of the inferior clergy, and publicly read the Holy Scriptures in the church of Nicomedia; while he and others of his family, following the customs of his age, often fasted, prayed, gave alms, and performed other ceremonies at the tombs of the martyrs. Nay more, he erected a splendid monument to one of the saints at Cæsarea; he often solicited the blessing of monks and hermits; and Gibbon says, though with a sneer, "He escaped very narrowly from being a bishop, and perhaps a saint." According to his own information, the emperor was a Christian till his twentieth year.

When Julian rose to prominence and power, the Arian heresy was at its height, and the controversy greatly scandalized him. It soon appeared that under his religion he cherished an invincible aversion to the doctrines of Christianity; it had no control over his heart and mind, and the gods of Homer had more attractions for Julian than the God of Scripture. They did not repress the natural mind; on the contrary, they fostered all its tendencies; and the prince embraced what he felt left him free, not what would have made him holy. What he withheld from the Gospel he freely conceded to Jupiter and Apollo—the imperial philosopher believed the fable regarding the *Ancilia* which fell from heaven, but deplored the stupidity of Christians in caring for the cross of Christ!

By degrees the apostate emperor developed a tolerably perfect Pagan system; and the order in which the imperial infidel mustered his numerous gods was this—spirits, gods, demons, heroes, men. The favour of his divinities was to be solicited and their wrath deprecated by sacrifice, ceremonies, and prayers. Inferior deities, according to Julian, might sometimes dwell in statues and temples. Philosophy he reckoned their handmaiden, and philosophers their priests. He was initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries about his twentieth year, and mingled in all the abhorrent and revolting practices of the men called sages. Pious fraud and hypocrisy might sometimes lead him, even after that event, externally to conform to the religion which he hated; but his heart was stedfast to the fanaticism of those who were initiated in the mysteries. To recommend his new creed, Julian fasted like a hermit in honour of Pan and Mercury, Hecate and Isis, and his eulogist Libanius declares that the emperor held perpetual intercourse with gods and goddesses, who "gently touched his hand while he slumbered to awake him, that they might enjoy his society." They were his constant companions, and so adroit was the princely fanatic, or impostor, that he pretended he could distinguish between the voices of Jupiter, Apollo, and Hercules, while they conversed with him. Gibbon might have left out the qualifying term when he said that such pretensions "*almost* degraded the emperor to the level of an Egyptian monk."

It was supposed, that had the apostasy of Julian been generally known at its commencement, his life would have been the forfeit. But the flexible creed of Paganism allowed him to conceal it for a time; and thus a polytheist mingled among the worshippers of Jehovah. His hypocrisy has been defended by his Pagan encomiast, who says, "Very different from the ass of Æsop, which disguised himself in a lion's hide, our lion concealed himself under that of an ass." In that disguise, then, Julian is said to have acted as a hypocrite for *ten years*, till the proper time arrived for openly declaring that he was "the implacable enemy of Christ." Though he granted toleration for some time to all, he ordered the Pagan temples to be re-opened. To favour his own views, he recalled heretics who had been banished, restored them to their churches, and then employed the hostile sects to debate and wrangle in the imperial presence. He thus sought to gratify his enmity against the truth, to foment divisions, and consolidate Paganism, by weakening Christianity.

These notices of Julian might suffice to show the extent of his superstition as a professed Christian, and his fanaticism as a Pagan. But to exhibit his character at length, we notice that he had a temple to the Sun, in the precincts of his palace, where he daily offered sacrifice to that *god*, at sunrise and sunset. He solicited the meanest offices in the service of the Pagan deities, as he had formerly done in Christian Churches. Crowds of priests, and dancing women, the attendants on the temples, were his companions. Gibbon says, that the imperial hands carried the wood for the burnt-offerings, blew the fire that should consume them, wielded the sacrificial knife, and drew forth the quivering heart and liver of the victims, there to read the secrets of the future. A large portion of his revenue was expended on victims and festivals; scarce and beautiful birds were bought for sacrifices; and the voracious veneration of Julian frequently caused the slaughter of a hundred oxen in a single day. No wonder that, under such patronage, Paganism rose from its degradation. "Every part of the world displayed the triumph of religion; and the grateful prospect of flaming altars, bleeding victims, the smoke of incense, and a solemn train of priests and prophets, without fear and without danger. The sound of prayer and of music was heard on the tops of the highest mountains, and the same ox afforded a sacrifice for the gods and a supper for their joyous votaries."*

But Julian further attempted to reform the Pagan priesthood. He addressed pastoral letters to them, for he was the high priest as well as the emperor. He tried to weed out all that was scandalous—he urged utmost punctuality in regard to the ceremonial; and aimed at what has been called "*immaculate purity of mind and body*," by worshipping Jupiter, and Apollo, and Hecate, and Isis! His priests durst not resort to theatres or taverns, or consort with any who walked disorderly. Their libraries were to be select—their company decorous; in a word, the resuscitated Paganism was to be fostered by the sobriety, hospitality, faith, and devoutness of its priesthood; and yet all this was avowedly done by Julian in a spirit of rivalry to Christians. He signalized by his favour those who had continued Pagans while the emperor's uncle, Constantine, occupied the throne of the world; but though Julian did all that he could to restore the effœte and exhausted system—though he pursued his object with that pertinacity and singleness of aim which sometimes marks the conduct of a maniac, all was in vain—the crumbling system could not be propped up even by an emperor. He stole from Christianity a portion of its truth and light, thereby the better to resist it; but after all, he was baffled and borne down by Him that is mighty.

In order the more effectually to proselytize, the emperor divided his favour between the old Pagans and those who turned from Christianity when it ceased to be the emperor's religion. The resources of the Roman Empire were frequently thus employed. The army speedily became Pagan, and assisted, Gibbon says, "with fervent devotion and voracious appetite at the hecatombs of fat oxen," offered in the camp. A device of the Apostate to corrupt and degrade Christians was this:. The soldiers passed in review from time to time before the emperor—each received a donation; but he must first cast some grains of incense upon the altar fire. Many, allured by the bribe or awed by the sovereign presence, contracted the pollution; and such devices, continued till conscience became seared, crowded the camps with apostates like him who occupied the throne. The flexibility of an unconverted man's conscience will easily allow him to adopt the creed of a majority, or of the powerful; and though some did resist the temptation and die, many abandoned their profession of religion rather than their pay and their prince's favour.

One strange episode in Julian's life we cannot but describe—we refer to his attempt to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. To weaken Christianity by strengthening its enemies, the emperor bestowed many favours on the Jews, and in the hope of destroying the Christian argument from prophecy connected with the overthrow of Jerusalem, the apostate resolved to rebuild the temple. The ploughshare had passed over it; but still the Jews cherished hope; and Julian seemed likely to turn that hope into fruition. He called the Jewish Divinity Μεγας Θεος; and was willing to enrol him among the other gods; and encouraged by his patronage, after some interruptions, the Jews flocked from every land to see the temple rise again in its beauty. "The men forgot their avarice, and the women their delicacy; spades and pick-axes of silver were provided by the vanity of the rich; and the rubbish was transported in mantles of silk and purple. Every purse was opened in liberal contributions; every hand claimed a share in the pious labour; and the commands of a great monarch were executed by the enthusiasm of a whole people."

Such, according to Gibbon, were Julian's preparations or efforts—with what result? "An earthquake, a whirlwind, and a fiery eruption, which overturned and scattered the new foundations of the temple, are attested with some variations by contemporary and respectable evidence." "Whilst Alypius, assisted by the governor of the province, urged with vigour and diligence the execution of the work, horrible balls of fire breaking out near the foundations, with frequent and reiterated attacks, rendered the place from time to time inaccessible to the scorched and blasted workmen; and the victorious element, continuing in this manner, obstinately and resolutely bent, as it were, to drive them to a distance, the undertaking was abandoned." Such are the words of a contemporary historian (Ammianus Marcellinus), as quoted by Gibbon. Even the Infidel historian is staggered. He gives a *possible* explanation; but he does not deny the fact. Without supposing a miracle, yet coupling together the reported events and the certain interruption of the attempt, we cannot but regard the whole as marvellous.*

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* Libanius, the Orator, quoted by Gibbon.

Besides this notable effort to falsify predictions, refute Christianity, and strengthen its enemies, Julian adopted other methods to effect the object on which his heart was set. He enjoined the Christians to adopt the name of *Galilæans*, as one that tended to degrade them. In one of his edicts he hinted at persecution, and avowed that a frantic patient might be treated with salutary violence. He prohibited the Christians from teaching schools, and in effect from learning aught but Paganism; and in defence of his tyranny, he contemptuously said, that "if men would refuse to adore the gods of Homer, they ought to content themselves with expounding Luke and Matthew in the temples of the Galilæans." He took power to corrupt or to punish the more constant Christians; and when they were removed, he found the minds of the young ready to receive the impression of Pagan literature and idolatry. In a word, Heathenism—"the gods of Homer"—on the one hand, and utter ignorance on the other, were the alternatives presented to Christians by one who has been eulogized as "a hero and a sage," and who himself became one of the gods at last. Christians were obliged to restore the Pagan temples, while their churches, because often built on the ruins of former edifices, were thrown to the ground. Accounts for damages and debt were summed up against the Galilæans; and when they could not meet the demands, they were seized and imprisoned. An aged prelate was thus maltreated. He was equally poor and stedfast; and to punish him "they inhumanly scourged him, and tore his beard; while his naked body, anointed with honey, was suspended in a net between heaven and earth, exposed to the stings of insects, and the rays of a Syrian sun." Another proof this of Pagan clemency—another reason, perhaps, why Gibbon called Julian "a hero and a sage," "a virtuous prince," "a prince who felt for the honour of the gods."

But the apostasy of Julian is not yet all described. The Temple of Daphne, near Antioch, had once been among the most magnificent in the world; but under Christianity it fell into decay. Julian visited the shrine, and instead of finding hecatombs of oxen slaughtered to the goddess, he "complained that he found only a single goose, provided at the expense of a priest, the pale and solitary inhabitant of the temple." Christians were, moreover, buried near it, and their polluting remains must be removed! But the temple was set on fire during the succeeding night, and left a blackened pile to horrify the emperor; and vengeance was inflicted on the Galilæans. Several were tortured. Theodoret, a presbyter, was beheaded. The burial-places of Christians throughout Syria were removed, and the living were not spared. Gibbon is compelled by historical truth reluctantly to record that "their mangled bodies were dragged through the streets; they were pierced by the spits of cooks and the distaffs of women, and the entrails of Christian priests and virgins, after they had been tasted by these bloody fanatics, were mixed with barley, and contemptuously thrown to the unclean animals of the city." Opportunities were embraced for confiscating all Church property. Insult was added to injury. Christianity says, Blessed are the poor in spirit; and Julian impiously boasted that he would reduce all the Galilæans to that condition, telling them, with all the ferocity of a godless tyrant, that they might "dread not merely confiscation and exile, but fire and the sword." A city had murdered its bishop in an outbreak of Pagan fanaticism. The emperor should have punished the murderers; but "the virtuous prince," in consideration of the founder of the city (Alexander), and of Serapis, the tutelar deity, granted a free and gracious pardon."

Athanasius, the stanch friend of truth, was an object of utmost hatred to the apostate, whose enmity against the truth appears on every side. He was banished from his see as "the enemy of the gods;" and the impious Heathen thus announces his mind to his minions: "I swear by the great Serapis, that unless on the calends of December, Athanasius has departed from Alexandria, nay, from Egypt, the officers of your government shall pay a fine of one hundred pounds (weight) of gold." With a meanness which betokens that degradation which false religion inflicts, an emperor stoops to call the archbishop "an abominable wretch;" and with a malignity indicative of the lowest style of mind, he expresses the wish that "all the venom of the Galilæan school were contained in the single person of Athanasius."

We do not trace the apostate's history farther. He was soon withdrawn by war from persecuting the Christians, and fell, after many hardships and disasters, fighting against the Persians, in the thirty-second year of his age. Some of his last words are instructive: "I have learned *from religion* that an early death has often been the reward of piety, and I accept as a favour from the gods the mortal stroke that secures me from the danger of disgracing a character hitherto supported by virtue and fortitude . . . . . *I die without remorse, as I have lived without guilt.* I am pleased to reflect on the innocence of my private life. . . . . . . The eternal Being has given me, in the midst of an honourable career, a splendid and glorious departure from this world; and I hold it equally absurd, equally base, to solicit or to decline the stroke of fate."—"We hope in a few moments to be united to heaven, and with the stars." Such are the great swelling words of a poor dying sinner, a hypocrite, an apostate, a persecutor. When wounded on the field of battle, he is said to have taken a portion of his blood from his wound and thrown it into the air, exclaiming, "THE GALILÆAN HAS CONQUERED;" and the Christian will adopt the testimony as true.

And such is an example of apostasy! Julian was trained in the Christian religion. He had a bishop for his preceptor, and other ministers of religion to inform his opening mind. For a time, he seemed to hold Christianity as then known, in his very heart. He visited the tombs of the martyrs—he fasted—he prayed—he found pleasure in the menial services as well as higher functions of the sanctuary. "He narrowly escaped being made a bishop, or even a saint." But first Paganism, then hypocrisy, then keen persecution, guided by open and avowed hostility to Christ and the Christian name, became the characteristics of Julian. And whence the change? Because Julian's religion was only that which bishops and other human beings teach—the creed of his family, his guardians, his Church—not that faith which the Holy Ghost produces, which comes from heaven and will guide us to it. Julian, in short, was an unconverted man; while praying and fasting, grace had taken no hold, and exercised no influence on his heart; hence his apostasy when temptation came—an apostasy signalized by the high level at which it took place, but paralleled sooner or later, in its principles, in the case of all who have no religion but what man teaches, and no creed but what their fathers held. "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us: but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us." (1 John ii. 19.) "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." (1 Cor. x. 12.)

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* This most curious topic is worthy of full elucidation. B. Warburton, in his "Julian," has largely considered the subject.

A STORY OF THE PERSECUTION.

ALEXANDER PEDEN.

AMONG the many hiding-places to which he occasionally retreated, was the solitude of Glendyne, about three miles to the east of Sanquhar. A more entire seclusion than this is rarely to be found. Glendyne stretches eastward, winding among the hills for nearly three miles. The width of the glen at the bottom is in many places little more than five or six times the breadth of the brawling torrent that rushes through it. Dark precipitous mountains, frowning on either side, rise from the level of the valley to an immense height. On the eastern extremity of the glen a cluster of hills gathers to a point, and forms an eminence of great altitude, from which a noble prospect of a vast extent of country is obtained. Near the lower end of this defile, which in ancient times was thickly covered with wood, and where it terminates its sinuous course with one majestic sweep, reaching forward to the bleak moorlands beneath, our revered worthy had selected for himself a place of refuge. This spot, concealed by the dark mantling of the forest, was known only to a few who made the cause of these sufferers their own. It happened, on one occasion, that this honoured servant of Christ, having emerged from his covert, stood by the margin of the forest, on the beautiful slope of the mountain above. It was the balmy month of May, and nature had just put on her loveliest attire. The forest was vocal with the sweetest music. The blackbird and the thrush were piping their richest notes on the "greenwood tree;" the gentle cooing of the wood-dove issued with a delicious softness from the grove; and the joyous lark, high in the air, was pouring a flood of melody down upon the wilderness. The wild bees were humming among the honeyed blossoms of the hawthorn; the scented wind, breathing over the fragrant heath, was playing with the rustling foliage; the brook was murmuring in the ravine below; the lambkins were gamboling on the verdant lea, and the sheep were grazing quietly by their side; while on the distant hill the shepherd was seen, wrapped in his plaid, with his sportive dog at his foot, slowly winding his way up the steep ascent. The good man's heart beat high with rapture—his delighted eye roamed over the charming variety of hill and dale—he contemplated the glorious sun, and all the splendid scenery of the sky—he felt as if he were standing on holy ground, in the midst of the great temple of nature—he experienced an unusual elevation of mind, and all the freshness and buoyancy of youth seemed once more to take possession of his aged frame. Full of devout sentiments he uncovered his head, the silvery hairs of which were streaming on his shoulders, and, lifting up his hands, he "praised, and honoured, and extolled the King of Heaven, all whose works are truth, and whose ways are judgment." He had fixed his eye on a cottage far off in the waste, in which lived a godly man with whom he had frequent intercourse; and there being nothing within view calculated to excite alarm, he resolved to pay his friend a visit. With his staff in his hand he wended his way to the low grounds to gain the track which led to the house. He reached it in safety, was hospitably entertained by the kind landlord, and spent the time with the household in pious conversation and prayer, till sunset. Not daring to remain all night, he left them, to return to his dreary cave. As he was trudging along the soft footpath, and suspecting no harm, all at once several moss-troopers appeared coming over the bent, and advancing directly upon him. He fled across the moor, and when about to pass a mountain streamlet, he accidentally perceived a cavity underneath its bank, that had been scooped out by the running brook, into which he instinctively crept, and stretching himself at full length, lay hidden beneath the grassy coverlet, waiting the result. In a short time the dragoons came up, and having followed close in his track, reached the rill at the very spot where he was ensconced. As the heavy horses came thundering over the smooth turf on the edge of the rivulet, the foot of one of them sank quite through the hollow covering under which the object of their pursuit lay. The hoof of the animal grazed his head, and pressed his bonnet deep into the soft clay at his pillow, and left him entirely uninjured. His persecutors, having no suspicion that the poor fugitive was so near them, crossed the stream with all speed, and bounded away in quest of him whom God had thus hidden as in his pavilion, and in the secret of his tabernacle. A man like Peden, who read the hand of God in everything, could not fail to see and acknowledge that divine goodness which was so eminently displayed in this instance; and we may easily conceive with what feelings he would return to his retreat in the wood, and with what cordiality he would send up the voice of thanksgiving and praise to the God of his life.—*Traditions of the Covenanters.*

THE GREATEST SCIENCE.

There are men eager in the pursuit of knowledge, and who suffer nothing to escape their examination—from behemoth to the worm, from the cedar that is in Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth out of the wall, from the combinations of the planets to the transformations of an insect—but from whose range of study the Maker of all things is most carefully excluded, and from whose heart God is most resolutely shut out. Perhaps there exists not a more deplorable proof of the fatal nature of the fall of man, nor can Satan point to any more signal proof of the power of his delusions, nor can angels, in their visits to this earth, meet with a more lamentable and instructive spectacle than such a man—a man enriched with all the acquisitions, and adorned with all the honours of science, and yet whose mind is totally impervious to the simple reflection, that if those works which he delights to investigate be wonderful,

> "How passing wonder He who made them such!"

No position, it apears to me, can well be more simple or less liable to dispute than this, that if the material system of the universe be glorious, and a knowledge of all its departments important—much more glorious and important to be known in all its parts must be that moral system, for the sake of which alone the material fabric was reared—a system throughout which the "Sun of Righteousness," as its centre, diffuses the light of heavenly wisdom, and the riches of heavenly joy! And with whatever pity or compassion the philosopher may feel himself entitled to look down upon the untutored peasant,

> "Whose soul proud science never taught to stray
> Far as the solar walk, or milky way,"

and for whom suns arise only to light him to his toils, and set only to leave him to recruit his exhausted strength; with much greater pity and compassion is that peasant, if he has been taught in the school of Christ, entitled to look down on the proudest name that ever science owned, if separated from the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus. A knowledge of the works of God, our own unaided efforts are able to attain; a knowledge of God himself, none but God manifest in the flesh could reveal. And he surely is a woful monument of the utter perversion of the human mind who prefers the former of these species of knowledge to the latter; and imagines that he ennobles himself by extending our knowledge of the things that God has made, while he perhaps sneers at the man who, by studying the work of redemption, is seeking to extend our knowledge of God himself. If Christ be our prophet, it is no longer a question whether the information which he came to give be more important than any information which we could acquire without his advent. He has given to us the revelation of God, and if we neglect it, or prefer any other knowledge to it, we do so at our peril. The Gospel is not one of the things which, if it do us no good, will do us no harm. We must all account to Christ for the use which we have made of the knowledge given; and to each of us it will be the savour of life, or the savour of death. It will save us from our sins, or it will leave us without excuse. I therefore repeat, that if Christ be our prophet, we are bound by the most sacred ties, and under the most fearful sanctions, to attend to his instructions with the most reverential regard; for suerly it will not be said that he can be safe who treats as a trifle that which God became incarnate to reveal.—*Dods.*

GIVE YOUR YOUTH TO THE LORD.

Your present days are your precious and best. Your young days be but days, and of short continuance; yea, and dubious. Some are old, as we speak, sooner than others: their flowers sooner fade, and their grass more quickly withers. But whenever your evening falls, you shall wish it again morning with you. If nothing else will do it, old age will convince you of the excellence of youth. It was wittily that, by some, Time was thus pictured of old:—*Time to come* had the head of a fawning dog; *Time present*, the head of a stirring lion; *Time past*, the head of a biting wolf: so teaching, that though silly souls fancy still that their best days are to come, yet, if they bestir not well themselves in their *present* ones, they will be very miserably bitten and torn in their *future*. I sadly remember sometimes the tears and words of a very ancient gentleman to myself and my schoolfellows in our childhood. "Children," said he, "your age is good for everything that you can desire to get; mine is good for nothing but to spend whatever one has got. A thousand worlds I would give for a few of your learning-getting days again. Of all things, prize your time; and of all time, your young, which is your sowing-time." It is upon eternity's account that anything can be judged excellent: nor doth aught make for our blessed eternity, but vital piety. And surely, for that, there is no season like to life's morning. Poets say, it is a friend to the muses; divines must proclaim it the friend of graces. —*Burgess.*

SOUL INSURANCE.

Fellow-traveller to eternity—is thy soul insured? In vain (if it were possible) would it be for thee to insure here thy life for a thousand years, if at the end thy soul were not safe. Christian reader! is there not some friend whom thou canst arouse, whose soul is *not* insured! If there be one, stay not till he has heard of Christ, who still waits. Can you go by his or her side to the brink of this world, only to hear the cry for mercy, or to behold one over whom you might have exerted a good influence, plunge into the dark abyss? Oh wait not for some favoured season to return, in which God will rouse careless souls, but go now and entreat that friend, as you value your eternal happiness, to seek its soul's insurance.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY, NEW YORK.

It is difficult to recall any scene vividly that has been so often described, and so long familiar to us, as that which transpired on the Mount of Olives. The mind is prepared for every event in it, and hence cannot be taken by surprise, or held in suspense. But there are moments when the heart forgets all that it has ever heard, and seems for the first time to witness that night of suffering. The indifference which long familiarity has produced, disappears before rising emotion, and that lonely hill-top—that midnight prayer—that piercing agony, with its bloody testimonial, and the rude shock of Roman soldiers—all, all, swim before the swimming eye, with the freshness of first sight, till the heart thrills and sobs at the spectacle.

But as morally grand and moving as that scene was, it caused but little talk in Jerusalem. The streets of Jerusalem were filled with careless promenaders—parties of pleasure were assembled—dissipation and revelry were on every side; and the quiet of the staid citizen's home was not interrupted by the tragedy Mount Olivet was to witness. Everything moved on in its accustomed way, when, in an obscure street, in the upper chamber of an inferior dwelling, a group of coarse-clad men sat down to a table spread with the plainest fare. The rattling of carriages and the hum of the mighty city were unheeded by them, and you could see by their countenances that some calamity was impending over their head. Few words were spoken, and those few were uttered in a subdued and saddened tone, that always bespeaks grief at the heart. At the head of the table sat one whose noble countenance proclaimed Him chief there. He had won the love of those simple-hearted men; and now they sat grouped around him, expecting some sad news; but they, O, they were unprepared for the startling declaration that fell from those lips, "*This night one of you shall betray me.*" "*Is it I?*" "*Is it I?*" ran from lip to lip, in breathless consternation. At length all eyes centred on Judas, and he arose and went away.

I will not speak of the conversation that followed; but amid words that thrilled every heart, were heard such language as, "*This is my blood, shed for many;*" and as the bread crumbled beneath his fingers, "*This is my body;*"—strange language, and awakening strange sensations in the bewildered listeners; and a mournful sadness rested on every face, as through the silent chamber rang those tones of tenderness.

Gradually the great city sank to rest, the noise of wheels grew less and less, and only now and then a solitary carriage went rumbling by. It was midnight, and from that solitary chamber arose the voice of singing. The victim at the altar, the sufferer at the wheel, sent forth a hymn at the moment of sacrifice. Was there ever before a hymn sung under such circumstances?

Through the darkened streets those twelve forms are slowly passing towards the walls of the city, cared for and noticed only by the police, whom the betrayer has put upon the track. Kedron is passed, and they reach the garden of Gethsemane. "Sit you here," says Jesus, "while I go and pray yonder;" and taking with him only Peter and James and John, he ascended the slope of Olivet. As they paused on the solitary summit, the human heart threw off the restraint it had put on its feelings, and burst forth in tones of indescribable mournfulness—"*My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here, and watch with me.*" Every prop seemed falling beside him, and in the deepening gloom and dread that surrounded him, he reached out for sympathy and aid. Then, as if recollecting himself, and the task before him, he broke away, even from those three remaining friends, and they saw with speechless grief and amazement, his form disappear in the darkness.

Jerusalem is sunk in slumber and security, and naught but the tread of the watchman is heard along the streets. The disciples in the garden of Gethsemane are quietly sleeping below, and all is still and solemn, as night ever is when left alone; and the large luminous stars are shining down in their wonted beauty. Kedron goes murmuring by, as if singing in its dreams, and the olive trees rustle to the passing breeze; as if their leaves were but half stirred from their slumbers. It is night, most quiet night, with all its accompaniments of beauty and of loveliness.

But hark, from the summit of Mount Olivet rises a low and plaintive moan, and there, stretched on the dewy grass, his face to the earth, is seen the dim outlines of a human form.

All is still around, save that moan which rises in a deep perpetual monotone, like the last cry of helpless suffering. But listen again; a prayer is ascending the heavens; and what a prayer! and in what tones is it uttered! Such accents never before rung on the ear of God or man—"*Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.*" It is still again, and nature herself seems to gasp for breath; and lo, there arises another voice, in tones of resignation, sweeter than angels use—"*Father, not my will, but thine be done.*" O what inexpressible tenderness is poured forth in that word "*Father*"—the very passion and soul of love is breathed forth in it. Wearied and worn, that form slowly rises, and moves through the gloom towards where the three friends are sleeping—going, in its humanity, after sympathy. The pressure is too great—the sorrow and despair too deep—and the human heart reaches out for help. "*What! could you not watch with me one hour?*" falls on their slumbrous ears; and the lonely sufferer turns again to his solitude and woe. Prone on the earth he again casts himself, and the waves come back with a heavier and darker flow. Bursting sighs, and groans that rend the heart, again startle the midnight air, and adown those pale cheeks the blood is trickling, and the dewy grass turns red, as if a wounded man were weltering there. The life-stream is flowing from the crushed heart, as it trembles and wrestles in the grasp of its mighty agony. Woe, and darkness, and horror inconceivable, indescribable, gather in fearful companionship around that prostrate form; but still the prayer goes up, and still the voice of resignation hovers amid the tumult, like the breath of God over a world in chaos, ruling the wild scene.

O, is this the form that a few days ago stood on the same height and looked off on Jerusalem sleeping below, while the sunlight around, and the fragrant breezes, loaded with the scent of the pomegranate and vine, visited in kindness his brow, and the garden smiled up in his face from beneath, and garments were strewed before him, and branches of palm waved around him, and "HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST!" shook the hill? Alas, what a change has passed over him! No hosannas greet his ear, but deep within his soul are voices of terror and dismay, striving, but in vain, to shake his constancy or darken his faith.

At length the sacrifice was paid, the fearful baptism endured, and the brow prepared for its chaplet of thorns. The agony was over, but the Son of God, weak and exhausted, lay helpless on the earth, when, lo! a bright wing flashed through the gloom, and "an angel appeared strengthening him." O, no wings ever before passed the portals of heaven with such lightning-like rapidity, not even when the birth-song arose from the manger of Bethlehem, as those that sped away to the Mount of Olives; and never before did they so joyously enclose with their bright foldings a human or divine form, as when they wrapped the bloody, exhausted body of the Son of God.

The first act in the fearful tragedy had now passed, and the second was soon to commence. There was, however, to be an interval of insults, scorn, and mockery.

Christ arose from the earth he had moistened with his blood, and stood beneath the stars that still shone on as tranquilly as if all unconscious of the scene that had transpired in their light. Kedron still murmured by, and the night air stirred the leaves as gently as ever. All was sweet and tranquil, when torches were seen dancing to and fro along the slopes of the hill, and the heavy tread of approaching feet was heard, and rough voices broke the quiet of nature; and soon Roman helmets flashed through the gloom, and swords glittered in the torch-light, and a band of soldiers drew up before "the Man of Sorrows." "*Whom seek ye?*" fell in languid and quiet accents on their ears. "Jesus of Nazareth," was the short and stern reply. "*I am he,*" he answered them, but in tones that had more of God than man in them—for swords and torches sank to the earth at their utterance, and those mailed warriors staggered back and fell like dead men. It was not the haggard and blood-streaked face over which the torches shed their sudden glare, that unnerved them so, for they were used to scenes of violence and murder: it was the God speaking from the man.

"But so it must be, that the Scriptures may be fulfilled;" and the betrayer and his accomplices take up their fallen weapons, and freed from the sudden awe that overwhelmed them, close threateningly round their unresisting victim. With their prisoner they clatter down the declivity of Olivet, cross Kedron, and their heavy tread resounds along the streets of Jerusalem as they hurry on to the house of the high priest.

The night wanes away—the morning, the last dreadful morning, approaches, and the scenes of Mount Olivet are to disappear before the terrible tragedy of Mount Calvary.

THE AGONY.

In the presence of his disciples, "he began to be sorrowful and very heavy;" and he complained "that his soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." The words used are most expressive, and denote the greatest dejection, amazement, anguish, and horror of mind which can be conceived—the state of one surrounded with sorrows, overwhelmed with miseries, and almost swallowed up with consternation. In this frame of mind, he went a little way from the disciples; and first kneeling down, but afterwards prostrating himself on the earth, he prayed to his Father that, "if possible, that cup might pass from him." Some refer this to the present anguish and horror which he felt in his soul, and not to his approaching crucifixion: but, whatever we understand by it, it expressed his strong aversion to suffering, save when the glory of God and the good of man required it; and it showed that he had all the innocent feelings of our nature, in the most exquisite degree; that had it been "possible"—that is, consistent with the justice, truth, holiness, and mercy of God—to have mitigated or remitted his sufferings, he would have desired it, as much as we should in similar circumstances; and the subsequent retractation showed his perfect resignation, and willingness to bear that unspeakable burden, which must otherwise have sunk us into everlasting destruction. St. Luke records, that when Jesus was at prayer, an angel was sent to strengthen his mind for the conflict; and that, though the night was cold, his whole frame was agitated to such a degree, "that his sweat became as great drops of blood falling to the ground." It therefore occurs here to inquire, with diffidence and caution, into the causes of our Lord's agony. He had, doubtless, a distinct view of all the sufferings which he was about to undergo, with all their aggravations: but then he had all along had the same; yet he acted and spoke with the most entire serenity, even to the very moment of this extraordinary scene. Many of his disciples, in different ages, have met the most excruciating tortures which human, or rather diabolical, cruelty and ingenuity could devise, without any such perturbation; being supported by inward peace, consolation, and joyful hope: and doubtless Christ was as much superior to them all, in fortitude and constancy, as the heavens are above the earth. We must therefore conclude, that there were some ingredients mingled in his cup which was not in theirs, and some in theirs which were not in his. To mention the treachery and fate of Judas, or the misconduct of Peter and the other apostles, or the unbelief of the Jews, as causes of this surprising effect, must fail to give the reflecting mind the least satisfaction. We must also exclude many of those things which cause the most exquisite misery to the human mind of which it is capable: for there could be in the holy Jesus no horrors of a guilty conscience, no conflict of sinful passions, no despair as to the final event of his sufferings. It is not, indeed, possible for us fully to understand or explain this subject: yet we may point out the light which the Scriptures afford us upon it. Christ sustained the character of our Surety, who undertook to be answerable for our sins: accordingly "our iniquities were laid upon him," and "he was made sin for us," and "suffered once for sins, the just for the unjust;" and the Scripture ascribes the heaviest of his sufferings to the immediate hand of God: "It pleased the Lord to bruise him, ... he made his soul a sacrifice for sin." The sword of divine justice was commanded to awake against the Shepherd, and smite him;" and "God spared not his own Son." From the Scriptures we may conclude, that the human nature of Christ was, on this occasion, left wholly destitute of all consolatory communications from the Holy Spirit; though supported by its union with the Deity, to endure the unknown anguish without sinking under it: that he had the most distinct and clear perception of the infinite evil of sin, and of that immensity of guilt, which he was to expiate: that he had the most awful view of the divine justice, and the vengeance deserved by the sins of men; and that such a sense of the divine wrath oppressed his inmost soul, as no tongue can express or imagination conceive. At the same time "he suffered, being tempted;" and, probably, all kinds of thoughts were suggested by Satan, which tended to despondency, and every other dreadful conclusion; which would be the more intolerable, in proportion to the perfection of his holiness. So that we may be certain, he endured as much misery, of the same kind with that of condemned spirits, as could possibly consist with a pure conscience, perfect love of God and man, and an assured confidence of a glorious event. Probably some degree of the same darkness and horror oppressed his mind, during the whole subsequent scene, till on the cross he said, "It is finished." Accordingly we do not read, that he uttered any complaint about his outward sufferings, but he most dolefully exclaimed, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

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While we with thankfulness take the cup of salvation, let us never forget that cup of wrath which the Redeemer drank off to the very dregs, for the remission of our sins. If we were not shamefully and surprisingly drowsy in spiritual things, we never could read or meditate about Gethsemane, without the most lively affections and most instructive recollections. Here let us look attentively, that we may learn to distinguish between the sufferings of a martyr and those of our atoning Sacrifice. View a poor, frail, sinful man, under the smiles of his reconciled Father, serene and cheerful in the prospect and endurance of every possible torture; then behold the incarnate Son of God, "the holy, undefiled," "well beloved" of the Father, "in whom he was well pleased," prostrate on the earth, "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," and "sweating great drops of blood, rolling to the ground;" and with this scene before our eyes, let it be determined, whether he was not then enduring the wrath and tremendous frown of God, as our surety and the vicarous sacrifice for our sins. And let the careless and impenitent ask themselves, Did God's own hand inflict these insupportable strokes, in fulfilment of his ancient prophecies, on his "beloved Son," who was more valued by him than the whole visible creation; and will he break his word, in order to spare a determined rebel and enemy, who takes encouragement to sin from the very persuasion of God being merciful? Most vain and destructive presumption! Did the load of imputed guilt so weigh down the soul of Him concerning whom it is said, that "He upholdeth all things by the word of his power?" Into what an abyss of misery unknown, then must they sink, whose iniquities are left upon their own heads, a burden far "too heavy for them to bear!" "How will they escape who neglect so great salvation?" What a forlorn hope must that of the Pharisee or the Infidel be, who expects happiness in his own way, despising that which infinite wisdom has devised, and infinite love effected, at a price which baffles the powers of computation itself! Assuredly it will end in black despair; with the presumption of every one, who perverts the doctrine of a free salvation into an excuse for indulged wickedness. But the same scene discovers a cheerful dawn of hope to the trembling, desponding penitent; here we see the infinite hatred of sin of our holy Lord God, and his infinite love of sinners; his determination to satisfy his justice, and his delight in exercising mercy. In short, we must resort to Gethsemane, to learn repentance, hatred of sin, humility, hope, love, patience, meekness, and self-denying obedience; and to find comfort under dejection and temptations. Here we see our pattern, our motives, our encouragements; here we learn the vanity of the world, the evil of sin, and our obligations to live devoted to him, and willingly to suffer for his glory, who agonized and died for our salvation.—*Rev. Thomas Scott.*

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN ROUGH.

BY THE REV. JOHN FAIRBAIRN, ALLANTON.

John Rough was inferior to many of the Reformers in natural and acquired gifts; but his labours in the cause of Christ were abundant, and were made the means of spiritual good to many. He lived a laborious life in the vineyard, and died at the stake, a witness for the truth.

He was born in the year 1510; but in what part of Scotland, and in what circumstances, we do not know. When still a very young man, supposing himself unfairly dealt by in regard to some property to which he considered he had a lawful claim, he left home, and entered a monastery of the Black Friars, in the town of Stirling. The monasteries were dens of wickedness, and the monks, in many instances, licentious profligates, as is sufficiently proved by contemporaneous writers—divines, historians, and poets. The entering into a monastery was like the going down to the grave—withdrawment into a place of hopeless spiritual night and desolation. The Lord reigns; into the darkest places he can send his light and his truth to visit the souls of his chosen, and to bring them out of the prison-house. Rough remained in the monastery of the Black Friars during the period of sixteen years. There is reason to think that it was during his stay in it that he was led to true and saving convictions regarding divine things, although Fox states that it was during the time that he served as chaplain to Arran that he became the subject of that great change.

He continued in the monastery sixteen years, during which time he was much famed as a preacher. His withdrawal from the monastery happened in the following manner: Arran was regent of Scotland during a portion of the minority of Mary. The report of the excellence of Rough as a preacher came to his ears and he was anxious to obtain his services as one of his chaplains. In prosecution of this wish he applied for, and obtained a dispensation in favour of, Rough. Arran at that time professed and patronized the principles of the Reformation. This circumstance makes the first of the above statements as to the time of Rough's conversion to the truth the more likely. In his new employment Rough continued but for a short time, viz., during the course of one year. On the apostasy of Arran from the principles of the Reformation, Rough withdrew from his service and retired into Kyle, in which district, and other districts of the west of Scotland, the persecuted servants of Christ have often found a temporary refuge.

After some stay in the above-named district, he retired to St. Andrews. After the death of Cardinal Beaton, the Castle of St. Andrews was kept by those who had been engaged in that transaction. It was in those days a place of great strength, and a place of refuge to many who were exposed to the fury of persecution on account of their having embraced the Gospel. Rough was appointed chaplain to the garrison. The garrison having command of the town, Rough's public ministrations were conducted in the parish church.

An important event took place during Rough's stay at St. Andrews. Wishart had a short time before suffered martyrdom. The holy walk of Wishart, his apostolic labours, the blessing that attended them, his cruel death, were greatly useful to the opening of the public mind to the abominations of Popery, and hastened its overthrow. The Papists, meanwhile, were stirred up to the most diligent exertions against the Gospel and all who professed it. John Knox had constantly waited upon Wishart during his stay in the east country, and had been very helpful to him in carrying out his plans in the preaching of the Gospel. He became in consequence a marked man. In one so stedfast to the truth, so accomplished, and of so resolved a character, the Papists recognised a most dangerous enemy to their interests and kingdom of ignorance and darkness. It being no longer safe for him to remain where he was, Knox retired to the Castle of St. Andrews. He took along with him three young men, his pupils, now ready to enter upon their studies at the university. The religious part of their education he conducted publicly, that those within the Castle who were so inclined might share in the benefit. His intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures, and admirable gifts for the expounding of them, became evident. An earnest desire was entertained that he should devote himself to the labours of the ministry in the congregation. This being conveyed to him, he could by no means consent to the proposal, but shrunk back from labour so solemn and responsible. These scruples were successfully combated and got over. After very earnest dealing with him by those who were appointed for that purpose, he consented to become assistant to Rough. The details of this solemn transaction we quote from M'Crie's Life of Knox: "These persons were so pleased with Knox's talents, and his manner of teaching his pupils, that they urged him strongly to preach in public, and to become colleague to Rough. But he resisted all their solicitations, assigning as his reason that he did not consider himself as having a call to this employment, and would not be guilty of intrusion. They did not, however, desist from their purpose; but having consulted with their brethren, came to a resolution, without his knowledge, that a call should be publicly given him, in the name of the whole, to become one of their ministers.

"Accordingly, on a day fixed for the purpose, Rough preached a sermon on the election of ministers, in which he declared the power which a congregation, however small, had over any one in whom they perceived gifts suited to the office, and how dangerous it was for such a person to reject the call of those who desired instruction. Sermon being concluded, the preacher turned to Knox, who was present, and addressed him in these words: 'Brother, you shall not be offended, although I speak unto you that which I have in charge, even from all those that are here present, which is this: In the name of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ, and in the name of all that presently call you by my mouth, I charge you, that you refuse not this holy vocation, but as you tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ's kingdom, the edification of your brethren, and the comfort of me, whom you understand well enough to be oppressed by the multitude of labours, that you take the public office and charge of preaching, even as you look to avoid God's heavy displeasure, and desire that he shall multiply his graces unto you.' Then, addressing himself to the congregation, he said, 'Was not this your charge unto me? and do ye not approve this vocation?' They all answered, 'It was; and we approve it.' Overwhelmed by this unexpected and solemn charge, Knox, after an ineffectual attempt to address the audience, burst into tears, rushed out of the assembly, and shut himself up in his chamber. 'His countenance and behaviour, from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself in the public place of preaching, did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart; for no man saw any sign of mirth from him, neither had he pleasure to accompany any man for many days together.'"

Rough left St. Andrews before the surrender of the Castle in 1547. He was a man of a meek, and almost timid spirit, and was not possessed of the qualities necessary for maintaining authority over turbulent minds, and shaping events to a good issue in troublous times. The dangers to which he was exposed in the place he occupied at St. Andrews, and the grief he experienced in marking the unsuitable conversation of some who made a profession of the truth, led him to resolve upon departing. His mind leaning to such a course, he would doubtless adopt it the more readily, from the consideration that, in the person of his colleague, he left behind him a man admirably adapted to the condition of the place. We next find him engaged in preaching the Gospel in Berwick, Newcastle, Carlisle, and in the neighbourhood of these places. He was afterwards appointed to a pastoral charge in the vicinity of Hull, where he continued till the death of Edward VI.

During the short reign of Edward VI., England enjoyed a season of great Gospel privilege. The sound and faithful preaching of the Gospel was encouraged, and many steps towards a thorough reformation in religion set on foot and accomplished. Many records remain which give insight into the progress of the truth during that highly-favoured time. That a very great work of the Gospel went forward is also manifest from the multitudes of persons, in almost every condition of life, who bore public testimony to the truth, and suffered martyrdom for it in the succeeding reign, which was as dark and bloody as that of Edward had been bright and prosperous. The persecution that began shortly after the accession of Mary to the English throne, drove out of the kingdom many on whom its best hopes and interests depended. Incredible numbers were called upon to seal their testimony with their blood. At the breaking out of this persecution, Rough left England and went over to Friesland, where he maintained himself and his wife by honest labour, in a very humble employment—the knitting of woollen caps and stockings. Though of a quiet and timid spirit, yet in the day of trial, when his hour came, when he was called upon to witness for truth at the peril of his life, he was enabled to be as bold for the truth as any who, in that dismal time, went to the stake or the scaffold. He suffered martyrdom in December, 1557.

The occasion of his apprehension was as follows: Having exhausted the materials needful for the carrying on of his trade, and there being no supply of such where he was located, he, with a view of procuring what he required in this way, set out upon a journey to England. On coming to London, he found a small congregation of the Lord's people, who had kept themselves together in that trying time, encouraging and helping on each other as best they could. He was invited by them to undertake the office of pastor amongst them. Remembering, perhaps, the solemn call and charge which on a former occasion he had given to Knox, and finding himself placed in circumstances like those in which Knox then stood, he found himself constrained to listen to this call, and accept of it. He undertook and devoted himself to the work, waiting upon the Lord's will, and committing himself to the Lord's hand to dispose of him as should seem best. In that little congregation there was a Judas—a man of an unfaithful, base, and treacherous spirit. Upon information given by this person, Rough and others were apprehended, and the congregation dispersed. In the treachery of this false brother, and many instances of the same kind, a solemn warning is addressed to all professing Christians. We are called upon very diligently to examine ourselves as to the truth and sincerity in the matter of our religious profession. If in times when the profession of discipleship implies the actual sacrifice of much worldly comfort, and exposes to the peril of life, those are found attaching themselves to Christ's persecuted people who yet are none of Christ's; is there not reason to fear that, in quieter times, this may be the case with thousands? We are called upon by this consideration to examine whether we are not imposing upon ourselves, and dealing falsely with our souls, to the hazard of their everlasting condemnation.

Having been apprehended and examined, Rough was sent to Newgate. His examination and answers were despatched to Bonner, bishop of London, that he might proceed in the matter as he thought fit. "Bloody Bonner," say the history, "now minded to make quick despatch, within three days he sent for Rough out of Newgate, and questioned him on certain points. Upon giving his answers he was dismissed, and next day brought up again before Bonner and others. When they perceived his constancy, they determined to have him brought next day before the consistory, that he might there be adjudged and condemned as a heretic. This they accomplished."

The reader will find in Fox's "Acts and Monuments" the points on which Rough was examined. They are the same in substance as those on which such examinations in those times generally turned. His answers were short, and to the following purpose:—That their Popish orders were nothing at all; that being a priest, he might lawfully marry; that touching the service then used, he utterly detested it; that should he live as long as Methuselah, he would never come to the church to hear mass and other service, being as it then was; that he had lived thirty-eight years, and yet had never bowed his knee to Baal; that he had been twice at Rome, and there had plainly seen with his eyes, what he had often heard before, that the pope was the very Antichrist; that he had seen the pope carried on men's shoulders, and the false named sacrament borne before him; and that there was more reverence given to the pope than to that which they counted their god. "Hast thou," said Bonner, "been at Rome, and seen our holy father, the pope, and dost thou blaspheme him after this sort?" Having spoken these words, he indecently flies upon Rough, plucks him by the beard, and makes speedy haste to his death. "Let him be burned to-morrow morning, by half-past five o'clock. The land must be cleansed of such." They proceeded to the degradation of Rough; exempting him from all the benefits and privileges of their Church. Having condemned him as a heretic, they delivered him over to the secular power, duly to carry out the sentence.

Many of those who suffered martyrdom had a presentiment of the kind of death they would die. An anecdote is recorded of Rough, which shows he had an impression of this kind. He had witnessed the burning of Austoo, at Smithfield. Returning home he met an acquaintance, who asked him where he had been. Rough replied, "I have been where I had not for one of my eyes but I had been." "Where have you been?" "Forsooth, to learn the way." He met his cruel death with Christian fortitude, and enjoyed much spiritual comfort.

EVIDENCES OF ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

THE principal grounds on which I rest my belief of the doctrine of the eternity of future punishments, are as follow:—

I. *All those passages of Scripture which describe the future states of men in contrast*

"Men of the world, who have their portion in this life: I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.—The hope of the righteous shall be gladness; but the expectation of the wicked shall perish.—The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death.—And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake; some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.—He will gather his wheat into the garner, and will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.—Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be who go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.—Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he who doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven. Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven; but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—Gather ye first the tares, and bind them in bundles, to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn.—The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them that do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of death: then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.—The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that gathered fish of every kind; which, when it was full, they drew to the shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, and cast the bad away. So shall it be at the end of the world; the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.—Blessed is that servant, whom, when his lord cometh, he shall find so doing; but and if that evil servant should say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming, and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken, the lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy lord. But cast ye out the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: then shall he also say unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.—And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into everlasting life.—He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.—Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you for the Son of man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy; for, behold, your reward is great in heaven. But woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation.—He that heareth my sayings, and doeth them, is like unto a man who built his house upon a rock; and when the flood arose, the storm beat vehemently against that house, and could not shake it; for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like unto a man who built his house upon the earth, against which the storm beat vehemently, and immediately it fell, and the ruin of that house was great.—God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—All that are in their graves shall come forth: they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation.—Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour? What if God, willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much long-suffering vessels of wrath fitted to destruction: and that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had before prepared unto glory?—The Lord knoweth them that are his.—But in a great house there are vessels to honour, and vessels to dishonour.—Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.—That which beareth thorns and briers is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned. But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things which accompany salvation."

I consider these passages as designed to express *the final states of men*; which, if they be, is the same thing, in effect, as their being designed to express the doctrine of endless punishment; for if the descriptions here given of the portion of the wicked denote their *final* state, there is no possibility of another state succeeding it.

That the above passages do express the *final* states of men may appear from the following considerations:—

1. The state of the righteous (which is all along opposed to that of the wicked) is allowed to be final; and if the other were not the same, it would not have been, in such a variety of forms, contrasted with it; for it would not be a contrast.

2. All these passages are totally silent as to any other state following that of destruction, damnation, &c. If the punishment threatened to ungodly men had been only a purgation, or temporary correction, we might have expected that something like this would have been intimated. It is supposed that some, who are upon the right foundation, may yet build upon it *wood, and hay, and stubble;* and that the party shall *suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved,* though it be *as by fire.* Now, if the doctrine of universal salvation were true, we might expect some such account of all lapsed intelligences when their future state is described; but nothing like it occurs in any of the foregoing passages, nor in any other.

3. The phraseology of the greater part of them is inconsistent with any other state following that which they describe. On the supposition of salvation being appointed as the ultimate portion of those who die in their sins, they have not *their portion in this life;* but will, equally with those who die in the Lord, *behold his righteousness, and be satisfied in his likeness.* Their expectation shall not perish, but shall issue, as well as that of the righteous, in gladness; and though driven away in their wickedness, yet they have hope in their death, and that hope shall be realized. The broad way doth not lead to destruction, but merely to a temporary correction, the end of which is everlasting life. The chaff will not be burned, but turned into wheat, and gathered into the garner. The tares will be the same, and gathered into the barn; and the bad fish will be turned into good, and gathered into vessels. The cursed, as well as the blessed, shall inherit the kingdom of

God; which also was prepared for them from the foundation of the world. There may be a woe against the wicked, that they shall be kept from their consolation for a long time, but not that they *have received it.* These who, in the present life, believe *not* in Christ, shall not *perish*, but have everlasting life. This life, also, is improperly represented as the seed time, and the life to come as the harvest, inasmuch as the seeds of heavenly bliss may be sown in hell; and though the sinner may reap corruption, as the fruit of all his present doings, yet that corruption will not be the opposite of *everlasting life*, seeing it will issue in it. Finally, Though they *bear briers and thorns*, yet their END is not *to be burned*, but to obtain salvation. To the foregoing Scripture testimonies may be added,

II. *All those passages which speak of the duration of future punishment by the terms "everlasting, eternal, for ever, and for ever and ever:"*—

"Some shall awake to everlasting life, and some to shame and *everlasting* contempt.—It is better for thee to enter into life halt, or maimed, than having two hands, or two feet, to be cast into *everlasting* fire.—Depart, ye cursed, into *everlasting* fire.—And these shall go into *everlasting* punishment.—They shall be punished with *everlasting* destruction, from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power. —He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Spirit is in danger of (or subject to) *eternal* damnation.—The inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of *eternal* fire.—These are wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved *for ever*.—Wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness *for ever*. —If any man worship the beast, or his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out, without mixture into the cup of his indignation: and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone, in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb: and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up *for ever and ever:* and they have no rest day nor night.—And they said, Alleluia. And her smoke rose up *for ever and ever*.—And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are; and shall be tormented day and night *for ever and ever*."

To the above may be added,

III. *All those passages which express the duration of future punishment by implication, or by forms of speech which imply the doctrine in question.*

"I pray for them: I pray not for the world. —The blasphemy against the Holy Spirit *shall not be forgiven unto men*, neither in this world, neither in the world to come.—He hath *never forgiveness*, but is in danger of eternal damnation.—There is a sin unto death: I do not say that ye shall pray for it.—It is impossible to renew them again unto repentance.—If we sin wilfully, after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a fearful looking for of judgment which shall devour the adversaries. —What is a man profited if shall gain the whole world, and lose himself, or be cast away? —Woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born.—Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.—Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us who would come from thence.—He that believeth not the Son shall *not see life;* but the wrath of God *abideth on him*.—I go my way, and ye shall seek me, and shall *die in your sins;* whither I go *ye cannot come*.—Whose *end* is destruction.—He that showeth no mercy, shall have *judgment without mercy*."

If there be some for whom Jesus did not pray, there are some who will have no share in the benefits of his mediation, without which they cannot be saved. If there be some that never will be forgiven, there are some that never will be saved; for forgiveness is an essential branch of salvation. Let there be what uncertainty there may in the word *eternal* in this instance, still the meaning of it is fixed by the other branch of the sentence: *they shall never be forgiven*. It is equal to John x. 28: *I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish.* If there were any uncertainty as to the meaning of the word *eternal* in this latter passage, yet the other branch of the sentence would settle it; for that must be endless life which is opposed to their *ever perishing;* and, by the same rule, that must be endless damnation which is opposed to their *ever being forgiven*. If there be a sin for the pardon of which Christians are forbidden to pray, it must be on account of its being the revealed will of God that it never should be pardoned. If repentance be absolutely necessary to forgiveness, and there be some who it is impossible should be renewed again unto repentance, there are some whose salvation is impossible. If there be *no more sacrifice for sins, but a fearful looking for of judgment*, this is the same thing as the sacrifice already offered being of no saving effect; for if it were otherwise, the language would not contain any peculiar threatening against the wilful sinner, as it would be no more than might be said to any sinner; nor would a *fearful looking for of judgment* be his certain doom. If the souls of men will be *lost* or *cast away*, they cannot all be *saved*, seeing these things are opposites. A man may be lost in a desert, and yet saved in fact; or he may *suffer loss*, and yet himself be saved: but he cannot be lost so as to be cast away and yet finally saved; for these are perfect contraries.

Whatever may be the precise idea of the *fire* and the *worm*, there can be no doubt of their expressing the punishment of the wicked; and its being declared of the one that it *dieth not*, and of the other that *it is not quenched*, is the same thing as their being declared to be endless. It can be said of no man, on the principle of universal salvation, that *it were good for him not to have been born;* since whatever he may endure for a season, an eternal weight of glory will infinitely outweigh it.—An *impassable gulf* between the blessed and the accursed, equally militates against the recovery of the one and the relapse of the other. If some shall *not see life*, but the wrath of God *abideth* on them—if those who die in their sins shall not come where Jesus is—if their *end* be destruction, and their portion be *judgment without mercy*—there must be some who will not be finally saved.

To these may be added,

IV. *All those passages which intimate that a change of heart, and a preparedness for heaven, are confined to the present life.*

"Seek ye the Lord *while he may be found;* call ye upon him *while he is near:* let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.—Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer. They shall seek me early, but shall not find me.—Then said one unto him, Lord, are there few that shall be saved? And he said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able. When *once* the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence you are, depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—While ye have the light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light.—While they (the foolish virgins) went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were *ready* went in with him to the marriage, and *the door was shut*.—We beseech you, that ye receive not the grace of God in vain.—Behold, *now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.—To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.—Looking diligently, lest any man fail of the grace of God; lest there be any fornicator, or profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birth-right. For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.—He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

According to these Scriptures, there will be no successful calling upon the Lord after a certain period, and, consequently, no salvation. Whether there be few that shall ultimately be saved, our Lord does not inform us; but he assures us there are *many who will not be saved;* or, which is the same thing, who will not be able to enter in at the strait gate. None, it is plainly intimated, will be able to enter there who have not agonized here. There will be no believing unto salvation, but *while we have the light;* nor any admission into the kingdom, unless we be *ready at the coming of the Lord*. The present is the *accepted time—the day of salvation*, or the season for sinners to be saved. If we continue to harden our hearts through life, he will swear in his wrath that we shall not enter into his rest. If *we turn away from him who speaketh from heaven*, it will be equally impossible for us to obtain the blessing, as it was for Esau after he had despised his birth-right. Finally, beyond a certain period, there shall be no more change of character, but every one will have received that impression which shall remain for ever, whether he shall be just or unjust, filthy or holy.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF INFIDELITY.

(*Continued from p.* 478.)

PASSING from Hume's gross inconsistency as a philosopher and an Infidel, in being harsh and intolerant in his judgment towards the religious views and convictions of others, we notice another illustration of self-contradiction in *the inconsistency of his morality*. We do not again refer to the low tone of that morality—to his disbelief in perfect disinterestedness, whether in individuals or parties—but to his Theory of Morals. That theory, it is well known, placed virtue in utility. The power and tendency of an action to promote the good of the species rendered it virtuous; nay, that quality alone rendered it virtuous. The circumstance of an action being injurious to society, apart altogether from the will or honour of God, constituted it vicious and exclusively so. Popularly this is called the Utilitarian philosophy—a philosophy of which Hume may be regarded as the father, and which has been extensively adopted since his day by the party in religion which may be denominated the non-serious and un-evangelical. As a theory, we need not remark that it is very defective and fallacious; that it fails to explain the moral feelings and facts which meet us every day, and that it entirely overlooks great and elevated truths. It is a grovelling and mercenary view of morals which not unnaturally sprung up in such a mind as Hume's—a stranger to the elevating influences and hopes of true Christianity, limited to the earth, and at the same time shrewd and kindly in temperament. It is not, however, our object to characterize his moral system, but to mark how inconsistent he himself was with its dictates. We have already seen how Hume, on principle, patronized lying. We beg to ask, Is falsehood in harmony with the public good? Who does not know that nothing is more thoroughly destructive of it? Subvert public confidence by private falsehood, and what becomes of the public welfare? It is like robbing an arch of its keystone, or a wooden erection of its bolts and nails. Hume's doctrine of lying is in the teeth of his utilitarian theory of morals. When the philosopher became the patron of falsehood, to the other disgraces with which he covered himself, he added the disgrace of stabbing his own favourite moral theory. Perhaps, he would defend himself by saying that it was for the public good, and so virtuous sometimes to tell lies! Why *sometimes?* Why not always?

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* We have extracted the above paper from the Works of Andrew Fuller. It is plain and powerful, and may be useful at the present juncture, when grossly unsound views on the subject of which it treats are promulgated, and in some quarters (it is to be feared) prevailing.

Take another illustration of self-contradiction. It is well known that Hume wrote an Essay on Suicide, in which he deliberately laboured to prove not only that it is lawful and innocent, but that sometimes it is an important duty, to take one's own life. In the same essay he tries to meet the objections drawn from the Scriptures, and, as he imagines, satisfactorily disposes of them. The essay was written when the author was forty-six years of age, in the midst of his literary career, after having been the spectator, twenty years before, of a most shocking case of self-murder on the part of a friend—a case which might well have haunted him to his dying day. It is true that the essay was suppressed previously to publication, but was suppressed in circumstances which give us no reason to hope that the author repented of the sentiment—that as there would be no crime in turning the Nile or the Danube from their course, so there would be as little in diverting a few ounces of blood from the human body!! It was suppressed shortly after he had been taught, to his own mortification in another publication, that the public would not bear unmoved gross assaults upon its religious faith and moral convictions. Hence, it is to be feared that the suppression was not the result of a change of views, but the dictate of mere prudential considerations, from an anxiety not to hurt the sale of his other works. Now, who does not see, as justly remarked by the biographer, taking the lowest view of the crime, how entirely self-murder is at variance with Hume's doctrine of utilitarian morals? Supposing there were no sin in suicide, yet how injurious is it to society; and therefore, according to Hume's theory, vicious? What a source of distress to the self-murderer's family and friends—what a stain upon his children—what a burden, in all probability, is entailed upon society! The public are doomed to bear the expense of maintaining a family which, had the suicide possessed ordinary courage and magnanimity, he would have borne himself. But Hume, in his forgetfulness of the law of God, and in the love of vanity and paradox, cast all such considerations aside, and approved and vindicated what his own moral theory should have taught him to repudiate and condemn. So much for the consistency of Infidel philosophy; and yet it is ever crying out against the inconsistencies, doctrinal and practical, of professed Christians.

We may take another and concluding illustration of the same point. Contending that utility is synonymous with virtue, we may well ask, Was Hume a virtuous man, in his own sense of the term, in the scepticism on religion and morals which he let loose upon society? His admirers claim for him the character of having been even a benevolent man in his spirit and manners. He was much liked by his friends; was kindly to the poor; and, in short, was possessed of much general amiability. Admitting the representation, we ask, Where the consistency between Hume's character and conduct?—where the utility or the kindness of subverting men's principles in behalf, according to his own showing, of an uncertainty—an uncertainty so great that it was still men's wisest course to adhere "to the Catholicism which they had been first taught." Was it the dictate of benevolence to rob men of their hopes, and give them nothing in exchange? Did it indicate benevolence, not to be able to appreciate the Divine Benevolence spread on every side, and to indulge in the worst cruelty by seeking to rob those of the belief and sense of it who could? Hume could not possibly show that any good or virtue, in other words, any real utility, would result from sowing universal scepticism. He could not believe that, if successful, he would render society happier. He could not allege that he was under any obligation of conscience to diffuse his principles, irrespective of all consequences; and where, then, the virtuousness or benevolence of Hume, judged of by his own moral theory? May he not, under its standard, be convicted of flagrant vice? and if so, be convicted of gross self-contradiction?

An anecdote is recorded in "The Lives of the Lindsays," lately published, of Hume spending a Christmas at Balcarras, and of his having written a character of himself (the company had indulged in the exercise as a Christmas amusement). The picture was considered most accurate by those who knew him. In the course of relation, he acknowledged that vanity was his predominant weakness; that it was this weakness which had led him to publish his Essays; and that though he retained the sentiments, he grieved over the results, inasmuch as he believed the publication had been injurious to society. The essayist must have been above forty years of age at this time. Here was the consciousness of injury; but did he recall or revoke his writings? Did he even publicly confess his sorrow? No; he continued to publish works as injurious, as vicious as before. And where, then, his benevolence for society?—where his virtue when actively engaged in promoting social injury—that is, vice? It appears, then, that Hume was full of inconsistency and contradiction, not only as respected the Word of God, and the usually received sentiments of his fellow-men and brother philosophers, but that he was at war with himself; that not only did one part of his moral theory conflict with another, but that his own practice condemned his professed principles; and to what confidence, then, is he entitled in the highest questions with persons who have any value for consistency?

FOUR ADVICES.

1. CONSULT duty, not events.—There is nothing in the world for us to do but to mind our duty. To venture upon sin to avoid danger, is to sink the ship for fear of pirates, and must be reckoned amongst your greatest follies, your worst of sins. Is not their reason (questionless,their conscience is) dangerously distempered, that practically argue?—"This way of duty may probably procure man's displeasure; and therefore, to prevent that, I will take the course which will certainly procure God's displeasure." Besides, by-ways will not lead you to the place you aim at. But, on the contrary, keep your consciences from being violated, and you cannot be miserable. O how calm and quiet, as well as holy and heavenly, would our lives be, had we learned but this single lesson—to be careful for nothing, but to know and do our duty, and to leave all effects, consequents, and events to God! The truth is, it is a daring boldness for silly dust to prescribe to Infinite Wisdom, and to let go our work to meddle with God's. He hath managed the concernments of the world, and of every individual person in it, without giving occasion to any one to complain, for above this five thousand years; and doth He now need your counsel? Therefore let it be your only business to mind duty. "Ay, but how shall I know my duty?" Take a second memorial:—

2. What advice you would give to another, take yourselves.—The worst of men are apt enough to lay such burdens on other men's shoulders (Matt. xxiii. 4), which if they would take them upon their own, they would be rare Christians. For instance: The very outcry of those that revile godliness, who deal by the miscarriages of professors, as the Levite by his concubine—quarter them, and divulge them; even they expect, that those who make a strict profession of religion should be beyond exception blameless; and they, even they, scorn those that make any defection from their professed strictness. And, on the other side, those that are holy—they expect that even graceless persons should bear reproof, receive instruction, and change the course of their lives. In middle cases, then, between these extremes, what exactness will serious Christians require, where the bias of their own corruptions doth not misguide them? David was quite surprised to pass sentence against himself by remote parables (2 Sam. xii. 5–7, xiv. 4, 14); wherein he mistrusted not himself to be concerned. Wherein this rule is too short, add a third:—

3. Do nothing on which you cannot pray for a blessing.—Where prayer doth not lead, repentance must follow; and it is a desperate adventure to sin upon hopes of repentance. Every action, and cessation, too, of a Christian that is good and not to be refused, "is sanctified by the word and prayer." (1 Tim. iv. 4, 5.) It becomes not a Christian to do anything so trivial (Eph. v. 1–4), that he cannot pray over it; and if he would but bestow a serious ejaculatory prayer upon every occurrent action, he would find that such a prayer would cut off all things sinful, demur all things doubtful, and encourage all things lawful. Therefore, do nothing but what you can preface with prayer. But these rules are all defective; I will therefore close with an example that is infinitely above defects:—

4. Think, and speak, and do what you are persuaded Christ himself would do in your case, were he upon the earth.—The Heathen—they proposed unto themselves the best examples they had, and therefore let us follow the best of ours. (Mic. iv. 5.) There are many rare examples in Scripture (Heb. xiii. 7): but we may say of them, as it is said of most of David's worthies, whose highest commendation was with this diminution: "They attained not unto the first three." (2 Sam. xxiii. 19, 23.) I propose, therefore, neither great nor small, but the "King of saints." (Rev. xv. 3.) It becomes a Christian rather *to be* an example, than *to follow* one. (1 Pet. ii. 12, 15; 1 Thess. i. 7.) But by imitating of Christ, you will come as near as it is possible "to the first three;" for your fellowship shall be "with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ" (1 John i. 3), "through the Spirit of holiness," who alone can teach you what it is to abide in Christ (1 John ii. 27), who was, and is, and ever will be, our absolute copy. (Heb. xiii. 8.) O Christians! how did Christ pray, and redeem time for prayer? (Mark i. 35, vi. 46; Luke vi. 12; John xi. 42.) How did Christ preach out of whose mouth proceeded no other but gracious words (Luke iv. 22), that his enemies could not but admire him? (John vii. 46.) At what rate did Christ value the world, who did and taught to renounce it? (Mark x. 21–27.) What time did Christ spend in impertinent discourse, who made "their hearts burn within them" whom he occasionally fell in company with? (Luke xxiv. 17–32.) How did Christ go up and down doing good to man (Acts x. 38), and always those things that were pleasing to God? (John viii. 29.)

Beloved, I commend to you these four memorials, to be as so many scarlet threads (Josh. ii. 18, 21)—upon every finger of the right hand, one; that you may never put forth your hand to action but these memorials may be in your eye: 1. Mind duty, (Acts ix. 6.) 2. What is another's duty in your case, is yours. (Rom. ii. 21.) 3. What you cannot say, "The blessing of the Lord be upon it!" do not meddle with it. (Ps. cxxix. 8.) But, above all, 4. As soon forget your Christian name (the name of a Christian) as forget to eye Christ (Ps. cxxiii. 2); and, whatever entertainment you meet with from the profane world (John xv. 18, &c.), remember your Exemplar, and "follow his steps, who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously." (1 Pet. ii. 21–23.)—*Annesley.*

NEUFCHATEL AND FAREL.

THE town of Neufchatel is admirably situated, partly on a declivity, partly on the plain between the base of the hill and the lake; but it is for the most part poorly built, and presents little to interest. The lake also, I confess, disappointed me. It is doubtless a fine sheet of water, and its banks are not destitute of beauty; but after our Scottish lakes I thought it rather tame and unpicturesque. The most interesting spot to me in the town was the old castle, gloomy and black as it is, with the church adjoining. Both are memorable edifices in connection with the history of the Reformation. In the former reigned at that time the gay and haughty Joanne de Longueville, by whose sanction and authority the most vigorous attempts were made to beat back the tide which, under guidance of the energetic Farel, was fast rising and advancing to sweep away the power of Popery in this canton; and in the latter were held those memorable conferences, and were delivered those fervid harangues, which ended in the entire subversion of the Papal influence in Neufchatel. What a pair to meet on that narrow terrace in fierce conflict—the representative of the high-born and haughty heiress of the princely house of Chalons, and the poor, homeless, uncourtly, fiery preacher, who had penetrated her domain! Ha! how it would have startled that proud lady amid her seignorial dignities and feudal majesty, with her princely revenues, her hosts of armed retainers, and her crowds of abject vassals—not daring to keep or to change their faith, save at her august bidding—had some one, gifted to glance into futurity, whispered in her ear that not only should she be utterly worsted in that impending conflict, but that it would be to it she should owe her place in history—nay, that it should be from her relations with that obscure adventurer, that the proud race of the De Longuevilles should be chiefly indebted for being remembered in after ages by any of the human species, besides compilers of peerages and members of heralds' colleges!

On the terrace before the church Farel lies buried; but his grave is not now to be distinguished. It matters not; enough for that o'er-worked and o'er-wearied body, that here it found rest; and as for the fervid spirit which animated it, *its* record and reward are on high.

Who that is interested in the memory of Farel, can visit Neufchatel without hastening to the little village of Serriere? This memorable spot, where the Reformer landed, and where he was permitted first to lift up his voice in proclamation of the Gospel on this side the lake, is about a mile distant from Neufchatel, a little to the left of the Geneva road. It is altogether a remarkable place. A stream issuing suddenly from an opening in the mountain, rushes through a brief course of not more than half a mile down a narrow glen, over which the road passes by a bridge. The sides of the glen are studded with mills, the wheels of which are turned by the stream, which thus renders itself for its length, perhaps the most diligent and useful little stream in the world. At the bottom of the glen where it opens upon the lake, clusters the village of Serriere with its ancient church. On a stone near this church, Farel stood when he preached his first sermon in the canton of Neufchatel—a stone of compromise on the part of the perplexed Emer Beynon, vicar of the parish, who not hostile to Farel, would fain have him preach, but fearful, for Emer Beynon dared not open for him the doors of the church. It is a plain rough stone, in no wise noticeable save for this, that during the space of one hour or so it was the throne of a king of men, where he uttered those words which laid the foundation of that spiritual empire which God had given him to establish. It is worthy of remark, also, that from this little hamlet issued the first Protestant edition of the French Scriptures—that curious, coarse paper little folio of 1535, which all Bibliomaniacs are crazy to possess, but which very few have so much as seen. It is gratifying to know that in this church, and to the people of this interesting village, the doctrines which Farel proclaimed are still faithfully taught.—*Alexander's "Switzerland and the Swiss Churches."*

BEREAVED MOTHER!

YOUR child is in heaven, far from the temptations and allurements of this vain world. She has but gone to her happy home before you; a part of yourself is transplanted there, another cord has been severed that bound you to earth, and now draws you to your Redeemer. Soon you will meet her, and join your loved one in those angelic strains that now absor her affections. Then why should you weep? wh should you sigh for her return to you? you surel cannot be so selfish, so cruel as to call her back t earth, if you could—to leave the presence of her Redeemer, to lay aside the harp that has just vibrate to her touch in notes of joyous praise, or to check that song of glory and of triumph which she has jus warbled, or to leave heaven with all its brightnes and come back to mingle in all the sorrow and anguish of this dark world? Oh, no; methinks I see her angel form hovering around you now, and hear her say, "Dearest mother, do not weep for me, dry your tears, and let not another pang pierce your bosom, for I am happy now. I used to be happy in the presence of my Saviour. God is here, Jesus is here, all the saints are here, your little girl is here—and you will be here too. I cannot leave these blessed abodes, but I will wait at the heavenly gates to meet you, when Jesus calls you. Oh, then, how happy shall we be, in that one joyous meeting, when we shall part no more, and when, 'God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes for ever. And you, my dear grand-parents, do not mourn the loss of your idolized one. A little while, and you will share my joys. As fast as time can move, you are hastening home. The sorrows of earth will very soon be over, and the gates will then open to receive you; and we shall, in one united family, range the streets of the New Jerusalem, and praise the Lamb for ever."

PROVIDENCE IN A SHOWER.

A MERCHANT was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind his saddle was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the old man was wet to the skin. At this time he was quite vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey.

He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road, a robber, who, with levelled gun, was aiming at him and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet with the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape.

As soon as he found himself safe he said, "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence? If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not probably have been alive at this hour; the rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment, to save my life and preserve to me my property."

OUR attention has been called to that part of our Memoir of Dr. Heugh in which the correspondence which passed, shortly before his death, between him and a brother minister is referred to, and the part taken by the latter severely characterized. Without entering again into the merits of the controversy, we may be allowed to express our regret that the terms employed in the article were so strong, or rather, perhaps, that we gave any opinion on the subject. Our usual rule is, studiously to avoid interfering with denominational or personal controversy, and it might have been better had the case in hand not been an exception.—ED. C. T.

THE BELIEVER'S AFFLICTIONS; HIS PROSPECTS; THE INFLUENCE OF THE ONE UPON THE OTHER; AND THE STATE OF MIND REQUISITE TO THE EFFICACY OF THAT INFLUENCE.

Continued from page 148.

BY RALPH WARDLAW, D.D., GLASGOW.

IV. The *fourth* and *last* of the topics brought before us in these words, is—THE STATE OF MIND REQUIRED, IN ORDER TO THE BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF THE AFFLICTIONS OF GOD'S PEOPLE UPON THEIR PROSPECTS. This is expressed in the words—"While we look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." And here there are three points which suggest themselves naturally for brief illustration:—1. The things contrasted. 2. The exercise of mind regarding them. 3. The necessity of this exercise of mind to the salutary influence ascribed to the believer's afflictions.

1. The things contrasted. They are "the things that are seen, and the things that are not seen." There is no difficulty in settling what these, respectively, are. The general distinction is at once apprehended. The former, "the things that are seen," consist of the objects of sense, in all their endless variety. These may be subdivided into the *lawful* and the *unlawful*. The lawful are such as are not in their own nature evil, but become evil only by excess—when they are valued, courted, pursued, prized, clung to, beyond a certain limit—or when they are used for ends which the law of God does not warrant. The unlawful are those which in themselves, in every form and degree of them, are interdicted. To the eye of the Christian, these bear upon them, in legible and startling characters, written with the finger of God, the inscription—"Touch not, taste not, handle not." They are to be utterly forsworn, and every temptation to them sedulously avoided, or resolutely spurned. But the feature of character by which, in the passage before us, believers are distinguished from the world, goes farther and rises higher than this. It relates to the lawful as well as the unlawful enjoyments of time. Of these there are many. They are possessed and enjoyed in very various measures. Some of them are very precious, and are felt to contribute in an eminent degree to the happiness of life. Such, in a special manner, are all those social enjoyments which spring from the reciprocal exercise of the natural affections, and which are the sweetest of all earth's sweets. They are bound up in the life and health and well-being of those we love—in the light of their countenance—in the faithfulness and the fondness of their conjugal, parental, filial, fraternal, and friendly affections. But even these, with whatever zest of exquisite sensibility they may be enjoyed by the Christian (and with the keenest zest he may enjoy them without being chargeable with sin)—even these, with whatever other temporal blessings combined, are not his portion. They are not the objects on which his heart is supremely set. They are not the chief sources of his felicity. Nothing on earth is; nothing bounded by time is. He hears his "Master and Lord" saying to him, by his apostle—"Love not the world, neither the things which are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away with the lusts thereof." (1 John ii. 15–17.) He therefore eschews all these proscribed objects—all sinful sensual indulgences, and the criminal excesses of avarice and ambition, the eager desire and pursuit of the riches and honours of the world; on which, when he looks around him, he sees his fellow-men fastening their ardent wishes, and dividing their numbers between the pursuit of the one, or the other, or both; and which are a part, and not the least powerful and deceitful part, of the enemies that "war against the soul," endangering its very life; and against which he is called to "watch and pray." But more than this. Even such of the "things that are seen" as may legitimately be sought and enjoyed—the various blessings of providence, whether personal or relative, with which his heavenly Father may be pleased to crown his earthly

lot—he is ever sensible, are in danger of finding too large a place in his heart, and require to have a constant and careful check kept on their insinuating encroachments.

Those things at which he is here described as "looking" are "*the things which are not seen.*" What are they? They are all the invisible realities of the world to come—all the joys and glories of the heavenly paradise. These are objects of faith, not of sight. In the immediate context, accordingly, the apostle writes in regard to that blessed state to which Christian hope looks forward: "Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, while we are present in the body, we are absent from the Lord; (for we walk by faith, not by sight); we are confident, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." (Chap. v. 6–8.) And in Heb. xi. 4, he describes "faith" as being "the confidence of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen"—that is, of the realities of that world, of which the existence, the nature, and the happiness, are matters purely of divine discovery, ascertainable only by the testimony of the inspired word. Thus also, in Rom. viii. 24, 25, the apostle writes: "Hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." The "things that are not seen," then, are the same with these objects of hope. "It doth not appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." But why should there not, among "things unseen," be included an unseen God and an unseen Saviour? If among "the things that are seen" are to be numbered the objects of our natural affections, is there any valid reason why the objects of our first and highest spiritual affections should not be numbered amongst the others? "God is a spirit." With regard to his very existence, we "walk by faith." "No man hath seen God at any time." And although "the only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, hath declared him," it has only been by the manifestation of his character. He has given us no vision of his spiritual essence. He still continues to "dwell in the light which no eye can approach"—the God "whom no man hath seen, or can see." And of our divine Saviour and Lord what is said?—"Whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom though ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." 1 Pet. i. 8. Why, then, should they not be reckoned among the "things unseen," to which believers "look?" We should not so reckon them, indeed, merely on account of the fact of their *being* unseen. That would be no sufficient reason, unless they were objects of interest to them, and springs to them of present and anticipated happiness. But they are both; objects of interest, and springs of happiness, the best and the greatest of all. Of all, indeed, they may be regarded as the sum. What would heaven be without God?

"Heaven were a waste deserted place,
If God should disappear;
And should He hide his glorious face,
Thick darkness would be there."

And what would it be without Christ? While "the glory of God lightens it, the Lamb is the light thereof." To be *with* Christ, and to be like Christ, "seeing him as he is," enjoying the fulness of his grace, and, through him, the fulness of the love of a covenant God—THAT is heaven. "God in Christ" is the portion of our inheritance and cup; and it is in heaven that this portion is to be fully possessed and enjoyed.

2. Our next inquiry is, What is the *exercise*—what the *state* of mind and heart—expressed by the words, "*we look?*"

Looking is more than *seeing*. You may see an object—not, indeed, without having the eyes directed towards it, but without looking at it. You may see a thing by chance; you cannot look at it by chance. You may give an object a passing glance; but your looking at it implies that your eye has been arrested by the sight, and is steadily, as an act of will, fixed upon it. You may have your eyes directed towards an object, and may appear to others to be looking at it—looking at it even with fixedness of gaze; and on the retina of the eye the object may be actually painted; while the mind is all the while unconscious of the vision, its thoughts being absorbed in something entirely different, so that there is no image of it there; it is not the object of conscious mental perception; it has made no impression; it has excited no interest. The eye may be filled, but the mind is vacant.

Again: the "looking" in this passage, it will at once be manifest, is not at all looking with the bodily eye; for it is looking at things "not seen." It is a mental exercise. It is the mind—the mind's eye—that looks. The "looking" expresses the predominant and habitual bent of the mind and heart. This bent—this propension—this strong leaning and inclination—is not to things seen, but to things unseen. Now, let it be observed, this is not to be understood as meaning that "things seen" have ceased altogether to possess any interest to the mind; to occupy any of its thoughts, to attract any of its desires, to engage any of its affections, to exert any influence over it. That is not what true religion either requires or approves. It is not true spirituality of mind. It is unwarrantable indifference, or it is ascetic superstition and enthusiasm. There is more in it often, where it is found, of a kind of self-righteous penance and austerity than of true scriptural heavenly-mindedness. The blessed God does not mean that when we have chosen him as our portion, we should from that moment cease to have enjoyment in anything else. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of *the life that now is*, as well as of that which is to come." And while, as the God of providence, he continues to confer upon us temporal mercies, the choice of himself as our portion, instead of precluding our enjoyment of them, only keeps them in their proper place; represses the excess of solicitude about them, and of dependence on them for our happiness, chastening and regulating our sentiments and feelings regarding them; and, at the same time, infuses into all of them a zest and relish "which the world knoweth not of," by blending them with the love and the blessing of a covenant God; so giving us the sweet experience that true religion, instead of being in this respect a loss, is really a gain; that even the present world is best enjoyed—enjoyed with the truest and richest relish of its sweets—when it is enjoyed in union with what is higher and better, with the assurance of the divine favour, and a well-grounded hope for the life to come.

What, then, is meant here by "looking?" I should think, two things: the *preference of the judgment*, and the *desire of the heart;* and both of these decided and stedfast.

1. "Looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen," implies that the latter have *the decided preference of the judgment*. It may be asked, in what judgment they have *not* the preference. It would be a sure mark, some may allege, of derangement. It is not the judgment that is at fault; it is blinded; and its decisions kept in abeyance by a deceitful heart. Be it so. What I mean is this: that in the "looking," which is distinctive of the true Christian, there is perfect sober-mindedness. There is in it nothing of the enthusiasm of ignorant excitement—of mere emotion, such as would be at a loss to account for its own existence. In the history of religion there has been a great deal more than enough of this. Well-meaning men have too often addressed themselves to the passions independently of the judgment. Without duly informing the understanding, they have worked upon the feelings, and have kindled the wildfire of enthusiasm. Their converts, instead of being able, as the Apostle Peter enjoins, "to give an answer to every one that asketh a reason of the hope that is in them"—wonder at such a question. They *have* peace; they have hope; they have joy:—but they cannot tell why. They look for heaven; they are sure of getting there:—but how they have got the assurance, and on what grounds it rests, they are at a loss to say. But Christianity, as it appears in the Bible, is a reasonable thing. Gospel faith and hope are reasonable things. The preference given by the believer to the things not seen, is no inconsiderate preference—no matter of mere feeling. It proceeds upon calculation—deliberate, enlightened calculation. He has looked at both. He has examined the comparative worth of both. He has weighed the two against each other. He has fully considered their respective claims upon his choice. He has made the choice. He is satisfied that the unseen are, even by infinitude, preferable to the seen. His mental eye, enlightened by the Spirit of God, has discerned their hidden and unappreciable worth—a worth undiscovered by any eye but that which has been purged of the obscuring films of worldliness, and has been fascinated and fixed. He does not hastily turn it away. He "looks." He steadily settles it. The preference is lasting. Our Lord, in the parable of the sower, speaks of some who resemble seed sown on stony ground—persons who "hear the word, and anon with joy receive it," but who, having received it hastily, without mature examination, and with a very partial and superficial conception of it, "have no root in themselves," and speedily "fall away"—especially when "tribulation or persecution comes" to test them. He is not like these. His examination, on the contrary, has been such as thoroughly to satisfy his judgment that the "things which are not seen" are indeed well worth the sacrifice of everything else whatever for their sakes. He "counts all things but loss" for them; so that, instead of relinquishing them when any such test comes to be applied, he only clings to them the more fondly and tenaciously, and actually "suffers the loss of all things" rather than yield them up. He will not give "the things that are seen" so

as a glance, when the design of their being presented to his view is to shake his decision, and tempt him to the renunciation of the unseen. Or rather, perhaps, I should put this in another light. He *does* look at them; and, without at all undervaluing and affecting to despise them—sensible how much they contribute to his present comfort and enjoyment—he deliberately and cheerfully resigns them all, for the sake of what his heaven-directed judgment has pronounced so superlatively better. The whole world of things seen weighs not an atom against the unseen. He yields it,

> "Nor casts one longing, lingering look behind."

For,

2. While there is a decided preference of judgment, there is, along with it, the *supreme and settled desire of the heart.* This has followed, or accompanied, the decision of his understanding. His affections have fastened upon new objects—objects recommended by his enlightened and renewed mind. His treasure is now in heaven, and his heart is there also. Formerly his affections and desires were all earthly. Even if, eschewing the grovelling indulgences of sensuality and vice, he addicted himself to the pursuits of science and literature—whether physical, moral, or political—and thus delighted to range in the loftier regions of mind; yet still, in comparison with those objects on which his heart has now been set, even the worthiest of these pursuits are felt to have been unworthy. God was not in them. Heaven was not in them. Eternity was not in them. They were still "of the earth, earthly." The believer rises above them all. He has seen and felt the unsatisfactoriness of every thing, and of all things combined, whether pertaining to body, or mind, or estate, that are bounded by the world and time. God and Christ, and heaven and eternity, have arrested and fixed the interests of his mind, and the desires of his heart. Before, he was the subject of those low and narrow conceptions of his capabilities of enjoyment that belong to the unilluminated, unemancipated, worldly mind. Now, he has come to know their real amplitude. What "the world, and the things of the world," were formerly deemed quite sufficient to satisfy, he now feels he can be satisfied with nothing short of God himself. He has risen to the true dignity of his being. He spurns earth as his portion. It cannot now fill his enlarged and elevated desires. Heaven is now in his eye, with its "fulness of joy." His song now is—

"Let fools for riches strive and toil,
Let greedy minds divide the spoil,
'Tis all too mean for me:
Above the earth, above the skies,
My bold aspiring wishes rise,
My God, to heaven and Thee!"

Such is the character of the true believer, the spiritually-minded Christian, both in the counsels and in the descriptions of the divine word. Let the reader peruse and ponder such passages as the following—which, but for trespassing on necessarily prescribed limits, I would fain transcribe. How commands our divine Master himself, with his own lips? (Matt. vi. 19–21.) How counsel his inspired ambassadors, in his name? (Col. iii. 1–4.) And such has been the character of the people of God, under every successive dispensation—the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, the Christian. This spirituality, this heavenliness, of mind and heart, is no new peculiarity, belonging only to the Gospel economy. How writes Paul respecting the ancient patriarchs? (Heb. xi. 13–16.) How writes he of Moses himself, the divinely commissioned founder of the Jewish system? (Heb. xi. 24–26.) And how did the people of God, under that system, give expression to their feelings and desires? (Ps. iv. 6–7, xvii. 14, 15, lxiii. 23–26; Hab. iii. 17, 18.)

I have said, that all this proceeds on calculation; that it is the result of a deliberate examination of the comparative value of the "seen" and the "unseen." There is one reason here assigned for the preference of the latter to the former, and for the settlement of the desires and affections—a reason which of itself is sufficient to justify both—"*For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.*"

Some possibly may be disposed to allege, that mere perpetuity of continuance does not imply superior intrinsic excellence; that a thing may last for ever, and yet itself be little worth. But this would be a sad mistake—very wide of the truth. The conclusion would proceed on a very partial view of the case. The case stands thus. The "things that are not seen" are the things included in the provision which the blessed God has made for the eternity of our existence—the existence for ever of rational creatures. Now, we are sure, from all that we know of the Infinitely Wise, that such provision must, in its *nature* as well as its duration, be suited to the nature for which it is made. The Being who provides for the *immortality* of men, provides for that immortality according to the capabilities possessed by the immortal creature. A nature which God has endowed with immortality, must be a nature that is worthy of being immortal. The irrational natures of the brutes are limited to time. They stand thus in contrast with the rational nature of man—"Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" (Eccles. iii. 21.) For the spirit which thus "goeth upward," which thus "returns unto God who gave it" the provision made must be a provision adapted to its intelligent and undying nature. It can consist in nothing that is low, little, and trifling. Between everything of such a character and *eternity*, there is an unimaginable incongruity. It is inconceivable—it is impossible—that the infinitely wise God could destine to an eternity of existence a nature in itself mean, contracted, and grovelling in its capacities, and requiring for its enjoyment in its eternity of being only an everlasting provision of littleness. The grandeur of an eternity of being must have a corresponding grandeur in the provision made for it. Nor is this, indeed, the only, or even the principal evidence of its grandeur. What must be our conceptions of this provision, when we reflect on the means by which it has been secured—on the cost at which it has been obtained? Oh! what must heaven be—what must the blessedness of the redeemed be—when we think of the price of their redemption to the enjoyment of it—"not corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but the precious blood of Christ, as a lamb without blemish and without spot!" This redemption-price stamps a value beyond all computation on "the things that are not seen." But, still, the point brought immediately before us in the apostle's words, is the *eternity* of these unseen things, contrasted with the temporary duration of those that are seen. This, however, must be reserved for notice in another and concluding paper.

BASLE.

(*From Alexander's "Switzerland and the Swiss Churches."*)

In the cloisters behind the minster most of the former notables of Basle lie interred. It is open to the public; and as during my stay in Basle the weather was very wet, I frequently betook myself thither when I wanted a quiet and meditative stroll. Excepting the inscriptions on a few of the tombs, I did not discover in it any object of peculiar interest; but the place was sheltered and solitary, and besides, it was classic ground. Here Erasmus was wont to walk in meditative solitude, or surrounded by a chorus of congenial spirits, with whom he indulged in sportive colloquy, or in earnest and high-seasoned debate. Here, too, Œcolampadius delighted to study, than whom I know not that any of the Reformers bears a more spotless and honourable name. And here, too, have many besides, of great mind and stout heart, in the days that are gone, pondered, and conversed, and prayed. It is a place where high thoughts and firm purposes might well be born and fostered. Dimly lighted—seldom frequented—with no sounds penetrating it, save the monotonous rushing of the impetuous Rhine, heard from a distance, or the solemn caw of the steeple-haunting rook—and tenanted only by the remains and the monuments of the dead, it is a place from which the giddy and the profane will flee, but where those who have learned to commune with their own hearts and with God, will find it pleasant and profitable to resort.

Near to the minster is the house inhabited by Œcolampadius, and in which he died. It is now occupied by my excellent friend the Rev. J. Linder, archidiaconus of Basle, whose acquaintance I had the happiness to make, and to whose kindness I am under many obligations, both for pleasure enjoyed and information received. The room in which he studies, is that assigned by tradition as the death-room of the Reformer. Opposite the door of entrance to this room are two windows, on the left hand the wall is pierced by a door, on the right the wall is unbroken from end to end. Against this latter wall, I judge, was placed the couch of Œcolampadius; and at these windows entered those morning rays amid which his spirit passed away. It is a brave and hallowed story that of the death-bed scene of Œcolampadius! As night gathered, and the rumour spread that the Reformer would not live till the morning, the ministers of Basle, to the number of ten, hastened to his presence. Already on a former occasion he had given them his dying charge, beseeching them to be men of light and men of love; now he said but little, as he desired to remain calm and still. "Do you bring any tidings?" exclaimed he to a person of rank who entered the room; the answer was in the negative. A feeling of self-reproach seemed to cross his mind for asking such a question at such a moment, and he said hastily, "But I—I shall soon be with my Lord." By-and-by, one asked him whether the light of the lamp did not annoy him; laying his hand on his heart, he exclaimed, "Here, here is where I have enough of light." At length the day began to dawn; in a feeble voice he chanted the 51st Psalm; and then heaving a sigh, he said, "Lord Jesus, come to my help." He spoke no more, but quietly breathed his last. The sun now poured his rays into the chamber, but they fell on that inanimate corpse, and on the pale and weeping friends who, with uplifted hands, were kneeling around his couch.

Does it not seem striking that one who, answerable to his name, had been such "a bright and shining light" in the world, should, in the last words he addressed to his fellow-men, have spoken so firmly and joyously of that light which was within him—a light in which thousands had rejoiced to walk, and which calumny has not been able to darken, nor death itself to extinguish? Striking, too, that one whose life had been a long and earnest protest against darkness, should thus wait for the morning light ere he passed away to be for ever with Him who dwelleth in light, and in whom there is no darkness at all!

The country around Basle is pleasing; and there are in the environs many agreeable walks between hedge-rows full of wild flowers, some of which are very pretty, while others fill the air with a pleasing fragrance. The wetness of the weather during my stay there, at this time, prevented my enjoying much in this way. One afternoon, however, I had an extensive and refreshing stroll; on my return from which, as I was approaching one of the gates of the city, I saw a churchyard, into which I turned, attracted by the somewhat singular appearance it presented. Instead of grave-stones or monuments (with the exception of a few monuments to persons of note, among which I observed that erected to the memory of the excellent Blumhardt, late principal of the Mission Seminary), it presented to the view a multitude of upright iron rods, each supporting the figure of an open book, on which are inscribed the name, &c., of the deceased, followed by a verse of Scripture, or a few lines in verse. Some departures there are from this ungraceful and monotonous fashion, but they are very few. Among these I was struck with one little monument, to the memory of an infant. It consisted of a short square pillar, on the top of which was a spiral wire supporting the figure of a butterfly with outspread wings. Thus placed, the butterfly moved, and, as it were, fluttered with every breeze. As the butterfly was the ancient emblem of the soul (Psyche), this fanciful device recalled to my recollection Blair's lines on the grave:—

"Body and soul must part:
Fond couple! linked more close than wedded pair,
This wings its way to its Almighty source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use."

On the square pillar were inscribed some lines, the simplicity of which deeply affected me (perhaps because I too had stood by the grave of a darling babe —"my first propine to heaven," as good old James Melville has it). These, along with some others which I found on a grave close by, I transcribed, and on my return to my hotel amused myself by turning them into English, endeavouring to preserve the metre, and as much as possible the simplicity of the original:—

"Haste, darling babe, ascend the skies;
There angels shall receive thee;
And there thy Saviour for a prize
A golden crown shall give thee:
Brief was thy course below, yet this
Hath borne thee to unending bliss.

"Now freed from pain and grieving,
Thy friends thus early leaving,
Child of our fondest love,
Thy Maker bids thee slumber
Amid the love-encircled number
Of Jesus' folded lambs above."

It is true the harp-tone of the poet is not here; but is there not a heart-note, to which the feelings of those who have tasted kindred sorrows will vibrate in sympathy?

LOUISA—A SKETCH.

In the summer of 1832, I visited a family at their sea-bathing quarters in the beautiful west bay of Gourock. There were a number of young people. While the others looked healthy and happy, I observed that Louisa, a sweet girl about ten years of age, was very quiet and thoughtful; she was much changed from the time I had seen her—had grown tall and slender, and had got a very delicate look. When I remarked this to her mama, she said she had no complaint, but that she did not appear to enjoy herself like the others, and was more inclined to sit at home, while they were at play, and taking their walks. Again I saw this drooping flower. There was no improvement in health, and she had a more pensive and delicate look. The Lord was preparing the dear child for himself. The blessed Spirit was at work in her heart. As yet she had not found rest; but his Word was proving "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Her parents had become alarmed about her, and soon after they returned to Glasgow. I felt much interested in Louisa, and hearing that she was worse, I went to Glasgow to see her; she was by this time confined to bed. Mrs. S—— came to me in the parlour; she told me that Louisa was very ill, but quite happy, and that she would be glad to see me. I asked her when she had attained such peace. As far as I can recollect, her words were: "Louisa continued thoughtful, and at times appeared much distressed—was often found reading her Bible, and sometimes weeping. One night in particular, when at family worship, the 21st chapter of Revelation was read, she wept bitterly. After prayer, when I asked her why she was so distressed, she said, 'Oh! mama, I fear I am never to enter the New Jerusalem.' I asked her, 'what made her think so.' She said, 'she had been very sinful, and had told a lie,' and in that chapter it is said, 'And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.' I told her 'that the blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin, and that if she believed in Jesus, and prayed to God for forgiveness for his sake, all her sins would be pardoned; and that she should *now* go and pray.' She retired to her own room, and after some time returned with a smile upon her countenance, saying, 'Mama, I believe now that God, for Christ's sake, will forgive me.' From that time she was cheerful and happy, and had no fear of death."

Mrs. S—— had left Louisa asleep, and asked me to go into her room, and wait till she awoke. Upon entering the room I almost started; the appearance of the dear sufferer was so ghastly and death-like, I would almost have thought she was gone, had I not seen that Mrs. S—— was composed. She had got accustomed to her appearance. Louisa awoke with a look of anguish, as if she were suffering. As soon as she cast her eyes on me her countenance changed to a most beautiful smile. She had fine eyes, full, with long, dark eyelashes, and now they looked so large and lustrous, that she seemed something more than human. In the course of conversation, some remark about the change in her appearance, the sleeve of her sleeping-gown being loose, she stretched out her emaciated arm to draw my attention to it, looked at it herself, and smiled, as much as to say, "I am not to be long in this world." Evidently she was not able to speak much. Before leaving, I said, "Tell me what portion of the Bible is sweet to you, that I may think of it when I leave you." She gave a look of great satisfaction, and said, in a feeble, faltering voice, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." She could proceed no further. I repeated the two following verses, which seemed to give her great delight.

This was my last interview with dear Louisa, and it was a very impressive scene. It was perfect peace. The sting of death was taken away. So little dread of the grave had she, that one day she stretched herself to her full length on the bed, and said, "Look, mama, how much longer my coffin will require to be than little Walter's was!" Her little brother had died rather suddenly during her illness, and she spoke of him as having gone to their heavenly home before her.

Not long after I heard of dear Louisa's death. Her papa wrote to me, that she had continued in the same happy state of mind, comforting them all; saying she was sorry to leave her dear friends, but "to be with Christ was far better."

The following year this family was again visited with bereavement. Marianne, a gentle little girl seven years of age, was taken from them. She also died happy. She had not that deep conviction of sin that her sister had had, but seemed to have been drawn "by the bands of love."

She was delicate in the spring, and it was thought that she might derive benefit from being removed to the country, and that there might be some place where the air would be milder than Gourock. Her sisters and some young companions were talking of different places, and saying which they would prefer; they were surprised by Marianne, saying, "I know where I would like to go." Some of them asking where that was. At first she would not say, but afterwards told them it was to heaven. They asked her, if she was not afraid to die? She was able to give a reason of the hope that was in her, and to tell why she was not afraid to die. She became gradually worse, and was not removed till she was taken to her heavenly Father's home, where she desired to be. One Sabbath-day, when her father came home from church, he found her very weak; and going into the bed behind her, he supported her drooping head. "I shall soon be better now," she said, "when you are kindly supporting me." "My dear," he replied, "you will soon not require *my* support—you will soon be beyond *my* care." "What do you mean, papa? Do you mean that I shall die?" "Yes," he mournfully replied, "O how delightful!" was her joyous answer. These were her last words; and in a little, without a struggle, she fell asleep in Jesus.

"Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

ARCHBISHOP SHARP.

It is a fact established by clear experience, that the chief danger of the Church of Christ originates in the views and conduct of its pretended friends. Avowed enemies are comparatively harmless—nay, an attempt has been made, and with some success, to prove that our religion has derived benefit rather than suffered injury from undisguised assailants—it is when the truth is, like its Author, betrayed by a kiss that it is most in danger. Men might come forth with swords and staves against it; but unless they were headed by a disciple who could betray it to the enemy, their assault would be unavailing. *Religio nunquam, nisi inter reverendissimos, periclitatur*—and we are now to trace the history of one who did more to injure the religion and oppress the people of Scotland than any of its persecutors—we mean James Sharp, who betrayed the truth he had undertaken to defend; and now stands detected by history as one of the most notable Apostates of modern times. He was the son of William Sharp, sheriff-clerk of Banffshire, whose father had been a merchant in Aberdeen. James was born in the Castle of Banff in May 1613; and after studying at the University of Aberdeen, he went to England about the beginning of the civil wars, where he visited both the universities, and formed an acquaintance with some eminent men of that age. On his return, he was made a professor of philosophy in St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews; and soon thereafter was appointed minister of Crail. He was subsequently promoted to the office of Professor of Divinity in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews; and for a considerable period he was the coadjutor of David Dickson, Robert Douglas, George Hutchison, and other worthies, in conducting the affairs of the Church in those troublous times in which their lines had fallen.

In November 1659, when the kingdom was in a heaving and unsettled state, General Monk proceeded from Edinburgh to London, to put matters in train for the restoration of Charles II., who was then at Breda. The Scottish ministers confided in Monk, and proposed to send Sharp for a time to London, to attend to their interests, and confer with the General. The minister of Crail accordingly proceeded on his mission, carrying instructions from the ministers, and recommended to Dr. Calamy, Dr. Manton, and other eminent preachers of that day. From the period of his arrival in London, early in the year 1660, his letters evince the warm interest which he felt or feigned in the cause of truth. "The public covenanted interest" is referred to in letter after letter—its prosperity rejoiced in, and its reverses deplored. Advice is communicated for the right guidance of the Scottish interests; and though subsequent events may enable us *now* to see in some of his expressions, the language of a cautious trimmer, there is little in them to suggest suspicion to men of such large and generous minds as were the ministers with whom Sharp corresponded in Scotland. At one period it was resolved to call him to the ministry in Edinburgh; but he wrote again and again from London, humbly declining the appointment. At another time Sharp refers in his letters to meetings with some of the Prelatic party to which he had been invited, but refused, to attend: for which he is careful to say he was deemed a "rigid Presbyterian"—adding, "For my part I am afraid that something else is like to take place in the Church than rigid Presbytery. *This nation is not fitted to bear the yoke of Christ; and for religion, I fear it is made a stalking horse still.*" Nor was he satisfied even with this: he subsequently said, "The Lord having opened a fair door of hope, we may look for a settlement on grounds of the Covenant, and thereby a foundation laid for security against the Prelatic and fanatic assaults."

It is obvious, however, as one peruses his correspondence, that the divine has left his proper sphere and element—he has ventured into an infected atmosphere, when he is planning treaties, or studying the temper of elections, or conferring with statesmen regarding State proceedings. His letters become more and more engrossed with these things; and though he does say, "I fear the interest of the Solemn League and Covenant shall be neglected; and for religion, I smell that moderate Episcopacy is the fairest accommodation which moderate men, who wish well to religion, expect," it is obvious that his mind is vacillating—any portion of principle that he ever held is manifestly forsaking him.

On the 28th of April 1660, Sharp mentioned in a postscript to Douglas, that General Monk had proposed he should visit the king at Breda to attend to the interests of Presbytery. On the 4th of May, he sailed for Holland, and the Scottish ministers forwarded to him a letter of instructions for his guidance. Since the course of events has in some measure opened up the secret springs of those proceedings, it is by turns amusing and revolting to notice the simple-minded confidence, on the one hand, the deep designing, on the other, of the agents in those eventful times. The ministers in Scotland hoped that Sharp "had managed his being with his majesty for the interest of Christ;" but subsequent events will show that the crafty minister of Crail was "seeking his own things, not the things that are Christ's." Douglas tells us that he did not suspect Sharp more than he suspected himself, or than the apostles did Judas. Yet he had subsequently discovered, that when Sharp went to Breda he was the bearer of credentials to the king, which testified that he was a Preletist at heart; and consequently false to the party which he professed to represent. In corroboration of his opinions, Douglas has put on record several incidents which show that Sharp was actually plotting his own aggrandizement during all his correspondence from London, and his pretended zeal for the cause which his friends in Scotland valued beyond their lives.* What he himself calls "his tickling vanity," was not proof against the blandishments of Charles, or the beauty of a mitre in the distance. "The magnificence and gallantry of England," as Sharp saw them at the Restoration, might have upset principles of firmer texture than his. He professed to keep "an even way with all who mind the good of Kirk and country;" but at heart he was plotting the overthrow of the one, and, without designing it, the misery of thousands upon thousands in the other. Strange that he who speaks with contempt of "Cassock men," (his own title for the Prelatic party), should all the while be preparing to enlist in their number, or even to become a High-Church Quixotte. He might still from time to time "pray the Lord to keep them from the Service-book of Prelacy," or express a wish to be "taken home to his charge." "I can do no good here," he exclaims, "for the stemming of the current of Prelacy, and long to be home;" yet is he ever and anon dropping hints like the following: "Some leading Presbyterians tell me they must resolve to close in with what they call moderate Episcopacy." He artfully dissuades Douglas from resorting to London, and gradually waxes bolder and bolder in defending the trimming course which it appears he had pursued during all his negotiations, smothering all over with the aphorism, "Our task is to wait on God, who hath done great things we looked not for, and can make these mountains plain." On a review of his whole conduct in London and at Breda, we cannot but conclude, with Wodrow, that there seems ground for suspecting that Sharp, Leighton, Sydeserf, and others at London, were concerting the overthrow of the Church of Scotland, while Sharp was writin his letters, waiving and decrying the applications made to him from home. It is not difficult now to see that as religious men were then, as ever, too apt to bite and devour each other, "they were sent to the furnace to be united."

When Sharp returned, he brought with him a letter from the king to the ministers of Edinburgh (August 1660), designed to prepare the way for carrying into effect the joint machinations of Charles and Sharp. It was subtle and guarded; capable of such a meaning as circumstances might render needful; and was supposed by some to be the production of Sharp himself. Subsequent events furnish a commentary on that epistle, written in the best blood of Scotland; and if the judgment-day shall show that Sharp was indeed its author, it will then appear that neither Jesuit nor Inquisitor ever acted with more consummate duplicity in effecting a diabolical purpose.

As the minister of Crail had already showed himself a supple and accomplished courtier, he gradually advanced in boldness in defence of the schemes of Charles. Asserting that the ministers of Scotland were in favour of a change in their ecclesiastical system, he easily persuaded willing men in high places, that such was really the case; and in 1661, a scheme was openly proposed by him, in concert with several noblemen, by which some of the most eminent ministers—Douglas, Baillie, Dickson, Fergusson, and others—were to be consecrated as bishops. He even had the audacity to visit Robert Douglas, and, as from the king, to offer him the archbishopric of St. Andrews. Sharp "insisted and urged;" but the stanch old Presbyterian declined; and when the visitor withdrew, Douglas accosted him thus: "James, I see you will engage: I perceive you are clear—you will be Bishop of St. Andrews; take it, and the curse of God with it." Oliver Cromwell publicly declared that Sharp was an Atheist; he certainly was not scrupulous.

The reward of his caution, cunning, dissimulation, and perseverance, was the primacy of Scotland, as Douglas had predicted. Sharp was made Metropolitan in the month of November 1661. In the following month, he was ordained deacon and presbyter, and consecrated bishop.

From this period to the time of his death in 1679, Sharp is known chiefly as the instigator and presiding spirit in the persecutions of that terrible period.

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* See Wodrow's History, vol. i. p. 28, edit. 1839.

In his letters patent, Charles made Sharp "Archbishop of the archbishopric of St. Andrews, and metropolitan of all Scotland." When he scrupled to be re-ordained, the Bishop of London told him that it was the custom of the Scots to scruple at everything, and yet to swallow all; and the new primate speedily showed how well he was fitted for the work he had to do—the extinction of spiritual freedom, and shedding the blood of God's saints.

He soon began his work of extermination, and a mere catalogue of his atrocities would evince the ferocity with which Sharp pursued his object. The death of James Guthrie was a result of his plans and machinations. Robert Blair, one of the most gifted ministers of that day, was cited to appear before the Council. because Sharp wished to put one of his creatures into Blair's place in Edinburgh; and the old man, weighed down by disease, was thus deprived of his position as a minister of Christ. But the High Commission Court was, perhaps, the master-stroke of Sharp's policy. Though opposed in his plans by Glencairn and other noblemen, he had influence to carry his measure; and the king appointed the archbishop, once so zealous for the Covenant and the Kirk, along with several noblemen, bishops, and others, "to promote the peace and order of the Church," by summoning before them, among Jesuits and other delinquents, "all holders of conventicles: all ministers who, contrary to the laws and acts of Parliament or Council, remain or intrude themselves into the functions of the ministry in those parishes inhibited by those acts: all such who preach in private houses, or elsewhere, without license from the bishop: all such persons who keep meetings at fasts and the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, which are not approven by authority: all who speak, preach, write, or print to the detriment of the estate or government of the Church or kingdom as now established: . . . . all who are not orderly to attend divine worship." . . . . But we need not recite more of this abhorrent document. It begins by asserting the king's prerogative to rule "in all causes, and over all persons, as well ecclesiastic as civil." It makes sure that an archbishop or a bishop shall always be one of the Commission's quorum of five; and thus that Scottish Star-Chamber—the High Commission Court—which eventually shed the blood of men like water, was set up by one who had, three years before, been zealous for the Covenant and the Kirk—who hastened to London, and thence to Breda, under pretence of managing matters for Christ! It was on the 16th of January 1664 that the king signed the commission, and little time was lost by the apostate in carrying its instructions into horrid effect.

We cannot find room even for specimens of the atrocities perpetrated by that court, in the name of justice, religion, or the Church. By a special patent, Sharp was advanced by Charles so as to take precedence in rank of all the nobility, and he also took precedence in cruelty. Fines, imprisonment, exile, the torture in most appalling forms, and death itself, with every accompaniment of brutality and ignominy, were the result of the High Commission's labours, Sharp being ever the presiding genius of the judgment-room, or rather the hall of torture. When his haughty insolence and taunts so goaded his mangled victims that they retorted his charges, or denied to him his lordly titles, another blow of the mallet, another turn of the screw glutted his vengeance, and punished the mutilated offender. And to ferocity he added meanness: history presents us with few such embodiments of hatred against the godly as the apostate Sharp. When even Lauderdale would have spared, the archbishop demanded blood. Not satisfied with fining the people of Scotland, or murdering them in detail, he prevailed on Charles to raise a standing army in Scotland, and quarter them among the people; and it is known that, in about a quarter of a century, no fewer than about eighteen thousand, many of them the best and holiest in Scotland, were butchered. The rising at Pentland gave him ample scope for indulging his malignity; and in addition to all that he inflicted, he evinced his meanness in keeping up a letter received from the king, and designed to stay the judicial murders, till his vengeance was appeased. "This letter," Wodrow says, "came to the primate as president, and ought to have, by him, been communicated to the Council; but the bloodthirsty man kept it up till as many as he had a mind should die were despatched." Another archbishop (Burnet) has been blamed for this transaction. There seems no reason to doubt that it was Sharp. But whether Sharp or Burnet, can mingled malignity and meanness go farther? But even when the letter was read, the prisoners were not spared. Sharp had influence to turn aside even the scantling of mercy which Charles would have imparted. Ten men were speedily hanged; and that was but the commencement of the murders which he perpetrated with the sword of justice. We need not wonder though such proceedings excited men to violence; and though we deplore it, it is nevertheless a natural result of such atrocities, to read that an attempt was made on the life of Sharp, in the year 1668, by James Mitchell, a preacher of the Gospel. The attempt was unsuccessful, but it eventually proved fatal to Honeyman, bishop of Orkney, a creature of Sharp's, and, like him, an apostate and a persecutor.

In course of time, even the bishops began to resent the lordly oppression of Sharp. They complained that he managed the Church like an arbitrary pope. Some of them refused to attend a meeting of their order at St. Andrews; and matters soon began to wear such an aspect as showed that, though Sharp had sacrificed both his own conscience and the lives of hundreds to establish himself in his position, he was speedily to reap the reward of his oppressions and his haughtiness, in the recoil and revulsion of those whom he had treated as tools, or trampled on as despicable.

Passing over other incidents of his history, and referring to the annals of the period for a full-length portrait of this cunning, cruel prelate, we hasten to advert to the closing scene of his life.

There is reason to suppose, that for some years he lived in terror of assassination by night and day. We are now to see how his fears were all realized.

On his way to St. Andrews from Edinburgh, on the 3d of May 1679, he had to cross Magus Moor, then a treeless waste, about three miles south-west of the former city. Certain of the victims of persecution happened then to be on the outlook for a noted informant, William Carmichael, whom the archbishop had long employed to search out conventicles, and whom some of their number meant to slay, as the cruel servant of a cruel master. About ten of them had agreed to waylay him; but as he was not found at the place expected, they were about to disperse, when intelligence was brought that the bishop's carriage was seen approaching. Chafed by past sufferings, and disappointed at the loss of one victim, some of the party most rashly concluded that Sharp was providentially delivered into their hands, and proposed he should be murdered as the Church's persecutor. Hackston of Rathillet opposed the proposal, but it was carried against him; and in a brief period they attacked the archbishop's carriage. He made every effort to escape, but in vain; the coachman was hewn from his horse, and the coach was stopped by the band. The prelate's daughter was with him, but the party resolved to inflict no personal injury upon her; and after firing at him without effect, amid the shrieks of his agonized child, they commanded him to come out and die, in return for his "perfidious betraying the Church of Scotland," and his shedding the blood of the saints like water. One of the party stabbed him with his sword, when the prelate exclaimed, "I am gone." He at last came out of the coach, knelt down in the attitude of prayer by the command of his murderers, and after being treated with a ferocity equal to his own, their "redoubled strokes wounded him in several places, and killed him outright."

It was thus that Archbishop Sharp closed his career. No man, with the Word of God before him, can reckon the transaction aught but a murder. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay," is the Lord's declaration; but those men usurped the Lord's prerogative. They took the sword, and at least by the sword of justice they deserved to die. They might be goaded by the haughty prelate's persecutions—they might be peeled and pillaged by his creatures, and compelled to live with their lives in their right hand; but no amount of oppression could justify the murder, attended as it was by such circumstances of atrocity. It became an additional reason or excuse for persecution to the bloodthirsty men who were then in power; and whatever we may think of the character of Sharp, no dispassionate man can doubt that his death was a murder just as unjustifiable as his own judicial and sanguinary atrocities. The dispassionate words of Sir Walter Scott on the subject are: Sharp's "illiberal and intolerant principles, and the violence which he committed to enforce them, were the occasion of great distress to Scotland, and of his own premature and bloody end."

Such, then, is another instance of apostasy—the abandonment of principle, and committing the soul to the guidance of interest, ambition, and the lust of power. When we first met Sharp it was as a student of some note, and a minister of religion, seeking to do God's work in the sphere in which he was placed; but he entered on a new career, where principle succumbed to vanity, and the blandishments of an earthly sovereign enticed him away from the law and the testimony of the King of kings. We found Sharp at first strenuous for the Covenants. He was selected by his fellow-labourers to represent their interests and defend their principles. He undertook the commission; and from the moment that he changed, and yet concealed his new tenets from his old friends, he became an apostate and something worse. It is not against his Episcopacy that we reason here; it is against his being a Prelatist at heart and a Presbyterian with the lip. Taking all the circumstances into view, his duplicity ranks him high among the most unprincipled of men; and his whole career, after he had mounted to power, exhibits the hardening and deadening effect of tampering with principle amid light let in upon the conscience. Lauderdale pleading for mercy, the archbishop refusing it, and the former rejoining regarding the man they were about to murder, "Then, let him glorify God in the Grassmarket," is a picture of prostrate humanity which should serve as a beacon-light for warning to all.

A PAGE FOR SERVANTS.

I.—REPROOF TO THOSE WHO HAVE CHOSEN TO LIVE IN THE FAMILIES OF THE UNGODLY.

Dost thou know whither thou goest? Thou art running, with Jonah, from the presence of the Lord, and mayest expect a storm to be sent after thee. Haply thou art a servant who once lived in a godly family, where thou hadst many sweet privileges and spiritual advantages; a table spread every day for thy soul as often as for thy body, thereby enjoying a kind of heaven upon earth; but, for a little ease in thy work, or gain in thy wages, thou hast made this unhappy change, to put thyself under the roof of those who will sooner teach thee to curse than to pray, and where, by the orders kept in the family, thou canst not know a Lord's-day from a week-day, or whether there be such a thing as religious worship due to thy Maker or no. Alas, poor creature! What! wert thou in so green a pasture, and now wandering upon the barren heath, where nothing is to be got for thy precious soul; where (as on the mountain of Gilboa) none of those heavenly dews fall with which thy soul was wont to be watered! Truly, thou art gone out of God's blessing into the warm sun. Had God, indeed, cast thee by a necessary providence on such a place, thou mightest then have hope to keep thy spiritual state, though wanting thy former repast, but being thy own choice, it is to be feared thou wilt soon languish: leanness is likely to shrivel up thy soul, while thou hast thy fat morsels in thy mouth; thy spirit will grow poor, though thy purse may grow heavy: we shall have thee ere long complaining, as Naomi, that thou wentest out full, but camest home empty. How darest thou choose to dwell where God himself doth not visit with his gracious presence? "He inhabits the praises of his people," and takes his abode in the house of prayer; and if the Holy Spirit dwells not, walks and breathes not, in the house, it must needs be haunted with the evil one. Make thy stay there as short as possible. Leave the dead to dwell with the dead: thy safety will be to get among better company. Is the Church so barren of godly families, that none such are to be found who will open their door to let thee in? Go, inquire where such live, and offer to do the meanest office in that house where thou mayest enjoy thy former privileges for thy soul. The very beasts groan to serve the wicked; whereas holy angels themselves disdain not to minister unto the saints.

II.—AN ADVICE TO SUCH.

But haply thou wilt say it is not thy choice, but necessity. What would you have us to do in this case?

1. Mourn under it as thy great affliction. Thus David did, when he lived in Saul's wicked family, whose court, for irreligion and profaneness, he compareth to the barbarous Arabians, and profane Ishmaelites, lamenting that he was under the necessity of living with such, whom, by his relation, he could not well leave, and, for their wickedness, he could worse bear: "Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar."

2. Be the more in thy secret communion with God. If thou hadst to live with a niggard, who pinched thy belly, wouldst thou not, though thou hadst but a penny in thy purse, lay it out for bread rather than starve? Thou hadst need have a bit the more in a corner, because thou art cut short of thy daily bread in the family: thy soul cannot live without communion with God. Take that thyself which others will not be so kind to allow thee, and that thou mayest husband all thy ends of time the better, thou shalt thus, by God's blessing,—*1st*, Keep thy spiritual life and vigour: *2d*, Be antidoted against the infection of that contaminated air thou inhalest; and —*3d*, Have a vent to ease thy incumbered spirit of those griefs, reproaches, and trials thou canst not but meet with from such relations. Gracious Hannah had an adversary in the same family, who provoked her sorely, even to make her fret; but this sent her to God in prayer, and there she eased her soul of her burden.

3. Adorn thy piety to God by the faithful performance of thy duty to thy relations, though they be not so good. Art thou a servant, and thy master profane? Be thou submissive and humble, diligent and faithful; let him see that thou darest not rob him of thy time by sloth, or wrong him in his estate by falseness (though he be a thief to thy soul by not providing for it), but dost, with thy utmost skill and strength, endeavour to discharge thy trust to him. We see too often, that the unfaithfulness and negligence of some professing servants, set their carnal masters farther off from the worship of God than before, yea, make them loathe the duties of religion, which otherwise they might have been won unto, till at last they come to think all profession in the duties of piety toward God an hypocritical cloak to cover some unfaithfulness to men, and to say of their servants, when they beg leave to go to wait on God in his ordinancesas, Pharaoh of the Israelites, "Ye are idle, ye are idle: therefore say ye, Let us go and do sacrifice to the Lord." (Exod. v. 17.) Thus the name of God, and his doctrine, are blasphemed through the ill-behaviour of professing servants. (1 Tim. vi. 1.)

Again, art thou a wife, and thy husband carnal, who lives without any care of his own soul, or those under his roof? Pray the more for him, because he prays not with thee; pray thou for thy family in thy closet, though he neglects it in the house: but with this, be sure to commend thy piety to thy husband's conscience, and make it as legible as possible to his eye, by thy meekness of wisdom in thy carriage to him and thy family. A fair print invites to read the book; religion fairly printed in thy meek and dutiful behaviour to him, and discretion in all thy affairs, may in time win him to the consideration of the excellency of religion. He is an unwise angler that scares the fish he desires to take; and she is an unwise Christian, that, by her peevish and undutiful carriage, offends her husband, whose conversion she desires and prays for.—*Gurnall.*

PREACH PLAINLY.

Let us be plain in our speech, that every capacity, even of the weakest in the congregation, that hath an eternal soul, that must be damned or saved for ever, may understand, in things necessary to salvation, what we mean and aim and drive at. It hath made me tremble to hear some soar aloft, that knowing men might know their parts, while the meaner sort are kept from the knowledge of Christ; and put their matter in such a dress of words, in such a style, so composed, that the most stand looking the preacher in the face, and hear a sound, but know not what he saith: and while he doth pretend to feed them, he indeed doth starve them; and while he doth pretend to teach them, keepeth them in ignorance. Would a man of any bowels of compassion go from a prince to a condemned man, and tell him, in such language that he should not understand, the conditions upon which the prince would pardon him; and the poor man lose his life, because the proud and haughty messenger must show his knack in delivering his message in *fine* English, which the condemned man could not understand? But this is *coarse* dealing with a man in such circumstances that call for pity and compassion. Paul had more parts and learning, but more self-denial, than any of these, when he said, "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." (1 Cor. ii. 1, 4.) "Seeing then that we have such hope, we use great plainness of speech: and not as Moses, which put a veil over his face, that the children of Israel could not stedfastly look to the end of that which is abolished." (2 Cor. iii. 12, 13.) Some put a veil upon their words, that people of mean education, that yet have souls that must be damned or saved, cannot look into those truths that shall never be "abolished." But what is this, but a cursed preferring their own parts and praise before the salvation of eternal souls; and the preaching themselves, and not Christ? which will not be their praise, but shame, at the eternal judgment; when some shall plead that they stand there condemned, because the learned preacher would not stoop to speak to them of eternal matters in language that they might have understood.—*Doolittle.*

HEAVEN AND HELL.

In eternity there will be no mixture. In the other world there is all pure love, or all pure wrath; all sweet, or all bitter; without all pain, or without all ease; without all misery, or without all happiness: not partly at ease, and partly in pain; partly happy, and partly miserable; but all the one or the other. This life is a middle place betwixt heaven and hell; and here we partake of some good and some evil. No judgment on this side hell upon the worst of men but there is some mercy mixed with it; for it is mercy that they are yet on this side hell: and no condition on this side heaven but there is some evil mixed with it; for, till we get to heaven, we shall have sin in us. In heaven all are good, in hell all are bad; on earth some good, but more bad. In hell misery, without mixture of mercy or of hope: they have no mercy—and that is bad; and they can hope for none—and that is worse. While they be in time, they are pitied; God doth pity them, and Christ doth pity them, and good men do pity them; their friends and relations do pity them, pray for them, and weep over them: but when time is past, all pity will be past, and they in misery without pity to all eternity: "The same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb: and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever: and they have no rest day nor night." (Rev. xiv. 10, 11.) "No?" Then, for the Lord's sake, for your souls' sake, as upon my knees I beseech you, if you have any dread of God, any fear of hell, any desire of heaven, any care whither you must go, take no rest night or day in time, till you have secured your everlasting happy state, that you might have everlasting rest night and day in eternity; or that you might pass into that eternity where it is always day, and no night, and not into that where it shall be always night, and never day.

ADVICE TO THE POPE.

THE following finely conceived passage of Sir Richard Steele occurs in his preface to Cerri's Account of the State of the Roman Catholic Religion throughout the World, published in 1716, when there was an alarm about Popery in this country:—

Descend, holy father, from your seven hills, and disdain not to tread upon the level plain. Unrobe yourself of all the gaudy attire of a pompous superstition. Lay aside all the embarrassments of worldly grandeur. Turn your eyes from the coffers of gold and silver, of which your great predecessor, St. Peter, and his greater Master, had none. Acknowledge religion to be something more than being wrapt up in a heap of fine vestments; or being skilled in a dexterous performance of antic gestures.

And then, look inwards. Divest yourself of your infallibility; and own yourself to be like one of us. As to renounce a kingdom for your Church hath been accounted the height of honour and saintship; so now, it will be your glory, in the most exalted degree, to renounce, in the name of your Church, a double kingdom for Christ—that temporal kingdom which, in his name, and to his reproach, you have erected over the bodies and estates; and that spiritual one, which you have established over the consciences of mankind.

Remember, in the midst of all your luxury, and delicacy, and ostentation, what ground you stand on. The bowels of the earth are armed against you. The shocks of earthquakes and the eruptions of volcanoes, besides the common calamities of nations, are the beginnings of that day of vengeance, which will come, unless you prevent it, by a speedy conversion to Christianity.

Renounce, therefore, your golden keys, and your fruitful kingdoms. Throw away your fopperies and your indulgences, and your possessions and your canonizations. Show yourself in the nakedness of simplicity; and take the Gospel into your hand and into your heart. Call in your emissaries and your missionaries from all parts of the world; and let them receive instruction themselves before they pretend to convert others.

Trouble the world no more with quarrels about the holy sepulchre, but believe that He is risen who once was laid in it. Let the wood of his cross cease to be magnified to an immense bulk, and his natural body cease to be multiplied to an infinite number. Restore the heads of holy men and women to their bodies, if they can be found. Let the bones of dead saints lie at rest, and their blood be released from the perpetual fatigue of working wonders.

Throw up all your legends; discard all your miracles, stated and unstated; and make over all your tricks to the jugglers of this world. Declare to the Jesuits that their game is at an end; and restore the inquisition to hell, in which it was forged.

And for the conclusion of this great work, celebrate an open and solemn marriage between faith and reason; proclaim an eternal friendship between piety and charity; and establish an agreement, never to be dissolved, between religion, on the one side, and humanity, forbearance, and good nature, on the other.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"ONE of my great principles," said Robert Owen to Mr. Wilberforce, "is, that persons ought to place themselves in the situation of others, and act as they would wish themselves to be treated. "Is that quite a new principle, Mr. Owen?" was his answer, with a look of suppressed humour; "I think I have read something very like it in a book called the New Testament."

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

To return the love of friends, is the charity of publicans from the compact of advantage; but to be well-minded towards enemies, is among the heights of the Christian law, and an imitation of the Godhead.—*Bacon.*

Let every minister, while he is preaching, remember that God makes one of his hearers.

MEMORY.—Many have large but unsanctified memories, which serve only to gather knowledge whereby to aggravate their condemnation.—*Boston.*

TRUE VALUE.—The church-yard is the market-place where the things of this world are duly rated. —*Baxter.*

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.—He that will often put this world and the next before him, and look stedfastly at both, will find the latter growing greater, and the former less.

RULES FOR MAKING RELIGION OUR BUSINESS.*

I. If you would make religion your business, *possess yourselves with this maxim, that religion is the end of your creation.*—God never sent men into the world only to eat and drink, and put on fine clothes; but the end of their creation is to honour him: "That God in all things may be glorified." (1 Pet. iv. 11.) Should the body only be tended and looked after, this were to trim the scabbard instead of the blade: it were to invert and frustrate the very end of our being.

II. If you would make religion your business, *get a change of heart wrought.*—Breathe after a principle of holiness. He cannot make religion his business who hath no religion. Can the body move without a principle of life? Christian, get thy heart spiritualized by grace: an earthly heart will no more trade in heaven than a millstone will ascend or a serpent fly in the air. The heart must be divinely touched with the Spirit, as the needle with the loadstone, ere it can cleave to God, and follow him fully. (Numb. xiv. 24.) Never expect the practice to be holy, till first there be a holy principle.

III. If you would make religion your business, *set yourselves always under the eye of God.*—The master's eye makes the servant work; God's eye will quicken our devotion. "I have set the Lord always before me." (Ps. xvi. 8.) If we leave off work, or loiter in our work, God sees: he hath a casement which opens into our breasts. "This eye of God, that never sleeps," as Chrysostom calls it, would make us active in the sphere of duty. If, indeed, God's eyes were at any time off us, we might slacken our pace in religion; but he is ever looking on; if we "take the wings of the morning," we cannot fly from his presence (Ps. cxxxix. 9): and He who is now the Spectator will be the Judge. O how would this consideration of God's omnisciency keep us from being truants in religion! how would it infuse a spirit of activity and gallantry into us, making us put forward with all our might in the race to heaven!

IV. If you would make religion your business, *think often of the shortness of time.*—This life is but "a vapour" (James iv. 14), a "shadow" (1 Chron. xxix. 15): it is "as nothing" (Ps. xxxix. 5.) We are wheeling apace out of the world, and there is no work to be done for our souls in the grave: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device in the grave whither thou goest." (Eccles. ix. 10.) Now is the time of life, now is the day of grace: you know not how soon these two suns may set. The shorter our life, the swifter should be our pace.

V. If you would make religion your business, *get an understanding heart.*—Weigh things seriously in the balance of reason and judgment. Think of the infinite importance of this business; our eternal misery or happiness depends upon it. Other things are but *for convenience*, this is *of necessity*. If this work be not done, we are undone; if we do not the work which believers are doing, we must do the work which devils are doing; and if God give us a serious heart to lay out ourselves in the business of religion, our *income* will be greater than our *expense*. Religion is a good trade, if it be well followed; it will quit the cost; it is working in silver: "Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." (1 Pet. i. 9.) God will shortly take us from the working-house to the throne, and will set upon our head a fresh garland made of the flowers of Paradise.

VI. If you would make religion your business, *implore the help of God's Spirit.*—All we can do is but lost labour, unless the Spirit excite and accelerate. Beg a gale from heaven. "Awake, O north wind; and come thou south; blow upon my garden," &c. (Cant. iv. 16.) If the Spirit join with our chariot, then we move to heaven swiftly, as a "roe upon the mountains," or as "the chariots of Ammi-nadib." (Cant. ii. 17, vi. 12.)

Now, having laid down the rules, let me, for a conclusion, press all Christians to this great duty of making religion their business; and I will use but two weighty considerations:—

1. *The sweetness that is in religion.*—All her paths are pleasantness. (Prov. iii. 17.) The way of religion is strewed with roses, in regard of that inward peace which God gives: "In keeping thy precepts there is great reward." (Ps. xix. 11.) This is such a labour as hath delight in it: as while a mother tends her child, and sometimes beyond her strength too, yet finds a secret delight in it; so while a Christian is serving God, there is that inward content-

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* Continued from page 484.

ment and delight infused, and he meets with such transfigurations of soul, that he thinks himself half in heaven. It was Christ's "meat and drink" to do his Father's will. (John iv. 34.) Religion was Paul's recreation. (Rom. vii. 22.) Though I should not speak of *wages*, the *gales* which God gives us in this life are enough to make us in love with his service.

2. The second and last consideration is, *that millions of persons have miscarried to eternity, for want of making religion their business.*—They have done something in religion, but not to purpose: they have begun, but have made too many stops and pauses. They have been lukewarm and neutral in the business; they have served God as if they served him not; they have sinned fervently, but prayed faintly. Religion hath been a thing only by-the-by; they have served God by fits and starts, but have not made religion their business; therefore, have miscarried to all eternity. If you could see a wicked man's tombstone in hell, you might read this inscription upon it: "Here lies one in hellish flames, for not making religion his business." How many ships have suffered shipwreck, notwithstanding all their glorious names of THE HOPE, THE SAFE-GUARD, THE TRIUMPH! so, how many souls, notwithstanding their glorious title of saintship, have suffered shipwreck in hell for ever, because they have not made religion their business!

THE HARVEST IS PAST.

BY THE REV. THOMAS D. NICHOLSON,

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YOUTH, it may be, has passed away, with all its bloom and freshness; its mornings of sunshine, its vigour, its hopes, and its talents, have all been sacrificed upon the shrine of vanity and folly. The seed time of youth has been neglected—Bible precept and Bible example, have had no sway over the wayward inclinations and habits of youth. A pious father's roof, that sanctuary of praise and prayer, has been like a prison-house to the perverse spirit of youth, and its hallowed exercises counted a weariness of the flesh. In the morning they have sown seed, but it has been the seed of unsanctified desires—they have sown to the wind, and, as a consequence, they must reap the whirlwind. The spring, with its gentle winds and mollifying showers, with its precious opportunities for laying secure the foundations of *the spiritual house*, has passed away, and its last setting sun, with its fading beams, has written upon their foreheads "*Not saved.*" Middle-age, with its meridian sun, and glorious season of golden opportunities, and precious privileges, fleets fast away. Be aroused, O careless sinner, to consider well your season of *mid-day*—your sunshine of life. Your sun shines at present in full splendour, but he may go down at noon, and set, to you, in darkness long before the time of the evening rays The seed time of promise, the bright spring of youth, you have let slip away unimproved. Let the *summer* of your life be devoted to the service of God; and while your noon is in its prime, and you enjoy health and vigour, turn and seek your Saviour's face, for *now* is the accepted time. Have you health and strength, time and opportunity, means for usefulness and influence for good? These, then, are the talents which God has committed to your charge—these are the rich privileges wherewith God has favoured you; see, then, that they are diligently and prayerfully improved, that they may be blessed unto you, and thereby contribute to God's glory. Now is the time, while the splendour of your summer's sun doth last, to turn your spiritual privileges to the best advantage. The house of God solemnly invites your presence every Lord's-day. And why do you forsake the assembling of yourselves together? What excuse have you to offer for your neglect of the ordinances of God's house? Examine again, and see if your excuses, and what you call necessary work on Sabbath, will stand the test of the judgment-day, and be pronounced as reasonable and acceptable by the Judge of all the earth. The meetings for praise, and prayer, and reading the Scriptures, invite you—nay, pronounce it to be your bounden duty—to come and make known at a throne of grace, not only your own spiritual wants, but also the spiritual wants of your families, and the spiritual wants of the perishing millions throughout the world. As summer is the season of *buds*, and *blossoms*, and *verdure*; so let your *summer* of ample opportunity, and precious privilege, and means of grace, animate your soul with spiritual life, and adorn your character with every Christian virtue and grace. The summer of life and of privilege, with its mornings of dew and evenings of lovely sunshine, with its inviting opportunities for rearing the spiritual temple in the soul, is, to you, it may be, not yet ended; but, alas! to some, nay, to many, its last sun has set, and the solemn chime from its last vesper bell has proclaimed, loud and long, the awful words "*Not saved.*"

The harvest of the natural world is past—its golden grain has been gathered in, and placed in security. Autumn's leaves have strewed the plain, and now the angry blasts of winter sweep through the leafless woods. All nature dies—how blank and dreary the prospect of such a death, and how fitting its resemblance to that cold and lifeless tomb, where sleeps the ashes of the dead! The harvest of earth's happiness, with its ripe and mellow fruit, will soon be past to us all, and the cold winter of death will breathe upon us with its withering blasts.

To the *aged*, now in the autumn of life, this should be their harvest of earnest, constant prayer—of ripe fruits—and of an ample ingathering of God's sanctifying Spirit. Aged one, if the morning service of your life was devoted to the world, if your noon-day was a season of rejoicing in the sunshine of the world's pleasures, be persuaded now, in your old age, to strive to reap the harvest of Christ's atoning merit, and to obtain a title to that bright inheritance on the other side of the Jordan of death. Your privileges will soon be shortened by disease and infirmity, your tide of life is ebbing fast, your last evening is nearly run, your sky is becoming overcast with clouds, which betoken the near approach of that hurricane which will soon shatter and overpower your feeble bark. Yes; the harvest of life and privilege will soon be past, the *harvest home* will soon be gathered in, but, alas! for *those*, when the last echoes of its rejoicings shall pronounce their unalterable sentence—"*Not saved.*"

May we be found living *in* Christ and *to* Christ, and when death comes may we hail it as the messenger of peace, and hear the Judge pronounce that *we are saved!* Is Christ thy life, then, O my soul? Has he the love of thine heart? Then fear not death, for he says, "I am the resurrection and the life," and "whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

FRANCIS SPIRA.

BY THE REV. W. K. TWEEDIE, EDINBURGH.

It is often remarked, that all the great principle by which God would guide the world have been evolved amid controversy and commotion. Without going beyond the Christian era, we see this signally exemplified in the various periodic agitations which have disturbed the peace, but at the same time promoted the progress, of the Church, and the truth of which it is the custodier. When the Christian system, the truth as it is in Jesus, was first fully developed among men, how resolute the hostility which it had to encounter! Good in the highest sense was the object aimed at, and antagonism seemed the condition of achieving it. At the Reformation, again, when great truths were once more disembarrassed, that they might emancipate the souls of men, the same scenes occurred. Truth was not allowed to make progress in silence; but emperors and popes, principalities and powers, banded against it, when the concussion between truth and error was such as to remind us of the reverberation occasioned by the lightning when it enters the cloud. In still more modern times, the same result has been seen. For example, when the grand truth that the Church of Christ should be Evangelistic, as well as Evangelical, began to be brought forth from its long neglect, many still remember the hostility which it encountered. Assemblies debated against Missions, and voted them down. The worldly-wise derided—the formalist raised the cry of fanaticism—and even some of the friends of truth, instead of throwing themselves boldly upon principle, or upon Him who is the believer's rock of defence, were timid and cautious, to an extent that rendered many of them time-serving.

In those times of trouble, evil as well as good is developed. If the principle of stedfastness be drawn out into action in those who know the truth, and love it, the opposite principle becomes apparent in others, who fear man more than God, and love a portion upon earth better than the inheritance of the saints in light. There were Judas and Demas in Paul's time—as there had been a Jehu in the days of old—and we are now to recount some startling incidents in the life of a noted apostate of the era of the Reformation.

Francis Spira, to whom we now refer, lived about the middle of the sixteenth century (1548). He was a doctor of law, and an advocate of high rank in the town of Cittadella, in the province of Italy, then subject to Venice. He was distinguished by his learning and his eloquence, possessed of a subtle mind, and was highly intelligent. His attainments and position secured for him the esteem of many, while his wealth gave him an influence which rendered him one of the most notable men of his community.

About his forty-fourth year, Spira's attention began to be turned to the works of Luther and other Reformers. Eager in the pursuit of knowledge, he forthwith began to inquire. The Scriptures were searched, books of controversy studied, and the result was, a conviction that Lutheranism was true, and Popery false. Spira embraced the resuscitated doctrines with so much zeal, that he soon became in his turn a preacher of them—at least among his family (which was numerous) and his friends he sought to disseminate what he had himself embraced. To some extent he abandoned other pursuits, and urged his friends to depend solely on the grace of God in Christ for salvation. He was well versed in the Scriptures, took a firm hold of their doctrines, and did all that he could to spread the light at once by his life and his lessons.

For about six years Spira continued thus to befriend the Reformed cause. He exerted his influence privately at first, but eventually waxed more decided and bold, and the country around Padua became agitated by the truths which he proclaimed. The pardons and indulgences of priestcraft lost their value, the old superstition was assailed and undermined, and threatened to fall. The cry of the craft in danger was accordingly raised, and Spira became the object of hatred and persecution. Calumnies of the grossest kinds were circulated against him, and it soon became apparent that if he would be a Reformer to bless mankind, he must take his life in his hand, and hazard it for the name of Jesus.

The pope's legate at Venice at that period was the noted Della Casa, and he entered with zeal into the persecution that had begun against Spira. That functionary was distinguished for hatred to the truth and hostility to its friends, and easily credited the information of the new teacher's enemies. The dominant superstition then, as now, was conscio[illegible] the ten thousand points at which its boa[illegible]bility is vulnerable, and resented the [illegible] of a wish to unmask its delusi[illegible]

The enmity against Spira was increased, when it was ascertained that the people on the frontiers of Italy favoured the religion which Luther had freed from the incumbent mass of Popery. Della Casa, therefore, applied to the Senate of Venice to take decisive measures against Spira; while he, on the other hand, was aware that no tenet would be tolerated which tended to the overthrow, or even the improvement, of Popery, and that Papists would lightly forego neither their old superstitions, nor their old modes of defending them—persecution, the inquisition, and death. He saw, in short, that if he persevered in the course on which he had entered, he must prepare for one of two things—exile or death. The only *via media* was apostasy.

Amid his trepidation at the gathering storm, Spira was admonished to take the shield of faith; and those who have written the story of his life, tell us of the struggles and temptations of his mind at this the crisis of his religious state. The apostles and martyrs were set before him as models. Death with the truth, or life without it, were the topics of his frequent thoughts; and it was strongly impressed upon his mind that, at the very least, he ought rather to abandon his country than the truth.

Hitherto, then, we have seen little in Spira to reprehend. With characteristic zeal and openness he has been telling the truth as far as he knew it. Having embraced Christ's doctrines, he sought to guide others to do likewise; and had his history closed here, it would have been as the history of a true convert, not of Francis Spira the apostate. But he was not yet a Christian, though he was a Lutheran, and must either become a Christian, or be unmasked, as deceiving and deceived.

Amid his forebodings, Spira soon became restless and troubled. Now one purpose, and anon another, swayed him. To-day he was resolved to suffer the loss of all things rather than deny the truth; tomorrow he would listen to the seductive and too successful sophism which has kept its tens of thousands in spiritual bondage for ever—"How can you so far presume on your own sufficiency as to disregard the examples of your ancestors, and the judgment of the whole Church?" Under the influence of that, or rather in the state of mind that would listen to that, Spira became more and more irresolute. He could not calmly contemplate "the offensive dungeon, the bloody axe, and burning faggot." The thought of country and of friends, of wife and children (of whom he had eleven), rendered his agitation deeper and deeper. Like Eve, when she consented to listen to the tempter at all, Spira, when he consulted with flesh and blood, was tottering to his fall; and he at last hastened to the legate at Venice, there to confess his heresy, and implore forgiveness. He sought to return to "entire obedience to the sovereign bishop, in the communion of the Church of Rome, without ever desiring to depart from the traditions and decrees of the Holy See." He rehearsed all his errors, and drew them up in a formal deed, which he solemnly subscribed. He was then dismissed to his home, and ordered to emit a recantation there, to abjure the Lutheran heresy, and "acknowledge the whole doctrine of the Church of Rome to be holy and true." All this was submitted to by the misguided man. He had put his hand to the plough, but he looked back. He had once taken up the cross by profession, but he laid it down again. In sunshine he would follow the Lord, but not in tribulation. The world had overmastering power, God and eternity were out of sight and out of mind, and we shall soon see the result.

Having once entered on the downward path, farther declension speedily followed. On his return to his home, Spira complied with all the injunctions of Della Casa, though conscience had already begun to exclaim against his apostasy. Reflection began to bring haunting terrors with it; the folly of seeking peace in departing from God soon became apparent. The guilt of bartering eternal for temporal existence, of preferring the favour of man to the smile of God, and earthly treasures to unsearchable riches, was speedily discovered. The Saviour's suffering for sinners, and Spira's recoil from suffering for him, pressed upon his conscience; and his biographers tell us that the terrors of the Lord thenceforth took hold of him.* The advice of time-serving friends, who set before him all the trials that would flow from stedfastness, but not one of the miseries that would result from apostasy, induced him to make his public recantation. He was present at the celebration of mass, and repeated clause by clause the abjuration which he had formerly subscribed. About two thousand persons were present at the ceremony in which Spira acted so prominent a part, although he confessed that a feeling akin to desperation had already taken hold of him. He was fined in thirty pieces of gold, the greater part of which was expended upon masses, and the unhappy man was restored by an apostate Church to all that apostasy was sure to receive from it. Spira is said to have fainted away after the agitating scenes through which he passed on that eventful day; and from that moment he never more knew peace of mind. He sank into the pit which himself had dug, and, like an oak skaithed, or a tall tower shivered by lightning, he became a signal monument of the retribution of Heaven.

The mind of the unhappy man soon became violently distracted by remorse. We know little of the feelings of Judas, except as we infer them from a few incidents recorded concerning him subsequent to his treachery; but those of Spira have been described with accuracy and care. Physicians for the body, and ministers of religion for the soul, were called to the conscience-stricken man. He was removed from Cittadella to Padua, that he might in all respects benefit by the means reckoned most likely to restore his peace of mind; but after mature deliberation, the physicians declared that they could discover no bodily ailment. It was the disease of the soul that was preying on the wasting frame, so that the most skilful men in a city which was at that period "the eye of Italy," saw the resources of their art exhausted in vain in attempting a cure. Spira himself declared that his disease was beyond the reach of human appliances; his exclamation was, "Who can succour a soul oppressed by a sense of sin, and by the wrath of God? It is Jesus Christ alone who must be the physician, and the Gospel is the only antidote."

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* See The Evil and Danger of Apostasy, as Exemplified in the History of Francis Spira, &c., by John Poynder, Esq.

It may easily be supposed that Spira soon became an object of public notoriety. Crowds accordingly resorted to witness what is described as a harrowing spectacle—the sight of one sunk in the darkness of despair. Some from curiosity, others in the hope of ministering to the mind diseased, sought the company of the wretched man; but their kindness and counsel were unavailing. Water to quench his burning thirst was Spira's constant cry. He obstinately refused the use of food, that he might pass the sooner, as he avowed, from the anticipation to the reality of agony; and thus did Spira, at the age of little more than fifty, amid much that might have made life happy, sink into hopeless wretchedness before the time, because in an evil hour he had called the truth a lie, and wilfully trampled upon conscience in the act of doing so.

Could we trace, in detail, the various stages by which Spira's spiritual malady developed itself, the narrative might yield warning to the most unreflecting; but we can only advert to the more salient points in his gloomy history. We shall do so as much as possible in the language which the agonized man himself employed as he passed on to the grave.*

When his troubles began, then, Spira anxiously wished that "some one would shorten his days;" and in describing the misery which dictated the suicidal desire, he detailed the crime he had committed, and its accompaniments, in language so impassioned and affecting, that he made the bystanders weep; nay, some of them trembled at the recital. When they attempted to console him, his constant exclamation was: "My sin is greater than the mercy of God." "I have denied Christ voluntarily, and against my convictions. I feel that he hardens me, and will allow me no hope." Referring to the doctrines which he had abjured, he declared that "he believed them while in the act of denying them;" adding, that now "he believed nothing—he had neither faith, nor confidence, nor hope." "I am a reprobate like Cain or Judas, who, rejecting all hope, fell from grace into despair. My friends do me great wrong in not suffering me to depart to the abode of the unbelieving, as I have justly deserved."

His friends were anxious to read the Scriptures with the agonized man, in the hope of alleviating his misery; but terrified by the attempt, he roared out in anguish, beseeching them to desist. The physicians, we have seen, declared that there was no bodily distemper; yet, from hour to hour, his misery grew more and more intense, and the pitiable spectacle became intolerable to the onlookers. Paul Vergerio, bishop of Justinopoli, and others, tried from time to time to soothe him; but all was rejected. His mind seemed to become acute and inventive of arguments with which to torment himself, by repelling the suggestions of his friends. He clung to the conviction that he was a reprobate, and declared "there was no room in his heart for aught but torment and agitation." Roaring in bitterness of spirit, he exclaimed: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." . . . . . "I have a whole legion of devils who take up their abode in me, and possess me as their own, and that justly, for I have denied Christ." In one of his paroxysms he exclaimed: "I desire nothing more than to come to that place where I may be certain of enduring the worst, and of being delivered from the fear of a worse to come." Rarely has the appalling termination of such a career been so stedfastly contemplated. There was a kind of method in his agony, for he never ceased to affirm, that "when he renounced his opinions, he believed them to be true, and yet he abjured them before the legate." His mind, through this torturing process, gradually settled down in the conviction that he had sinned against the Holy Spirit, and intrenched behind that conviction, no created power could move him. He spoke of his mind as corroded by the reprobation of God, who had hardened him; and "I find," he adds, "that from day to day he hardens me more and more." When he reasoned regarding his punishment, he always justified the ways of God, declaring that "there was no punishment which he did not deserve for so detestable a crime;" and adding, "I assure you, it is no little thing to deny Christ, and yet it is more common than is imagined." At another time he exclaimed, "O, could I only experience the least sentiment of the love of God towards me, although it were but for a moment, as I now feel the weight of his wrath burning like the torments of hell within me, and afflicting my conscience with inexpressible anguish! Assuredly despair is hell itself!"

Painful as are these passages in Spira's life, they are but like the opening scene in this tragic drama. "Here is the truth of my case," he exclaimed when his anguish grew more and more overpowering: "I tell you, that when I first abjured my profession at Venice, and when the declaration was recorded, the Spirit of God admonished me often, and yet while at Cittadella, I in some sort set my seal to it." "I resisted the Holy Spirit, and signed, and sealed it; and at that very moment I sensibly felt a wound inflicted even on my will." And subsequently to this, clasping his hands violently together, and raising himself up, he exclaimed: "Now I am strong, but I sink into decay by little and little, and consume away." . . . . "I see my condemnation, and know that my only remedy is in Christ; nevertheless, I cannot persuade myself to embrace it. Such is the punishment of the damned."

Did our space allow, it would be instructive to trace the conduct of Spira while his friends persuaded him to repeat the words of the Lord's Prayer after them. "Our Father which art in heaven," the disconsolate sinner began to say, but he suddenly paused, and burst into tears, explaining his grief by the words, "I perceive that I am abandoned by God."

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* Spira's case has been described by Matthew Gribaldo, a learned civilian of Padua, who was eye-witness of his wretchedness. Henry Scrimger, a celebrated Scotsman, and a professor at Geneva, was also a witness of Spira's closing scenes, and published a description of them. Other accounts have been given in various languages.

As he repeated the other clauses, or rather paraphrased the passage, he shed abundant tears, insomuch that all about him were melted into compassion. "My crime is not one iota less than that of Judas," was subsequently his averment; and that conviction, accompanied with the feeling that it was impossible for him to believe, began at last to overmaster his ingenious mind. His biographers tell us, that the wretched man "felt a continual hell tormenting his mind;" while he refused to be moved away from the harassing conviction, that "his present state was worse than if his soul, separated from the body, were with Judas and the rest of the damned." Cain, Saul, and Judas he regarded as his precursors in crime and condemnation; while, with perverse ingenuity, he turned away whatever tended to console him. With considerable theological accuracy, he drew the distinction between his former condition, when God, he thought, was known, and his present, when God had been abjured—evincing all too plainly that his intellect and reason were untouched, while his conscience was stimulated to an extent which transferred Spira, in effect, to the vicinity of Sinai and Horeb. "I know not what else to say, than that I am one of those whom God has threatened to tear in pieces," was the language in which he described both himself and his condition.

At other periods, Spira gave clear evidence that though he could not apply the Gospel to himself, he yet could preach it to others. He urged his friends to "exalt the glory of God continually; and not to be afraid of legates, inquisitors, prisons, nor any kind of death." These moments, however, were few and infrequent; and incidents sometimes occurred to rouse him to intense vehemence of feeling. Antonio Fontanina, a priest who had been with him when he recanted before the legate, came to visit him, and reminded the wretched man of their last interview: "O the accursed day!" he exclaimed; "O the accursed day! Would that I had never been at Venice! Would to God I had been then dead!" At a subsequent time, a priest attempted to exorcise Spira as one that was possessed of a devil, when he confessed that he was "under the power of demons; but they could not be cast out by any charms." The priest, however, proceeded with his incantations, loudly adjuring the spirit to come to Spira's tongue and to answer. The unhappy man, deriding such efforts, turned away with a sigh.* Such are the prescriptions of Rome to heal a wounded conscience.

But the efforts of that superstition were not yet exhausted. Exorcism had failed; yet may not the sacrament, the mass, avail? But Spira refused. Vergerio endeavoured in vain to persuade him. He held it to be a scriptural truth, that whosoever would deny Christ, Christ would deny before his Father who is in heaven. Spira felt that he had denied him, and clung to the letter of Scripture, in spite of all attempts. He quoted the texts, Heb. vi. 4, 5, x. 26; and 2 Pet. ii. 21; and reinforced by these, neither the exorcisms of superstition, nor the entreaties of affection, could bring one ray of comfort to his troubled soul. Amid his agony of spirit, his tears sometimes flowed copiously; his constant longing was for death; and yet, said he, the Scriptures are fulfilled in me—"They shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them." "O miserable wretch! O miserable wretch!" was the sentence which he pronounced upon himself. He implored his friends and brethren to take warning by his misery; while the words, "Whosoever shall love father or mother, or houses or lands, more than me, is not worthy of me," were to his soul like nitre on a fresh wound.

Men who are not acquainted with the strong struggles of the soul when it discovers what sin is on the one hand, and God on the other, without also discovering what Christ is, as the mediator between God and man, may call this raving. But the friends of Spira were convinced by his arguments and appeals, which continued acute and forcible to the last, that neither frenzy, as ignorance concluded, nor sorcery, as superstition supposed, had any share in his malady; and some of the statements of Gospel truth which he made on his death-bed show that their opinion was correct. He himself reprobated the charge of madness, telling them that they might thus escape from the lesson which God was teaching them, or speak perversely of the ways of God in giving such an example of his truth; but with all that, he said, they were only evincing the ignorance of the natural mind, which knows not the things of the Spirit, nay, regards them as foolishness.

While warning his friends, one of them took occasion from his words to say that that was not the language of a reprobate. Spira immediately replied, "I only imitate the rich Epicure, who, though himself in hell, was anxious that his brethren should escape from torment." While justifying the dealings of God toward him, that also was pointed out as a token for good; but the reply was ready: "Judas, after betraying his Master, was obliged to own his sin, and justify the innocence of Christ; and if I do the same, it is neither new nor singular." Towards the close of his life, he addressed some young men in most solemn and instructive terms, warning them from his case to beware of a religion of form, or of making faith their saviour. He spoke of the merits of Christ as "a strong rampart against the wrath of God;" but added that *he* had "demolished that bulwark with his own hands," and was now overwhelmed by the deluge. He urged those around him to beware of being "almost Christians," as he had been, and then broke out into vehement emotion indicative of his strong internal agony. "Give me a sword," he exclaimed. "Why? what use will you make of it?" "I cannot tell," he rejoined, "to what act my feelings may carry me, nor what I may do." He subsequently declared to Vergerio, when his friends began to take leave of him, "that he felt his heart full of cursing, hatred, and blasphemy against God," instead of being softened by the prospect of being left alone; and on the following day, he attempted self-destruction, without success. For eight weeks did he continue in this lamentable state, refusing nourishment, except as it was forced on him, and gradually becoming emaciated and haggard. He was constantly in dread, not of death, but of life; became by degrees his own executioner; pined away amid grief and horror; and died soon after returning to his own house from Padua—a melancholy monument of the effects of unstedfastness in the faith, and the fatal results of that fear of man which bringeth a snare.

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* See Evil and Danger of Apostasy, &c.

It is not our province to pronounce any opinion on the state of Spira beyond the grave—his destinies are with the Lord, and we neither speculate nor dogmatize. Let us, however, just indicate the lessons to which his mournful history points us:—

See the effects of apostasy in the chafing misery of Spira's soul.

See the power of God's law, when the Gospel is turned from or misunderstood.

See what mankind would, sooner or later, have been, had there been no Days-man, no Mediator between God and man.

See the tremendous power of a roused conscience, when only irritated by a sense of wrath, not cleansed by the blood of sprinkling.

See the peril of the almost Christian—the man who is a follower of Christ only with the understanding, not with a renewed heart.

See an appalling instance of the effects of *wilful* sin.

See the need of grace to sustain at all times, but specially when persecution arises because of the truth.

See the danger of philosophizing, as Spira vainly did, in the school of Christ—the origin, Calvin supposed, of his wretched fall.

See the worthlessness of human means to relieve the conscience without the blessing of the Holy Spirit.

See the fearful consequences of abandoning the truth to embrace Popery. Spira has been called a Popish martyr. His apostasy led to Vergerio's conversion.

We conclude in the words of Calvin, regarding this apostate's case. "May the Lord Jesus confirm our hearts in the full and sincere belief of his own Gospel, and keep our tongues in the uniform confession of him, that as we now join in one song with angels, we may at length enjoy, together with them, the blessed delights of the heavenly kingdom!" Such a prayer is not unneeded in a day when apostasy to Rome is rife. Again we say, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

THE PARADOX.

How strange is the course that the Christian must steer!
How perplexed is the path he must tread!
The hope of his happiness rises from fear,
And his life he receives from the Dead.

His fairest pretensions must wholly be waived,
And his best resolutions be crossed;
Nor can he expect to be perfectly saved
Till he finds himself utterly lost.

When all this is done, and his conscience secured
Of the total remission of sins;
When his pardon is signed, and his peace is procured,
From that moment the conflict begins.

THE DELAYING MOTHER.

A kind mother may sometimes have just occasion for deep regret at delays which most intimately concern the welfare of her children in this world and in the world to come.

A child was observed to be very languid and feverish. The parents agreed that he ought to have a dose of medicine; but the child was averse to take it; a neighbour called in, and the mother was diverted at the moment that she ought to have given it him. She consoled herself with thinking that she would give it him the first thing in the morning, and that would make very little difference. It was given to him, but it did no good; another morning came, and the child was much worse. Then it was agreed to send for the doctor, and the servant was told to go directly, as the doctor was in the habit of leaving home at ten o'clock, and not returning for several hours. She received the order; but, thinking that a few minutes could not make much difference, she delayed till the time was past: it was *only* a few minutes: but the doctor was as remarkable for punctuality as the family to which he was summoned was for procrastination; he had left home, and was gone several miles to visit his patients. Some hours elapsed before his return; he then hastened to the bed-side of the sick child, but his efforts were too late: a fatal disease had laid hold on the frame, which, in all probability, might have been checked by timely application.

Calling at the house of one of his friends, the minister found them in the deepest distress, having suddenly lost their only child. He attempted to console the distracted parents; but the mother replied, "Ah, sir, these consolations might assuage my grief for the loss of my child, but they cannot blunt the stings of my conscience, which are as daggers in my heart. It was but last week I was thinking, 'My child is now twelve years of age; his mind is rapidly expanding; I know he thinks and feels beyond the measure of his years, and a foolish backwardness has hitherto kept me from entering so closely into conversation with him as to discover the real state of his mind, and to make a vigorous effort to lead his heart to God.' I then resolved to seize the first opportunity to discharge a duty so weighty on the conscience of a Christian parent; but day after day my foolish, deceitful heart said, 'I will do it to-morrow.' On the very day that he was taken ill, I had resolved to talk to him that evening; and when he at first complained of his head, I was half-pleased with the thought that this might incline him to listen more seriously to what I should say. But oh, sir, his pain and fever increased so rapidly that I was obliged to put him immediately to bed; and, as he seemed inclined to doze, I was glad to leave him to rest. From that time he was never sufficiently sensible for conversation; and now he is gone into eternity, and has left me distracted with anxiety concerning the salvation of his precious soul! Dilatory wretch! had it not been for my own sin I might now have been consoling myself with the satisfactory conviction of having discharged the duty of a Christian parent, and enjoying the delightful assurance of meeting my child before the throne of God and the Lamb. Oh, the cursed sin of procrastination! Oh, the ruinous delusion that lurks in the word *to-morrow!*"

THE DELAYING SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

One Sabbath evening, on looking over the roll of my class, I found that, among others, the name of Ann —— had to be marked as among the absentees. I took a note of it on my visiting list, intending to call during the week according to custom; but afterwards, as the girl's house was a *very little* out of my way, and not being in a visiting mood, I thought there could be no great harm in delaying a week; besides, it occurred to me that good reasons could frequently be given for non-attendance, and it was likely she would be there on the succeeding Sabbath, as she was so regular in her attendance. With these, and like excuses, I lulled my Sabbath teacher's conscience asleep.

The Sabbath returned again, and being prepared for its evening duties, I found myself once more in the school with my children around me; and though feeling a *little*, a *very little*, uneasiness on seing that Ann —— was still absent, it soon wore off, and was forgotten in the excitement of teaching.

The lessons were concluded, and we were just about to engage in praise before dismission, when a neighbouring teacher stepped across the floor to me, and said very seriously—

"Have you a girl in your class of the name of Ann ——?"

"Yes; what of that?"

"I have something to tell you about her," said he, hesitating.

"What is it? what is the matter?" said I, with a presentiment of there being something wrong.

"She is dead!"

"Dead?"

"Yes; she died four days ago. She was buried yesterday. Her brother is in my class, and brought word last Sabbath that she was ill and wished to see you, but I forgot to tell."

"Oh! if you had only told me—I wish you had told me."

"I am very, very sorry I did not."

My heart sank within me—I could not speak. Dead!—gone from this world for ever; gone from any power or means I could use. Is she saved or lost?—a sinner in hell or a saint in glory? Dead! and I not at her death-bed. Have I done my duty to her? have I done all I could? Alas! alas! my conscience, now fully aroused, told me I had not. There was no want of time on my part—it was *inclination*. I felt I ought to have called *at once*, and then some opportunity would have been afforded me of smoothing the pillow, and speaking peace and comfort to my dying scholar. But now it was too late! The thought was bitter anguish. I knew my duty, but I did it not.

I could not call on the mourning parents that evening, but next day took the first opportunity of doing so. I knocked gently at the door—it was opened, and I went in, but found only the mother and two or three of the younger children present. For a few minutes nothing was said. At last I spoke.

"So Ann has gone to her rest."

"Yes, sir; she is gone."

"How did she die?"

"We don't know, sir; we hope she is in heaven."

"Had she much pain?"

"Vera little; she just sleepit awa."

"Was she happy in her mind?"

"We hope sae. She could speak but little, and was vera dull o' hearing for three days before her death, and when we had anything to say, we had to cry vera loud, and could hardly make her understand."

"I am very sorry I was not here to see her."

"Ay, we thought you might have come," said the mother reproachfully;—"we sent you word, but you didna come. Puir thing! Annie was fond o' the Sabbath class, and would not stay away, wet or dry"—and she burst into tears.

I explained as well as I could why I had not come when sent for, but could not excuse *myself*. Time—means—opportunity—I had neglected them all.

After some further conversation on the state of mind, and death, of my scholar, and after trying to turn the mind of the mother to the rich consolations of the Gospel, I ended my sad visit.

And now, why do I write this? It is to urge on my fellow-teachers earnestly, most earnestly, to call on absentees the very first spare time they have—if possible, the next day—and never to let light excuses induce them to defer doing so. It is well to visit all scholars, but the absentees to hold the first place. Visiting is a check to the wandering and careless; and where illness is the cause of absence, the sick or death bed affords opportunities of pressing home the truths of the everlasting Gospel that are not lightly to be neglected; and by proper and prompt visiting of these absentees, not only will the attendance of a class be better kept up, but Sabbath teachers would never have in this respect cause to lament, as I do, *a neglected opportunity.*—*Scottish Sabbath School Teachers' Magazine.*

A PASTOR'S TROUBLES.

1. It troubles him, that his own emotions are not more deep and fervent in view of the glorious doctrines of the Scriptures. Those doctrines do sometimes rise up before him, as the result of great pantings after God, in inexpressible sublimity and glory. The veil seems a little removed, so that radi-

ance enough gleams forth to show that eye hath not seen as yet, nor ear heard, the immensity of the good involved in the great facts of redeeming love. But these are only flashes of the heavenly light, and he has to reproach himself with the reflection that, were his soul in the moral state it might be, and ought to be, these transient gleams might be the steady brightness of an unclouded sun.

2. It troubles him that, while there lies before him a sermon he has just completed, he is conscious that the truth it contains has not gone further into the depths of his soul, and that it has not been a greater spiritual advantage to himself, that he has prepared another repast for his people.

3. It troubles him when the Sabbath services are over, that, interested though he may have been, he has not done full honour to the glorious truths he has delivered by the deep responses of his own soul to their amazing value.

4. It troubles him that, while he looks around upon the people of his charge, he beholds so many unmoved by his ministrations, and cannot but reason that, had his ministerial course been one of more glowing love, and stronger faith, and more ardent zeal, these aliens might have been living stones in the spiritual temple of God.

5. It troubles him to ponder the deficiencies of his own piety, while he reflects, that had his own personal example been one of higher conformity to the spotless character of his Lord, the disciples about him would have felt the glowing radiance of it, and the moral verdure of their hearts would have burst forth in vastly greater luxuriance and beauty.

6. He is often troubled by the thought that perhaps he has mistaken light for love, intellectual excitement by truth for the holy emotions it should inspire, and that his ministerial labours, through the false motives that inspired them, shall but add deeper gloom to the drapery that shall hang about the prison of his eternal despair.

Here are a few of the troubles of a faithful pastor. They are not morbid imaginings and groundless fancies. They are serious, stern, sometimes terrible realities. At not long intervals they cover the sky with threatening clouds, and sometimes they gather such gloom over it, that not a solitary star glitters in the darkened firmament! Disciple, these are sorrows of the pastor's heart that do not belong to your history, but they set up many a monument of sadness in his. These sorrows grow out of that sacred profession he has entered for your sake, and the welfare of others. Shall not these few items, a very few among many—shall they not make a promptly answered appeal to your sympathies, and in behalf of your prayers? "Brethren, pray for us."

THERE ARE NO GRAVES THERE!

Late in the afternoon of a beautiful summer day, I entered a quiet grave-yard, where slept one of my dearest friends. It occupied the brow of a hill, which, with many a knoll and graceful undulation, sloped to the green meadow, watered by a winding stream, now catching at its repeated curves the rays of the setting sun. On the left was a pleasant wood, where the sturdy pine and fruit-bearing beech concealed narrow paths to cool caves and mossy banks. White birches and the tremulous aspen, with the sweet-scented willow, grew upon the right, and, from beyond, rose the curling smoke from the cottage homes. A robin sang its song of love and praise; a sparrow passed me, bearing food to its little progeny; and the chirp of the merry grasshopper mingled with the hum of hundreds of flitting insects.

But for this peace-breathing scene I had no greeting. The wild storm, thunder, and rain, and darkness, had seemed far more welcome; and, yielding utterly to my grief, I threw myself upon the sod. I took no heed of time, but many minutes must have passed, when a child approached me. She looked on me tenderly for an instant, and then said earnestly, looking upward, "*There are no graves there!*"

There was something almost seraphic in the countenance of the child, a power not of earth in her quick and undoubting faith. My eye sought the blue depths toward which she pointed; my heart bounded toward the Infinite. All the representations of the Gospel, adapted as they are to sooothe and cheer, came to me so vivid, so truthful, so full of meaning, that they absorbed my whole soul. The abundant promises seemed to glow with the hues of that heaven from whence they came. I perceived the selfishness of my sorrow, and kneeling, I thanked God that he had transferred my loved one to himself.

Often since then have I looked upon the resting-places of my kindred—often has there come over me a sense of utter and hopeless desolation—often has an agony like that of death turned to bitterness the continued blessings of my lot; yet, when the first burst of grief has passed, I hear again the soul-cheering assurance, "*There are no graves there!*"

SOCINIANS, QUAKERS, PAPISTS, AND THE BIBLE.

All error dreads the light of the Word, and fears more to be examined by that than a thief does to be tried before a strict judge. Unfold them, or bring them and the Word face to face, and, like Cain, they hang down their head—they are put to shame. This is the only certain ordeal to try suspected opinions at. If they can walk upon this fiery law unhurt, unreproved, they may safely pass for truths, and none else. Paul tells of some "that will not endure sound doctrine." (2 Tim. iv. 3.) Alas! how should they, when their minds are not sound? It is too searching for them. Gouty feet cannot go but on a soft way, which generally yields to them. Such must have a doctrine that will comply with their humour, which the Word will not, but rather judge them; and this they think it will do too soon at the great day, therefore, now they shun it, lest it should torment them before their time. Thus, the Quakers have their skulking hole to which they run from the Scripture, at whose bar they know their opinions would be cast, and therefore appeal to another—the light within them, or, in plain English, their natural conscience, a judge which is known too well to be corrupt, and easily bribed to speak what the lusts of men will often have him do. Ah, poor creatures, what a sad change have they made, to leave the Word, that is an inflexible rule of faith, which can no more deceive them than God himself, to trust the guidance of themselves to themselves; a more ignorant, unfaithful guide, the devil could not have chosen for them. "He that is his own teacher," saith Bernard, "is sure to have a fool for his master." God himself, by Solomon, saith, "The way of a fool is right in his own eyes, but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise" (Prov. xii. 15); but he most wise, that makes the Word of God the man of his counsel. The Papist hath this thicket and wood at his back also—antiquity and traditions, to which he flies before the face of the Scripture for sanctuary, as Adam did to a bush when God came to him; as if any antiquity were so authentic as God's own oracles, and any traditions of men to be laid in the balance with the Scripture. To name no more, the Socinian folds himself up in his own proud reason, and assumes such state, that the sense of Scripture must be reconciled to his reason, and not his reason bent to the Scripture; he must have a religion and Scripture that fit the model which his own reason draws, or he will have neither: the root of many prodigious errors and heretics, like those of whom Tertullian speaks, who went to the philosopher's forge to shape a Christianity. What is this, but to carry gold to be weighed in the chandler's scales, and to look for the sun by the light of the moon?

Object. But we see heretics quote Scripture for their most prodigious errors, and draw this sword for their defence, as well as the orthodox: how then is it such a powerful instrument against error? *Ans.* What will not men of subtle heads, corrupt hearts, and bold faces, dare to do for carrying on their wicked party, when once they have espoused an error or any sinful way? Korah and his ungodly company dare give out that the Lord is among them, and they have as much to do with the priesthood as Aaron himself, on whom the holy oil was poured. (Numb. xvi. 13.) And Zedekiah, that arch flatterer, fears not to father his lie on the God of truth himself (1 Kings xxii. 11): "He made him horns of iron, and said, Thus saith the Lord, With these thou shalt push the Syrians until thou hast consumed them;" whereas God never spoke such a word. It is no marvel, then, to see any lay their bastard brats at God's door, and cry they have Scripture on their side. By this impudence they may abuse credulous souls into a belief of what they say, as a cheater may pick the purses of ignorant people, by showing them something like the king's broad seal, which was his own forgery. But sincere souls, that search humbly for truth, and have no other design in their inquiry after it, but that they may know the will of God, and obey it, they shall find, upon their faithful prayers to God, a light most clear, shining from the Scripture to guide them safe from those pitfalls of fatal errors into which others fall, towards whom the dark side of this cloud stands: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; a good understanding have all they that do his commandments." (Ps. cxi. 10.) The fox, when hard put to it, will fall in subtly with the dogs, and hunt with them as one of their company; but then his strong scent, which he cannot leave behind him, betrays him. Thus heretics, to shelter their errors, will crowd them in among Scripture truths, and by their false glosses make them seem to be of their company; but they cannot so perfume their rotten opinions, but their rank scent and savour will be smelt, and discerned by those who have their senses exercised. A heretic can reap no advantage by an appeal to the Scripture. What Christ saith in another case (Matt. xxvi. 52), "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword," is most true of all heretics; they are confounded and confuted by that very sword of the Word which they lift up to defend themselves.

* * * * *

The true reason why Papists forbid the Scripture to be read is not to keep them from errors and heresies, but to keep them from discovering those which they themselves impose upon them. Such trash as they trade in, would never go off their hand did they not keep their shop thus dark; which made one of their shavelings so bitterly complain of Luther for spoiling their market, saying, that but for him they might have persuaded the people of Germany to eat hay. Anything indeed will go down a blind man's throat. I do not wonder that their people, thus kept in ignorance, do so readily embrace their fopperies, and believe all their forgeries. The blind man must either sit still or go whither he pleaseth that leads him. We read of a whole army, when once smitten with blindness, carried out of their way by one single man that had his eyes in his head. (2 Kings vi. 19.) But this we may wonder at, that men who know the Scriptures (as many of their leaders do) and acknowledge their divinity, dare be so impudent and audacious as to intercept this letter sent from the great God to the sons of men, and not suffer them, except a few whom they think fit, to look on it, though it be subscribed and directed by God himself, not to any party or sort of men, but to every man where it comes. (Rom. i. 7; 2 Cor. i. 1.) This is a piece of impudence that cannot be paralleled. Wherefore are laws made, but to be promulgated?—Scripture written, but to be read and known of all men? I am sure the apostle, by the same authority with which he wrote his epistle, commands it to be read in the church. (Col. iv. 16.) And did the ministers of those churches pocket them up, and conceal them from the people's notice, lest they should, by perverting them, be made heretics? It is too true, some wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction: and so do some, for want of care in eating, choke themselves with their bread; must all therefore starve for fear of being choked? Some hurt themselves and friends with their weapons; must therefore the whole army be disarmed, and only a few chief officers be allowed to wear a sword by their sides? Truly, if this be argument enough to seal up the Bible from being read, we must not only deny it to the meaner and more unlearned sort, but also to the great rabbies and doctors; for the grossest heresies have bred in the finest wits. Prodigious errors have been as much beholden to the sophistry of Arius as to the ignorance of Ætius. So that the upshot of all will be this—the unlearned must not read the Scriptures, because they may pervert them through ignorance; nor the learned, because they may wrest them by their subtlety. Thus we see, when proud men will be wiser than God, their foolish minds darken, till they lose the reason and understanding of men.

The world, by this time, knows where the insufficiency of the Scriptures lies. Sufficient they are for God's ends, but not for the pope's. They are able to furnish every true Christian with wisdom enough how he should save his soul; but the pope finds himself grieved, that they are not so useful to help him to keep a triple crown on his head, and do not furnish him with grounds from which he may defend the lordly power and godlike infallibility which he claims, with other doctrines held forth by him; and this is the only defect he can charge the Scriptures with; to supply which the rabble rout of traditions is brought into the Church; all taught to speak the pope's sense before they see the light: and that reputation may be gained to these unknown witnesses, this way their fine wits, with the devil's help (who owes the Scripture an old spite, ever since the first promise rescued Adam out of his hand), have taken—that the Scriptures be declared insufficient and uncertain. Just as Andronicus served the Emperor Alexius, who gave out that he was weak and insufficient to govern alone, and so first got a joint power with him, and at last an absolute power over him to dethrone him; and whether their traditions have dealt better by the Scriptures, the world may judge. —*Gurnall.*

PROFIT BY KEEPING THE SABBATH.

Sabbath keeping benefits both the body and mind, and thus must also tend to increase the worldly estate; for who does not know that a sound mind in a sound body is all-important to the success of his business? For what say *facts* here? They say that those who work six days in a week will do more work, and do it in a better manner, than those who labour seven. Cases in proof of this to almost any extent might be mentioned, if space were allowed; two or three must suffice. At the late Sabbath convention in Baltimore, which was attended by one thousand seven hundred delegates from all parts of the United States, a great drover from Ohio stated that he had made more money by resting on the Sabbath with his droves than he would if he had kept on seven days; his cattle and sheep always brought him a better price than others which were constantly kept travelling. In one case, where his neighbours could not find a market in consequence of the cattle having been over-driven, he cleared five hundred dollars, and this he attributed to resting on the Lord's-day. A salt-boiler tried the experiment of resting on the Sabbath, which it was thought that business would not admit of; but he found at the end of the season that he had made more salt than any of his neighbours, with the same dimension of kettles, whilst his whole expense for breakage and repairs was only six cents. Some years ago, in this county, after a long wet spell in harvest came a clear Sabbath, when many farmers hurried in their grain, which from being housed before it was fully dry, was greatly damaged; whilst others, who feared God and kept his commandment, were enabled to gather in theirs in good condition. No doubt money is sometimes made for a time by Sabbath labour, as in the case of those who, in violation of the laws both of God and man, sell liquor on that day, and find perhaps more customers than on any other day; but the sad history of such men and their families too often shows that they only "earn wages to put it in a bag with holes," and that the curse of God is upon their ill-gotten wealth. A friend in an adjoining county, once remarked that he had for a long time made careful observations on this subject, and he had never known any permanent advantages to arise from projects planned or carried out on this day, but often serious losses to have followed them.

A SCENE AT ROME.

"I saw an exhibition at Rome," says the Rev. M. H. Seymour, "which affected me more than any other. It is one of the clearest examples of pure and simple idolatry that the mind can conceive. It is called 'the Adoration of the Cross,' and takes place upon Good-Friday. I went that day to the Sistine Chapel, or chapel royal of the Vatican. The pope was seated upon his throne; the church was deprived of all its ornaments; the altar of all its decorations; the candles usually lighted there were all extinguished; the cardinals all appeared in their mourning robes; and all the archbishops, bishops, and priests appeared in mourning. Having taken my place, I observed that everything wore the complexion of what they desired to represent, namely, the mourning of the whole Church upon the death of Jesus Christ. All preliminaries being arranged, a priest at the altar stood forward. He held in his hand a cross. The cross was wrapped up in a black veil, so that you could not see it, except through the veil. He then carefully uncovered one arm of the cross, and when he had done so, he cried out, 'Behold the wood of the cross,' and immediately the choir and the whole congregation responded, 'Come, let us adore it.' He then proceeded to uncover the other arm, and cried out as before, 'Behold the wood of the cross;' again the choir and the whole congregation responded, 'Come, let us adore it.' He then removed the whole of the covering, so that the whole of the cross was visible; and a third time he cried out, 'Behold the wood of the cross;' and the choir and congregation answered a third time, 'Come, let us adore it.' The priest then descended the marble steps of the altar, and proceeded to the middle of the chapel, where there was placed a cushion on the marble floor, and on it the priest very reverently placed the cross. Then commenced a scene which baffles all description. Three or four of the cardinals approached the pope. They raised him from his throne; they took the mitre from his head; they took the spangled shoes from off his feet; they took the embroidered gloves from his hands; they took the privïale from off his shoulders; and thus one by one they stripped the aged man of all his robes, till he stood in a loose dress, and appeared to me like an old woman in a flannel dressing-gown! Such is the fact. This aged man was stripped of all his robes; and it seemed a strange sight to see this man, professing himself to be the vicar of Christ, and the representative of God upon earth—the man who, as pope, had shaken kingdoms to their centres and rocked thrones to their ruin—the man before whom cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, were bowing in homage—the man who is supposed to hold in his hand the keys of heaven and of hell—the man who claims the power to absolve his fellow-man from his sins: it was a strange sight to see that man brought down from his throne, stripped of all his splendid robes, and standing before the world divested of every trace or emblem of his lofty pretensions. In this state the cardinals made him descend the steps of his throne, and bare-headed and bare-footed they brought him from his throne along where the cardinals stood, till he fronted the altar, from the farthest end of the chapel, and then he knelt upon the marble floor, and adored the cross. He rose and took three steps, and then again they made him kneel, and a second time adore the cross. He then rose, and they led him three steps again; and again, the third time, they made him kneel, and he adored the cross, kissed it, and placed a large purse of money beside it as his offering to the cross. He then rose and retired. And then all the cardinals did the same, taking off their shoes, and bare-headed and bare-footed knelt and prostrated themselves and adored the cross. I confess to you, sir, that when I looked at that scene, I was more affected by it than I am able to express; I never expected to see that old man, for he is past eighty years of age—that old man with one foot in the grave, representing, as they would have us believe, the 'great Head of the Church and Bishop of our souls,' claiming to possess the power to forgive or to retain our sins; claiming authority to 'set up, to pull down, or to destroy' the thrones and kingdoms of the world; pretending to release and absolve the subjects of their oaths of allegiance to their lawful sovereigns —I never expected to have seen this vicar of Christ brought down to such a state of apostasy as openly to adore the wood of the cross. 'Behold the wood of the cross.' They would not say it was the cross, lest we might suppose that it was 'the *doctrine* of the cross' they were worshipping; whereas, it was 'the *wood* of the cross' they were adoring, and this they adored with far more of reverence, and awe, and profound abasement than they exhibited the very same day, and in the very same place, in the adoration of the host. I can speak only of the outward act; and there certainly was more of reverence, and awe, and abasement of manners at the adoration of the cross, than in the adoration of the host."

LEADING CHILDREN TO GOD.

A MOTHER, sitting at her work in her parlour, overheard her child, whom an elder sister was dressing in an adjoining bed-room, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister, "No, I don't want to say my prayers, I don't want to say my prayers."

"How many Church members in good standing," thought the mother to herself, "often say the same thing in their hearts, though they conceal, even from themselves, the feeling."

"Mother," said the child, appearing in a minute or two, at the parlour door; the tone and look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am going to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first."

The mother laid down her work on the next chair as the boy ran towards her. She took him up. He kneeled in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backwards and forwards.

"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind, gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am glad you are well. I am very well too; and when I waked up this morning and found that I was very well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy in a low tone—half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at its work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now—how it goes beating?"

"Yes!" said the child.

"If it should stop beating I should die."

"Should you?"

"Yes, and I can't keep it beating."

"Who can?"

"God."

A silent pause.

"You have a pulse too; which beats in your bosom here and in your arms, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know," said the child, with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.

"So when I waked this morning, I thought I'd ask God to take care of me. I hope he will take care of me, and all of us."

A long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful and almost anxious expression of countenance showed that his heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask him for yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered, in his simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection and blessing of Heaven.—*Christian Guardian.*

RELIGIOUS ULTRAISM.

ITS *Sources* are—1. An ardent temperament. 2. Mistaken views of religion. 3. A restless desire of change. 4. The love of distinction. 5. The force of external circumstances.

Its *Elements* are—1. Self-righteousness. 2. Censoriousness. 3. Disingenuousness. 4. Inconsistency. 5. Fanaticism.

Its *Manifestations.*—It manifests itself—1. In respect to that which is *wrong*, by opposing it with an improper spirit. 2. In respect to that which is comparatively *indifferent*, by urging it beyond its real claims. 3. In respect to that which is *right*, by promoting it at the expense of integrity and charity.

Its *Tendencies.*—1. It has a tendency to throw open the flood-gates of error. 2. To drive many into the opposite extreme of inactivity and formality. 3. To weaken the moral energies of the Church. 4. To supply to the careless world an apology for the neglect of religion. 5. To absolute infidelity.

The *Remedies.*—1. Careful discrimination. 2. Moral courage. 3. Eminent piety.

Fragments.

Whatever disunites man from God, disunites man from man.—*Burke.*

THE BEST PILOT.—He who sends the storm steers the vessel.—*Adam.*

PLEASURE.—Most pleasures, like flowers, when gathered die.—*Young.*

THE BIGOTRY OF POPERY.—The Pewterers' Company hold an estate upon condition that they shall, out of its rents, *provide faggots for the burning of heretics!!!*

REGENERATION.—A dead fish will swim with the stream, whatever be its direction; but a living one will not only resist the stream, but, if it chooses, it can swim against it.—*Cecil.*

THE MALIGNITY OF SIN.—The heinousness of any sin is not to be judged of by the magnitude of the object about which it is conversant, or the grossness of the outward action. When the Lord expressly says, "Thou shalt not," and his rational creature say, "I will," whether the contest be about "an apple" or a kingdom, it is stubbornness and rebellion.—*Scott.*

A TRIED CHRISTIAN.

In a miserable row of cottages, which I frequently passed, one attracted my attention, from the evident effort made, amid decay and ruin, to retain the appearance of neatness. A honey-suckle and a rose were neatly trained over its front, and the path-way that led to the door was always perfectly clean. Entering one day, I found the interior entirely corresponding with what had at first attracted my attention without. The rough unplastered walls, and the roof, which consisted only of unhewn branches of trees, laid close to each other, were alike beautifully white. The wooden beds had neat cotton curtains hung in front; and the finely polished mahogany drawers, tables, and looking-glass, at once revealed to me that their possessor had not always dwelt in so mean an abode.

By the fire sat an aged female, busy at her wheel, dressed with great simplicity, but extreme neatness; and near the window a young woman, superiorly attired, and in the dress of a widow. She rose from her seat as I entered, but scarcely raised her eyes; while her mother cheerfully welcomed me, and set me a chair. When seated, the young woman still stood, as if half unconscious of having changed her attitude; and her tall emaciated figure and pale countenance deeply excited my interest. I begged her not to stand, remarking that she seemed very unable for any exertion. She slowly seated herself, but neither looked at me nor made any reply. The old woman, however, in answer to my remark, said, she was, indeed, very frail, and she feared not likely soon to get better. This led me to make some inquiry as to the nature of her complaint; to which she replied, that it seemed like a decline; but, indeed, she might say it was just a broken heart. "Two years," she added, "have not yet passed, since she left me strong and well, and a braw young man wi' her; but the Lord saw fit to part them, and I fear she hasna learned to bide his will." "The Lord," I said, "afflicts not willingly; but it is sometimes hard to learn the purposes of mercy that are hidden underneath his rod." For the first time the young woman now raised her eyes and looked towards me. "I know," she said, "that God is merciful, and that I have deserved his chastisements, because I have worshipped the creature rather than the Creator; and I think if I had seen him die, I could have borne to part: but when I think of the wild deep swallowing him, and the stormy waters dashing to pieces his fair form, I cannot bear it. O if I had but laid him in our own kirk-yard, I could be well contented!" I would have said that these aggravations of her sorrow were alike the appointment of God with that decree which had bereft her of all on which her heart had been too fondly set; but the consciousness, that I had never experienced that which alone can make any to comprehend the desolation of a bereaved wife, kept me silent, and I sat for a moment too deeply affected by what she had uttered to make any reply. Her mother, whose beautifully meek countenance bore traces of many a deep sorrow, looked very tenderly at her, and said: "I thought na trial could ere be sa sad as my ain, Jenny; but I had that satisfaction which has been denied to you. I did a' for him that woman's hands could do, and I laid him where I hope ere lang to lie mysel'."

There was something in the calm and solemn voice with which she uttered this that deeply touched my already excited feelings, and I felt, if I would maintain the composure I wished to preserve, I must, for the present, leave them; but I did so with the determination soon to make myself better acquainted with two individuals, whose history, little as I knew of it, had already so intensely drawn forth my sympathy. I did return soon, and frequently; and many a profitable and interesting hour I spent in listening to old Margaret's details of the Lord's providential dealings with her in days that were past.

I found that early in life her beauty (of which, even when approaching fourscore, strong traces yet remained) had attracted the admiration of a person much her superior in rank, and that he had sought to marry her; but the feeling, that when placed among those she had been accustomed to regard as her superiors, she could not so conduct herself as to entitle her to expect they would treat her as an equal, so strongly possessed her mind that she resolutely resisted every entreaty, determined, as she said, never to marry any but a man in her own station.

The vexed pride, natural to a person who felt he had greatly condescended in making such a proposal, and other feelings, perhaps, even worse, expressed themselves in a line of conduct towards her father's family, which forced them at last to leave the place, where, for generations, they had resided; and thus she, who might have become the channel of worldly advancement to all, was made the occasion of their peculiar trial. With many a painful and bitter feeling she went forth with them; and hoping to lessen their burden, and add to their comfort, she shortly after went to service.

In this situation she, ere long, met with a person to whom she could give her affections, and in whom she saw all she had desired as essential to her happiness. They were married, and for some years lived happily. His situation was not one that commanded many of the luxuries of life, but his employment was secure; and being blessed with health, they had all that was needful to comfort; and, above all, they possessed that godliness which, with contentment, is great gain. Year after year had rolled peacefully away, and five happy children now surrounded them. These they sought to train in the fear of the Lord; and early as a labouring man must leave his home, their father never left his without asking for them the guidance and protection of their heavenly Parent during his absence. One morning he seemed to do so with more than usual fervency; and as he embraced them, and parted with his wife, a faint misgiving crossed her mind, and she hastily followed him to inquire what work was that day to occupy him, thinking it was some apprehension of being exposed to danger that had so moulded his manner towards them. "Just my ordinary work," he replied; "but we are always in the Lord's hands, to take or to leave, and we can never know what a day may bring forth; but dinna ye fear, Margaret," he said, "ye have a better husband than me to look to; thy Maker is thy husband, the Lord of hosts is his name."

More deeply affected than before, but fearing to pain him by further expressing it, she returned to her house to prepare her children for school, and make ready the breakfast, to which she hoped her husband would return. Having accomplished her task, with a baby on her knee she sat thoughtfully by the fire, wondering if the hour when he usually arrived were not already come, when the sound of a cart approaching roused her. He was often employed in carting, but not in that direction. What could it be? Alas! the cause was too soon revealed; the horse which he drove, becoming restive, and he endeavouring to seize it by the head, the furious animal plunged forward, threw him to the ground, and the loaded cart passed over him. He was thus found on the way-side by one of his fellow-workmen, who was now conveying him, in a state of insensibility, to the dwelling he had so lately left in perfect health. He still breathed, but there was no other indication of life; he heard not, saw not, nor seemed to feel. Medical aid was soon procured, but all in vain. No human aid could help; and ere another morning dawned the voice which had so often caused these walls to resound with praise, and which had with such peculiar fervency (as if in presentiment of soon leaving them) so lately commended those dear to him to the especial care of God, was for ever silent in death. It was then she had been made to feel that sorrow than which she thought there could be no greater; but then, also, she had learned, as she never knew before, what it was to rest on the naked arm of the Almighty, and to experience the blessedness of laying bare before the eye of this compassionate Father of the fatherless, and Husband of the widow, all her griefs, and wants, and cares; and that God to whom she had been taught to look, did indeed cause her to know that she needed not to fear being cast on his care. Through many trials, and anxieties, and labours, He had sustained and prospered her, till those for whom she had long toiled were now able and willing to support and succour her. She saw in the comely form of a son, now grown to manhood, the living image of the husband she had so long mourned, and her widowed heart seemed ready once more to sing for joy.

But, alas! this goodly gourd was not long to shelter her, and in the blasting of it, the bitter waters of her youth seemed again mingled for her, and all the fountains of past sorrow opened up anew.

In the vigour of youth, proud of his manly strength, he had over-exerted himself, in his ordinary calling, and after struggling on in much pain for some weeks, in consequence of some internal injury, he returned to his mother's dwelling, not again to leave it. His illness, however, was not rapid, and month after month he lingered on, until reduced to extreme weakness.

He had been in every thing concerning this world all that his mother's heart could wish, and she had fondly flattered herself, that such fair fruits could only grow where grace had watered the soil; but when laid on a bed of sickness, by his own confession he had not in health sought the God of his fathers, and amid much suffering he ceased not to testify of the grace of God in thus giving him space for repentance; nor did he depart hence until his eyes had seen the salvation of the Lord.

The sorrowful mother again committed to the grave, in hope of a glorious resurrection, her dearest earthly joy. Thus the pangs of separation were mixed with the assurance that it was well with him for whom she mourned, and the confident expectation of again meeting him when her trials too were past, sustained and comforted her broken spirit; and she mourned not as those who have no hope, but calmly and meekly bowed herself before the will of God. Another ray of hope had once more brightened her horizon, when she saw the youngest and favourite daughter happily married to a man in all respects worthy of her; but that bright ray had risen only to set; and as she watched the daily declining strength, and marked the hectic flush which illumined the pale and wasted countenance of her child, her heart too surely foreboded the dark cloud of sorrow through which this setting ray foretold she must yet pass.

In these circumstances I first visited poor Jenny, and each time I returned I could mark the rapid advance made in the work of decay; but I marked, too, with joy, and her mother ceased not to give thanks continually, for the advance of the work of grace in her heart.

One evening I had sat by her for some time. She spoke with calmness, and even joy, of the prospect of deliverance before her. "It is not," she said, "only that I find nothing worth living for because that on which I have so idolatrously set my heart is taken away—that did destroy the joy of living, but it never removed the terror of dying, and in the house, when I lamented most rebelliously, I also trembled most fearfully—but the sting of death is now taken away, and I look forward with joy to meeting that long-suffering Saviour, who has so graciously redeemed me from going down to the pit."

Thinking that there was something peculiar in her appearance when we parted, I again visited the cottage early the following forenoon. I entered quietly. The aged widow was seated, as I had often found her, by the bed-side of her daughter. She did not observe me entering, and when I stood beside her I started to find that she did not minister to the living, but gazed on the lifeless form of her child. I looked round the room—everything seemed as I had left it, and she apparently more calm and unmoved than before. She marked my surprise, and said: "My own hands have washed her, and dressed her, but I have never shed one tear; and I have given her back this day to her Maker, with as much joy as I took her from His hand the day He gave her me. She was a desolate, feeble thing, and what could she have done without me; and shall I ever cease to praise His name, that it was me, not her, He left to mourn?"

So she praised God in the midst of her desolation, and she seemed for a time to gain strength by the very energy of her thankfulness; but the trial of her faith having wrought patience, and patience having indeed accomplished its perfect work in her, it pleased God to take her speedily to himself. A stroke of paralysis, a fortnight after her daughter's death, laid her powerless; and after lingering in a state of insensibility to all outward objects for a few days, her emancipated spirit took its flight to those blessed regions where, in contemplation, she had so long already dwelt.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.*

BY JAMES BUCHANAN, D.D.

The year is past, but not its uses: its events are now numbered among the things that have been, but its lessons remain, as a precious legacy, or rather as the fruits of a dear-bought experience. Having the capacity of recalling them to your recollection, and dwelling on them in reflective thought, you may be said to have the power of extracting wisdom from them, as one extracts odour and sweetness from withered flowers; and this is the only use you can now make of them—the only method by which you can turn them to good account.

Take, then, a deliberate review of the past year; study it in the light of God's Word, and seek to convert its varied experience into wholesome nourishment, or salutary medicine for your souls. Consider *the changes* which the past year has witnessed; how, as it ran its silent and rapid course, one after another in the circle of your friends disappeared from the scene—how many, who were alive and active when it began, are now dead and buried—how some, then in perfect health, are now pining in sickness—how others, then in affluence, have been reduced to unexpected poverty—how others still, then glowing with high thought and intellectual energy, are now moping in solitary sadness, or confined to a lunatic cell: think of the changes which have thus passed on individuals—the bereavements which have occurred in families—the vicissitudes which have affected whole cities or kingdoms; and thus considered, the year that is now past will still be greatly useful, if it teach you the vanity of the world, and the necessity of a better and more enduring portion than any that the world can give. And remembering that, while all else is changing, one, and one only, is unchangeable—that while the world is passing away, God remains ever the same—God, and that by which God maketh himself known, even his imperishable Word—do you not feel that God only can be the adequate and permanent portion of your soul—that his Word alone can be its anchor both sure and stedfast, entering into that which is within the veil—and that it is your highest wisdom to lay fast hold of the Eternal amidst the fluctuations of Time? "All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever; and this is the Word which by the Gospel is preached unto you."

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* From a paper which appeared some time ago in the *Free Church Magazine*.

Consider, again, *the sins*, whether of omission or commission, with which you have been chargeable during the past year; review the course of your inward experience, and your outward life; inquire what has been the general frame or prevailing habit of your thoughts, affections, and desires—what the grand end of all your pursuits—what the source and nature of your sweetest enjoyments. Have you been living for God or no? Have you been consciously seeking to advance his glory, to ascertain and obey his will, to enjoy his fellowship, and to obtain his blessing? or have you been "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God?" Have you spent the past in heart-idolatry? Have you been giving those affections to Mammon or the world which God claims as exclusively his own? You may discover as many vicissitudes of inward feeling as changes in your outward circumstances; have you been advancing or declining on the whole? Are you more disposed and better qualified for carrying on God's service on earth, and enjoying his presence in heaven, at the close of this year, than you were at its commencement? Ask these and similar questions of yourselves, and press them home in serious, searching self-inquiry; for there are seasons when God calls you by his providence and Word "to consider your ways," to review the path you have been pursuing, and the progress you have made; and this is emphatically one of those seasons, since it reminds you of the rapid and irretrievable flight of time, and of the items which have been added to your last account. You cannot thus review the past year without discovering, in the records of your experience, innumerable instances of shortcoming in duty, and even of positive transgression, which have retarded your progress, and often disturbed your peace. You may be able, perhaps, to single out some one sin, which doth so easily beset you that it has followed you with its allurements throughout the entire currency of the year, and assailed you every month, or week, or day; have you conquered it now; is it dead and buried; or at the least, is it undergoing a slow but sure crucifixion? The recollection of these infirmities and sins may be painful, as it must be deeply humbling; but, for the same reason, it is eminently salutary; and it will be greatly useful, if now, at the close of the year, it serves to imbue you with a spirit of self-abasement, and leads you to cast yourselves with simplicity on the pardoning mercy of God, that, by a renewed application to the Fountain which he has opened for sin and for uncleanness, you may be "washed, and sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

Consider, again, in *what state* the departing year has left you—in a state of peace or enmity with God? of wrath or reconciliation? of nearness or estrangement? of spiritual health or sickness? of growing advancement or sad decline? Had life terminated with the year—were you ready to appear before God; or would you have been disposed to welcome the messenger which summoned you away? And is it right, or can it be safe, to allow one year after another to pass away, while each leaves you undetermined in your choice—unresolved as to your state—unprepared for eternity?

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The eve of the new year is generally regarded as a season of cheerfulness; and, except in those cases where the recollections of sad changes in the past are painfully revived, and cast their sombre shade over a reflective and bereaved spirit, it is seldom otherwise spent than as a time of merry-making and joy. It may seem strange, at first sight, that creatures so short-lived, and yet so fond of life, should be glad when so large a term of it has passed away—that creatures so averse to death and the grave, should find themselves by one long stage nearer to both, and yet make this an occasion of mirth; but the fact is certain, that cheerfulness and gaiety are blended with all our observances at this season, and that the usages of society are fitted to give visible form and expression to these feelings. I speak not of the revolting riot, or the madness of intemperate mirth, which may well be regarded as a sort of infatuation, by which the most careless and wretched are annually seized, and hurried on to celebrate the obsequies of the expiring year with orgies worse than those of Heathenism, in a Christian land—an infatuation which reminds us only of a maniac dancing in his chains, or a condemned malefactor stilling the cries of conscience, and stupifying the fear of death by anything that will drown reflection before his awful change; but I speak of the more sober and chastened, yet real and lively, cheerfulness which diffuses itself at this season through all our families, and enlivens our mutual fellowship with friendly greetings and unwonted smiles—a feeling which must be natural, since it prevails everywhere, and may possibly be found to have some root deeply seated among the instincts of our moral being. And it is not difficult to discover many reasons for cheerfulness and gratitude at such a season. We have been, during the past year, like a ship's crew on a voyage, proceeding on our course in hope, but still with the consciousness that we were all exposed, more or less, to danger, and often called to witness some floating wreck, which reminded us of our precarious prospects: and just as, on the completion of a voyage, fellow-passengers, as they near the land or step on the shore, will greet each other with a heartier smile, and this, too, although it be but an intermediate port, and they are soon to embark again on the same stormy sea, because hitherto, at least, they have been conducted in safety; even so may all who have seen the close of another year feel that cheerfulness which a grateful sense of sparing and preserving mercy inspires, and congratulate each other on their continued life and health, when many on every hand have been taken away. There is much, however, in our present circumstances that should temper this feeling, and make us "rejoice with trembling." The rapid flight of time, the nearer prospect of an eternal world, the changes we have already witnessed, and may yet anticipate—these reflections, so naturally suggested by the season, may well chasten our cheerfulness, and prevent it from degenerating into intemperate mirth. They may even impart to it a shade of pensiveness; for the young are reminded that the charms of infancy and childhood are irrecoverably gone—their seniors may feel that the strength, the vivacity, the freshness of youth are vanishing away—while the aged and infirm are standing on the verge of the grave, waiting only for the summons which calls them hence for ever. Oh! how desolate is the condition of a soul which, in such circumstances, has no higher hope than the precarious prospect of the present life, and no aspiration for a better and more enduring portion than the world! Youth gone, age advancing, death drawing nearer every day, and an eternity opening before them unprovided for, is it wonderful that mere worldly men should feel that, were they to reflect seriously, either on the past or future, it would fill their minds with gloom and terror, and that the best, the only means of preserving anything like cheerfulness or composure, is a desperate effort to banish thought, and a determination to enjoy the present hour without looking beyond it, in the spirit of that Epicurean philosophy which, as a practical habit, is familiar to many minds which would disclaim it as a speculative theory, and which the apostle describes in its essential character when he says: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!" Hence the riotous mirth of many on the new year. They seize the indulgence of the present time, and shut out the thought of an hereafter; but there is no real cheerfulness here—"even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness." (Prov. xiv. 13.) But there is a *cheerfulness*, widely different from this, which is alike seasonable and legitimate. The close of the year, or the close of life itself, is not necessarily gloomy: it may be made the subject of deliberate thought, without dispiriting or distressing us. True, when an aged man contrasts his withered, trembling, and sinking frame with the freshness of infancy or the vigour of youth, he perceives that there has been a sad and melancholy change—he knows, too, that another change awaits him, and cannot be far distant, which will consign that frail tabernacle to the dust, and separate him for ever from the congregation of living men; but if the soul be ripe for immortality, if it be sustained by the living hope of a heavenly inheritance, if Christ be formed in his heart the hope of glory, then the close of one life, and the commencement of another, may be regarded with much the same feelings —the same, I mean in kind, but proportionably more intense in degree—with which he regards the departure of the last, and the advent of the following year. For as one year ends and another begins its course, so life gives place to immortality, death being but the portal which divides and yet connects the two: and did we suitably apprehend the magnitude and realize the certainty of that glorious prospect, we might look forward to the end of life itself with cheerfulness and hope, and "lift up our head with joy, knowing that our redemption is drawing nigh."

Another feeling, closely connected with the former, and springing from the same source, is familiar to the minds of all at this season. The new year is universally felt to be an appropriate season for the exercise and manifestation of the social affections. Our affections may be equally real and sincere at other times, but there are special seasons when their presence is more sensibly felt and more expressively signified. The love of a parent for his children is a perennial feeling; but the man whose heart is filled by it to overflowing, may scarcely be conscious of its power in the ordinary circumstances and daily intercourse of his family. It is when one or other of his children is absent, or about to leave him, still more if that child be stricken with disease, or exposed to danger, or involved in temporal distress, that the latent feeling is evoked into instant and vivid manifestation. And so our social affections in general are called forth into livelier exercise, and more significant expression, by any occasion or event which serves to recall the recollection of mercies enjoyed and trials endured in common, or to revive our sense of mutual dependence and obligation as members of the same family or the same community. The new year is a season of this kind: it reminds us of much in the past, and leads us to anticipate still more in the future, affecting equally ourselves and those with whom we stand connected in life, whether for weal or for woe. At such a season, it is not wonderful that we should be sensible of a warmer glow of feeling, and a greater disposition to give utterance to it in words and deeds of kindness: but if we be Christians indeed, these affections should flow in a spiritual channel, and find expression in prayer and deeds of Christian usefulness: we should seriously reflect how we have been acting towards our family and friends—what influence our conversation and example have been exerting over them—whether it has been such as is fitted to promote their real welfare, and to ripen them for the coming eternity; or, on the contrary, to diminish their reverence for God and their regard for religion, and thus to accelerate and insure their everlasting ruin. Be assured your influence, small as you may suppose it to be, has left some impression upon them, for good or for evil, during the by-past year; and be persuaded now to consider seriously how you may best benefit them hereafter—how you may counteract, or compensate for, the evils of former negligence or error, and show at once the sincerity and the strength of your love to them, by promoting the highest of all their interests—the welfare of their precious souls. Fathers and mothers! have you no duty to do towards your children which has been neglected, or too carelessly discharged during the past year? Brothers and sisters! can you do nothing more for each other's spiritual welfare during the year that is now before you? The time is short—the work is great. You may be taken away from them, or they may be taken away from you, before the year is closed; and this double uncertainty gives a solemn interest to the question: What *can* you do for them? what *will* you do for them, before they or you are called to enter on the world of spirits?

Thus, the feelings and affections which are called forth by the return of this season may be sanctified and directed to a noble end; especially if they lead you, as they led Moses, to the mercy-seat, that you may there pray for yourselves, and those who are dear to you; for prayer is the noblest expression of love, and the mightiest instrument of good, since it engages Almighty Power and Infinite Benevolence on behalf of those for whom it is offered, and is indeed twice blessed, since it blesses him who prays, and those for whom he prays. You cannot go to God, asking a blessing for others, and return without a blessing to your own souls.

RAKING WITH THE TEETH UPWARDS.

We were amused with the account given by a sensible old farmer, of a minister of his acquaintance, who he thought preached rather too smoothly, with too little application to the conscience. "Why," said he, "he seems to be a good man, but he *will* rake with the teeth upwards." Now this is *very* expressive; there is much meaning in it. Raking with the teeth upwards is as bad as sowing in fallow ground without breaking it up. Raking with the teeth upwards will never gather the hay. Raking with the teeth upwards, or harrowing in the same manner, will smooth over the field, but will neither rake in the seed nor rake out the weeds. A preacher knows not how to do his work who rakes with the teeth upwards. The teeth of the Gospel are not set in this way, but point down into the heart and the conscience. Men of the world, and men after it, do not rake with the teeth upwards, but downwards. Politicians often rake with the teeth upwards. Flatterers always do, but the work which they do is not raking, but smoothing and covering over. Raking with the teeth upwards, in a preacher, is handling the Word of God deceitfully. Raking with the teeth upwards is Satan's work: "Ye shall not surely die." Paul raked the Corinthians with the teeth downwards, and made them both sore and sorry. They sorrowed to repentance; and in this Paul rejoiced, for the Gospel rake in his hand had done its work effectually.

WISDOM CONTRASTED WITH KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft'times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge—a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd and squared and fitted to its place—
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Cowper.

BE NOT RIGHTEOUS OVER-MUCH.

Eccles. vii. 15–19.

There have been various opinions on the advice of the wise man, "Be not righteous over-much," &c. Great numbers have produced it with a view to censure religious zeal, and in favour of a spirit of indifference. Others, who would abhor such an abuse of it, have yet thought it directed against *intemperate* zeal. Others have thought *righteousness* and *wisdom* here to mean a spirit of *self-righteousness*, and a being *wise in our own eyes*. Others have thought the verses to be a caution against *presumption* on the one hand, and *despair* on the other. And some have considered the whole book as a dialogue between a libertine and a moral philosopher; and that the above passage is the language of the former. It is not my design to find fault with any except the *first;* though

I acknowledge they have none of them afforded me satisfaction. The following paraphrase is submitted to the judgment of the intelligent reader.

Suppose Solomon to be addressing himself to a young man, which he frequently does, under the character of a *son*, not only in the Proverbs, but in this book also (chap. xi. 9, xii. 1, 12); and suppose verses 16 and 17 to be an *irony*, or a cutting *sarcasm* upon the *unrighteous* and *foolish* taste of the world.

"All things have I seen in the days of my vanity: there is a just man that perisheth in his righteousness, and there is a wicked man that prolongeth his life in his wickedness."—Verse 15.

I have lived to see many strange things in my lifetime; things that have made me lose all liking to the present state. I have seen uprightness, instead of promoting a man in the esteem of those about him, only serve to bring him to ruin. I have also seen wickedness, instead of exposing a man to the loss of life or estate, often go unpunished, yea, and even be the means of his promotion.

"Be not righteous over-much, neither make thyself over-wise: why shouldest thou destroy thyself?"—Verse 16.

My son, if you wish to go through the world with applause, hearken to me. You must not be very *righteous*, I assure you! nor yet very *wise*. A man whose conscience will stick at nothing will get promoted before you; and a vain, confident fool will gain the popular applause; while you, with your sterling but modest wisdom, will be utterly neglected. Be not over-much wise nor righteous, my son: why should you ruin yourself?

"Be not over-much wicked; neither be thou foolish: why shouldest thou die before the time?"—Verse 17.

Only take care you be not *too much* wicked; for, however mankind are averse to tenderness of conscience, they do not like an *arrant* villain. If you play too much at that game, you may lose your life by it. Neither must you be *too much* of a *fool;* for, however mankind are not fond of sterling wisdom, yet barefaced folly will not always go down with them: if you would please the world, and get honour among the generality of men, you must be neither a sterling wise man nor a stark fool.

As it is the distinguishing mark of an irony to close seriously, and as such a close gives it its edge and force (see 1 Kings xxii. 15, 17; Eccles. xi. 9), so now it is supposed the irony ends, and the serious style is resumed.

"It is good that thou shouldest take care of this; yea, also from this withdraw not thine hand: for he that feareth God shall come forth of them all."—Verse 18.

As if he should say, But hearken, my son; another word before we part. Notice what I say to you, and abide by it. Let the world say what they will, and let things go as they may in the world, righteousness and wisdom shall be found best at last; and he that feareth God will not dare to sacrifice these excellences to obtain a few temporary honours—he will sooner live and die in obscurity.

"Wisdom strengtheneth the wise more than ten mighty men which are in the city."—Verse 19.

A consciousness of his being in the right, too, will wonderfully sustain his mind—far more than any popular applause could do, or even the rewards and honours of the great.

If the above be the sense of the passage, then, it may be observed, how foreign as well as foolish is that sense which some have put upon it, as if it were intended to recommend a kind of *mediocrity* of virtue and vice; whereas this is the very thing intended to be satirized! A sensualist might as well plead for his practices from chap. xi. 9: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth," &c., as a lukewarm professor use this passage to plead for his indifference.—*Fuller.*

UNION FOR PRAYER, DURING EIGHT DAYS,

From Sabbath the 3d to Sabbath the 10th of January, 1847.

Another Prayer Union has been proposed, and the period appointed is in the beginning of January—commencing with Sabbath the 3d, and concluding with Sabbath the 10th. We trust that this proposal may be cordially and universally responded to by all who name the name of Christ, not only in Great Britain, but throughout the world. Truly we need to pray! In these prayerless days we need to be stirred up to prayer! We need to learn what it is to pray in faith, and what it is to pray without ceasing.

I. Our Duty.—Pray without ceasing. (1 Thess. v. 17.) Men ought always to pray, and not to faint. (Luke xviii. 1.) Few Christians remember the *command* thus laid on them to continue instant in prayer. They acknowledge the privilege, but overlook the duty. Hence they do not consider the *sin* of neglecting prayer. Yet who can calculate the weight of guilt at this moment lying on the Churches of Christ as well as on private Christians, for not praying without ceasing? Hours, weeks, months, wasted in folly, indolence, sleep, company, idle visiting, frivolous conversation, unprofitable reading, useless occupations, that might have been redeemed for prayer! What is half an hour, what is an hour, each morning and evening? What is this to Luther's three hours, or John Welsh's eight? Lord, teach us to pray!

II. Our Need of Prayer.—Oh, what need! Words cannot set forth its greatness, nor would a lifetime suffice to declare our manifold wants. What need to pray!

1. *Spiritual life is low.* (Rev. iii. 1.) Compared with the warmth of other days, it can scarcely be

called life at all. We have left our first love. (Rev. ii. 4.) We have become lukewarm, neither cold nor hot. (Rev. iii. 16.) Living religion is a lean and spectral shade. Zeal evaporates in form and bustle. Faith is languishing, and love is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. What need of quickening! What need of vital warmth—a warmth not produced by the mere friction of excitement, but glowing and fresh from the altar above, the warmth of souls baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

2. *We make little progress.* Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. (2 Tim. iii. 7; Heb. v. 12.) In the mighty business of advancing in the Christian course, of growing in grace, we seem, alas! to dream. Five, ten, twenty, forty years fly on, and we seem only at the point whence we started when first we believed! Our light is not brightening, our holiness is not deepening, our graces are not ripening! What a feeble, famished band of worn-out Christians are we! Neither growing ourselves, nor helping others to grow! Oh, what need to pray!

3. *There is much inconsistency.* Our light does not shine before men. (Matt. v. 14, 16.) It is hidden and clouded. At the best, it has more of the red blaze of the meteor than the fresh glad radiance of the morning star. Christ expects us to be his representatives on earth; "as he was, so are we to be in this world." Yet we are not. The mirror is not merely soiled and dim, but marred and broken, reflecting the world more than Jesus from its thousand fragments. We have little of the mind of Christ. (Phil. ii. 1–5.) We are not self-denied, solemn, humble, lowly, gentle, loving; but full of self, pride, levity, malice, and envy. Miserable representatives of the altogether perfect One! Sad, shaded, mis-shapen likenesses of the altogether lovely One! Through us his name is blasphemed, and his Gospel hindered! (Ezek. xxxvi. 20.) Oh, what need to pray!

4. *There is little power in the ministry.* Of Luther it was said, "each word of thine was a thunderbolt." Of Venn we are told, that when he preached "men fell before him like slaked lime." Baxter tells us, that he had reason to believe that he never preached one sermon in vain. How different now! Our sermons fall pointless and powerless. Consciences are not pricked, hearts are not broken, souls are not saved! The sleepers awake not, the dead arise not, the dark world remains a dark region still; the dry bones still lie whitening along the valley, unquickened and unshaken! What a palsied ministry is even that of those who have been most blessed in our day! Where are the pentecostal sermons? where the pentecostal shower? What desolate districts, what lifeless congregations appal the eye and sadden the believing soul! Oh, what need to pray! (Hos. x. 1–12; Zech. x. 1–3.)

5. *Disunion prevails.* Instead of being ONE, the Churches of Christ are rent in a thousand pieces. Instead of being bound together in loving union, Christians keep far asunder, and allow their love toward each other to be chilled. The cement of charity which binds souls together being removed, the whole body crumbles into fragments. Unity cannot subsist when love has fled. What dishonour on the name of Jesus does this disunion bring! It seems as if he had prayed in vain. (John xvii. 20–23.) Sad, strange spectacle to a scoffing world for these eighteen hundred years! Oh, what need to pray!

6. *Wickedness abounds.* What are our large cities but sinks of iniquity; and what are our country parishes, even at the best, but so many barren wastes? The enemy has come in like a flood; error multiplies; superstition spreads itself; infidelity is leavening the multitude; intemperance overflows; licentiousness pours itself out like a flood; ungodliness covers the land. The efforts of Christians to arrest the torrent, or dry up its waters, are unavailing. Perilous times have come. The shadows of the world's evening are stretched out. The earth is defiled under the inhabitants thereof. (Isa. xxiv. 5.) Oh, what need to pray!

III. THE ADVANTAGES OF SUCH A UNION.—It would unite all real believers, removing the many interposing barriers of separation, and drawing them into one. It would kindle love to each other among God's people of every Church and clime; it would tend to separate us from the world; it would present a solemn spectacle to the world; it would fix our hearts upon the obtaining of the promised blessings; it would awaken in us a more fervent spirit of prayer, and make us alive to the necessity of praying more. It would honour God's ordinance of prayer, and Christ's special promise regarding agreement in prayer; it would draw down the blessing from above, so that in answer to our united cries, we should have the Holy Spirit of promise poured largely down on us to gather out a people prepared for the Lord. What might we not expect for ourselves, for our land, our cities, our congregations, the world in which we live? Who can calculate the blessed, the infinite, the eternal results of such a Union in Prayer!

IV. THE MANNER IN WHICH IT IS TO BE DONE.

1. Each Christian should endeavour to set apart as much of the proposed time as possible for private prayer. It is one of the chief ends of this concert to send each individual to his closet, and to summon them to more fixed earnestness of soul in wrestling with the prayer-hearing, promise-keeping God.

2. Besides directing the minds of the household to the objects of the Prayer Union at family worship, small temporary prayer-meetings might be formed among Christians, who may have it in their power to meet with each other.

3. There should be public congregational meetings during the whole period. These ought to be frequent; once each day would not be too often in most cases. This, however, must be left to the judgment of each minister. These public meetings ought by no means to trench upon the hour set apart for private prayer.

4. The previous Saturday should be spent as a day of fasting and humiliation. Let there be heard all that day a cry from the depths. (Ps. cxxx.)

5. The hour between eight and nine each morning and evening, in so far as lies in our power, should be strictly set apart for prayer.

What things soever ye desire, when ye pray believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. (Mark xi. 24.)

Passages for our warrant and encouragement—Deut. iv. 29–31; Hos. xii. 3–6; Zech. x. 1; Mal. iii. 16; Matt. xviii. 19; Mark xi. 22–24; John xiv. 13, 14; Rom. viii. 26.

Kelso.

The Free Church Committee on the state of religion have issued an address, suggesting the following arrangements in connection with the Prayer Union:—

Supposing some part of the Lord's-day, which is on the 3d of January, to be employed in laying open some of the aspects of Divine Providence, some of the provocations prevalent in society, and the duty of the Church in these circumstances, the following subjects might be suitably brought under consideration, and form the chief matters of prayer on each of the following days.

On Monday, the fruitfulness or barrenness of the Gospel in congregations, and especially in the congregation to which the parties belong. "O thou that art named the house of Jacob, is the Spirit of the Lord straitened? are these his doings? do not my words do good to him that walketh uprightly?" (Micah ii. 7.)

On Tuesday, the growth or decay of practical godliness among such as believe. "O generation, see ye the word of the Lord. Have I been a wilderness unto Israel? a land of darkness? Wherefore say my people, We are lords; we will come no more unto thee?" (Jer. ii. 31.)

On Wednesday, the condition of the young, and the means employed for their instruction and spiritual well-being. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." (Mark x. 14.)

On Thursday, prevailing sins, and especially intemperance, as hindrances to the progress of the Gospel. "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither is his ear heavy, that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear." (Isa. lix. 1, 2.)

On Friday, the condition of large towns and populous districts, containing very many who make no profession of religion. "The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the Spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones, and caused me to pass by them round about: and, behold, there were very many in the open valley: and, lo! they were very dry." (Ezek. xxxvii. 1, 2.)

On Saturday, the proper observance of the Lord's-day, and how to begin it so as to enjoy it aright. "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's-day." (Rev. i. 10.)

If some such topics as these were to occupy the attention and form the special subjects of prayer during the week, the way would be opened for practical instructions and directions on the concluding Sabbath; and resolutions might thus be formed, and works entered upon, which would not otherwise be thought of, and they would thus, moreover, be "sanctified by the Word of God and prayer."

THE THEATRE.

Public spectacles and stage entertainments, so alluring to the eye, and so curiously provided, are always dangerous, and often fatal; for by indulging the luxurious and insatiable appetite of the eye, distempers are introduced into the mind, of which it is never cured: the objects there presented to the sight are either corrupting in themselves, or made so by art and circumstance. Piety, goodness, and virtue, are quiet and obscure; they pass through life without noise or figure: but the spirit of intrigue is active and busy, productive of plot and incident. Vice is enthusiastic, impetuous, and picturesque, and furnishes matter of grand effect, fit for stages and theatres. When good and evil are both misrepresented, which mostly happens, the mind of an unguarded spectator catches the misrepresentation, and makes it a rule of action. Let the self-murderer appear with dignity, and the robber be merry and successful upon the stage, suicides and thieves will be increased and multiplied.—*Jones.*

JAMES NIVISON OF CLOSEBURN MILL.

(From Simpson's "Traditions of the Covenanters.")

The farm of Closeburn Mill was, in the times of persecution, tenanted by James Nivison, a man of a saintly character and of unbending integrity. His house was an occasional resort to the wanderers that frequented the district. The curate of Closeburn had no good-will to this worthy man, and he sought every opportunity to injure him. James refused to attend his church—a circumstance which gave unpardonable offence to that Prelatic underling—and he failed not to lodge information against him, as being a disaffected and disloyal person. He had one friend in the parish, however, in the person of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, whose lenity to the sufferers that crept into the woods and glens near him was displayed on various occasions. When the worthy knight learned the determination of the curate respecting James Nivison, and knowing the vindictive disposition of the man, he entreated James to yield so far as to consent to enter the church, though it were only to go in by the one door and out by the other. With this, however, he would by no means comply; alleging that it would be a compromise of his principles to yield even this apparently trifling matter. The knight could not but admire the firmness and honesty of purpose displayed by this virtuous man, in a case in which he deemed his conscience concerned. Anxious, however, to protect his tenant, he made another proposal, and assured him, if he would come only to the "kirk-style," it might still be in his power to save him; but

Nivison continued firm in his determination, and even went so far as to declare, that if the turning of a straw, in obedience to the unprincipled rulers of the time, would save him from trouble, he would not comply. He was resolved to follow what he conceived to be the plain line of his duty, and to preserve a good conscience, whatever might betide. This decision of mind, which some may probably be inclined to call obstinacy, did not lessen him in the estimation of the laird of Closeburn, who determined, since he could make no more of it, to communicate to his honest tenant whatever he knew of the designs of the enemy respecting him, and by this means to afford him opportune warning of the danger that threatened him.

Sir Thomas had a domestic servant, whose leanings towards the Covenanters were no secret to his master, and him he instructed to understand the import of certain signs, by which, when he could not hold conversation with him, he wished to communicate the designs formed against the Covenanters who at the time might happen to be lurking in the neighbourhood, and especially against his friend James Nivison. When, therefore, any proposal was made to Sir Thomas to lend assistance to the persecutors in searching the woods and linns on his estate for persons under hiding, information of the circumstance was instantly communicated, by means of the servant, to Nivison, and others concerned. In this way much mischief was prevented, and the purposes of the enemy in many instances defeated. When these occasional warnings were given to Nivison, he had one place of resort to which he generally fled, and this was the darkly wooded sides of Crichope Linn. Crichope Linn is, perhaps, one of the most striking scenes of the kind in the south of Scotland, and the caverns in its precipitous banks are well calculated to afford a concealment, which few who know the danger of the attempt will care to invade.

One day, however, the dragoons came upon James without warning, and on his first view of their approach he saw that they were too near the house to admit of his making an escape to the woods. In his perplexity he ran into the mill, crying he was now in the power of his enemies, as the soldiers were just at hand. "Not so fast," replied the miller; "doff your coat, and here is mine in exchange." The miller having hastily arrayed his master in his dusty coat, next took a mealy sack, and powdered him all over from head to foot, and left him busily engaged in his own occupation. The soldiers who saw him enter the mill soon followed in the pursuit. Having entered the lower apartment, they examined every corner with the closest scrutiny; they next ascended the upper storey in quest of him who, they were certain, was somewhere within. This place they searched with equal care, and with equal want of success. It never occurred to them that the man who was working at the mill was the individual whom they were seeking, and therefore they paid no attention to him. When they found that all their efforts to find the fugitive were fruitless, and probably supposing that he had left the building by some way unknown to them, they were about to retire, when one of the party, looking in the miller's face, exclaimed, "Here he is!—the very man we have been seeking!" On hearing this, James, who seemed to the soldiers to be entirely absorbed in his employment, turned round, and, with a dauntless countenance and apparent surprise at the affirmation, said, with a firm and deliberate tone, "I think the *devil* seems to be in these men." Such an expression, they thought, could never proceed from the mouth of a *douce* Covenanter, and therefore they interfered no further, believing, at the same time, that his habiliments indicated the presence of an entirely different person from him of whom they were in quest. What James said was true; they were actuated by the spirit of evil in promoting the interests of Satan, to whose service they seemed to have sold themselves; and when these worthless men heard any one use the name of their master in conversation they thought they recognised in him a fellow-servant. On the present occasion they left the mill without having accomplished their purpose. . . . . .

James Nivison, notwithstanding the hints which he occasionally received to provide for his safety, was often surprised by the visits of the soldiers who came in quest of him. One day, when he was least expecting it, a party of troopers approached his house; and he, having no other place to flee to, darted through a window in a back part of his cottage, and sought refuge in the garden. The little plot of herbs was at this time in its most luxuriant state, and the large stocks of green *kail*—a vegetable indispensable in the gardens of the Scottish peasantry—meeting at the tops in lengthened rows, formed a long vaulted cavity so large as to admit, underneath the broad and verdant *blades*, the body of a full-grown man without being perceived. It was into one of these deep furrows, and beneath the green arch, that James Nivison crept, that in this earthly bed he might lie secure from the prying eyes of the soldiers. The dragoons arrived, and proceeded to the search as formerly; and, as formerly, were unsuccessful. Having questioned his family respecting his place of concealment without expiscating anything satisfactory, they departed, expressing their determination to repeat their visits till they found him. Had the dragoons entered the garden with the slightest suspicion of his being concealed within its precincts, there is little doubt that he would have been discovered. It is wonderful to think how narrowly those good men sometimes escaped, when almost the turning of a straw would have revealed their retreat. Wodrow gives a striking instance his in the case of Maxwell of Moncrieff, happened to be in Edinburgh at the time n Mitchell made the attempt on the life of archbishop. When the search was being le for the persons who had committed the rage, Maxwell, fearing lest he should be rehended among the crowd, sought refuge he inn where he had stabled his horse. "He l no place in town," says the historian, "he ld flee to; but he came to Moffat his stabler's se, and begged his landlord to hide him. ffat told him very coldly that he had no ce to put him in, and very indifferently inted to a large empty meal-tub standing in public drinking-room, adding, if he pleased should cover him with it. No other shift ering, it was done, and in a few minutes the nstable and his men came in to search the use, and were soon satisfied, expecting no ey there. They sat down in that very room th the meal-barrel at the end of their table, d called for some ale. While sitting, they ll a talking about the unsuccessfulness of their arch. One of them says, 'I am sure there e many Whigs in town;' another of them pped violently on the head of the meal-tub, nder which Moncrieff was hidden, swearing, It may be there is one under *that*;' and so it assed as a jest, and they were permitted to do o more. Quickly they left the room, and fell o their work in other houses; and the gentleman came out, having tasted of the bitterness f death almost." . . . . .

James Nivison at last saw that there was to e no peace nor safety for him in his own house; nd that, therefore, it would be necessary for im to resort to some place of more permanent ecurity among the woods and lonely caves of he hills, and to associate with other wanderers who frequented the deserts and dreary glens far from the abodes of men. His life hung in doubt every day before his eyes; and therefore he deemed it better to retire to the solitudes than to be teased with incessant anxiety and uncertainty. He communicated his intention to his wife, and showed her the necessity now imposed on him of leaving her and the sweet babe behind him for a season, under the more especial protection of Providence, seeing his presence was the occasion of so much disquietude to the household. "And, my dear wife," says he, "comfort yourself, since it is stern necessity that forces us to a temporary separation. God will be with us both—with me in the wilderness, and with you in this house, in which, though solitary, you shall not be alone. In removing for a season, I will thereby provide both for your safety and my own."

But the wife of James Nivison was, in a moral sense, a heroine, and she was not to be deterred from following the fortunes of her husband, from the consideration that she must lodge in the cold damp cavern, or in the dark forest, exposed to unwonted hunger and fatigue. The thought that she was to be with her husband compensated for all, and she was resolved to follow him, and to suffer with him in the same common cause. No remonstrance, on the part of her husband, could induce her to remain behind him. "I will accompany you," said she firmly, "I will accompany you; and if the archers should hit you, I will be present to staunch your wounds, and to bind up your bleeding head; in whatever danger you may be, I will be at your side, your affectionate wife in life or in death." How valuable are virtuous love and genuine Christian attachment! Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. Thus James Nivison and his wife, too happy in each other's affection to complain of hardship, and happier still in the love of their Saviour, left their home to wander they knew not whither, but safe under the guidance of Him who never leaves nor forsakes his own people, and more especially when they are suffering for his sake.

Their first place of retreat was the woods and caves of Crichope Linn. The mother carried the babe, the companion of their sufferings and their wanderings. The tender infant, exposed to hardship in common with its parents for Christ's sake, could ill endure the cold and other inconveniences to which the household was now subjected. To protect the child, however, from the keen and inclement air, James employed part of his time in preparing a portable cradle, of pliant twigs cut from the willow bushes that grew in the linn and by the sides of the mountain stream. In this little basket was the infant, wrapped in a warm blanket, deposited and rocked asleep; while the soft lullaby, chanted by the affectionate mother, filled with a sweet plaintive music the dark recesses of the cave, the sound of which, wafted stealthily on the fitful breeze, was carried adown the gloomy ravine, and died away among the distant woods. When they removed from cave to cave, the wicker bed was carried with them, and was found to be of great use for the accommodation of the babe, over whom the hearts of the parents yearned with the fondest solicitude.

This pious and devoted pair, with their offspring, were shielded, during the years of persecution that remained, from the malice of their foes. They left their all on earth for Christ's sake, and, by the kindness of the people in the moorlands, they were never suffered to want, God providing for them in the day when they could not provide for themselves. What were the varied incidents which during their wanderings befell them, tradition does not say; but they outlived the reign of oppression, and at last, with glad hearts, returned to their home, from which they had formerly departed in sadness. This worthy man met with his death in the following manner: While he was working among some horses before his own door, one of them struck him violently on the breast, and killed him on the spot. Thus was he, who had weathered many a storm, and escaped the perils of a protracted persecution, killed by accident before his own house, in circumstances in which no danger was apprehended. When the worthy knight of Closeburn was informed of his death, he exclaimed, "Now has God, who sustained this good man in all his tribulations, taken him to heaven by a stun and gentle surprise." "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." James Nivison died in 1704, and was buried in the ancient church-yard of Dalgarnock, in the parish of Closeburn.

CHARLES AND HIS MOTHER.

A DEVOTED Christian mother some years since related what had then recently passed between herself and her little boy, then not far from four years old.

In conversing with the child, occasion was offered her to ask him this question, "Charles, do you wish to go to heaven?" With much thoughtful solemnity, and modest deliberation, he answered, "No, mother!" She, of course, was not a little surprised; and after assuring herself that she had not misunderstood him, she asked for his reasons. "*Why* do you not wish to go to heaven?" The little fellow, his breast heaving with emotion, and his eyes filling with tears, replied: "I have been such a wicked boy, that *I am afraid to see God!*"

Now let not the little reader infer that this child was wicked in the sense of using bad language, or being quarrelsome, or otherwise outwardly faulty; for the reverse was true. All but himself would have pronounced him a lovely and excellent child. But his conscience had been enlightened; he had been taught that God's "law is exceeding broad"—"that the *thought* of foolishness is sin;" that great sin may be committed by the indulgence of wrong feelings, even when not made known to others by words and actions. This truth is entitled to the serious reflection, not of little children only, but those also of larger growth.

READING AND HEARING.

READING the Scriptures and good books is not sufficient for those that are in a capacity to hear. The preaching of the Word is the great ordinance appointed by God, for the instruction, edification, and conversion of those that are to be saved; and it is that which God doth usually accompany with most life and power. As it is in other cases, so it is for the most part here: you are commonly more affected with what you hear men speak, than with what they write. Ministers may write or print their sermons, but not their affections—not that power and spirit of the Word which themselves feel, and you perceive in them. You are most likely to be warmed by the Word, when you hear it coming out of a hot heart. When you see your teachers affected with the truths they deliver, and speaking like those that feel what they speak, you are most likely to be affected too. Though, indeed, the great reason of hearing is, because it is God's ordinance; and He hath not only taken care that the Word should be written, that so all may read it, but hath appointed officers, too, purposely to preach it, that so all may hear it.

THE ERRORS OF IGNORANCE.

WHO so apt to be misled as he that hath no eyes? He that knows not which is the right way, may easily be drawn into a wrong one. "He that walks in darkness knows not whither he goes." (John xii. 35.) Affection is a good follower, but a bad leader. It is too blind to be a guide. It embraces its object, and yet knows it not. It must be beholden to the eye of the mind, light in the understanding, or else all its motions will be but wanderings. It will be sure to rove, where it is not led. It is an egregious paralogism of them that argue against the translation of the Scriptures into vulgar languages, that "that is the way to increase errors and divisions among Christians:" for that multitude of errors which is among us is not the effect of too much knowledge, but too little; as men's losing their way by day-light is not the effect of their having eyes, but either of their not having them, or not using them. Men do not run into errors because they know the truth, but because they do not know it, or are not established in it, or are not able to prove it. Not only pride and obstinacy, but ignorance too, hath a hand in heresies. That which is heresy at last, may be but a simple error at the first; and that, too, men may embrace, not so much, or not only, because they hate the truth, but because they do not know it. "Perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds" proceed from them as being "destitute of the truth."—*Veal.*

Fragments.

POPERY ALLIED TO PAGANISM.—It is impossible to be at Rome without being forced to see that Popery is not so much a corrupt Christianity as a modified Paganism. The land never can have been Christianized. It is in a horrible state.—*Bradley.*

PROSPERITY.—There is ever a certain languor attending the fulness of prosperity. When the heart has no more to wish, it yawns over its possessions, and the energy of the soul goes out, like a flame that has no more to devour.—*Young.*

REGENERATION.—Better it were never to be born, than not to be born twice.—*Taylor.*

A CHEERFUL RELIGION.—Piety enjoins no man to be dull.—*South.*

When religion is made a science, there is nothing more intricate; when it is made a duty, nothing more easy.—*Wilson.*

A true Christian cannot bear the thought of going to heaven alone.—*Adam.*

When men have no love to God, and desire but just to save their souls, and weigh grains and scruples, and give to God no more than they must needs, they shall multiply cases of conscience to a number which no books will contain, and to a difficulty that no learning can answer.—*Taylor.*

O Lord! let me have anything but thy frown, and anything with thy smile.—*Cecil.*

REMEMBERING THE POOR.

BY THE REV. JAMES BEGG, EDINBURGH.

THE Word of God strongly enforces the duty of Christian benevolence, by promises on the one hand, and alarming threatenings on the other. The subject is at all times worthy of our serious consideration, but especially at this inclement season, when we are called upon to open our hearts and hands to one-fifth of our countrymen, upon whom famine, that fearful judgment of God, has fallen with deadly severity.

It is specially our duty to make common cause with them, because for our sins as well as theirs this plague has been sent. The principle announced by our Saviour applies strictly here. Think not that these Highlanders are sinners above all others. I tell you nay, but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.

There never has been any diversity of opinion in the world amongst those who have professed any religion at all regarding the propriety of giving to the poor. The field before us is clear of adversaries; for no sect has ever risen up maintaining that the destitute should be suffered to perish unpitied, and that it would be well if the human heart were steeled against the imploring cries of distress. And every one who knows anything of Scripture, is aware that of all duties enjoined on Christians, none is spoken of as so necessary as that of giving to the poor, and there is none respecting which rules are given so numerous and express, or motives so many and powerful.

But still every one must be convinced that amidst all the applause which has been heaped upon benevolence, there is little real benevolence in the world, and often least amongst those whose professions are loudest. Some seem to imagine that because so much was extorted from our fathers in the generations that are past, under false and impious assurances, the promises of God should therefore be regarded as untrue, and we, exulting in the perfection of our orthodoxy, should feel warranted to turn away from the great duty of ample and diffusive benevolence, although the fulfilling of the law is the very bond and perfection of the Christian character.

I. In considering the *duty* of giving to the poor, it is to be noticed that genuine benevolence is only the fruit of a heart renewed by the Spirit of God. By nature we are “hateful, and hate one another;” and, on the other hand, “hereby we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” Again, true Christians alone delight in the law of the Lord, and are made partakers of the “divine nature.” Now there is no point about which the Law of God or the Divine nature is more clear than this.

Man was originally made in the image of God, and his soul was in unison with the universe of beauty and harmony by which it was surrounded. A heavenly principle of love and kindness was implanted within him, which, had it continued, would have bound all the children of men together in a bond of sacred brotherhood: earth would have been a counterpart of heaven; there would have been no poverty, no jarring, no discontent; each would have sought to promote the happiness of all; and nought would have been heard but the voice of satisfaction and joy throughout a vast and rejoicing family. When sin entered, this goodly order was disturbed and overthrown; this holy bond was rent asunder; discord and strife entered our world; each man looked upon his brother with suspicion, and selfishness was enthroned upon the ruins of our fallen nature. Such is the simple statement of Scripture: and, therefore, instead of now uniting to promote each other's happiness, and to diminish the misery which now began to accumulate, it became the wretched and hopeless aim of men, in which they wearied themselves and distracted the world, to make every object minister to their individual advantage, and to multiply around themselves all the ingredients of earthly felicity. Hence the origin of a thousand miseries; hence the ambition which has ever characterized the children of men; and hence, whilst the upper world was calm and serene with no contending interests to disturb the glorious harmony, this world became a scene of strife, of envy, of jealousy, of dislike, of wars, and rumours of wars.

But when God came out of his place to establish the ancient economy by his servant Moses, it was fitted to prescribe a remedy for this great evil, as well as to point out a way of escape from the ruins of the fall. In the precepts of that economy the risings of selfishness were sedulously repressed; it went completely counter to the whole current of man's fallen disposition, and spoke tenderly of the great duty of providing for the poor. God, in fact, taught this duty in many ways to the Jews. From the first he equally provided for them all—none were suffered to sink into abject wretchedness. They were a large and separate brotherhood, existing in the midst of the other nations of the earth. God brought them equally from under the iron bondage of Pharaoh—the Red Sea stood up as an highway for them all—they were all surrounded with the shield of God's protection in the wilderness, and equally supplied with manna, and with water from the flinty rock. None were suffered to monopolize the heavenly food; for on the morning of every day "he that gathered much had nothing over, and he who gathered little had no lack." And when at last they were ushered into that glorious Canaan, which was cleared of its inhabitants that they might take possession, when they received a large and fruitful country—"vines which they had not planted, and houses which they had not built, and wells which they had not digged"—they were still strictly commanded to provide for the poor; to leave the corners of their fields unreaped, and their grapes ungleaned; and every seventh year the silver trumpets were to proclaim the return of jubilee; and every yoke was to be broken, and all the servants set free; and the whole produce of that large and fruitful country was to be left free to all. "Thou shalt not glean every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger: I am the Lord your God. And when you reap the harvest, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field; thou shalt leave them unto the poor and the stranger: I am the Lord your God. And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen into decay, thou shalt relieve him; yea, though he be a stranger and sojourner. And if thy brother be waxen poor, and be sold unto thee, thou shalt not compel him to serve as a bond servant. If there be among you a poor man in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thy heart, nor shut thy hand from thy poor brother: but thou shalt open thy hand wide unto him; thou shalt surely give him, and thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him; because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all thou puttest thy hand unto. For the poor shall never cease out of the land, therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy brother, to the poor and needy of the land, lest he cry against thee unto the Lord, and it be a sin unto thee." These and many other passages prove that selfishness, which, next to ungodliness, is the great sin of our nature, was effectually checked, and the poor amply provided for amongst the Jews by the divine command; and they prove that economy to have been greatly fitted not only to promote their individual blessedness as a nation, but to set before the eyes of the children of men the true nature of a great evil which had crept into our world, and the means by which it could be mitigated.

But it was reserved for a more glorious dispensation completely to effect this great object—it was reserved for a Teacher more illustrious than Moses to instruct the children of men in the duties which they owed to each other, and thus, as well as by his great atonement, repair the ruins of the fall. His approach was heralded by prophet after prophet, and an universal expectation was excited. The "isles were to wait for his law"—he was to be a prophet "greater than Moses"—nay, the "Wonderful Counsellor" of heaven and earth. And he came not merely to die the just for the unjust, but to publish again the ancient law, which would have secured the happiness of earth—which had always secured the blessedness of heaven. This was one great topic of the heavenly Teacher, "Give to him that asketh of you"—"Call in the poor, and the halt, and the lame;" the poor cannot recompense you, but ye shall be recompensed at the "resurrection of the just;" and hence the explanation of that Scripture paradox: "I write *no new* commandment unto you, but an old commandment, even that which ye heard from the beginning, That ye love one another. Again, *a new* commandment I write unto you; because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth." It was *not new*, because it was the law of paradise—it was the law of heaven; but it was new indeed, as dug up from the ruins of the fall, and very new in the amazing motives and example by which it was enforced. For Christ himself began by manifesting on the theatre of our world the most amazing instance of benevolence which the universe can ever behold, even by giving himself a sacrifice to save sinners from perdition.

And having made this sacrifice, and devoted his whole life to doing good, he appointed benevolence as one great mark of all his disciples. Every society of men had been known by some mark or emblem. The priests were known by their vestments of linen—the Pharisees by the breadth of their phylacteries; but hereby all men were to know that they were Christ's disciples, by the love they bore to their brethren. It was his design to link his people together again in a bond of holy brotherhood, as children of immortality, capable of emerging from obscurity, and shining as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever. And he declared, that so soon as any one became a disciple of his indeed, he laid aside for ever his proud and fierce disposition, and put on bowels of mercies; became gentle to all men; meek and lowly as the master he served; overflowing with benevolence like him who sits aloft and scatters his goodness freely and without restraint through all the earth—through all the universe. Nor was this to be merely a transitory feeling, but one permanent and lasting—the result of a new heart; nay, one that should increase throughout the ages of a ceaseless eternity. When their souls parted from their bodies, and crossed the gulf, and arrived in heaven, a deep interest in all the members of the glorious society there assembled was still to characterize them; though sympathy is there uncalled-for, as care and sorrow and weeping are unknown. All ordinances are to vanish, but love is to endure. Faith and hope are to be swallowed up, but love is never to fail. It is to be the fair garment which clothes all the redeemed—part of the very essence and perfection of redeemed humanity; and they who walk not in love to men—blessing all, forgiving all, and doing good to all as they have opportunity, especially to such as are of the household of faith—give plain evidence that as yet they are involved in all the degradation of the fall—that they are none of the disciples of Jesus, nor members of the royal household of God.

Hence, in all the summaries of practical Christianity found in Scripture, this occupies a prominent place as being an essential fruit of the operation of the Spirit of God: "A good man showeth favour and lendeth. He hath dispersed abroad, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth for ever"—"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?"—"Is not this the fast which I have chosen, that ye deal out your bread to the hungry?"—"Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to live unspotted from the world"—"But he that hath this world's goods, and seeing his brother have need, shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

All the prominent examples of Scripture tend to enforce the same duty. See the striking example of Abraham in Gen. xviii. 1-8, concerning which the apostle says, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." See the example of Job (xxix. 11-17): "I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause that I knew not I searched out." The converted Zaccheus said, "Half of my goods I give to the poor." The prayers and alms of Cornelius came up for a memorial before God; and so universal is this, that on the day of judgment Christ is to say to all his people, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; sick and in prison, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it to these my brethren, ye did it to me."

Indeed, when a Christian thinks what is meant by professing to be a child of Him who maketh his sun to rise and his rain to fall even on the evil and unthankful; when he thinks that he is only a *steward* of all he possesses, and not a lord, and that he must soon part from all his goods and give an account of his stewardship; when he thinks of Him who was rich, and yet for our sakes became poor, and who on earth went about continually doing good; when he thinks that amidst all their poverty the poor are equally possessed with himself of immortal souls, that some of them are heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, and that by cherishing a kind and loving spirit he is promoting his own happiness and the great end of his being; whereas, by hardening his heart he is hateful to God and abhorred of men, he sees a multitude of arguments all urgently enforcing the duty of giving to the poor.

Such is the doctrine of Scripture respecting the duty of self-sacrificing benevolence. Giving to the poor is not a duty which we may neglect with safety; it is not peculiar to any dispensation, but is enforced by the clearest precepts of both Testaments. Neglect of it is a sin, and stamps us as hypocritical and insincere in our profession of Christianity. He that professes Christianity, and is open-hearted and generous, is so far to be believed. But he that is under the power of covetousness, and grasps eagerly after gain, and adds house to house, and heaps up riches as if he were to live for ever, and suffers the poor to cry in vain, and wretchedness in a thousand forms to remain unrelieved around him—be his outward profession of religion ever so great; let him perform the heartless representations of holiness ever so devoutly; let him glory in being able to solve every question in theology, and in astonishing others by the extent of his knowledge; let him pray with the fervour of one upon whose eyes have burst the glories of the world of spirits, and exhort with the eloquence of an angel, and read the Word of God as if he esteemed it more precious than gold, yea, than fine gold; and rebuke the sins of others with all the sternness of an Elijah; and welcome the return of every sacrament as the Jews welcomed the return of the year of jubilee: but still it is all in vain; he wants the grand mark of Christian discipleship—the grand requisite for promoting the blessedness of the redeemed in heaven. He is but a hypocrite and a dissembler; he loves his riches more than God, more than his brethren, more than the glorious rewards of heaven. And, alas! when the veil shall at last be withdrawn from every heart, and the secret histories of all shall be revealed on the day of judgment, how many such will have their wickedness exposed! But we must leave the subject to be prosecuted in another paper.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY.

No sober Trinitarian would take upon him to say precisely to what degree the distinctions in the Godhead extend. It is generally supposed, however, that the term *person* approaches the nearest to the scriptural idea of any term that could be applied to this subject; yet those who use and contend for this term, in opposition to that of three *names* or three *properties*, do not mean to suggest that the distinctions in the Deity are in all respects the same as between three persons among men. The latter have no necessary connection between each other, so as to denominate them one. It is highly probable that there is nothing in creation perfectly analogous to the mode of the divine subsistence; and therefore nothing by which it can be fully conceived. And what if this should be the case? Where is the wonder that there should be something in God peculiar to himself, in the mode of his existence, which we cannot comprehend? If Socinians would but modestly consider the weakness of the human understanding, they would not decide so peremptorily, on the other hand, concerning the unity of God, as that it must needs be *personal*, or not at all. If it be too much for us to say with exactness to what degree the distinction reaches, is it not also too much for them to decide upon the precise kind and degree of *union* which is necessary to denominate the great Creator of the world—the ONE GOD?

The doctrine of a trinity in unity is evidently a doctrine of pure revelation, and could never have been discovered by the mere light of nature. But, by comparing Scripture with itself, we may plainly perceive that the divine unity is not a unity of *persons*. Though there are three in the Godhead who are dignified with the same incommunicable titles of Jehovah, God, and Lord—possessing the same attributes and perfections, and entitled to the same worship and adoration—yet the Scriptures do not exhibit a plurality of Deities, but teach us that Jehovah our God is one Jehovah. The obvious conclusion is, that these three are one God, and that the Scripture doctrine of unity is of more persons than one in the Godhead. The following passages, among many others, are very full to this purpose:—

"Go, teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of *the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit*.—There are *three* that bear record in heaven: *the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit; and these three are one*.—I am one that bear witness of *myself*.—*The Father* that sent me beareth witness of me.—It is *the Spirit* that beareth witness.—And the *Holy Spirit* descended in a bodily shape upon him; and a voice came from heaven which said, Thou art my *beloved Son*, in whom I am well pleased.—When the Comforter is come, whom *I will send* unto you from *the Father*, even *the Spirit of truth*, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me.—Now I beseech you, brethren, for *the Lord Jesus Christ's* sake, and for the love of *the Spirit*, that you strive together with me in your prayers to *God* for me.—*Through him* (that is, Christ) we both have access by *one Spirit* to *the Father*.—Praying in *the Holy Spirit*, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of *our Lord Jesus Christ* unto eternal life.—*The Lord* direct your hearts into the love of *God*, and the patient waiting for *Christ*.—The grace of *our Lord Jesus Christ*, the love of *God*, and the communion of *the Holy Spirit*, be with you all."

On reading these and similar passages, together with a great number of others which teach the proper Deity of Christ, we conclude that in a mysterious way, far above our comprehension, there are in the divine unity three subsistences; and as the New Testament constantly represents each of these three as bearing personal names, sustaining personal offices, and performing personal acts, we think ourselves warranted in accounting them three divine *persons*.

Socinians, however, object to the doctrine of the Trinity on account of its being *incomprehensible*; and Dr. Priestley denies that the first teachers of Christianity taught any "mysterious doctrines, or doctrines in their own nature incomprehensible;" and insists upon the necessity of "considering *in what manner* three persons are one God, upon the general principle that every proposition, before it can be believed, must be understood in some sense or other."

The first preachers of Christianity taught the self-existence of God: "Grace be unto you, and peace, from him who *is*, and who *was*, and who *is to come*." (Rev. i. 4.) But the self-existence of God is allowed by Dr. Priestley himself to be so much of a mystery that "he does not understand the manner of it. He can here distinguish between things which are *above* reason, and things *contrary* to it." "Though it be above our reason," he says, "to comprehend *how* this original Being, and the cause of all other beings, should be himself uncaused, it is a conclusion by no means properly *contrary* to reason." Now, why might not an Atheist demand of Dr. Priestley an account of the mode or manner *how* God himself can exist, upon the general principle, "that every proposition, before it can be believed, must be understood in some sense or other?" Why should not this general principle apply to the manner in which God always existed, as an uncaused Being, as well as to the manner in which three persons are one God? and if it be proper to distinguish between things above reason and contrary to it, in the one case, why not in the other?

The truth is, it is not necessary that everything contained in a proposition should be clearly understood, in order to our being rationally convinced that such a proposition is true. We ought not to deny everything we cannot comprehend; otherwise a man born blind would reason right when he forms this syllogism: We can only know the shape of different substances by feeling them; but it is impossible to handle them at a distance: therefore it is impossible to know the shape of different bodies beyond our reach! A blind man, by the concurring testimony of all about him, may be convinced that the figure of different bodies may be clearly ascertained by sight, though we cannot handle them. But when convinced of this on the ground of testimony, he never can be made to conceive *how* this is true. It is therefore a fundamental maxim, in all true philosophy, that many things may be incomprehensible and yet demonstrable, that though seeing clearly be a sufficient reason for affirming, yet not seeing at all can never be a reason for denying.

When it is affirmed that in the Godhead there are three, and that these three are one God, it has been objected, not only that the doctrine is incomprehensible, but that the terms themselves involve a *contradiction;* to this it might be replied, that if the Divine Being were affirmed to be three in the same sense in which he is said to be one, the objection would be valid; but the contradiction here is only a seeming one, and is no other than what appears in other propositions concerning the Divine Being, which are also true. Suppose it were affirmed that it is *possible* for God to do evil, and yet that it is *impossible* he should do evil, this would involve an *apparent* contradiction; and if the two branches of the proposition were to be understood in *the same sense* of possible and impossible, the contradiction would be *real.* But to say that it is not *naturally* impossible for God to do evil, were he so inclined, is only affirming what is necessary to his being a free agent, and so of being virtuous or holy; and to say that it is *morally* impossible for God to do evil, is only ascribing to him that perfection of holiness which constitutes the true glory of his character. So, to affirm that the centre and surface of the globe are exceedingly remote, and yet so exceedingly near as to be equally the central point of infinite space, is an apparent contradiction, and yet demonstrably true. That the remotest periods of time are alike the centre of infinite duration is also a most evident truth, and yet a caviller might object that the terms of these propositions involve a contradiction; it is like saying that two points may be one, and that one may be two. Yet, opposite as the terms may appear, the truth of the proposition is not at all affected by them, but rests on the strongest demonstration.—*Fuller.*

PARENTAL PITY—FILIAL FAITHFULNESS.

Ye sanctified parents, have ye no pity for your ungodly children? nor sanctified children for ungodly parents? "O, my father, my father, by whom I had my being, is going to eternal darkness! Alas, for my mother, my dear mother! that carried me in her womb, that dandled me upon her knees, that suckled me at her breasts; that did delight to break her sleep to quiet me when I was froward, to look to me when I was sick; that bound my head when it was pained; that wiped mine eyes when I did weep, and my face when I did sweat, because of my disease;—this my mother is forgetful of her own immortal soul—was more troubled for me when she thought I was near my grave, than for herself, though near to hell. When I was young, she took care for me for things temporal; but for herself, neither young nor old, for things eternal. Ere long, she will be dead, and, I am afraid, damned too: ere long, she must go out of time; and, for anything I can perceive, being ignorant and fearless of God and unmindful of eternity, her soul will go into an eternity of torments. O how loath am I to have such thoughts of one so near, so dear unto me! O, it is the cutting of my heart, it is bitterness to my soul! I had rather die, than that she should be damned; and yet it is my fear, she is hasting to an eternity of woe; for, to my observing eye, she is taken wholly up with the cares, and pride, and vanity of this life, and apparently regardless of that eternal world."

Why do not also ye that are parents, that have a belief of an everlasting state, take on, and bewail the doleful state of your ungodly children, that in their sinful courses are posting to eternal pains? "What, my son, the son of my loins, the son of my womb, did I bear him with so much sorrow, and shall he be a castaway? Did I travail with him with so much pain, and brought and nursed him up with so much labour; and must he be for ever fuel for the flames of hell? Have I brought forth a child to be a prey to devils, and a companion with them to all eternity? O, my son, my son! what shall I do for thee, my son, my son?" Thus, whatever relation, neighbour, friend, or acquaintance you have, or others, that you see go on in sin, let it be your grief, trouble, lamentation; when there is an eternity of joys, and they will lose it; an eternity of torments, and they be cast into it.—*Doolittle.*

POPULAR MISQUOTATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

Those who have been accustomed to peruse with care and attention the language of Scripture must often have observed, both in the pulpit and in conversation, references to it which were far from accurate. Some of these, by frequent repetition, are familiar to the ear, and yet, we believe that it will be found that in no case where the language of Scripture has been altered, has the alteration been an improvement in regard to the meaning. Indeed, we have sometimes thought that an argument, or at least a strong presumption, in favour of the verbal inspiration of Scripture, might be derived from the injury done to the sense by what were imagined to be an improvement on the phraseology of Holy Writ.

It is rarely that a professed quotation from the Bible is without some foundation there. We have, indeed, heard the expression of Sterne, that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," adduced as Scripture proof of the compassion of our Creator. But whether Sterne made or borrowed the phrase, he did not find it in the Bible. There are, however, truths and representations there, which may have recommended the expression to acceptance. It is written, that Christ, as a compassionate shepherd, "gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom,"*—that the Lord "stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind,"†—that in his faithfulness he will not suffer his people "to be tempted above what they are able" to bear.‡ Whatever truth is contained in the imaginary quotation is expressed in these passages, and conveyed with that divine *authority* which alone can afford rational support to an afflicted mind.

There is another expression in common use as a scriptural one, though it is not to be found in the Sacred Volume. We mean the phrase "*To be wise above what is written.*" There can be little doubt that this was derived from the New Testament, and that it is the version given by some half-learned interpreter of the apostle's words in 1 Cor. iv. 6, ὑπὲρ ὃ γέγραπται φρονεῖν. Neither the words themselves, nor the connection in which they stand, will admit of such a translation. The expression is generally employed to condemn or rather to deride the folly of those who speculate on subjects which God has not revealed, and which can be known by revelation alone. Scripture itself has sufficiently reproved this presumptuous spirit, when it denounces the man who is guilty of "intruding into those things which he hath not seen, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind;"* and when it teaches that "secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those which are revealed belong to us and to our children."†

Some supposed quotations seem to be formed from a confused construction of different texts. Thus the familiar form of words, "Greater is he that is for us than all they that are against us," appears to be composed of the two Scripture statements, "Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world;"‡ and, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"§ We have met the expression somewhere in the works of Jeremy Taylor with a marginal reference to 2 Kings vi. 16, and probably this is the place where a general recollection of Scripture would lead one to look for it; but neither there nor in any other part of the Sacred Volume will the precise words be found.

The alterations made on passages actually existing in Scripture, seem to have been originally suggested by various considerations. It would seem to be a taste for the parallelisms of Hebrew poetry that has suggested the construing and supplementing the passages found in Ps. cxxx. 4, 7, "There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared: and plenteous redemption, *that thou mayest be sought after,*" or "sought *unto,*" as others more clumsily term it. There is perhaps nothing wrong in the idea suggested by the addition; and yet it may be questioned whether it is the idea of the Psalmist. When the soul is plunged in the "depths" of grief and conscious guilt, its distress tends to despair—and despair to reckless disobedience. But when faith discerns the "mercy" of God, and the "plenteous redemption" he has provided, *hope* comes to relieve its sorrow: "Let Israel *hope* in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption:" and when this mercy is exercised in acts of forgiveness, the heart is enlarged to run in the way of the divine commandments: "There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared."

A similar feeling has probably led to the common change in the blessing of Asher. It is written (Deut. xxxiii. 25), "As thy *days*, so shall thy strength be." By the slightest alteration this is generally extended into, "as thy *day is,*" &c. The passage, in its application to ristians, is commonly understood to contain promise of grace adapted to the varied cir- mstances of their lot—of strength in trials, ection in perplexity, comfort in affliction. e more obvious meaning seems to be similar that in Isaiah: "They that wait on the Lord all *renew their strength*." "They go from ength to strength." Weak though the be- ver is in himself, the Lord is his strength, d to those who have no might, he not only veth, but "increaseth strength." In the or- nary course of nature, "*Days* should speak, d the multitude of years should teach wis- m;" and in what may be called the ordinary urse of grace, days should have their effect d their privilege in mature experience, vigor- s principle, strong faith and hope. Or as Dr. atts has taught children to say or sing of the hristian:—

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* Isa. xl. 11. † Isa. xxvii 8. ‡ 1 Cor. x. 13.

* Col. ii. 18. † Deut. xxix. 29.
‡ 1 John iv. 4. § Rom. viii. 31.

When he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope *at the end of his days*
Of rising in brighter array.

Another form of quotation, apparently sug- ested by the same principle of balance and ntithesis, is found in reference to Heb. iv. 16: Let us come boldly to the throne of grace, hat we may obtain mercy *to pardon*, and find race to help in time of need." Very good, so ar as it goes, but the apostle goes farther in ewer words. It is very true that the believer eeds daily pardoning mercy; but the mercy f God is not confined to pardoning. "*All* his aths are mercy and truth to such as keep his ovenant and his testimonies." In bearing vith their ignorance and impurity, in soothing their distresses, in moderating their chastisements, in preserving or removing them from the evils that come upon the world, the Lord shows his mercy. "Like as a father *pitieth* his children, so the Lord *pitieth* them that fear him." "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in the day when I make up my jewels, and I will *spare* them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

Some alterations seem to have been made with the foolish view of correcting or improving the simple language of Scripture. The Prophet Habakkuk says: "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity." To this some add, "without abhorrence," feeling, probably, that He who sees all things, *must* look on iniquity. No doubt, in one sense, the Lord looks on iniquity and requires it.* "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." But if there be any difficulty in conceiving how God *cannot* look upon iniquity, it will hardly be removed by the additional idea of abhorrence. Either way, there is something figurative in the language. When some scene of abominable atrocity ocurs in the presence of two different persons, one turns away from the sight, he cannot look upon it: the other continues to gaze, though with a painful feeling of shuddering—that is, of abhorrence. It is the former who may be considered as showing the stronger aversion, and therefore the simple Scripture expression states more strongly than the altered one, the eternal repugnance of God to all iniquity.

Very similar to this is a common way of quoting the 130th Psalm, verse 3: "If thou, Lord, shouldest *be strict* to mark iniquities,"—as if God were sometimes strict and at other times *lax* or indulgent in marking iniquities. Perhaps the notion is countenanced, if not originated, by the old translation preserved in the English Prayer-Book, "If thou wilt be *extreme* to mark what is done amiss." So also Watts:—

If thou *severely* mark our faults
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

All suggesting, however unintentionally, the notion, that if some indulgence might be shown, some *abatement* made in the demands of the law, there might be a prospect of our standing after all. It must be remembered, however, that if God marks iniquities at all, his all-seeing eye must mark them strictly. Hence the appropriateness of the prayer: "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." When sin is forgiven, and the sinner reconciled, iniquity ceases to be marked at all. God hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel. The sinner whose days are passed in the wrath of God may well say, "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." But as for those who are pardoned, God "hides his face from their sins." He "casts them into the depths of the sea." Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.

We shall, at present, only refer to another of these imaginary emendations, and it is one of those modest improvements which appear in the guise of a monosyllable. The passage (Heb. x. 22) is quoted thus: "Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and our bodies washed *as* with pure water." The interpolated particle implies that the "pure water" is figurative: and what, it may be asked, is the reality with which our bodies are washed? If the body is washed at all, pure water would seem to be the most natural means. If the expression *be* figurative it should be said, Having our bodies, *as it were*, washed with pure water. But any interpolation is unnecessary; it is very common to connect visible holiness with internal purity in this way, without an explicit simile: "Cleanse your hands ye sinners, and purify your hearts ye double-minded"—"Who shall ascend into the hill of God? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart." There may be, however, in the passage an allusion to baptism—the sprinkling of the heart being typified by the washing of the body. In this case we are reminded of the ancient promise: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you." And if this view be correct, there is an interesting parallelism in the passage,

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* 2 Chron. xxiv. 22.

> "Let us draw near with a *true heart*,
> In full assurance of faith,
> Having our *hearts sprinkled* from an evil conscience,
> And our bodies washed with pure water;"

as if he said, "We *were* rebels, and far from our Lord—*conscious* of rebellion, and therefore unable to draw near. But having this evil consciousness washed away by the blood of sprinkling, we may draw near as *leal-hearted* subjects of the King of Zion; and let us come in full and assured confidence, having received that ordinance which he has appointed to be the visible seal and pledge of all his gracious promises, and of our reconciliation.

PASSAGES FROM LUTHER.

GREAT occasions are necessary to form great orators. You may teach a man as you will in the halls of academies, and enrich his mind with the knowledge of arts and sciences, and refresh his taste by disciplining him in rhetoric; but if there be no great movements going on in the world, he "may sheath his sword for lack of argument." Had Greece not been endangered by Philip of Macedon, we might never have been awed by the thunders of Demosthenes. Who would have heard of Cicero as an orator, had he not lived in the crisis of the republic? Now it was to be expected that at the era of the Reformation, when questions came to be agitated, of all others the most important, when the truth of Christianity burst upon the minds of men with the freshness of a first revelation, and they were awakened to an indignant sense of having been the victims of priestly tyranny—it was to be expected that the finest displays of fervid eloquence would be elicited. Nor are we disappointed. The Reformers, indeed, had no leisure, either in their pulpit addresses or in their writings, to study the artificial graces, though these not are altogether awanting, and we discover in both, so far as preserved, that they brought to the reformation of the abuses of Christianity, a style formed upon the best models of heathen antiquity.

Were we asked to single out the men who might most truly be considered as the orators of the Reformation, we could have no hesitation in pointing to John Knox and Martin Luther. They were, neither of them, so much writers as speakers. The former tells us that he never considered himself as called to edify the Church by the pen, but by "*his lively voice.*" The other has, no doubt, left many treatises behind him; but none would rest his fame upon them. They are written orations. His Commentary upon the Galatians, for instance, will never take its place, for connected and systematic composition, beside the productions of the great expositor of Geneva. It has all the confusion, as well as the fiery vehemence which were inseparable from his temperament. Yet the eloquence of the Scotch and that of the German Reformer were very different. There is a vehemence, no doubt, in the former, as well as in the other, but it is ever under the keeping of a severe judgment. In Knox's style there is a gravity and dignity continually observed; and even when hei s most impassioned, the understanding is still the predominating faculty. But Luther had a vast organ of imagination. He has the originality and the temperament of genius; and there is an intrinsic heroism in his sentiments, which it would be difficult to define in words, but the sublimity of which there is no contesting.

In a former paper, we adduced one or two short specimens of his style of preaching. In the following extract, his subject is the neglect of the Bible in the academies. It was superceded by Aristotle, who exercised such a baneful influence over the minds of men, that our Reformer made it one of his well-known propositions—"He that would be wise in Christ, must first be stultified in Aristotle."

But see what the devil has done in the person of his friends the Papists, who, not satisfied with casting aside this book [the Bible], and so proscribing it that few doctors of theology know its name, or read its pages, must brand it besides as an abomination, wrapping it up as it were in a filthy and sordid cloth, that none might bring it forth, and blasphemously asserting the falsehold that it is obscure, and unintelligible without human glosses! What is this, but to give Paul the lie? (Rom. xv. 4.) He tells us that it is a book for instruction. They would persuade us that it is obscure, and will lead us into error. What punishment ought God to send upon such blasphemers and murderers of the Scripture? Should he make me one of his advisers, I would entreat him, that since they accuse the Bible of obscurity, and would hide it as pestilential reading from the eyes and from the hearts of men, he would judicially give them up to Aristotle, to Averro, and the endless laws and glosses of the pope, till driven at last to the extreme of madness, they dedicate their whole life to Aristotle—ay, and reap nothing for their pains, though afterwards they might purchase for themselves (simple asses that they are) the degree of masters of art, and doctors of theology, when not one of them has learned more than a child of five years old, or what the merest idiot knows by instinct! Indeed, Aristotle is a hundred times more obscure than the Holy Scriptures, and what he does teach is abundantly ridiculous. Have you any wish to know what he teaches? A potter can fashion a vessel of clay, which no other workman could make unless he first learned the trade! This is the most exalted piece of wisdom our eminent philosopher communicates to his disciples, in any of the numerous and abstruse volumes which they ply with so much ardour. If you find anything more sublime than this in all Aristotle, never trust me again; and so much I undertake to prove, whenever you wish it. I mention this just to make you aware how abundantly God has recompensed the blasphemy of the Papists in bringing contempt upon the Holy Scriptures, and branding it as a dangerous book. The effect of which has been, that it has been cast to the moles and bats, and trampled in the dust; and minds of the very first order have been crushed under the influence of that dead heathen philosopher, himself a writer of the profoundest obscurity; what I have already quoted being the very best thing he ever wrote: I say nothing of other passages in which he entertains his readers with nothing less than the rankest poison. The academies deserve to be reduced to ashes, one and all of them. Never since the creation came there into the world anything which could once be compared to this, more pestilential in its consequences, more exactly representing hell and the devil.

The passage which we subjoin is not taken from the volume of discourses; but we have translated it as containing, perhaps, the finest specimen of Luther's eloquence, and the grandeur of his spirit, which could be produced from any of his writings. It is contained in a letter by the Reformer to one of his friends, which stands prefixed to his answer to Henry VIII.

Three years and more have passed since the Papists in their frenzied rage have accused me of flying to Bohemia—a report which they swallow with wonderful eagerness—warlike men, forsooth, triumphing and glorying in this one thing, "*We have conquered!—the heretic has fled to the heretics!*" It is thus that this mad and unlearned beast of Popery, when it has found itself vanquished by argument and truth, and that the whole herd of their asses cannot stand before one Luther, writhing with vexation, burning with rage, has breath only for this one word, that I fly to Bohemia. No doubt, it comforts them to have cast a stigma upon another's name; and they would hold themselves out in the meantime as very terrible who, for ignorance and a bad conscience, can appear nowhere!

I have appeared now three times before them. Last of all, I entered Worms, though I knew that the emperor had broken public faith; for the princes of Germany, a nation once noted for its honour, can now in obsequiousness to the Roman idol, and to their eternal disgrace, trample the most solemn pledges under foot. Thus did this fugitive and timid Luther dare to leap into the very jaws of Behemoth. But these tremendous giants—what have they done? The third year has come, and not one has been found to undertake the discussion with me at Wittemberg, certified though they would have been of the full protection of the emperor. And these are the effeminate and heartless men who look for a triumph from my flight, and hope in this manner to wipe off the shameful cowardice for which they are sounded throughout the universe, inasmuch as they dared not, in the rawness and fearfulness of their spirits, to face one Luther! What, think you, would all these poor bulls of the pope avail them, had they to withstand the enmity of the emperor, and hosts of adversaries? Forsooth, these wretches would have fled into a thousand corners, who now in their kennels, like so many mice, are muttering, "Luther meditates a flight."

The king of England, too, clatters with so much venom about my flight to Bohemia. No doubt, he is a wise man, and believes that his book must be triumphant, and well written, if Luther has fled to Bohemia. So fatuous and weak is the envy of a foolish king!

Now, for my own part, I would visit Bohemia with great pleasure, and see the religion which these Popish monsters detest so much; but I have not gone yet, nor do I intend it. Not that I regard the stigma which these dregs of men, the Papists, have sought to fasten upon a noble people, for the Bohemians did well in separating themselves from these homicides and anti-Christian Papists, who burned the innocent John Huss.

I fear not, then, the reproach of the Bohemian name—I glory in it before God. But Christ has placed me here, that I may vex these Popish monsters, whose envy, incredible as it may appear, can discover nothing in me upon which it can fasten. Christ would have them crucified by their own envy. Here, therefore, wait I for them, and will wait their impotent malice, that I may vex them, and torture them while I live. But, should they slay me, I shall but vex them the more; for I am set up a prodigy unto them by my Lord Jesus Christ, that whether they have me alive, or put me to the death, they shall find no peace nor comfort of conscience, the victims of a double contrition, crucified presently by envy, and doomed to suffer the eternal torment of hell. Yes; the day is come for the death of that detestable Papacy. Its inevitable fate approaches; and, as Daniel says, "It has come to its end, and none shall help it." Well, we rush upon each other—they in the extremity of their rage, and I with consummate contempt. And my boldness in Christ Jesus shall overcome the last struggle of their fury, which has already waxed pale.

DIVINE IMPARTIALITY.

"There is no respect of persons with God." No partiality through ignorance, indifference, injustice, or sovereignty—not from a regard to any *natural* distinction of body or mind. A strong, beautiful body, has no preference for acceptance to one weak, sickly, and deformed. Nor does the largest understanding, the most retentive memory, the strongest rational powers, find favour with him, before those of more limited faculties. Nor doth *national* distinction recommend to his regard; for "in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is [equally] accepted of him." He regards no person as a Jew, or rejects any as a Gentile. He rejected Judas, the wicked Jew, and accepted Cornelius, the believing Gentile. Neither doth any *civil* distinction of rank, office, or power, nor blood, nor birth, secure his favourable notice. Nor does the acquisition of wealth, learning, or reputation among men, afford the least spiritual pre-eminence. "He regardeth not the rich more than the poor; for they are both the work of his hands." No man's person is accepted, because he stands *related* to the righteous. Cain and Abel were brothers, Jacob and Esau, Isaac and Ishmael, confirm this truth; for in each family one was accepted and the other rejected. The Jews, who call Abraham father, are "cast off;" and Dives, in hell, pleaded in vain his relation to him. He saw Abraham afar off—cried "Father Abraham!" and, "in hell, lifted up his eyes, being in torments."

1. This doctrine proves the importance of faith, without which the wicked in prosperity may think themselves the favourites of Heaven; and the righteous in adversity envy the wicked, and fear they are rejected. (Ps. xxxvii.)

2. It proves the importance of character in the sight of God, as it is the only thing he respects, as honourable to his holiness and his grace. He respected Abel and his offering, as a believer; he had respect to the faith, fear, and prayers of Cornelius; and he respects the prayers of his people in their afflictions, by supporting, improving, and delivering them.

3. It warns persons of every condition not to imagine themselves accepted of God, on account of any external or even *internal* superiority to others, whilst destitute of the grace of God; and directs them to seek happiness in *Christ* and *spiritual* blessings. (Heb. xi. 6.)

4. It should inspire *contentment* and *gratitude* in the *poor;* considering, that while external advantages are no evidence of the Divine favour, and often prove the occasion of more sin and misery, God often renders their *poverty* and *afflictions* blessings to them, but never rejects them as poor and afflicted. (James ii. 5.)

5. It teaches all to imitate God, by having respect to principle and character in poor and rich; and to esteem them as "the excellent of the earth."

6. It reproves the Churches which either admit members or choose officers for their rank, wealth, or learning; instead of showing them respect, as they are men "of faith and wisdom, and full of the Holy Spirit."

7. The folly of "looking to"—contemplating with supreme complacency—"the things which are seen and temporal, and the wisdom of living under the governing power of things unseen and eternal."

This impartiality of God is perfectly consistent with the doctrine of sovereign grace, by which unmerited favours are bestowed on the chief of sinners. This is in harmony with justice, which is honoured in their salvation. Here the Jewish and Gentile sinners meet. They possess no claim on Divine goodness; in exercising which the divine *will* is the only rule. "*All* that call on Jesus shall be saved." (Rom. x., xi., xii.) To the *humble* believer (Isa. lxvi. 2), to the *afflicted* believer (Ps. cxxxviii. 6), and to the *praying* believer (1 Kings viii. 28), *God has respect.*

HEAR AND FEAR.

O GREATER and lesser of you, hear and fear! Hell gapes for all delaying unconverts; and, of any, is likeliest to swallow up those whose delays are against convictions. Peter Martyr says, St. Paul dealt more severely with the Galatians than the Romans for the same fault, because the Galatians had been fore-instructed, and sinned against more light. In all the Bible, though it be a history of more than four thousand years, we read of but one that converted just before his death; and we do believe that he also did convert at his first convincing call.

You, as plainly as elder people, do dare God to damn you, all the while you delay your conversion. Therefore it is your duty to convert presently. I have heard of a man much accustomed to cursing in his health, that could not utter any word but a curse in his sickness; could not pronounce "Yes" or "No;" but as oft as he spoke, in several months' time, he bid God to damn. "A most frightful thing!" you will say. And yet, young people, I take you to be in very like condition, all that delay your conversion.

For the language of practice is, with God and men, as significant as any; if not more. If you practically bid God damn you, you are of the same spirit with them who verbally bid him so do: and, if I know anything, delayers do bid him in deeds, as certainly as any sinners do in their words. I appeal to your very own thoughts in the case:—

You are corrupted with sin, and condemned for it. The grace of God tells you to come and take your pardon and your cure; but tells you, "*Now* is your time;" promises you no breath of life but what is in your nostrils, nor any offer of cure or pardon after the first; in every precept, requires present coming. Your delaying, therefore, is running the venture. And that adventuring is plain saying, "Lord, if now, *just now*, be the time, I shall not take hold of it. Though I burn, I will not yet turn. Thou dost not promise to stay longer for me; but, if thou wilt not, damn and do thy worst with me. I would rather thou wouldest change thy word. Blot, 'Now in the days of thy youth,' out of the Bible: write, 'Remember thy Creator when thou art old and bedridden.' But, if this thou wilt not do, I will live under thy threatening wrath; and let its vials fall on me, if they must: I am set against present conversion for thy peace."—*Burgess.*

THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

THE religious of a nation are not its enemies, not the troublers of a nation, not the pests of a state, the disturbers of a peace, as some count them. Ahab indeed reviled Elijah as one "that troubled Israel" (1 Kings xviii. 17); but David would not have said so. He was a godly king, and had other thoughts of his godly subjects; he calls them "the excellent of the earth," and "all his delight" was in them. (Ps. xvi. 3.) The Jews said of the apostles, that they had "turned the world upside down;" but they were unbelieving Jews that said it. (Acts xvii. 5, 6.) The same apostles were counted "the off-scouring of all things, and the filth of the earth" (1 Cor. iv. 13); but it was by those that rather were such themselves. The idolatrous Heathens were wont to condemn the Christians as the cause of all the public calamities that befell them; but they were Heathens that did so. Yet sometimes we shall find wicked men themselves under a conviction of the contrary, and clearing them of this imputation. Sometimes they beg their prayers; sometimes wish themselves in their condition, and whatever they esteem them while they live, they would be like them when they die. Wicked Balaam would "die the death of the righteous." (Numb. xxiii. 10.) Thus conscience absolves whom malice had condemned; and when men come to be cool and sober, they purge the godly from those crimes with which, while they were heated with passion, or intoxicated with a concern for some contrary interest, they had groundlessly aspersed them.

True, indeed, the religious of a people almost everywhere are the occasion of divisions and distractions; and so was Christ himself. He "came to send fire on the earth;" and not "to give peace, but rather division" (Luke xii. 49, 51); nay, "a sword" (Matt. x. 34); "to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." (Matt. x. 35.) And yet nor Christ nor his saints are really the troublers of the world, nor the direct and proper causes of those broils and confusions which many times have been made on their accounts; which indeed proceed from the lusts of the wicked, not the graces of the godly. Sinners cannot endure the light of the truth, nor the power of holiness in the lives of saints; and therefore quarrel with them: but are those saints to be blamed for such troubles as, only accidentally, and by reason of the corruptions of others, arise on their doing but their duty? Is a bridge to be blamed for troubling the water, because, keeping its place, it stops the water's passage, and is the occasion of its swelling and roaring? Are sheep to be blamed for incensing the wolves? or doves, for provoking the hawks? Truly, just such incendiaries are God's children in the places where they live: they disquiet their neighbours only by the good things they enjoy, which others love and covet, and fain would get from them; or by the good they do, which wicked men hate, and fain would hinder in them. The quarrels of the ungodly world with "the holy seed" among them, are but like that of Cain with Abel: he "slew his brother, because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous." (1 John iii. 12.)—*Collins.*

TROUBLOUS TIMES.

When Bulstrode Whitelocke was embarking, in the year 1653, as ambassador for Sweden, he was much disturbed in his mind, as he rested at Harwich on the preceding night, which was stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a good and confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, at length said, "Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?" "Certainly." "Pray, sir, don't you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?" "Undoubtedly." "And pray, sir, don't you think he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?" "Certainly." "Then, sir, don't you think you may trust him to govern it properly as long as you live?" To this last question Whitelocke had nothing to reply; but turning himself about, soon fell fast asleep, till he was called to embark.

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

We may now walk in the streets on God's holy day, and not hear the least noise of a psalm or sound of a spiritual song. It was, not long since, the wont of the Puritans, who were the most precious Christians, to echo forth the praises of the great Jehovah in this duty, especially upon the Lord's-day. Then was there a holy choir in their houses: their children were the little birds to sing the praises of their Creator; the servants likewise joining in the harmony to make up a fuller music. But, alas! now the voice of the bride, singing to her Beloved, is not heard in the places of our abode; there is silence instead of singing, and prating instead of praising, frivolous discourses instead of joyous praises. It might behove us to ponder how much of heaven do we lose in neglecting this service! In singing psalms we begin the work of heaven. In heaven we read of "the song of Moses and of the Lamb," and of "a new song." And the angels, though they have not tongues, yet they have voices to sing the praises of the Most High; and, therefore, that this heavenly service is so neglected and unexercised, "is a lamentation, and shall be for a lamentation."—*Wells.*

A PARENT'S ANGER.

The wickedness of unconverted children is oftentimes occasioned by the sinful severity of their parents. They are provoked, and that to sin, by irregular passions, specially that of an inordinate and immoderate *anger.*

1. *Rash anger.*—When parents are soon angry with their children, when they will not give leave to their judgments to consider before they are angry. (James i. 19.) The wise man tells us, "The discretion of a man deferreth his anger," and that "it is his glory to pass over a transgression" (Prov. xix. 11); but brands rash anger with the mark of folly: "He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly." (Prov. xiv. 17.) It was grave advice to one, not to be angry at any time, till he had first repeated the Greek alphabet. To be angry without any cause, or upon every trivial, slight occasion; for anything that is not material in itself or in its consequent; for mere involuntary and casual offences and slips in our children, such as without great care could not have been prevented; and for these to be so far exasperated as to begin to hate or more remissly to love them; is for a father to fire the beacon of his soul for the landing of a cockboat. It is *that* that exposes the father to his child's contempt and God's judgment. (Matt. v. 22.)

2. When a parent's anger is *too frequent, too hot, or too long.* Anger must be used, as a medicine, only now and then, and that only on a just occasion; otherwise it loseth its efficacy, or hurts the patient. Again: anger, when too hot, vehement, excessive, provokes. It is true, it must be serious; there must be some life and warmth in it: but then when it swells into an excess and transport of passion, it provokes. Such an excess of anger, like a ball of wildfire, is very apt to inflame the child's breast, and to provoke him into a sinful return of wrath and strife. (Prov. xv. 18.) Lastly: anger, when too long, when it lies soaking in the breast, is apt to putrefy. If the sun arises and sets on a man in his wrath, the text tells us who is like to be his bed-fellow. (Eph. iv. 26, 27.) "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools." (Eccles. vii. 9.) And well may it provoke a child, though criminal, to see his father's bosom, where

once he lay, to be now become anger's couch and Satan's pillow.

Thus you see that irregular passions in severe parents are no little provocations and spurs to sin and wrath in their disobedient children: they are like those smart cantharides or Spanish flies—the most speedy and effectual means to raise blisters.—*Lye.*

THE HAND OF GOD IS HERE.

MICHEL was under-sheriff to Sir Anthony Hunderford in the last year of Queen Mary. When the writ for the execution of Richard White and John Hunt was brought to Mr. Michel, instead of burning *them*, he burnt *the writ;* and before the same could be renewed, Dr. Geffrey (the bloody Chancellor of Salisbury, who had procured it), and Queen Mary were both dead, to the miraculous preservation of God's poor servants. —*Fuller.*

LINES ON A SAMPLER.

JESUS! permit thy gracious name to stand
As the first effort of an infant's hand;
And as her fingers on the sampler move,
Engage her tender heart to seek thy love:
With all thy children may she have a part;
And write thy name, thyself, upon her heart.

PETER'S EARLY MISTAKE.

"WHEN Simon Peter saw it (the miraculous draught of fishes), he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." (Luke v. 8.) Foolish man! to whom should the physician come but to the sick? and foolish thing, to imagine that the patient must be recovered before he comes!—*Ford.*

WHAT IS MAN?

I SOMETIMES see, as I sit in my pew during the service, an idle fellow saunter in. He gapes about him for a few minutes; finds nothing to interest or affect him; seems scarcely to understand what is going forward; and after a lounge or two, goes out again. I look at him and think, "You are a wonderful creature! A perfect miracle! What a machine is that body!—curiously—fearfully—wonderfully framed! An intricate, delicate, but harmonious and perfect structure! And then, to ascend to your soul!—its nature!—its capacities!—its actual state!—its designation!—its eternal condition!—I am lost in amazement!" While he seems to have no more consciousness of all this than the brutes which perish.—*Cecil.*

GOD OUR PORTION.

GOD does not offer me health, long life, plenty of worldly accommodations, respect, distinction, principalities, universal empire; but, O unutterable grace! he offers me himself. The greatness of the thing, so infinitely transcending all that we can deserve, hope for, or conceive, overwhelms the understanding, and is apt to stifle our belief of it. "They believed not for joy." (Luke xxiv. 41.)—*Adam.*

Abraham sent away the sons of the concubines with a few gifts; but he settled the inheritance upon Isaac. (Gen. xxv. 5, 6.) God sends away the wicked with riches and honour, but makes over *himself* to his people. They have not only the gift, but the Giver. And what can be more? As Micah said, "What have I more?" (Judg. xviii. 24): so what hath God more to give than himself? What greater dowry than Deity? God is not only the saints' rewarder, but their "reward." "The Almighty shall be thy gold." (Job xxii. 25.) The sum of all is: the saints' portion lies in God: "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup." (Ps. xvi. 5.)—*Watson.*

WANT OF TIME.

WHEN a man says he has not time for a thing, he means that he does not choose to devote that portion of time to it which is necessary, if it is to be done at all; in other words, he prefers to give the same portion of time to something else. Mr. Law observes, in his "Serious Call," that "the greatest of all wants is the want of intention."

Fragments.

How mean that snuff of glory fortune lights,
And death puts out!
—*Young.*

We often want to know too much, and too soon. We want the light of to-morrow, but it will not come till to-morrow. And then a slight turn, perhaps, will throw such light on our path that we shall be astonished we saw not our way before. "I can wait," says Lavater. This is a high attainment. We must labour, therefore, to be quiet in that path from which we cannot recede without danger and evil.—*Cecil.*

WORLD—ITS EMPTINESS.—"Whoso drinketh of this water shall thirst again." (John iv. 13.)

SOCINIANS.—A band of baptized Turks.—*Polhill.*

There are some solitary creatures, who seem to have left the rest of mankind only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

One reason why the world is not reformed is, because every man would have others make a beginning, and never thinks of himself.—*Adam.*

My great controversy is with myself; and I am resolved to have none with others till I have put things upon a better footing at home.—*Ibid.*

If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

The best proof of sincerity is consistency; or, as Archbishop Leighton has it, one action like another, and all like Jesus Christ.

POPERY THE UNION OF CHRISTIANITY WITH PAGANISM.—There is something odd happens in the mixing of Paganism with Christianity. The appearance of Christianity remains, the substance evaporates: the appearance of Paganism vanishes, the substance remains.—*Adam.*

Give what thou canst, without Thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.
—*Cowper.*

WHEN DO WE HALLOW THE SABBATH-DAY?

WHEN we make God's hallowing and ifying it our motive and argument to tify it, by a holy observation of it. When which God hath called "holy" by his di- sanction, we dare not call "common and ane" by prostituting of it to unsuitable ons, words, or thoughts. There is *a real* ng it "unholy," as well as *vocal.* He or she spends the day, or any part of it, in doing or in doing nothing, or in doing nothing he purpose, he proclaimeth to the world t he calleth the day, although he speak not ord. He speaks his heart by interpretation; when all is done, our works are more cre- e interpreters of our hearts than our words rofession. "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, do not the things which I say?" (Luke vi. Then we *believe* it holy, when we *keep* it y.

. Then we call the Sabbath "holy" when sanctify ourselves for the Sabbath, and for ordinances of the Sabbath. If we have no e what frame of spirit we bring with us into day, nor with what frame we drive through we are far from calling the Sabbath "the y of the Lord." "For their sakes," saith Lord, "I sanctify myself.' (John xvii. 19.) *sanctify myself;* that is, "I separate myself olly for the work of a Redeemer." If the rd Jesus separated himself for our sakes, ould not we much more separate ourselves for ? Then we believe Christ to be our holy Re- emer, when we labour to be an holy people— oly as he is holy;" and then we have high, nerable thoughts of the holiness of the Sab- th, when we labour to be holy as the day is ly. An unsuitable spirit is a profanation of the bbath. The day holy, but we unholy—what reproach is this! "Holiness becometh thine ouse for ever" (Ps. xciii. 5); as if he had id, that ceremonies were to continue but for time; but "holiness is the standing qualifica- on of thy day and of thy worshippers for ver."

3. When we make holiness, in the beginning nd increase of it, our design in our sanctifying f the day, and of our attendance upon the or- linances—when we make holiness our busi- ess. It is the great end for which God hath rdained a Sabbath. "Verily, my Sabbaths ye shall keep: for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations; that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you." (Exod. xxxi. 13; Ezek. xx. 12.) Not a ceremonial sign, but a moral sign, a covenant sign, a kind of a sacramental sign, a medium to effect what is promised in the covenant, as water in baptism, and bread and wine in the Lord's supper. (1 Cor. xi. 23–26.) O when God's design and man's design meet; when God makes a Sabbath for a medium to make his people holy, and they keep a Sabbath that they may be holy; this is excellent, this is to call the Sabbath "the holy of the Lord." When we labour to bring as much holiness as we can into a Sabbath, and to bring more holiness out of a Sabbath, to come out of God's day more holy than we came into it; this is to sanctify a Sabbath indeed.

4. Then we call it "holy," when the more pure and holy the Sabbath is kept, and the more purely and holily the ordinances are dispensed, the more our souls do love them, the more beauty and glory we do see in them—as David expresseth his affection to the word: "Thy word is very pure: therefore thy servant loveth it." (Ps. cxix. 140.) It is very sad, when, the more purely and the more holily the word is dispensed, the more people dislike it, and pick quarrels with it; as that vile people did, who cried to their prophets, "*Prophesy not;* or, if you will be prophesying, prophesy *smooth things,* sermons that will go down pleasantly, discourses of peace, that will not trouble our consciences, nor cross our corruptions; but *cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us.*" (Isa. xxx. 10, 11.) It was "the *Holy* One of Israel," &c., the title which the prophets used in their sermons; but their ears were so tender they could not bear it. If the prophets would prophesy of the *merciful* One of Israel, and of the *bountiful* One, the *omnipotent* One, &c., let them go on. But they cared not so much for holiness and strictness, as they pressed upon them from day to day: this did not please their palate. So when it is thus with a people in reference to other ordinances, prayer and the sacraments, the more corrupted they be with the mixtures of men, and of human inventions, the more acceptance and applause they find; this argues that men seek not "Christ for Christ's sake,"

nor ordinances for their purity, nor Sabbaths because they be holy days of an holy God.

When to get holiness, and to grow in holiness, is our design in sanctifying Sabbaths; when we sanctify Sabbaths that God may "sanctify" us by his Sabbaths and "by his truth," as our Lord prayeth (John xvii. 17), then we do call and account the Sabbath indeed "the holy of the Lord."

5. We do truly count the Sabbath "the holy of the Lord," when we come out of Sabbaths, as Moses came down from the mount—with our faces shining; when we bring with us the savour of Christ, his sweet ointments upon our garments (Ps. xlv. 8); when they with whom we converse may take notice that we "have been with Jesus." (Acts iv. 13.) It is sad when men come out of a Sabbath just such as they came in—as vain and loose, as proud, worldly, wanton, "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God;" in a word, as fit for sin as they were before.

They sanctify the Sabbath, indeed, who can in truth say with the apostle, "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass," or *mirror*, "the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." (2 Cor. iii. 18.) When the Sabbath leaves its image and impress upon us, in some measure, then we do count it and keep it holy. Surely the Sabbath is the very spring upon which the holy conversation of the whole week is turned and moved. And therefore it is observable that the Sabbath stands, as it were, betwixt the two tables—the last precept of the first table, and the preface to the second—to show us that it is the bond of union between both tables; that, without a severe sanctification of the Sabbath, the duties of both tables will fall to the ground. Whence, in the primitive times of Christianity, the strict observation of the Sabbath was accounted the principal character of a true saint. And so it is even at this day: there are no such Christians, for exemplary holiness, as those who are taken notice of to make most conscience of sanctifying the Sabbath.

THE NATIVE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN MADEIRA—ITS RISE, SUFFERINGS, AND OVERTHROW.

We lately gave a sketch of the life of Nicolau Tolentino Vieyra, and Francisco Pires Soares, the first two converts from Popery in Madeira. They have been only the first-fruits of a large ingathering to the Lord from among the Roman Catholics of that island.

From the time that he was liberated from prison, in January 1844, down till January 1845, Dr. Kalley continued his expositions of Scripture, without any molestation from the Portuguese authorities, except that the process against him in the courts of law was dragging its slow length along. These expositions were numerously attended both in Funchal and in St. Antonio da Serra, where the Doctor resided during the summer months. In addition to this, the Bible was pretty extensively circulated among the people. There is no law of Portugal prohibiting the introduction of Bibles into the country; any number may be passed through the custom-house on paying a certain duty levied on books. Neither is there any law against circulating the Word of God, though of course the priests, when they came to know what the Bible was, and saw its effects, used all the power of the Church to prevent the people from receiving or keeping it. Many copies of the Portuguese Scriptures were therefore imported, and sold or given to the people, who showed the greatest possible eagerness to obtain them. Farther, to call the people's attention to the way of salvation, and to instruct them in the knowledge of it, Dr. Kalley caused to be printed several little tracts, containing a plain, simple statement of some of the leading fundamental truths of the Gospel, and one of these tracts he was in the practice of giving to every patient who consulted him. By these means, when Dr. Kalley gave up his public expositions in February 1845, in consequence of an agreement with the Portuguese Government, into which, by the pressure of circumstances, he was compelled to enter, the seed of the Word had been scattered far and wide among the people. Many were beginning to feel the power of the truth; and some had already passed from darkness into light, were worshipping God in the Spirit, rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and had no confidence in the flesh. Perhaps about twenty individuals had at this time formally and fully renounced Popery.

Just at the period when Dr. Kalley was compelled to discontinue his expositions, the Rev. William H. Hewitson arrived in Madeira. During a short sojourn of three or four months at Lisbon he had acquired such a knowledge of the Portuguese language, as enabled him to be understood by the Madeirenses. At the time of his arrival the people were in great affliction, by reason of their having been deprived of the spiritual instruction which they had for some time enjoyed. Mr. Hewitson knew the value of souls, he was full of zeal for the glory of Christ, he saw a people as sheep without a shepherd, yet desiring intensely the green pastures and still waters, and he gave himself at once earnestly and affectionately to the work of their instruction. In his labours Dr. Kalley took no part, as he felt himself bound to keep strictly to the terms of his agreement with the Portuguese Government. Mr. Hewitson acted entirely on his own responsibility, taking for his warrant his Master's commandment, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." His teaching was peculiarly adapted to the wants of these poor people, and they soon were strongly attached to him. His position became a deeply interesting, but exceedingly difficult, and in some respects a very painful, one. On the one hand, the people were pressing for instruction beyond what his utmost strength, though he had been left at perfect freedom, could supply. On the other hand, he was suspected by the Popish authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, watched, and more than once officially interdicted; and he felt it no easy matter to steer a right course between a prudent caution in his proceedings, and faithfulness to the Lord Jesus and to souls. But onward he went, and the Lord was with him. The people continued to steal to him in small parties, and often by night. So anxious for instruction were they, and yet so fearful and cautious, that from a distant part of the island a band of them was wont to start towards dusk, and reaching Funchal about midnight, they slept on the bare floor in an unfurnished part of Mr. Hewitson's house, received instructions from him in the morning, spent the day in his house, enjoyed another exposition towards evening, and when the shadows of the night fell, set out on their return to their distant home.

A signal blessing descended on Mr. Hewitson's instructions. A considerable number found peace in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. These became preachers of righteousness to their neighbours, and thus the knowledge and love of the truth continued to extend and deepen. A marked change of temper and life bore witness that many were savingly converted, and of these some had once been bitter persecutors. Many others were reading the Bible, were under convictions of sin, and were inquiring after the way of salvation. They met secretly, in each other's cottages, to read the Scriptures, to talk together of what they read, and to pray. At dead of night, parties of them assembled with Mr. Hewitson for worship, and to celebrate the communion. Hatred and terror were around them, but they were full of love and peace. Marvellous was their hungering and thirsting for the Word—unspeakable was their joy. At one of their midnight meetings Mr. Hewitson ordained elders and deacons over them, and the Lord seemed to be daily adding to his Church in Madeira.

But a fearful storm has burst on that little flock. By the constitutional charter of Portugal, the citizens of that kingdom may be of what religion they please, provided they respect the religion of the State. But the priesthood and the civil authorities in Madeira combined in trampling on this provision of the charter. From time to time several of the Bible Christians were imprisoned and fined; one was condemned to death; several were beaten in their houses, or on the highway, and the Government did not punish, but seemed rather to encourage, the perpetrators.

As the number of Bible Christians increased, the hatred of Popery to them and to the truth waxed more intense, and was more fiercely manifested. About twelve months ago a company of the poor people, to the number of fifty, unable any longer to endure the sufferings to which they were subjected, and the terror in which they were kept, fled from the island, and sought refuge in St. Kitts.

On Sabbath the 2d of August last, a mob, encouraged by the conduct of the authorities, and directly excited and headed by a priest—a canon of the cathedral—attacked, and at midnight broke into the house of the Misses Rutherfurd, young ladies from Scotland, in which some of the converts had that day been permitted to meet for worship. The people had been watched, and counted when going to the meeting. Whilst they were assembled the mob collected. After the meeting was over, when Senhor Arsenio, the gentleman who conducted it, went out with three or four others to go away, the priest thrust a crucifix in his face, ordered him to adore his god, called him heretic and apostate, and knocked off his hat. He escaped, however, without further injury; but those who were in the house were intimidated, and asked permission to remain. They were watched by the mob all day. About eleven o'clock at night the mob forced their way within the grounds; and when Miss Rutherfurd remonstrated with them, they insisted on an immediate entry into the house, or on her turning out all the Portuguese, assuring her that not one of them should escape death. On her positively refusing this, the attack on the house began. "During a pause of the attack," says Miss Rutherfurd, "I spoke again from the balcony, and urged the danger they were incurring—that I would complain to the consul, and they would suffer. '*Naō ha leis pelos Calvinistas*—There are no laws for Calvinists.' If I would not open the door they would burn the house; and as they said this, they broke a window below. Then one called out, '*He melhora Senhora retirar—se; eu vou matalla*—It is better for the lady to withdraw; I will kill her.' I sprung back, and an immense stone fell where I had been standing."

After having smashed the door to pieces, the ruffians entered. One poor blind man Miss Rutherfurd concealed beneath a bed, telling him that they had now no help but God, and that he must plead with him for protection. He was in the Lord's hand, he said, and like a little child did what he was bid. The rest Miss Rutherfurd and her servant put in the kitchen, as being the most distant part of the house, and most likely to be the last reached by the mob. There the poor people betook themselves to prayer. The ruffians went straight to the room of the invalid Miss Rutherfurd, where they saw a light: they demanded the Portuguese, and were told that they might search for them. "At last," writes Miss Rutherfurd, "we heard the yell as they found their prey assembled in the kitchen. They seized the first man in the room, threw him over the stairs, bruised and cut his head, and his whole body was mangled; but, ere they had time to seize another, the police and soldiers came up, and entering by the kitchen stairs' door, which the wretches had just opened, that they might drag out their prey to be murdered in the garden, they caught them in the house in the act of killing the poor man. His life was saved. The guard took the rest of the poor creatures under their care, seized two of the ruffians, and sent them off to prison." These two prisoners were liberated next day without any punishment, and the Misses Rutherfurd, one of them a very great invalid, took refuge, by the advice of the British consul, on board a British merchantman in the bay.

On the following Sabbath, the 9th of August, the mob, which had been thoroughly organized during the week, and was now confident of impunity, attacked Dr. Kalley's house. He had left it in disguise very early in the morning, and retired to the house of a friend. Thence, whilst the assault on his house was going on, he was carried down to the beach in a palanquin, disguised in female attire, and got on board the British West India steamer, which had just come in. His boat had scarcely pushed off, when the mob arrived at the beach in pursuit of him. They had previously broken into his house, the civil governor of the island, the chief of the police, and the British consul, with a body of soldiers, standing by and offering no opposition! Not finding Dr. Kalley, as they confidently expected to have done, they destroyed his medicines, and cast out into the street and burnt his books, including a large number of Bibles. It is worthy of remark, as throwing some light on the nature and origin of these atrocious proceedings, and as indicating something more than mere mob violence, that whilst the printed books were destroyed, manuscripts and letters were preserved and examined—doubtless, in the hope of finding something to criminate Dr. Kalley.

Among these manuscripts and letters there was found a list, in Mr. Hewitson's handwriting, of the elders, deacons, communicants, and catechumens of the little Protestant Church. On leaving the island in June last, Mr. Hewitson, not knowing what might befall him, and judging it proper that such a record should be in existence, had put it into the hands of Mrs. Kalley, and in the hurry and alarm of leaving the house, she had forgotten to take it with her, or destroy it. The Popish authorities were thunderstruck to find that this list contained 240 names, that of these 151 were communicants, that the Lord's supper must have been frequently celebrated, and that a Presbyterian Protestant Church had been organized. There is something very striking in the secrecy which had been preserved, when the number of the communicants and converts was so great. The communion had been dispensed a considerable number of times. The converts not daring to assemble all together, had met in dark moonless nights, in companies of thirty or forty, and, we believe, on one occasion, upwards of sixty had come together; yet of all that their enemies had remained entirely ignorant. Had it been otherwise, the violence of the Papists would have broken out long before. "O how great is Thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men! Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues."

The list found among Mrs. Kalley's papers was put into the hands of the governor, and copies circulated in Funchal. It served to direct the Papists to their victims. Not that any formal legal prosecution was now instituted by the Government against the converts, but a much more summary and effectual mode of disposing of them was adopted—they were surrendered to the tender mercies of the lawless agents of Popery; and, indeed, it scarcely needed the list to point out who the converts were. As soon as it was known that Dr. Kalley had been compelled to leave the island, the great body of the native Protestants in terror abandoned their houses, and fled to the mountains. Their houses were forthwith pillaged, they themselves were hunted by their persecutors, and, when discovered, they were mercilessly beaten, with the avowed object of compelling them to return to mass. One man at least was killed outright, being beaten to death on the public road, and several were all but murdered. Some of the poor people betook themselves to the Desertas—small uninhabited rocky islands, about ten or twelve miles off Maderia—and thence, it is believed, they were conveyed by different ships to the West Indies. Many found their way on board the *William*, the vessel in which the Misses Rutherfurd had taken refuge. These got off with nothing but the clothes they wore, and their copies of the Word of God, with which they never parted. Several of God's children in Funchal felt it to be a privilege and honour to aid these poor people in their deep distress. Contributions in money were made, and some of the shopkeepers sent parcels of clothing. The poor sufferers had grace given them to rejoice in their tribulations; and their Christian temper and spirit were most striking and wonderful. The wife of an English clergyman, herself in considerable danger, thus writes to a friend: "Miss Rutherfurd was quite invaluable on board the vessel, dividing the goods, and apportioning them justly. She said it was delightful to see the absence of self in the recipients, each appearing more anxious to tell the wants of his neighbour than his own. So much did the spirit of love appear to prevail among them, that the mate was heard to observe one day, '*How these folk love one another!*' Persecuted as they were, they never spoke against their persecutors, only mentioning them with pity, as still in darkness; and Miss Rutherfurd overheard them in prayer praying for their enemies, and for those who had turned again to the '*Casas d' Idolatria*.' One of the persecuting party went in the *William* to Trinidad; he had been bitter against them. When he came on board, he was found to be in a state of the utmost destitution, and these poor people *made him up* from their own scanty supplies; thus indeed showing forth one of the 'fruits of the Spirit,' by so literally, and whilst yet smarting, returning 'good for evil.'"

In a few days the *William* sailed for Trinidad with two hundred and eight of the persecuted Portuguese on board, and information has been received of her safe arrival, and of the Portuguese having found employment, chiefly as labourers, among the different plantations. Other vessels have since taken off many others, and it is understood that about five hundred, of all ages, have sought refuge in Trinidad. The Portuguese authorities in Madeira have facilitated, rather than otherwise, the departure of the Protestants, their wish apparently being to crush and utterly extinguish, by any means, Bible-truth in the island. Whether the Lord will permit this we know not. Perhaps the call having been given, and the Gospel having been preached for a witness, those who have rejected the call, and loved the darkness rather than the light, are now to be left to the ways of their own choosing, and to believe a lie. One thing is plain, that Popery hates the light, and will not tolerate any examination of her claims and doctrines, nor any withdrawal from her communion, and that to prevent these she is the same cruel and bloody persecutor that ever she was.

Is it not amazing, that out of one of the deadest and most corrupt masses of Popery to be found in all the world, such a living Church should, in so short a period, have been raised? "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." None but those who have seen what unmitigated Popery makes men, can have any adequate notion of the blessed change which the truth produced on these poor Madeirenses. Darkness and light—death and life, are indeed fit emblems of that change. To comfort and build them up in the faith of the blessed Jesus, their beloved minister, the Rev. William Hewitson has agreed to go out to Trinidad for a few months, and we trust further and permanent provision will be made for their spiritual instruction. Under the shelter of the British power and laws they will enjoy liberty of conscience, and will prove useful, we trust, in various ways, to their new home. They have, indeed, forsaken all for Christ; and can we doubt that our Lord's words will be fulfilled to them, "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life!"

THE SINS OF THE EAR.

1. A careless ear, which heareth the word of God and the private exhortations of his servants, as if it heard them not. 2. A sottish, sleepy ear, that heareth the word of God but as a confused sound, and understandeth not, nor feeleth what is heard. 3. A scornful ear, which despiseth the message of God, and the reproofs and counsel of men, and scorneth to be reproved or taught. 4. An obstinate, stubborn ear, which regardeth not advice, or will not yield. 5. A profane and impious ear, which loveth to hear oaths and curses and profane and blasphemous expressions. 6. A carnal ear, which loveth to hear of fleshly things, but savoureth not the words which savour of holiness. 7. An airy hypocritical ear, which loveth more the music and melody, than the sense and spiritual elevation, of the soul to God; and regardeth more the numbers and composure and tone, than the matter of preaching, prayer, or other such duties; and serveth God with the ear, when the heart is far from him. 8. A curious ear, which nauseateth the most profitable sermons, prayers, or discourses, if they be not accurately ordered and expressed; and slighteth or loseth the offered benefit, for a modal imperfection in the offer or instrument; and casteth away all the gold because a piece or two did catch a little rust: and perhaps quarrelleth with the style of the Sacred Scriptures, as not exact or fine enough for its expectations. 9. An itching ear, which runs after novelties, and a heap of teachers, and liketh something extraordinary better than things necessary. 10. A selfish ear, which loveth to hear all that tends to the confirmation of its own conceits, and to be flattered or smoothed up by others, and can endure nothing that is cross to its opinions. 11. A proud ear, which loveth its own applause, and is much pleased with its own praises, and hateth all that speak of him with mean, undervaluing words. 12. A peevish, impatient ear, which is nettled with almost all it heareth; and can endure none but silken words, which are oiled and sugared, and fitted by flattery or the lowest submission, to their froward minds; and is so hard to be pleased, that none but graduates in the art of pleasing can perform it. 13. A bold presumptuous ear, which will hear false teachers and deceivers

in a proud conceit, and confidence of their own abilities, to discern what is true and what is false. 14. An ungodly ear, that can easily hear the reproach of holiness, and scorns at the servants and ways of Christ. 15. A neutral, indifferent ear, that heareth either good or evil, without much love or hatred, but with a dull and cold indifferency. 16. A dissembling, temporizing ear, which can complyingly hear one side speak for holiness, and the others speak against it, and suit itself to the company and discourse it meets with. 17. An uncharitable ear, which can willingly hear the censures, backbitings, slanders, revilings, that are used against others, yea, against the best. 18. An unnatural ear, which can easily and willingly hear the dishonour of their parents, or other near relations, if any carnal interest do but engage them against their honour. 19. A rebellious, disobedient ear, which hearkeneth not to the just commands of magistrates, parents, masters, and other governors, but hearkeneth with more pleasure to the words of seditious persons that dishonour them. 20. A filthy, unclean, and adulterous ear, which loveth to hear ribald speeches, and love-songs, and romances, and lascivious plays, and the talk of wanton lust and dalliance. 21. A self-provoking ear, that hearkeneth after all that others say against them, which may kindle hatred, or dislike, or passion in them. 22. A busy, meddling ear, which loveth to hear of other men's faults, or matters which concern them not, and to hearken to tattlers, and carry-tales, and make-bates, and to have to do with evil reports. 23. A timorous, cowardly, unbelieving ear, which trembleth at every threatening of man, though in a cause which is God's, and he hath promised to justify. 24. An idle ear, which can hearken to idle, time-wasting talk, and make the sins of tattlers your own. All these ways (and more) you are in danger of sinning by the ear, and becoming partakers in the sins of all whose sinful words you hear, and of turning into sin the words of God, and his servants, which are spoken for your good.—*Baxter.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF APOSTASY.

THE DUKE OF LAUDERDALE.

The only other illustration of the effects of apostasy which we would submit in this series, is that of John, the second Earl, and only Duke of Lauderdale. He was born at Lethington, on the 24th day of May, in the year 1616. During the early period of his life he was a zealous friend of the Covenant, and took part with the leading men of his time, in forwarding the cause of pure and undefiled religion. He engaged with activity in the movements of the Covenanters, and in his own person submitted to their most strict and salutary laws. So prominent was the part which he acted, and so completely was his conduct in accordance with the sentiments of the ministers and nobles who were then struggling for religious freedom, that in the year 1643, he and Sir Archibald Johnston, afterwards Lord Warriston, and a martyr to the truth, were appointed lay assessors to the Scottish ministers, Henderson, Gillespie, Rutherford, and Baillie, at the Westminster Assembly. The subject of this notice was then only twenty-seven years of age, and this single fact is enough to show the prominence of his position, his reputation for zeal in the cause of religion, and the extent of his influence among the friends of liberty and the nation. He took part in the business of the General Assemblies, and, looked at by short-sighted man, he might be decidedly reckoned among the valiant for the truth.

Lord Maitland (such was Lauderdale's title at that period) is known to have given regular attendance, and to have taken a deep interest in the proceedings of the Westminster Assembly. He was then zealous in the cause of religious reformation, and appeared at the time to be a thorough Presbyterian. The Solemn League and Covenant was approved of by both Houses of Parliament (30th August 1643), and the members of the House of Commons, together with the Assembly of Divines, subscribed that deed with all the solemnity that religion could give to such a transaction. Alexander Henderson addressed them prior to their affixing their signatures, and amid all this solemnity, Maitland was ever forward, like Henderson himself, or Rutherford, or Baillie, to defend the principles, and proclaim his adherence to the cause for which his country was then so stedfastly contending. In order to estimate aright the character of Maitland, it should here be remembered that the Solemn League and Covenant, sworn in 1643, had for one of its objects the preservation of the Church of Scotland from those attempts to subvert her principles, which her enemies were strenuously making, by forcing upon her a creed and customs which she literally abhorred. Subscription to such a document, in such circumstances, implied no small measure of resolution; and when we think of the scenes that took place in the church-yard of the Greyfriars in Edinburgh, when that deed was so solemnly subscribed, even to blood, the adhibiting of a signature implies that the subscriber had caught somewhat of the national enthusiasm, and felt the magnitude of the nation's aims.

But it is not from his public life alone that we learn the sentiments and views of Maitland during the earlier period of his history. In a letter addressed to him from Edinburgh (1660), the ministers of religion appeal to him as one who had concerned himself so much in the welfare of the Church, and so proved his interest by his letters, that the friends of truth "were exceedingly satisfied and refreshed." It is probable that by that time he had begun to lay the train, in conspiracy with Sharp, and Charles, which was to explode the institution for which so much blood had been shed and so many prayers offered. But Maitland had so long appeared zealous for the truth that those godly men had not yet begun to suspect they were betrayed, and trusted him as they had been wont to do, when, at a lower level than that of Secretary of State, he had sworn the Covenant, and vowed to uphold the cause of religion in terms of that solemn deed. It will show the extent of his zeal, and the firmness of his adherence to the Covenant, to remark that, proud and ferocious as he was by nature, he at one period was obliged by his rigorous friends, to make a public confession of sin, in the church at Largs, for certain of his measures (1648), though it is supposed by some that he never forgot that indignity. Subsequently to that period, he was imprisoned as a Royalist for nine years in the Tower of London, and it is alleged that it was while he was a prisoner there that his views in religion were completely changed—a change whose extent may be understood from the following sentence of Baillie, written while the Scottish commissioners were in London at the Westminster Assembly: "Thanks to God," he says, "never colleagues had a greater harmony, for to this hour not the least difference, the smallest eyclist betwixt any of us, either State or Church commissioners, in anything, either public or private." The man whose instructive history we are sketching then appeared to be like-minded with Henderson, and Rutherford, and Johnston of Warriston. There was not, to man's eye, "*the least difference*" between him and them. Nay, even at a later period (1661), when Sharp and some of his creatures were plotting the overthrow of the Church of Scotland as then established, Lauderdale for a time firmly opposed the proposal, as likely to prove injurious both to the king and the nation. But he was overborne; Sharp and the Earl of Middleton carried their purpose, and Scotland was soon soaked in blood.

We have already seen that Sharp had utterly abandoned principle, and became a traitor to his Church and friends, during his residence in London. That cold-blooded and most selfish man had complied with the injunctions, and owned the government of Cromwell, had solemnly abjured the whole family of the Stuarts, as well as abandoned tenets which he once professed to hold with more than ordinary tenacity; and Lauderdale, though less guilty in some respects than Sharp, yet made as thorough shipwreck of his principles, and became, from a sworn and prominent friend of the Covenant, the ruthless persecutor of its honest adherents. He proceeded to Breda prior to Charles' restoration, and, ranking as he did among those who were then reckoned "Malignants," was a party to the unprincipled proceedings which terminated in that monarch's return to his kingdom and his crown. Lauderdale was then made Secretary of State for Scotland, and not long thereafter entered on a career whose history might be traced in blood.

But it was some time before he came to enjoy his unlimited power in Scotland; for Middleton, his rival, stood in his path to eminence in guilt as in office. That minion of Charles, however, prepared the way, by his excesses, for Lauderdale to indulge the full bent of a ruthless and brutalized nature when he came at last into power. During a procession through the west of Scotland, it is known that Middleton and his Council were rarely sober. It is stated by Kirkton that at Ayr "they even drank the devil's health at the Mercat Cross;" indeed, Middleton's whole deportment was ferocious and tyrannical. Yet such was the man whom a covenanted king raised up to rule, with somewhat of the authority of a viceroy, over the affairs of unhappy and distracted Scotland, and such a state of things directly prepared the way, for all the atrocities of Lauderdale. Being a wit and an accomplished courtier, he at last succeeded in undermining Middleton, who was accused of high treason, and as Lauderdale had become the pander and privado of his sovereign's pleasures, his influence in an abandoned court soon became paramount. Middleton, the oppressor of Scotland, was sent to Tangier as a place of official exile, and there died of injuries received while in a state of intoxication.

One of Lauderdale's first notorious atrocities was his conduct at the trial of Johnston of Warriston. After long exile and many escapes, that remarkable man was seized in France, and imprisoned there. He was transferred to the Tower of London, and thence to Edinburgh, in the year 1663. During his trial, some voted for delay; and Lauderdale, who knew that he had something to fear if Johnston were spared, interfered with the vote, made an intemperate harangue to subservient judges, and, by his violent conduct, carried a sentence of death. Now let it be borne in mind that the judge and the criminal thus confronted had been the two lay assessors who had gone together from Scotland to the Assembly at Westminster. There they had taken sweet counsel together. They had deliberated, argued, and contended side by side for the truth; but the one, now broken by disease and hardship, though unsullied in conscience, and consistent in principle, stands arraigned as a criminal, and is sentenced by the other to die. That other is the favourite of a profligate king, but an apostate, wearing title after title, won by the sacrifice of principle, and proudly exulting in his success—a success which makes him virtually the murderer of his friend. The man of conscience, integrity, and principle, is hurried to the scaffold. The hand that drags him is that of one formerly reckoned a Christian brother by the sufferer.

But this was only the commencement of atrocities. Lauderdale became the willing instrument of the king in all his designs upon Scotland. With all diligence the Earl and his creatures proceeded to bind, imprison, exile, and put to death, all who would not submit to their measures; and with true sycophancy to Charles, the fountain of their oppressive power, they laud him, in one of their letters, for "his tender care of this his ancient kingdom." He abetted those infamous measures which were designed to smooth the way for introducing Popery when the Duke of York became king; and, in return for his wholesale abandonment of all that he had once reckoned sacred, and sworn to maintain, he is loaded with honours, created a duke (1672), and returned to Scotland to "punish conventicles, to harass ministers, gentlemen, and others." He met, indeed, with some checks or warnings; for in 1673, the House of Commons voted him a grievance to England, and unfit to be employed in any office there. Yet that was the man whom a perjured king delighted to honour, making him his representative or viceroy, for shedding the best blood of Scotland. The free people of England might address their king to "remove the duke from all his employments, and banish him as an obnoxious person from his majesty's councils for ever;" but he was admirably fitted to harass his former friends, and all remonstrances were therefore set aside. Laing, in his History, says that "Lauderdale's passions were furious and ungovernable, unless when interest or ambition interposed;" and he was, therefore, adapted to any service that either a bigoted or an unprincipled master could prescribe. The king gave up Scotland to Lauderdale's management; and between a standing army at one time, the militia at another, the Highland host at a third, and torture from day to day, he acted as if he wished to bring it to pass that there should be no living witness of his apostasy—none but the God who looketh on the heart to know him.

His brutality broke out on many occasions in a way as revolting as it was coarse. When the Highland host was about to be sent to Ayrshire, the gentlemen of the county, fearing its ferocity, ventured to remonstrate. Lauderdale "became furious, and at the Council table made bare his arms above his elbows, and swore by Jehovah he would make them comply." It was thought that he and his creatures wished to force on a rebellion, that they might seize on the forfeited estates of those who were chafed into self-defence against such lawless severities.

But instead of tracing in detail the bloody career of this able but abandoned man, we select a single instance, as illustrative of his life while he continued in power. It will be borne in mind that Lauderdale had again and again sworn to the Solemn League and Covenant, while we observe that James Mitchell, of whom we spoke in our notice of Sharp as having made an attempt on the archbishop's life, and long eluded the officers of justice, was at last taken and imprisoned. He was examined before the Council, and because he refused to criminate himself, he was ordered (January 1676) "to be put to the question and the torture." He refused again and again to confess, and his ruthless judges, pointing to *the boots* which lay on the table, told him that they would force him to confess. He declared, however, that he would never be his own accuser, and was remanded to prison. On a subsequent occasion he was again brought out "tied in a two-armed chair; and the boot brought. The executioner asked which of the legs he should take. The lords bade him take any of them. The executioner laid his left leg in the boot, which Mr. Mitchell lifted out, and said, 'Since the judges have not determined, take the best of the two, for I freely bestow it in the cause,' and laid his right leg in the engine." He was questioned, during the infliction of the torture—about thirty interrogatories were addressed to him. Nine strokes of the mallet were given, under the direction of the inquisitor that presided; and as the wedge thus driven into the boot compressed the limb to agony, the sufferer fainted away. He was remitted to prison in that mangled condition, eventually sent to the Bass, and detained there to be tried anew, and finally put to death. Such is a specimen of the mode in which Lauderdale and his creatures governed Scotland—a specimen, that is, of the malignant spirit that often actuates the man who abandons the cause he had once espoused against those who seek to maintain it.

At one of his former examinations, Mitchell had emitted a confession that he was the person who had attempted to shoot Archbishop Sharp. That confession was made under a solemn assurance from Lauderdale and the Archbishop that his life would be spared. That solemn promise was entered on the record; the record was read after the prisoner had been sentenced to die; and yet Lauderdale, Sharp, and two other officers of the crown, deliberately perjured themselves by swearing that no such promise had ever been made. Moreover, the advocate of the deceased man produced an act of the Secret Council, bearing that the assurance of his life had been revoked because of his disengenuity; yet in the face of all this, an archbishop and a duke, to compass the death of one whom they might have despised, committed perjury in the face of Heaven. When detected, Lauderdale stormed in his usual style, declaring that he came to swear, "not to be staged for perjury." The truth of the promise was established by nine Privy Councillors, and yet Sharp and Lauderdale, in their thirst for blood, swore that it had never been given. Surely he was right who said of this diabolical transaction: "The fanaticism of Mitchell was of the most daring and atrocious kind, but the guilt of that fanatic is lost in the complicated perfidy, cruelty, perjury, and revenge which accomplished his death." Mitchell was executed in the Grassmarket, on the 18th of January 1678, in terms of the sentence of his executioners.

For years subsequent to this, Lauderdale continued the presiding spirit of the Scottish persecutions. After the battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, his malice was glutted to the full. In suppressing what he called "the wild rebellion of the fanatics," all the mingled ingenuity and fierceness of his nature was called into operation. In union, for some time, with the bigoted Duke of York, he grew in ferocity as in years, and at last the House of Commons again petitioned Charles to dismiss him. His own countrymen also summoned courage to memorialize their king against their oppressor—he had, in fact, become the scourge and the bane of Scotland, and the land groaned to be relieved from his tyranny. He monopolized all places of trust to himself or his minions, sold honours, and drove men of integrity from their posts, to station his relations or sycophants in their stead; yet had he influence with Charles to turn aside every charge lodged against him. He got success in iniquity; he spread like a green bay tree, and vile men were exalted because the wicked were in power.

But he passed away, and lo, he was not. He had long enjoyed the favour of Charles, but sank at last into neglect and contempt. The Duke of York's administration in Scotland gradually weakened the influence of Lauderdale. Though he could crush the children of God, who had no help in man, he could not cope with the heir presumptive to the British throne. Having incurred the odium of the duke, Lauderdale was deprived of all his offices, and died in neglect at Tunbridge, on the 24th of August 1682.

Such, then, is a glance at the life of another leading Apostate. His lines were cast in times calculated to test men's principles, and Lauderdale's were hollow. We have avoided all details, except such as tend to show what manner of spirit he was of—first as a sworn

Covenanter, and then as a persecutor, foresworn and ferocious. And what are the lessons which such a record teaches? Dark glimpses into human nature are here obtained. In the same heart there may lie folded up the most contrary principles, but all of the earth, earthy, while grace has not taken possession of the soul. Lauderdale, subscribing the Covenant, pleading and voting at the Westminster Assembly, or consenting to do penance for some of his delinquencies in the church at Largs—how different from Lauderdale commanding judges to condemn, perjuring himself that one whom he reckoned a poor fanatic might be butchered, rifling thousands of their all, and hurrying other thousands into an eternal world, presiding at the torture, directing the turning of the screw, counting the blows of the mallet, feasting on the agonies of his victim, and dismissing him with the blasphemous jest, "Let him glorify God in the Grassmarket!" How unlike in appearance, yet how identical in fact and spirit! Lauderdale, in the chapel of Henry VII., beside Samuel Rutherford and Alexander Henderson, was the same as Lauderdale on the bench or in the Council-chamber, committing perjury side by side with James Sharp. How? Why? Because he was acting on the principles of human nature in either case. He went out from the Covenanters, because he was never of them. He hated them with all his heart, because he had betrayed or injured them. His history is one of the darkest that the records of the past contain; but it speaks the same lesson as that of Julian, Spira, or Sharp. It was nature, not grace, that guided them, and by nature all men are hateful and hating—they are enmity even against God (Rom. viii. 7), and much more against man. In a word, Julian amid the austerities of a monk, Spira while professing to preach the Gospel, Sharp while watching over the interests of a Church which he eventually betrayed, and Lauderdale signing the Covenant, or helping to compile the Westminster Standards, were all of one spirit, amid all their pretences. Their religion was political, hereditary, or selfish, and *they* were unmasked on this side the grave, whereas multitudes are not unmasked till they are beyond it. Unbelieving men exult in such cases, as if they proved that religion is all hypocrisy and pretence; but the man who is wise with the wisdom which the Holy One imparts (1 Cor. i. 30), will at once perceive that they only prove the apostate *never to have been converted*, never to have been the subject or recipient of grace, and consequently at the mercy of the first temptation, like a ship without a pilot at the mercy of the nearest rock.

It will not be supposed that we have spoken here as if there could be no apostasy except in such signal instances as have now been described. Men make shipwreck of the faith and a good conscience in every sphere, and at every level. We have selected the cases of Julian and Spira, Sharp and Lauderdale, only because they exhibit the moral ravages of apostasy under a magnifying lens, and render its guilt and danger more apparent. In a sense far different from that in which the words were first employed, they are as cities set upon a hill, and we point to them for warning and for guidance.

TO SCHOOLMASTERS—THEIR DUTY TO THEIR CHILDREN'S SOULS.

(From the Works of Richard Baxter.)

Passing by all your grammatical employment, I shall only leave you these brief directions, for the higher and more noble exercises of your profession.

I. Determine first rightly of your end; and then let it be continually in your eye, and let all your endeavours be directed in order to the attainment of it. If your end be chiefly your own commodity or reputation, the means will be distorted accordingly, and your labours perverted, and your calling corrupted, and embased (to yourselves), by your perverse intentions. See, therefore—1. That your ultimate end be the pleasing and glorifying of God. 2. And this by promoting the public good, by fitting youth for public service. And, 3. Forming their minds to the love and service of their Maker. 4. And furthering their salvation, and their welfare in the world. These noble designs will lift up your minds to an industrious and cheerful performance of your duties! He that seeketh great and heavenly things, will do it with great resolution and alacrity; when any drowsy, creeping pace, and deceitful, superficial labours, will satisfy him that hath poor and selfish ends. As God will not accept your labours as any service of his, if your ends be wrong, so he useth not to give so large a blessing to such men's labours as to others.

II. Understand the excellency of your calling, and what fair opportunities you have to promote those noble ends; and also how great a charge you undertake; that so you may be kept from sloth and superficialness, and may be quickened to a diligent discharge of your undertaken trust.—1. You have not a charge of sheep or oxen, but of rational creatures. 2. You have not the care of their bodies, but of their minds; you are not to teach them a trade to live by only in the world, but to inform their minds with the knowledge of their Maker, and to cultivate their wits, and advance their reason, and fit them for the most manlike conversations. 3. You have them not (as pastors) when they are hardened in sin by prejudice and long custom; but you have the tenderest twigs to bow, and the most tractable age to tame; you have paper to write on not wholly white, but that which hath the fewest blots and lines to be expunged. 4. You have them not as volunteers, but as obliged to obey you, and under the correction of the rod; which with tender age is a great advantage. 5. You have them not only for your auditors in a general lecture (as preachers have them at a sermon), but in your nearest converse, where you may teach them as particularly as you please, and examine their profiting, and call them daily to account. 6. You have them not once a week (as preachers have them), but all the week long, from day to day, and from morning until night. 7. You have them at that age which doth believe their teachers, and take all upon trust, before they are grown up to self-conceitedness, and to contradict and quarrel with their teachers (as with their pastors they very ordinarily do). All these are great advantages to your ends.

III. Labour to take pleasure in your work, and make it as a recreation, and take heed of a weary or diverted mind.—1. To this end consider often what is said above; think on the excellency of your ends, and of the worth of souls, and of the greatness of your advantages. 2. Take all your scholars as committed to your charge by Jesus Christ; as if he had said to you, Take these whom I have so dearly bought, and train them up for my Church and service. 3. Remember what good one scholar may do, when he cometh to be ripe for the service of the Church or commonwealth! How many souls some of them may be a means to save! Or if they be but fitted for a private life, what blessings may they be to their families and neighbours! And remember what a joyful thing it will be, to see them in heaven with Christ for ever! How cheerfully should such excellent things be sought! If you take pleasure in your work, it will not only be an ease and happiness to yourselves, but greatly further your diligence and success. But when men have a base esteem of their employment, and look at children as so many swine or sheep, or have some higher matters in their eye, and make their schools but the way to some preferment, or more desired life, then usually they do their work deceitfully, and anything will serve the turn, because they are weary of it, and because their hearts are somewhere else.

IV. Seeing it is divinity that teacheth them the beginning and the end of all their other studies, let it never be omitted or slightly slubbered over, and thrust into a corner; but give it the precedency, and teach it them with greater care and diligence than any other part of learning; especially teach them the catechism and the Holy Scriptures. If you think that this is no part of your work, few wise men will choose such teachers for their children. If you say, as some sectaries, that children should not be taught to speak holy words, till they are more capable to understand the sense, because it is hypocrisy, or taking the name of God in vain; I have answered this before, and showed that words being the signs, must be learned in order to the understanding of the sense, or thing that is signified; and that this is not to use such words in vain, how holy soever, but to the proper end for which they are appointed. Both in divine and human learning, the memories of children must first be furnished, in order to the furnishing of their understandings afterwards. And this is a chief point of the master's skill, that time be not lost, nor labour frustrated. For the memories of children are as capacious as men's of riper age; and therefore they should be stored early with that which will be useful to them afterwards: but till they come to some maturity of age, their judgments are not ripe for information about any high or difficult points. Therefore teach them betimes the words of catechisms and some chapters of the Bible; and teach them the meaning by degrees as they are capable. And make them perceive that you take this for the best of all their learning.

V. Besides the forms of catechism, which you teach them, speak often to them some serious words, about their souls and the life to come, in such a plain, familiar manner, as tendeth most to the awakening of their consciences, and making them perceive how greatly what you say concerneth them. A little such familiar serious discourse, in an interlocutory way, may go to their hearts, and never be forgotten; when mere forms alone are lifeless and unprofitable. Abundance of good might be done on children, if parents and schoolmasters did well perform their parts in this.

VI. Take strict account of their spending the Lord's-day!—how they hear, and what they remember, and how they spend the rest of the day; for the right spending of that day is of great importance to their souls! And a custom of play and idleness on that day doth usually debauch them, and prepare them for much worse. Though they are from under your eye on the Lord's-day, yet if on Monday they be called to account, it will leave an awe upon them in your absence.

VII. Pray with them and for them. If God give not the increase by the dews of heaven, and shine not on your labours, your planting and watering will be all in vain. Therefore prayer is as suitable a means as teaching, to do them good; and they must go together. He that hath a heart to pray earnestly for his scholars shall certainly have himself most comfort in his labours, and it is likely that he shall do most good to them.

VIII. Watch over them, by one another, when they are behind your backs, at their sports or converse with each other; for it is abundance of wickedness that children use to learn and practise, which never cometh to their masters' ears, especially in some great and public schools. They that came thither to learn sobriety and piety of their masters, do oftentimes learn profaneness, and ribaldry, and cursing, and swearing, and scorning, deriding, and reviling one another, of their ungracious school-fellows. And those lessons are so easily learnt, that there are few children but are infected with some such debauchery, though their parents and masters watch against it; and perhaps it never cometh to their knowledge. So also for gaming and robbing orchards, and fighting with one another, and reading play-books and romances, and lying, and abundance of other vices which must be carefully watched against.

IX. Correct them more sharply for sins against God than for their dulness and failing at their books. Though negligence in their learning is not to be indulged, yet smart correction should teach them especially to take heed of sinning; that they may understand that sin is the greatest evil.

X. Especially curb or cashier the leaders of impiety and rebellion, who corrupt the rest. There are few great schools but have some that are notoriously debauched; that glory in their wickedness; that in filthy talking, and fighting, and cursing, and reviling words, are the infecters of the rest. And usually they are some of the bigger sort, that are the greatest fighters, and master the rest, and by domineering over them, and abusing them, force them both to follow them in their sin and to conceal it. The correcting of such, or expelling them if incorrigible, is of great necessity to preserve the rest; for if they are suffered the rest will be secretly infected and undone, before the master is aware. This causeth many that have a care of their children's souls, to be very fearful of sending them to great and public schools, and rather choose private schools that are freer from that danger; it being almost of as great concernment to children, what their companions be as what their master is.

YOU LOSE NOTHING BY BEING RELIGIOUS.

An estate is a very useful hedge about you, to keep off those many proud that will be trampling upon all that is poor. And nothing raises or keeps up this hedge like the grace of God, For it spirits you with diligence, which gets riches; with humility, which hates superfluity, and saveth what is got; with charity, which puts out all to use, and unto that Lord who never pays less than a hundred-fold in this life itself. Sin is this hedge-breaker: rags are mostly sin's livery. When it is otherwise, and sin makes you a hedge, it will be full of snakes and snares. "In the fulness of" sinful "sufficiency you will be in straits" (Job xx. 22); and it is odds but "the straits" will be long, and "the fulness" a very little while. On the other hand, when a convert's duty to God makes him poor, it makes him rather a martyr than a beggar. For he thereby testifies God's truth; and through the truth of God to his covenant, he abounds in the middle of his wants. For God doth but prune his vines; he burns up none but thorns. By poverty he may undo sinners, but he still enricheth saints. Do but con-ou can never want what is truly good for you God has it. The first minute that a great begins to be good for you, you shall have it: you never have a great one, you shall still have one. Whereas, unconverts can have but one e two—a vexing adversity, or (what is worse) ing prosperity; one made of thick clay and cares.

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th and comfort are the honey and sweetness of eings. Now, conversion makes "exchange," no robbery," of these. There is in Africa a lusciously sweet; but the bees gather it from ous weeds, and it affects with madness and all that eat of it. He were no thief that l take that sort of honey from you, and give ost wholesome to you. Conversion deals no wise by you: only what it gives is more sweet, re wholesome; and the quantity greater, as well quality better. For, observe ye, God forbids y one kind or degree of pleasure, but what is ous, and what your very nature, reason, and st do forbid you. I deny it not, that converts valleys of troubles; but then they have doors of They are in wildernesses; but God prepares tables therein: driest rocks yield them water, in darkest dungeons they have shining lights. receive here their evil things, and have their pon earth; but then it is a heaven upon earth, ink that this is all the hell they shall ever en- And as for the ways he commandeth converts alk in, they are all "of pleasantness." (Prov. 7.) Mysteriously, yet most certainly, godly w is made a sweet thing. Every week almost I people crying for more of it than I think God s them. O youth, "when thou art a convert, shalt feel what I tell thee!" No such manna in Calabria, none falls from heaven, like that h feasteth the camps of sincere converts. The ert state hath of the joy, as well as of the purity, aven; unthought-of delights; such as do not die e enjoyment; no, but be stronger than death, as as sweeter than life; such as none of the busy- es of this world ever found in the mills of their ness, or the circles of their pleasure. Gilboa's ntains had not rain or dew—unconvert youths not joy or peace. Madness is theirs—mirth they w not. The three Hebrew martyrs were merrier he fiery furnace than their persecutor was in his ce.—*Burgess.*

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

SH airing our souls in heaven will engender in us er spirits and nobler thoughts. A morning sea- ing would secure us for all the day. Though other essary thoughts about our callings will and must e in, yet when we have despatched them, let us end our morning theme as our chief companion. a man that is going with another about some con- erable business, though he meets with several nds in the way, and salutes some, and with others h whom he hath some affairs he spends a little e, yet he quickly returns to his companion, and th together go their intended stage: do thus in e present case. Our minds are active, and will be ing something, though to little purpose; and if they not fixed upon some noble object, they will, like admen and fools, be mightily pleased in playing ith straws. The thoughts of God were the first sitors David had in the morning; God and his heart met together as soon as he was awake, and kept company all the day after.—*Charnock.*

THE DIVINE ENCYCLOPÆDIA

THE Bible is a divine encyclopædia in itself. It contains history the most authentic and ancient, tracing it back to the first creation of our world; and prophecy the most important and interesting, traced forward to its final consummation; journeys surpassing all others in the marvellousness of their adventures, and the dignity of their guide, for they were marked by miracles at every step, and in every movement directed by God; the travels of the most distinguished missionaries, the first preachers of the Gospel, and the lives of the most illustrious personages, including the biography of the Son of God; events more wonderful than romance ever imagined, and stories more fascinating than fancy ever sketched; the finest specimens of poetry and eloquence—of sound philosophy, and solid argument; models of virtue the most attractive, and maxims of wisdom the most profound; prayers the most appropriate in every variety of spiritual experience, and songs of praise that would not be unworthy an angel's tongue; precepts of unparalleled importance, and parables of unrivalled beauty; examples of consistent piety, suited to every situation; and lessons of divine instruction, adapted to every age.—*White.*

OUGHT A WICKED MAN TO PRAY?

THOSE who deny this position seem to have an eye to those passages of Scripture which declare "the sacrifice and way of the wicked to be an abomination to the Lord" (Prov. xv. 8, 9); and to conclude from them that God does not require any sacrifice or prayer at their hands. But, if so, why did Peter exhort the sorcerer to pray? (Acts viii. 22.) And wherefore is the fury of God denounced against the families that call not upon his name? (Jer. x. 25.) An hypothesis which flies in the face of the express language of Scripture is inadmissible, and the framers of it, to be consistent, should avow themselves infidels.

If they mean only to deny that God requires such prayers as wicked men actually offer, the prayer of a hard, impenitent, and unbelieving heart, I have no controversy with them. God cannot possibly approve anything of this kind. But then the same is true of every other duty. Wicked men do nothing that is well-pleasing to God—nothing which is aimed at his glory, or done in obedience to his authority—everything that is done is done for selfish ends. If they read the Scriptures, it is not to know the will of God and do it; or, if they hear the word, it is not with any true desire to profit by it. Even their pursuit of the common good things of this life is that they may consume them upon their lusts; hence the very "ploughing of the wicked is sin." (Prov. xxi. 4.) Yet no one would infer from hence that it is not their duty to read the Word of God, nor attend to the preaching of the Gospel, nor pursue the necessary avocations of life; neither would he reckon it absurd to exhort them to such exercises as these.

The truth is, wicked men are required to do all these things, not carnally, but with a right end and a right spirit. In this way Simon Magus, though "in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity," was exhorted to pray—not with a hard and impenitent heart, but with a spirit of true contrition: "Repent therefore of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee." To repent and pray is the same thing in effect as to pray penitently, or with a contrite spirit. Wicked men are required to read and hear the Word, but not with a wicked spirit; and to plough the soil, but not that they may consume its produce upon their lusts.

There are not two sorts of requirements, or two standards of obedience—one for good men, and the other for wicked men; the revealed will of God is one and the same, however differently creatures may stand affected towards it. The same things which are required of the righteous—as repentance, faith, love, prayer, and praise—are required of the wicked. (John xii. 36; Acts iii. 19; Rev. xv. 4.) If it were not so, and the aversion of the heart tended to set aside God's authority over it, it must of necessity follow that a sinner can never be brought to repentance, except it be for the commission of those sins which might have been avoided consistently with the most perfect enmity against God! And this is to undermine all true repentance; for the essence of true repentance is "godly sorrow," or sorrow for having displeased and dishonoured God. But if, in a state of unregeneracy, a man were under no obligation to please God, he must of course have been incapable of displeasing him; for where no law is, there is no transgression. The consequence is, he can never be sorry at heart for having displeased him; and as there would be but little if any ground for repentance toward God, so there would be but little if any need of faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. If, in a state of unregeneracy, he were under no obligation to do anything pleasing to God, and were so far rendered incapable of doing anything to displease him, so far he must be sinless, and therefore stand in no need of a Saviour. Where there is no obligation, there can be no offence; and where there is no offence, there needs no forgiveness.—*Fuller.*

AS GOD DOES ENDEAVOUR, SO DOES SATAN, TO GAIN THE SOUL.

"We may learn this from our greatest enemy"—that our souls are worth all our care and pains in keeping; seeing our adversary the devil thinks no pains too great to get them. He goeth up and down, "seeking whom he may devour." (1 Pet. v. 8.) He compasseth the earth, as we may read in the Book of Job (iii. 27). He had "considered" Job, and so considers all others—what temptation is likeliest to prevail; what their tempers and distempers are; what traps will take some, and what snares others. He knows our beloved sins, and dresses them up, so as we might be loath to part with them. He did not desire to go into the herd of swine, that he might destroy them, but that by that means he might tempt their owners; as, indeed, it took effect—the Gadarenes preferring their swine before their souls, or their Saviour. (Matt. viii. 31–34.) When our Saviour came to cast him out of any one, the devil was tormented. "Why art thou come to torment us?" they cry. (Matt. viii. 29; Luke viii. 28.) It was not because they were forced to leave their bodies, but because by that means he should have no such opportunity to mischief their souls. O, this is a torment to Satan—to be deprived of our souls!

There is not a sermon we hear, but this evil one is ready to take away the seed as soon as ever it is sown (Matt. xiii. 19); there is not a prayer we make but these "fowls" of the air attend to light upon the sacrifice, and hardly can they be driven away. (Gen. xv. 11.) Wheresoever we are, whatsoever we do, the devil attends and waits for advantage against us, that he might but gain our souls.—*Vincke.*

EARLY RELIGION.

O what a credit, what a glory, is it to drink in the dews of godliness in the morning of your lives! What a lovely sight, to behold those trees blossoming with the fruits of the Spirit in the spring of their age! "Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king." (Eccles. iv. 13.) What a garland of honour doth the Holy Ghost put on the head of an holy child! How profitable is early piety! Some fruits ripe early in the year are worth treble the price of later fruits. Godliness at any time brings in much gain (1 Tim. vi. 6); but he that comes first to the market is likely to make the best price of his ware. On the other side, how dangerous are delays! Remember, children, late repentance, like untimely fruits, seldom comes to anything. Your lives are very uncertain. As young as you are, you may be old enough for a grave. O then seek your God, and seek him when and "while he may be found." (Isa. lv. 6.) If thou refuse him now, he may refuse thee hereafter. I have heard of one that, deferring repentance to his old age, and then going about it, heard a voice, "Give him the bran to whom thou hast given the flour." Every day renders you more and more indisposed. The longer sin and Satan possess the forts of your hearts, the more they will fortify and strengthen them against God and holiness. (Jer. xiii. 23.) Your God deserves your youth. The best God deserves the best of days.—*Lye.*

Fragments.

Sins after Conversion.—A sheep may slip into a slough as well as a swine. The difference is, that the sheep dreads a fall, and speedily rises from it; while it is a habit with the swine to be unclean, and to love the same condition as the other abhors.

Scripture Translation.—An old Scotch divine observes that it is a great mercy to have our father's will in our mother's tongue.

Influence of the World.—A man that travelleth to the most desirable home, hath a habit of desire to it all the way; but his present business is his travel; and horse, and company, and inns, and ways, and weariness, may take up more of his sensible thoughts, and of his talk and action, than his home.—*Baxter.*

Scepticism of Satanic Agency.—As the fowler would certainly spoil his own game, should he not keep out of sight; so the devil never plants his own snares so skilfully and successfully as when he conceals his person, nor tempts so dangerously as when he can persuade men that there is no tempter.—*South.*

REMEMBERING THE POOR.

BY THE REV. JAMES BEGG, EDINBURGH.

(*Concluded from p. 514.*)

might rest the whole question of our y to the poor on express Scripture injunc- ns; but we know that some, in practically soning on this subject, are haunted by the im- ession, that in giving cheerfully to others they so much diminish the sources of their own joyment; and, therefore, giving *largely* at st, is regarded by unbelieving men as im- ying weakness, though it may be regarded as iable. Now, without replying that the same eling might have prevented the Jews from aving unreaped the corners of the fields, and om leaving the crop of the seventh year free all, if it can be shown that God has declared at the very reverse of this is the case, and at not he that gives, but he that withholds, cursed, we shall attack covetousness in its ronghold, strip it of its last argument, and ave no excuse for the neglect of a large and enerous benevolence. And such we apprehend be the statement of Scripture, viz., That iving to the poor, so far from bringing us to overty, shall be one means most effectually to ecure us against it; whilst, on the other hand, we are unwilling to listen to the tale of misery, nd hide our eyes from the distresses of our rethren, not one, but many, curses shall infal- bly overtake us here and in the world of pirits.

This leads me to the second point, which intended to consider, viz., the reward of hristian benevolence. Let it be observed here, irst, That no reward is ever *deserved* by any uman being. All have sinned, and are justly xposed to the wrath of God. All do sin, and n God's sight no man living shall be justified. ll true Christians rejoice to lie low in the dust efore God, and to say: "We are unprofitable ervants. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, ut to thy name be the glory." Even when hey are in some measure conformed to the will f God, it is not they that do good, but God orketh in them, both to will and to do of his ood pleasure. *Secondly*, No Christian *expects* ny reward for his own sake, or as of debt. n the day of judgment, we find the saints shrinking away, with an exclamation of surprise: "When saw we thee an hungered or athirst?" But still a great reward is promised, a reward of grace. And, without attempting to maintain what may appear to some a paradox, we might merely say, that a sweet contentment shall be the result of our generosity—a contentment and inward peace passing all understanding—for which princes might well exchange the comfortless splendours of their thrones. Our Saviour refers to this when he says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." For there is a blessedness unspeakable in diffusing happiness around—in sheltering those who are outcasts upon a dreary world—in making the widow's heart to sing for joy. And if the result of our benevolence extends beyond this world, O what cause shall we have of triumph throughout an endless eternity, in having been instrumental in saving souls from death, arraying them in the robes of immortality, and in seeing them presented a shining throng, with palms of everlasting victory, to swell the ranks of the redeemed, to swell the glorious anthem of eternity!

But we prefer taking the words of Scripture in their plain and literal meaning. God, though he stands in no need of our assistance, though he could command the stones to become bread that the poor might eat, and the rocks to pour forth water, or the heavens, as of old, to rain down manna, has not merely prescribed this duty of providing for the destitute to us, but has encouraged us in the discharge of it by many express promises of a positive reward. As, that by giving to the poor "we lend to Him"—make him our debtor, whose is the earth, and the fulness thereof—who can give us silver for brass, and gold for silver—a treasure in heaven in return for our earthly substance; and who, though we sow in tears, will make us bring back our sheaves in a most plenteous and abundant harvest. Our alms shall come up with our prayers as a memorial before Him. He will prosper us in all our ways, and never suffer us to lack. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble." And no one can find any difficulty in perceiving the possibility of the fulfilment of these promises, who believes that God is the great Ruler in heaven and earth—that riches come not by chance, but by His appointment, through a thousand channels over which we have no control—that all the agents in the universe are at His command—that He makes the wind blow, or stills the sea into a calm, gives rain from heaven, and clothes our fields with beauty and fertility. Without Him the builder builds, and the husbandman sows and waters, the merchant traffics, and the labourer labours, in vain. And on the other hand, riches depart by secret avenues, over which we have no control. God can easily, without visibly putting forth his hand from heaven, consume riches before the eyes, and in the very grasp, of the covetous man. In a moment can He turn back the current of his own benevolence, and leave the hard-hearted to experience all the poverty with which they so little sympathize. And it evidently is right that this should be done sometimes in the presence of the world, openly to confute Infidelity, and to put a difference between him that feareth God and him that feareth him not.

Those who have never known what it is generously to distribute the blessings which God has conferred upon them, are no judges whether or not they increase, as did the loaves of the Gospel, by distribution. But it is no evidence of the contrary, that some have been seen to give liberally, who still came to poverty; for mere giving does not constitute a fulfilment of the command of God—it is a giving from principle. Men may mingle with the glare of assembled multitudes, and go with the crowd to wonder at the eloquence of a favourite preacher, and being warmed into a hasty and unusual ecstasy, may give liberally to the poor. But they cannot expect that this should be accepted by God. It is the mere charity of feeling and ostentation. And if we think how much of this there is, we will not wonder if we see some miserable who have been seen publicly performing acts of benevolence. Blessedness were easily purchased if it could be obtained by the hasty conferring of some of our wealth, in the midst perhaps of pride and luxury, of villany and guilt, on those whom at other times we deride and despise. But it has been the unanimous testimony of all the redeemed who have spoken on this subject from the foundation of the world, that their store, like the widow's oil of old, has never suffered from distribution. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and yet it tendeth to poverty"—"I have been young, and now am old, yet have I never seen the merciful man forsaken, nor his seed left to beg."

But it is necessary, in estimating this view of the subject, to look beyond this world, in which our residence is only temporary—the mere threshold of an eternal existence—and to consider, that unless assisted by God, we shall soon be poor indeed. The bed of death is preparing, and then our riches must forsake us; and our friends and our fame can profit us nothing. Who shall stand by us in the lonely hour? Who shall pass with us through the dark valley of the shadow of death? "He shall have judgment without mercy who showed no mercy"—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord shall deliver him in the day of trouble." And this is in perfect consistency with all the statements of Scripture. For he gave proof that he had been rescued from the selfishness and degradation of the fall—that he was being made fit by the Spirit of God to join the glorious society of heaven—that he had been taught of God to be in some measure a faithful steward of the goods committed to him. God shall also give him a crown of life—treasures of heaven—blessings of this world, and that which is to come: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

On the other hand, it is only reasonable to expect that God should multiply curses upon him who retains unjustly that which He intended him to bestow on his perishing brethren—who seeks to frustrates all the purposes of God—who sets an example so pernicious to his brethren around. We have often seen the threatening in the text fulfilled—riches wither in the grasp of men by whom they were unduly held, or given to strangers for a possession; for let us seize them however eagerly, and hide our eyes from the miseries of our brethren, there is still a God that judgeth in the earth. And then, when stretched upon a bed of languishing, when all earthly objects begin to fade from our sight, when our eyes begin to swim in death, is it to be believed that God will hear our imploring cries? The cries of the poor have ascended and entered the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. We laughed at calamities, and God will laugh at our calamity. "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; thirsty, and ye gave me no drink. Depart from me, ye cursed." We remained as barren and fruitless trees cumbering the Almighty's vineyard, fit for nothing but to be hewn down and cast into the fire. The sin of hard-heartedness is most severely punished, because most contrary to the nature of God. "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness"—"For it shall come to pass, that if any one shall hear the words of this curse, and shall bless himself in his heart, saying, I shall have peace, though I walk in the sight of mine eyes, and in the imagination of my heart, the Lord will not spare that man, but his anger and his fury will smoke against him; and he will separate him unto evil from the midst of the congregation, and utterly blot out his memory from under heaven." Let us seek, then, by the omnipotent grace of God, to be enabled to follow Him who went about continually doing good—to let our light shine before men; and then when He who is our life shall appear, we shall also appear with him in glory.

SILVIO PELLICO, AND THE BIBLE IN ITALY.

Milan was the city of one of Silvio Pellico's prisons. What a touching account he gives of the power of the Bible over him! The time is hastening, when it shall no longer be a strange book in Italy, nor its doctrines hidden. For six or seven days Silvio had been in a state of doubt, prayerlessness, and almost desperation. Yet he sang with a pretended merriment, and sought to amuse himself with foolish pleasantries. "My Bible," he says, "was covered with dust. One of the children of the jailer said to me one day, while caressing me, 'Since you have left off reading in that villain of a book, it seems to me you are not so sad as before.'" Silvio had been putting on a forced gaiety.

"It seems to you!" said he.

"I took my Bible, brushed away the dust with a pocket-handkerchief, and opening it at hazard, my eyes fell upon these words: 'And he said to his disciples, It is impossible but that offences will come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh. It were better for him that a millstone were cast about his neck, and he thrown into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.'

"Struck with meeting these words, I was ashamed that this little child should have perceived, by the dust with which my Bible was covered, that I read it no more, and that he should have supposed that I had become more sociable and pleasant by forgetting God. I was completely desolate at having so scandalized him. 'You little rogue,' said I, with a caressing reproof, 'this is not a *villain book*, and during the several days that I have neglected to read in it, I am become much worse. My singing that you have heard is only a force-put, and my ill-humour, which I try to drive away when your mother lets you in to see me, all comes back when I am alone.'

"The little child went out, and I experienced a degree of satisfaction at having got my Bible again in my hands, and at having confessed that without it I had grown worse.

"'And I had abandoned thee, O my God!' cried I, 'and I was perverted! and I could even believe that the infamous laugh of the cynic and sceptic was suited to my despairing condition!'

"These tears were a thousand times sweeter than my brutish joy. I saw my God again! I loved him! I repented that I had so insulted him in degrading myself, and I promised never more to be separated from him—never.

"I read and wept and lamented during more than an hour, and arose full of confidence in the thought that God was with me, and that he had pardoned my delirium. Then my misfortunes, the torments of the trial, the probability of the torture, appeared to me a very little thing. I could rejoice in suffering, since I might follow a sacred duty, which was, to obey the Saviour, in suffering with resignation."

There are still hearts like Silvio Pellico's in Italy, and when the word of God comes to this people, it will have all the greater power for having been so long kept from them. When the spirit of the mouth of the Lord kindles the fire, it will spread among Italian hearts like a flame in the dry grass of the prairies. Under this fire the superstitions of Romanism would perish. The idolatry of forms can no more stand against the burning spirit of God's word, than the seared leaves and withered branches of the woods in autumn could stand before a forest conflagration.

Frank-hearted Silvio Pellico! how many a man has let the dust grow thick upon his Bible, not in prison merely, but even his family Bible, even with dear children around him, and never confessed his sin, never gone back with tears of contrition to that holy book, nor taught it in his household, nor had the light of truth divine, the light from heaven shining on it! How like a dungeon with false and foul thoughts, must every heart be, out of which God and the dear light of his word are excluded! Yea, though there may be laughter there, it is like poor Silvio's false and forced despairing merriment; it is like the crackling of thorns under a pot. Heavy laws are upon such a man; and when friends depart, and he sees himself in prison, sees how he *is* in prison, even though he walks in the open air, then there is desolation indeed.—*Rev. Dr. Cheever's Pilgrim of the Jungfrau.*

THE BELIEVER'S POWER TO DO GREATER WORKS THAN THOSE OF CHRIST.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go to the Father."—John xiv. 12.

The kingdom of God on earth may be said to be always in progress, but there are certain periods in its history when the advances it makes are more striking and peculiar. Its course, sometimes, at least, proceeds by grand stages, which, as they successively arrive, bring such important changes into the condition of its members, that men may be accounted little or great in the kingdom, according to the position they occupy in respect to these. David stood nobly pre-eminent above the men of his own generation for the strength of his faith, and the rich variety of his spiritual gifts; yet the Prophet Zechariah gave promise of a time when even "he that is feeble should be as David." John the Baptist, who had the singular honour of being the immediate forerunner of Christ in his office, rose on this account so far superior to all who had gone before him, that Christ declared him to be the greatest that till then had been born of woman; yet not only did he feel himself so little in comparison of Christ, as to be unworthy to unloose the latchet of his shoe, but Christ also determined his place to be below that of those who should henceforth be regarded as of smaller stature in the kingdom. So great a change to the better was effected by the personal appearance of Christ. And though Christ himself must ever have immeasurably the pre-eminence above all whom he calls his brethren, yet so mighty a step in advance was his kingdom to take, as to the development of its powers on earth, in consequence of his departure to heaven, that his disciples, he tells us, were to be enabled to perform works, not only equal, but even superior to his own.

This last declaration, however, appears somewhat more strange and startling than the others. For what works, we are naturally disposed to ask, could properly be said to surpass, or even to rival, his? Did they not bear upon them the clear and manifest impress of Godhead? It must surely have been impossible for any one, in a spirit of humble faith, to follow Jesus along the path of miraculous working which he pursued on earth, to see him, as often as occasion required, with a word healing the sick, giving eyes to the blind, relieving those who were oppressed of the devil, hushing to rest the boisterous winds of heaven, and even restoring to life the victims of death and the grave—it must have been impossible for such an one to follow Jesus in the prosecution of this wonderful career, without feeling himself to be in the presence of God manifest in the flesh, and almost instinctively exclaiming, "What works are like unto thy works?"

And unquestionably they were the works of Godhead, and bore witness to the truth announced at his birth, that he was, in the strictest sense, "the Son of the Highest." For they were not only performed through his instrumentality, but by his own inherent might, as equal in power and glory with the Father; so that he could put them on a footing with the essential operations of Godhead, and say, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." But this is not the point of view in which our Lord is contemplating his works in the passage before us, and drawing a comparison between them and such works as his disciples should be enabled to perform. For when he speaks of similar, or even greater works being done by them, it is not as of themselves, but through their believing upon him, that such works were to be done; it was still Christ's divine power and Godhead that these were to display, only discovering itself through the agency of his believing disciples. And the peculiar honour conferred upon them in the matter was, that as instruments of divine working, they were to be the doers of works such as did not proceed even from Christ's own hand, during the period of his personal ministry.

But what proof can be produced that the believer on Jesus has been thus honoured? We learn that his immediate disciples did perform works in considerable numbers, that might fitly be called the same with his—manifesting not only the same self-denying and beneficent labours for the good of men, but also the same exercise of supernatural power to remedy disease and suffering, and occasionally even to restore the dead to life. But if in these we find the *same* works, where are we to look for the *greater* ones? What traces have earlier or later believers been enabled to leave of such?

The greatness of a work must depend, either upon the powerful command it wields over elements naturally stiff and intractable, or upon the magnitude of the results that spring from it. If the person who works has been enabled to master an opposing force of gigantic strength, and bend it into conformity to his own purposes, or if what he does is replete with extensive and lasting benefits, then, in either case alike, the work fitly deserves to be characterized as a great one. But, in both respects, works have often proceeded from the hands of believers greater than those which were done during our Lord's personal ministry on earth. For, of all things in nature, what is so mighty in energy, and so hard to be controlled, as the will of man? Who can turn it from its determined purpose? When it chooses (and ah! when does it fail to choose, if left to itself, to turn away from the path of salvation?) it can hold to its course against the clearest light, the most convincing reason, the tenderest entreaties, the most appalling terrors, unmoved even by demonstrations of power, which are moving all around it. So was it in the days of Christ's flesh with the vast multitude of the Jewish people. All nature showed its readiness to obey him, but the hard and stubborn heart of man. Diseases of every form gave way when he spake the word commanding them to do so; the very demons quitted their usurped possessions at his bidding. But the beings for whose spiritual instruction and everlasting welfare all this was done, remained still in their natural alienation; though he spake to them as never man spake, yet they would not hear; though he stretched out his hands, they would not regard. So that while he proved himself by many mighty works to be the Son of God with power, there still was a region, the higher region of mind, which no demonstration of power, then given, seemed able to reach; when he went about doing good, yet immensely the highest kind of good, the regeneration of souls to God, had scarcely begun to show itself. The whole result of his ministrations, in this point of view, was a small and feeble band of followers, themselves but half enlightened in the truth, and utterly incapable of enlightening and converting others.

Such being undoubtedly the position of Christ's cause on earth, at the time of his departure, had it not been truly of divine origin, and connected with other powers than those of this world, it must inevitably have gone backwards and soon vanished into nothing. But how different an appearance does everything concerning it immediately present? The little flock, whom he left behind, so ignorant, fainthearted, and forlorn, become presently enlightened in the whole mysteries of redemption, and enabled to speak the word of truth, not only without fear, but with such astonishing success also, that the hearts of multitudes bowed under their teaching, and thousands of converted sinners flowed into the kingdom. As far as the end is above the means, and the recovery of lost souls to the favour and image of God is both a more difficult and a more blessed work than any change effected to the better upon the members of a diseased body or the disordered elements of nature, so far did the works performed by Christ's believing disciples surpass those performed by himself in the kingdom. Nor was it then only that such greater works were to be done. The promise is for all times and places. He who believes on Christ, and has the gifts necessary for using aright the means placed at his command (which must, of course, be understood), may count upon a kind and measure of success to his spiritual labours, which his Master sought for in vain. And there is not, perhaps, an individual who, since the commencement of the Gospel, has brought to the work of the ministry anything like Christ's faith and love, zeal and devotedness, without leaving behind him a harvest of spiritual good from among his fellow-men, such as Christ himself was not permitted to reap during the days of his flesh.

The very circumstance, that Christ should have pointed the expectations of his disciples to these spiritual results as the *greatest* things to be done in the kingdom, is a sublime proof of the heavenly bent and elevation of his mind. It showed how little he himself looked, and how far he was from wishing them to look, to mere outward doings or appearances—to what might fill the minds of men with an idle wonder or a glaring astonishment. Things of that sort he had already done almost to superfluity; but with what result? He had put to silence, indeed, the ignorance of foolish men, and provided ample materials for an humble faith to rest upon; but that faith itself, where was it to be found? The conquest of souls, for which alone he had come into the world, was yet to be made; he had yet to show that the higher region of mind was as much under his control as the lower region of matter. And this, he gave his disciples to understand, he would do through their instrumentality, and specially by endowing them with those gifts of grace which should enable them to work directly upon the soul, and lead sinners to the knowledge of salvation. The more, therefore, they possessed of this direct sway over the minds and consciences of men, the less should they plainly need of a supernatural power to perform wonders on the outward elements and operations of nature. For, when the kingdom began to wield those purely spiritual influences, it no longer needed the help of what may be called the grosser, the more outward and carnal, means of working. It rose then to a higher sphere of action. It made itself known as emphatically a kingdom within men—not, therefore, coming with observation, but silently establishing itself in the region of the inner man, and bringing all these under the powers of the world to come. And though the first disciples of Christ, having to give the world a substantial proof of their divine commission, and of the reality of Christ's exaltation, did require to do some works the *same* in kind with those he himself had done; yet it was chiefly by their capacity for doing the *greater* works referred to, that the kingdom was to grow and prosper in the world. That Popery should be so incessantly calling to its aid external wonders, and holding these up as her greater works for accomplishing the world's conversion, only proves how thoroughly ignorant she is of the true genius of the Gospel, and how much more she delights to work with the lower than with the higher elements of power. The proper season for such wonders was the day of small things, when as yet Christianity was struggling for an outstanding existence in the world. But when resorted to after this had been attained, and its greater works have had time to develop themselves, as they are then manifestly out of place, so they cannot be of God—they must be *lying* wonders. Hence it is that the Man of Sin finds his only coadjutors in this field the wildest fanatics, who have sometimes, in the fever of spiritual intoxication, tried to produce such wonders, while all enlightened and sober-minded Christians are at one in the conviction, that it is through other and higher weapons, that the Gospel is to win its triumphs over the ignorance and wickedness of men.

But are we quite sure that our Lord, when speaking of the greater works which his disciples had to do, had respect to the divine power which was henceforth to accompany the preaching of the Gospel, and the blessed effects that were to grow out of it? We may certainly conclude this from the reason he assigns for what was to take place: "Because I go to my Father." In what respect was his going thither to bear on the affairs of his kingdom? In this respect especially, that he was to get "the promise of the Father"—the gift of the Spirit, whose power and presence were to be of such mighty and blessed efficacy in the Church, that he could even say to his sorrowing disciples, "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you." And as the sending of this Comforter—sending him in another manner than he had ever been sent before, with a fulness of blessing and a largeness of power hitherto unknown in the Church—as this was the immediate purpose in the dispensation of the kingdom for which Christ went to the Father; so the advantages he gave them reason to expect from this descent of the Spirit were entirely of the kind already described. The Spirit was to come that he might lead them, and enable them to lead others, into all truth—that he might glorify Christ by taking of his things and showing these to them—that he might convince the world of sin, righteousness, and judgment. In short, the proper sphere, as all Scripture testifies, of this Spirit's influence and operations is the soul; to enlighten its understanding, to renew its will, to establish it in the life and blessedness of God, and endow it with a fitness for all spiritual services in his kingdom: this is the purpose for which the Spirit was to come and work there; and the materials with which he was to work were the things furnished to his hand by the perfected redemption of Christ; so that he should have no separate interest to drive, no independent work of his own to prosecute, but only to take up and carry forward the work of Christ by bringing it home in living power to the experience of each individual. Hence, the Spirit could not be fully given, the dispensation of the Spirit could not properly commence, till Christ was glorified; for then only were all things ready for his efficient working. And hence, too, from the very nature of the case, it is the inward field of mind, not the outward field of matter, which is the proper scene of the Spirit's operations; he is the noblest instrument of the Spirit and the doer of the greatest works, whose success is largest in removing the mountains, not of sense, but of ignorance, unbelief, and corruption; and if replenished with power for the performance of such works, he would, comparatively, be going back to weak and beggarly elements, were he to have recourse to natural wonders, instead of wielding that ethereal armoury of the Spirit, which alone is mighty to the pulling down of strongholds, and the building up of souls in righteousness.

Let the Church, then, know where her real strength lies, and by what kind of working it is that she is to advance the interests of the kingdom. Everything in a manner depends, as to the great objects she should aim at, on the presence or absence of the Spirit. The first care of all her members should be to act so as to secure that his grace shall not be restrained, but flow freely forth in connection with the ordinances of divine appointment. And the kind of weapons they are to employ, as the fittest in his hands for carrying forward the work of the kingdom, are not such as may strike the outward senses, but those which tend to bring light and conviction to the inner man of the heart. But with such large encouragement as this promise affords for success, as well as diligence, in these peculiar works of the kingdom, why, it may be asked, is so little, comparatively achieved? Why, for the most part, do we see so few of "the greater works," which Christ pledged to his people the power of performing? At many periods, and in many different fields of labour, the promise has since then been gloriously fulfilled; but why not always and everywhere? Is not Christ still with the Father, ready to send the Spirit as he may be required; and the Spirit himself ever disposed to glorify the Son by showing *his* things to the souls of men? Such, unquestionably, is the case; and, therefore, the failure, in so far as it manifests itself, must be traced to the Church herself—to her carnality in cherishing within her bosom the works which grieve the Spirit or, her lack of faith in laying hold of the word of promise concerning his gifts of grace. or her languor of desire and remissness of prayer in seeking their bestowal. "O thou that art named the house of Jacob, is the Spirit of the Lord straitened?" or is the Lord "slack concerning his promise?"—"Be not faithless, but believing." Arise, call upon the name of the Lord; plead with him that he may verify his own word; and "give him no rest till he establish, and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

P. F.

Salton.

THE LOST.

(*From the New England Puritan.*)

DURING the administration of the Lord's supper, and while the pastor was in the midst of a powerful appeal to the unawakened, the *bellman* was heard in the street. The minister paused, as the description of a youthful fugitive was given in clear tones by the crier; and then, seizing the thought, he exclaimed: "*A child is lost! A child is lost!* What if some attending angel, witnessing this communion season, and wondering at the rejection of the Saviour by the proud heart, should now give audible testimony of his grief, and, beholding some sinner here making his election for a hopeless eternity, should startle us with the cry, A *soul* is lost! A *soul* is lost!"

Why on our holy service steals
  Alarum of the bell?
A child is lost!—that cry reveals
  The agony too well.
A child is lost! and with the blow
  A father's heart is stirred;
The mother—who may scan her woe?
  Felt, but unknown to word!

A child is lost! and ready feet
  To seek and save are out,
And lane, and court, and crowded street,
  Are searched with call and shout.
The gen'rous toil is not in vain;
  Success succeeds alarms—
The little fugitive again
  Has bless'd its mother's arms.

And, for this wanderer, speechless fears
  Were felt, that mocked control;
And for its loss fell heavy tears—
  What if it were a *soul!*
A soul, for whom no 'larum rings,
  Kind rescuing to call—
For whose redemption never springs
  Hope, that yet comes to all!

Oh, smote but now the startled ear
  As smites that warning bell,
One note of the despairing fear
  That fills the vault of hell—
To seek, who would not quickly fly?
  What realms would not be cross'd—
Urged by the lamentable cry,
  "*A soul, a soul is lost!*"

"MUCKLE KATE."

A TRADITION OF LOCHCARRON.

BY THE REV. T. M. FRASER, YESTER.

THE name of Mr. Lauchlan M'Kenzie, the eminent minister of Lochcarron, though little known in the south, is pregnant with spiritual interest among the Highlanders of Ross. Throughout the four northern counties, indeed, there are very few of the Gaelic-speaking population to whom "the great Mr. Lauchlan" is not more or less known as a godly though eccentric divine; but it is within the district of Wester Ross—among the hills where he was born and lived, and laboured and died—that the savour of his name is sweetest, and that the recollection of his weighty words and deeds is most vividly preserved. I have no doubt that were a properly qualified person to devote himself for a few weeks to the task, during a personal residence in Ross-shire, he might easily expiscate from the Gaelic-people anecdotes sufficient for the compilation of a most interesting volume. From the numerous traditions which I have heard respecting "Mr. Lauchlan," I give the following, on the authority of a late eminently godly minister in Ross, who was an eye-witness of the principal scenes, but has since been taken to join his brother, to rejoice in his glory, and to share his reward.

Not far from the manse of Lochcarron, there lived a wicked old sinner, who was supposed to have been guilty of every crime forbidden in the decalogue, except murder. Owing to her masculine dimensions, this woman was commonly known by the name of "Muckle Kate." "She was an ill-looking woman," Mr. Lauchlan used to say, "without any beauty in the sight of God or man." It is not surprising to hear that such a character never entered a church, and that every effort on the part of the minister failed in inducing her to give even an occasional attendance at the house of God. Plan after plan was tried, but in vain; entreaties, tears, innumerable visits, and appeals to her conscience almost without end, all failed to move the heart of one who seemed to have reached that fearful point spoken of by the apostle, when he declares respecting those who have been wholly given over by the Spirit, that they "*cannot* cease from sin." At length, "Mr. Lauchlan" adopted a plan which could have occurred only to an original and eccentric mind, but which sets before us in the strongest light the intense desire of the devoted minister to save an immortal soul.

It was customary among the Highlanders, during the last century, to assemble at nightfall in each other's houses, and spend the long winter evenings in singing the wild old Gaelic melodies, and relating to each other the legendary stories of the district. This practice is not yet extinct in some parts of the country, though, like most of the other old Highland customs, it is gradually wearing away. The women brought along with them each her distaff and spindle, while the men were sometimes employed in mending their brogues, or weaving baskets and creels. This is called "*going on kailie*,"* and Kate used to devote herself to the practice with all the eagerness of an old gossip.

Well acquainted with Kate's evening habits

* I give the word as an English reader [illegible] it. The true spelling, however, I underst [illegible]

"Mr. Lauchlan," who had a great turn for poetry (or rather rhyming), composed a Gaelic song, in which all Kate's known sins were enumerated and lashed with all the severity of which the composer was capable. This song Mr. Lauchlan set to music, and privately sending for some of the young persons who were known to "*go on kailie*" with Kate, he took great pains to teach them the song, instructing them to sing it in her hearing on the first opportunity. It was a strange, and, as some may perhaps think, an unwarrantable way of attempting to win a soul; nevertheless, it was successful. The appeal went home to the old woman's conscience, backed with all the force of astonishment; the suddenness of the stroke, coming as it did from so perfectly unexpected a quarter, gave both point and poignancy to the blow; the shaft had found the joint in the harness, and, driven hard home by the Spirit's own hand, it sank deep, deep down into that old and withered soul which had hitherto resisted every impression.

Kate's conviction was now as extreme as her careless hardihood had once been. Her agony of mind was perfectly fearful. The bleak scenery of Lochcarron was in strange unison with her feelings. Among the dreary mountains of that lonesome western wilderness runs up the small estuary from which the parish derives its name; and as the long Atlantic billow breaks upon its shores, and the brown hills stretch on behind in one interminable sea of heath, the traveller scarce knows whither to turn that he may relieve his painful sense of solitude—to the waste of waters that stretch before him, till shut in by the frowning heights of Skye, or to the lonely moors that undulate behind him, dark, and desolate, and bare. It was among these dreary wilds that Kate now spent the greater portion of her time. And why did she seek these wilderness retreats? "She sought," like Joseph, "where to weep." The solitudes of Lochcarron were heard to resound for hours together with the voice of wailing, and well did the inmates of the lone bothies amid the hills know from whose lips those cries of agony were wrung. They were uttered by the solitary mourner of the moors—the once hardened "Muckle Kate." She had looked on Him whom she had pierced, and now she mourned for him as one mourneth for his only son, and was in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for his first-born.

A long and fiery ordeal was appointed to the reclaimed profligate. Deep as her conviction was, it never seemed to subside; weeks, months, and even years passed away, and still the distress of the convicted sinner was as poignant and fresh as ever. "Never breathed a wretch like her; there might be hope for others, but O there was none for Muckle Kate!" This was wonderful, indeed, in one whose age was between *eighty* and *ninety* at the time of her conviction; for those who know anything of human nature are aware, that of all spiritual cases, the most utterly hopeless is that of one who has grown old in sin, whose conscience has become impervious to the truth, and whose whole soul is unimpressible by either the Gospel or the Law. To awaken feelings that have been *dried up* by age and sin requires a miracle in the world of grace. Kate's was, indeed, a special case; she was "a wonder to many"—a wonder to her neighbours, a wonder to unbelievers, a wonder to the Church, a wonder to her astonished minister, and, most of all, a wonder to herself. But all has not yet been told. Are my readers prepared to hear that *she wept herself stone blind?* Yet this was actually the case, without exaggerating by a hair-breadth—*she wept away her eye-sight!* Poor Kate! Those sightless eyeballs weep no more: the wail of thine agony no longer rings amid the solitudes of thy native hills; for God himself hath wiped away all tears from thine eyes: and when the green graves of Lochcarron shall have disgorged thy blessed dust, thou shalt tune with ecstasy thy voice to the harp of God, as thou standest on that crystal sea in the place where there shall be no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying, for the former things shall have passed away.

The excellent minister on whose authority I relate this story, stated that he was called on to assist in dispensing the Lord's-supper at Lochcarron on one occasion during Kate's long period of darkness. While walking with Mr. Lauchlan among the moors, he heard at a distance the moanings of a female in great distress. "Hush!" said the stranger minister, "do you hear that cry? What is it?" Mr. Lauchlan knew it well. "Never mind," replied he, "that woman has cost me many a tear; let her weep for herself now." He kept his eye on her ever afterwards, however, and was exceedingly kind to her, watching like a father over every interest of the old woman, for time as well as for eternity.

During one of her visits to the manse kitchen, while waiting to converse with the minister, it is said that her attention was attracted by the noise of a flock of ducklings which drew near the place where she sat. Not aware of the presence of any other person, the poor blind woman was heard to exclaim, "O my poor things, ye're happy, happy creatures—ye have na crucified a Saviour like me; it would be well for Muckle Kate to be a duck like you: for O then she would have no sin to answer for—no sin, no sin!" The anecdote may appear frivolous, if not ridiculous; not so the feeling which it expresses; for many is the awakened sinner that has shared in blind Kate's desire, and would gladly have exchanged being with a dog or a stone, for then he would have had "no sin to answer for—no sin, no sin!"

In the third year of her anguish, Mr. Lauchlan was exceedingly anxious that she should sit down at the Lord's table, and accordingly urged every argument to induce her to commemorate the dying love of Christ. But nothing could prevail upon her to comply. "*She* go forward to that holy table! *she*, who had had her arms *up to the shoulders* in a Saviour's blood! Her presence would profane the blessed ordinance, and would be enough to pollute the whole congregation! Never, never would she sit down at the table; the communion was not for her!" The minister's hopes, however, were to be realized in a way that he never anticipated.

The Sabbath had arrived, the hour of meeting drew nigh, but Kate's determination still remained unchanged. I am not acquainted with the exact spot where the Gaelic congregation assembled on that communion Sabbath; the tables were, however, spread, as is usual on such occasions, in the open air among the wild hills of Lochcarron. Did any of my readers ever witness the serving of a sacramental table at which there sat one solitary communicant? yet such a sight was witnessed on that long-remembered day, and poor Kate and Mr. Lauchlan were the only actors in the scene.

The tables had all been served, the elements had been removed, the minister had returned to "the tent," and was about to begin the concluding address, and all were listening for the first words of the speaker, when suddenly a cry of despair was heard in a distant part of the congregation—a shriek of female agony that rose loud and clear amid the multitude, and was returned, as if in sympathy, by the echoes of the surrounding hills. It was the voice of "Muckle Kate," who now thought that all was over—that the opportunity was lost, and would never more return! The congregation was amazed; hundreds started to their feet, and looked anxiously towards the spot whence the scream had proceeded. Not so the minister; Mr. Lauchlan knew that voice, and well did he understand the cause of the sufferer's distress. Without a word of inquiry he came down from the tent, stepped over among the people till he had reached the spot; and taking Kate kindly by the hand, led her through the astonished crowd to the communion table, and seated her alone at its head. He next ordered the elements to be brought forward, and replaced upon the table; and *there* sat that one solitary blind being, alone in the midst of thousands—every eye of the vast multitude turned in wonder upon the lonely communicant—she herself all unconscious of their gaze. O for the pen of Bunyan or of Boston, to trace the tumult of feelings that chased each other through that swelling, bursting breast! The secrets of that heart have never been revealed; but right confident am I, that if there be one text of Scripture which more than another embodies the uppermost emotion in her mind during that hour of intense and thrilling spiritual excitement, it must have been the sentiment of one who knew well what it was to have been humbled in the dust like Kate: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I AM THE CHIEF."

The words which Mr. Lauchlan chose as the subject of his address, were well-nigh as extraordinary as any part of the occurrence; they were the words of Moses to Pharaoh (Exod. x. 26): "There shall not an hoof be left behind"—a manifest accommodation of the sentiment, "Those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost." I regret that I cannot furnish the reader with any notes of that wonderful address, in which, however, the speaker obtained most singular liberty. But the leading idea was, that all who had been given in covenant by the Eternal Father to the Son, were as safe as if they were already in heaven, and that not one soul should be forsaken or left to perish—"No, not so much as Muckle Kate!" This extraordinary service was ever afterwards known as "Muckle Kate's Table," and it is said, that by that single address no fewer than *two hundred souls* were awakened to spiritual concern, which ripened in many instances into deep and genuine piety. The minister to whom allusion has been made was himself acquainted with nine of these inquirers, who traced their earliest impressions to that table service, and all of whom were, at the time of his acquaintance with them, eminently godly characters. "Muckle Kate" herself lived about three years after her first communion, possessed of that "peace which passeth all understanding," and manifesting all the marks of a close and humble walk with God.

"PUSH IT ASIDE."

"Push it aside, and let it float down stream," said the captain of a steamboat on a small western river, as we came upon a huge log lying crosswise in the channel, near to a large town at which we were about to stop. The headway of the boat had already been checked, and with a trifling effort the position of the log was changed, and it moved onward toward the Mississippi. On it went, perhaps to annoy others as it had annoyed us—to lodge here and there until it becomes so water-soaken, that the heavier end will sink into a sand-bar, and the lighter project upward, thus forming a "sawyer," or a "snag." It would have taken a little more effort to cast it high upon the land, but no one on board appeared to think of doing that, or anything else, save getting rid of it as easily as possible, for it had not yet become a *formidable evil*. By-and-by, if a steamboat should be going down the river, and strike against it, causing a loss of thousands of dollars, if not of life, hundreds will ask the old question, if something cannot be done to *remedy* such evils, without stopping to inquire whether they cannot be prevented.

Now this is the way in which some of us [illegible] who profess to have a better knowledge than which belongs to the world. We forgot that old proverb, that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure—that that is the truest wisdom which advises the overcoming of the beginnings of evil. It may cost *us* less seeming labour to "push aside" the boy who stands at the corner of the street on the Sabbath, with an oath on his lips, than to put forth a little extra effort to get him into a Sabbath-school, and teach him, by the divine blessing, to keep the fourth commandment. But he is not yet a *formidable evil* to society, and so is left to float down with the current of vice—to continue his growth in sin, and reach his manhood steeped in habits of evil, and fixed in a position that may work the ruin of more than one soul. Speaking after the manner of men, greater efforts will then have to be made to save him, to overcome his power for evil. Surely, if the Church were wise there would not be such an apathy of feeling in regard to the moral condition of the destitute children of our city, and our land. *Their* claims upon its sympathy and labours would meet a more generous response.

When I was in Berlin, I went into the public prison, and visited every part of the establishment. At last I was introduced to a very large hall, which was full of children, with their books and teachers, and having the appearance of a Prussian school-room. "What!" said I, "is it possible that all these children are imprisoned here for crime?" "O, no," said my conductor, smiling at my simplicity, "but if a parent is imprisoned for crime, and on that account his children are left destitute of the means of education, and are likely to grow up in ignorance and crime, the government places them here, and maintains and educates them for useful employment." This was a new idea to me. I know not that it has ever been suggested in the United States; but surely it is the duty of the government, as well as its highest interest, when a man is paying the penalty of his crimes in a public prison, to see that his unoffending children are not left to suffer and inherit their father's vices. Surely it would be better for the child, and *cheaper* as well as better for the state. Let it not be supposed that a man will go to prison for the sake of leaving his children to be taken care of—for those who go to prison usually have little regard for their children. If they had, the discipline of the Berlin prison would soon sicken them of such a bargain.—*Professor Stowe.*

"I would rather be taxed for the education of the boy, than the ignorance of the man. For one or the other I am compelled to be."

REASONS WHY ERROR IS PERMITTED.

(From the Works of Andrew Fuller.)

Why is it that the beauty of the Christian Church is suffered to be marred and its peace invaded by a succession of perpetual discords? This is an awful subject; and if we were left to our own conjectures upon it, it would be our wisdom to leave it to the great day when all things will be made manifest: but we are not. The Scriptures of truth inform us that "there must needs be heresies, that they who are approved may be made manifest."

All the influences to which we are exposed, in the present life, are adapted to a state of probation, and to do us good or harm according to the state of mind which we possess. We are not only fearfully made, but as fearfully situated. The evidence in favour of true religion is sufficient for a candid mind, but not for one that is disposed to cavil. If we attend to it simply to find out truth and obey it, we shall not be disappointed; but if our souls be lifted up within us, the very Rock of salvation will be to us a stone of stumbling. The Jews required a sign *in their own way:* "Let him come down from the cross," said they, "and we will believe him." If he had *publicly* risen from the dead, say modern unbelievers, none could have doubted it. Yet he neither came down from the cross nor rose publicly from the dead; and let them say, if they please, that he could not, and that all his miracles were the work of imposture. It may be *our* duty, as much as in us lies, to cut off occasion from them who desire occasion; but God often acts otherwise. They who *desire* a handle to renounce the Gospel shall have it. Thus it is that men are *tried* by false doctrine, and even by the immoralities of professing Christians.

The visible kingdom of Christ is a floor containing a mixture of wheat and chaff; and every false doctrine is a wind, which He, whose fan is in his hand, makes use of to purge it. There are great numbers of characters who profess to receive the truth, on whom, notwithstanding, it never sat easily. Its holy and humbling nature galls their spirits. In such cases, the mind is prepared to receive any representation of the Gospel, however fallacious, that may comport with its desires; and being thus averse to the truth, God, in just judgment, frequently suffers the winds of false doctrine to sweep them away. Such is the account prophetically given of the chief instruments in the Romish apostasy. The introduction of that mystery of iniquity is thus described: "Whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

Not only is *false* doctrine permitted, that it may sweep away hypocritical characters, but the *discordance* which appears among the professors of Christianity is itself a temptation to many, and that in divers ways. Some, who consider themselves as almost if not altogether infallible, are hereby furnished with a plea for *intolerance and persecution.* In this way it operated much in former ages, and a portion of it is still prevalent among us. You see, say they, whither this liberty of conscience will lead men. If they be left to themselves, and form their own notions of religion, there will be no end to their errors and divisions, and to the sects that will arise out of them.

Others, on the same ground, have *rejected all religion.* You cannot agree, say they, as to what is truth: settle it among yourselves before you attempt to trouble us with it. Very well: if you can satisfy your consciences with this evasion, do so. It will not avail you at death or judgment. You will then be reminded that you did not reason thus in things to which your *hearts were inclined;* but applied with all your powers, and used every possible means, to ascertain the truth for yourselves, and acted accordingly. On your own principles, therefore, will you be judged.

Others, who have not gone these lengths, have yet been tempted to despair of finding out what is the true religion. Amidst the opposition of opinion which continually presents itself before us, say they, how are we, plain people, to judge and act? If you mean to intimate that it is vain for you to concern yourselves about it, that is the same as saying, it is vain to attempt anything that is accompanied with difficulties, or to walk in any way that is attended with temptations; and this would lead you to stand still in other things as well as in religion. But if it be the real desire of your soul to know the right way and walk in it, there is no reason to despair. Follow no man as your guide; but go to your Bible and your God, and there decide the question. You need not say in your heart, "Who shall ascend into heaven? or who shall descend into the deep?" The word is nigh thee. To read controversial books may, in many cases, be useful; but seldom when it is done with a view to decide the great question, What is the right way to everlasting life? A book, as well as a sermon, *may* be the means of affording such direction; but when the mind is in a state of suspense, it is beyond all comparison the safest to consult the oracles of God. To launch into controversy, without having obtained satisfaction on the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, is to put to sea in a storm without a rudder. One great reason why men are "carried about with divers and strange doctrines" is—their "hearts are not established with grace." They have no principles of their own, and therefore are carried away with anything that wears the appearance of plausibility.

But one of the worst inferences drawn from the discordant doctrines which abound in the world is, that doctrine itself is of little or no account. As intolerance and bigotry, under the specious name of zeal, distinguished former ages; so sceptical indifference, under the specious names of candour, liberality, and moderation, distinguishes this. This is the grand temptation, perhaps, of the present times. It would seem as if men must either fight for truth with carnal weapons, or make peace with error; either our religious principles must be cognizable by human legislators, or they are neither good nor evil, and God himself must not call us to account for them; either we must call men masters upon earth, or deny that we have any master, even in heaven.

It is a favourite principle with unbelievers, and with many professing Christians who verge towards them, that error not only has its seat in the mind, but that it is *purely* intellectual, and therefore *innocent*. Hence they plead against all Church censures, and every degree of unfavourable opinion on account of doctrinal sentiments, as though it were a species of persecution. But if the causes of error be principally *moral*, it will follow that such conclusions are as contrary to reason as they are to Scripture.

The above remarks are far from being designed to cherish a spirit of bitterness against one another, as men, or as Christians. There is a way of viewing the corruption and depravity of mankind, so as to excite bitterness and wrath, and every species of evil temper; and there is a way of viewing them, that, without approving or conniving at what is wrong, shall excite the tear of compassion. It does not become us to declaim against the wickedness of the wicked in a manner as if we expected grapes of thorns or figs of thistles; but while we prove ourselves the decided friends of God, to bear good-will to men. It becomes those who may be the most firmly established in the truth as it is in Jesus, to consider that a portion of the errors of the age, in all probability, attaches to them; and though it were otherwise, yet they are directed to carry it benevolently towards others who may err: "In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God, peradventure, will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth."

Finally, There is an important difference between rasing the foundation, and building upon that foundation a portion of wood, and hay, and stubble. It becomes us not to make light of either; but the latter may be an object of forbearance, whereas the former is not. With the enemies of Christ we ought, in religious matters, to make no terms; but towards his friends, though in some respects erroneous, it behoves us to come as near as it is possible to do, without a dereliction of principle. A truly Christian spirit will feel the force of such language as the following, and will act upon it: "All that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours, grace be unto them, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity!"

THE SABBATH.

READ the following, and see the results of beginning the course of Sabbath desecration, which many Christian professors are now doing their best to bring upon our country:—

I. AT ROME.

The profanation of the day of God is the practice of the pope. Thus although any one of the other six days would suit as well as the Sabbath to receive strangers visiting Rome, it is stated that the late pope often selected the day of rest for this purpose. The following is the testimony of a lady, who recently published a book of travels in New York:—

"Persons requesting a presentation, send in their names through the proper authorities, their respective ambassadors, &c. It is made known to the pope, and when a sufficient number of names have been received, so that he can lump them, and go through with a good many at once, he names a day and hour for the ceremony. A friend who was with us, had letters from the highest Catholic authorities in Canada, the superior of the St. Sulspice, to the cardinal and clergy generally, here. These have acquired us greater facilities than we should otherwise have had. It was announced to us that *we were to have an audience on Sabbath, at three* P.M. A young Roman to whom we bore a letter of introduction, and who is the private secretary of the pope's secretary of state, was to present us to his holiness."

Thus did this old man, tottering on the brink of the grave, and pretending to be the vicegerent of Christ, give his official sanction to the crime of violating the sanctity of the Sabbath, God's appointed day of rest from worldly cares and pursuits, by converting it into a set day for seeing company. Of the manner in which the affair was managed, we have this narrative:—

"We each bent the knee on entering; but he immediately motioned with his hands to have us rise and come forward. We obeyed, bending and bowing as awkward as stiff-necked republicans might be expected to do. Mr. —— being in advance, knelt at his feet, but the pope reached out his hand to prevent him. He, however, not understanding it thus, took hold of it, and rising, gave it a hearty friendly shake, quite *a la American*. We were introduced severally by name, and the place each came from named. He then addressed each separately, asked questions, related anecdotes, was perfectly affable and easy, and quite garrulous; conversing in Italian, though he understands French."

II. AT NEW ORLEANS.

A very shocking exhibition of the violation of the day of rest is found in the following illustration of the manner in which Roman Catholics keep the sacred day in New Orleans. A handbill was paraded in the streets, of which the following is a copy:—

"Philharmonic Ball Room. Orleans Street, opposite the Theatre, between Royal and Bourbon Streets, Sabbath, March 30th, 1845.—Grand Attraction!—*Catholic Orphans' Benefit.*—A Grand Dress and Masked Quarteroon Ball. Doors open at 8 o'clock. Weapons are prohibited."

III. IN GERMANY.

In direct opposition to the laws and the intent of the Lord's-day, it is a season of worldliness and sin, with the single exception of the observance of public worship. Even the appropriate instructions of this day, in many places are superseded, and the teachings of the sanctuary accommodated to the maxims of the world and the spirit of the age. In the cities and large towns, in noise and bustle, it is hardly distinguished from the other days of the week, and scarcely recalling many even of the higher classes from their labour for the enjoyment of repose and worldly pleasures. The public officers of State, from the highest to the lowest, almost without exception, and in direct opposition to law, disregard the day.

The lower orders, even less restrained by the laws, imitate the demoralizing example of their superiors; and the more so, because the Lord's-day greatly increases their gains. Tobacconists, musicians, rum-sellers, rope-dancers, and all those whose business it is to minister to the pleasures of men, respectively depend on Sabbath as the best day for the exercise of their craft. Accordingly every kind of business proceeds on this day as on any other, until suspended, so that the people may participate in the public amusements. The warehouses and stores are everywhere open; and the multitude of customers gives melancholy evidence that the tradesmen, in opening their shops, do but accommodate themselves to the spirit of the times. The noise of the work-shop, the rattling of machinery, the rumbling of mills, and the strokes of the steam-engine with its hoarse and heavy respirations, everywhere disturb the stillness of the sacred day, here, alas! hardly known even by name. Here is the blacksmith at his forge, and there a gang of labourers upon the scaffold. In one direction, they are busy in preparing their carriages for a party of pleasure; in another, is the teamster with his weary beast toiling at his load; and on every side the post-coaches, pressing eagerly on in their destined routes. At the sound of fife and drum, the people are running together at the corner of the streets to a bear-dance; the mendicant minstrel is wailing forth his music with his hand-organ in the courts and lanes; and multitudes of criers are calling out at the top of their voices, to draw the greedy crowd to come and taste of their dainties.

It is not enough that military parades, and public reviews of whole regiments, engross a great part of the day; not enough that the sound of the Sabbath-bell mingles with the clang of martial music and the roar of cannon; but the din of business and the pursuit of pleasure so disturb the rest, and desecrate the sacredness of this holy day, that what God ordained to be a blessing to man has been converted into a curse.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

IT *IS* A QUESTION.

A NUMBER of intimate friends being at dinner on the Lord's-day, one of the company, in order to prevent improper discourse, said, "It is a question whether we shall all go to heaven or not." This plain expression occasioned a general seriousness and self-examination. One thought, "If any of this company go to hell, it must be myself;" and so thought another and another. In short, it was afterwards found, that this sentence proved, by the special blessing of God upon it, instrumental to the conversion of several. What an encouragement is this to Christians to have their conversation in heaven when in company!

LIFE'S PENDULUM.

AT every swing of the pendulum a spirit goes into eternity. Between the rising and the setting of every sun, 43,000 souls are summoned before their Creator. Death is ever busy, night and day, at all seasons, and in all climes. True, as well as beautiful, are those lines of Mrs. Hemans—

> "Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
> And stars to set—but all,
> Thou hast *all* seasons for thy own, O death!"

He is supplied with a boundless variety of darts and arrows, with which he accomplishes his work. Could all the forms in which death comes to man be written together, what a long and fearful catalogue would it make! Think of the innumerable number of diseases, all at the command of death. And, as though these were not sufficient, see how man is exposed to fatal accidents on every hand, and at every moment. It was a saying of Flavel, that "the smallest pore in the body is a door large enough to let in death." "The least gnat in the air," says the same writer, "may choke one, as it did Adrian, a pope of Rome. A little hair in milk may strangle one, as it did a councillor in Rome. A little skin of a raisin may stop one's breath, as it did the lyric poet, Anacreon."

SUPERFICIAL EDUCATION.

WHAT knowledge they have gotten stands out, as it were, above the very surface of their minds, like the *appliqués* of the embroiderer, instead of having been interwoven with the growth of the piece so as to have become a part of the stuff.—*Hannah More.*

SENTENCES FROM MATTHEW HENRY.

WHAT we win by prayer, we must wear with praise.

——

All our sufficiency for our spiritual work and warfare is from the grace of God; and if all be *from* him, let all be *to* him.

——

Why should a man wish to live a day longer than God has some work to do either *by* him or *upon* him?

——

If we would have God hear what we say to him by prayer, we must be ready to hear what he says to us by his Word.

——

With respect to those that make God their chief joy, as their joy may be full, so it may be constant, even in this vale of tears. It is their own fault if they are not glad all their days, for his mercy will furnish them with joy in tribulation, and nothing can separate them from it.

NATURE AND GRACE.

BY THE REV. JONATHAN R. ANDERSON, GLASGOW.

THE soul in its natural state is full of darkness. The things of God are as if they were not: their excellence is not apprehended, nor their reality perceived. In every variety of form they may be presented to the mind, it fails to discern them. They may be supported by every species of evidence, the understanding does not yield to them. They may be clothed in the highest attractions, the heart does not admit them. Nor is it until grace takes possession of the soul, and by a new creation enters upon its reign, that the darkness of nature is detected. A natural man has not discernment even to discover his own blindness. But grace makes it manifest; for it is full of light; and "whatsoever doth make manifest is light." "Ye were sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord." The light which thus breaks in upon the darkness, never can be expelled nor extinguished. The darkness, it is true, is hostile to the light; "the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness admitteth it not;" and the hostility lasts so long as the remains of nature are in the soul. But grace is luminous; it draws from the Lord Jesus Christ, a source of light which is inexhaustible: and hence the light prevails over the darkness. The struggle of these antagonist elements is incessant, and sometimes very fierce; and for a season nature may seem to regain the ascendancy in the soul. But at these very times grace is learning more of the character of nature; and as the sun when it suffers a momentary obscuration prepares to shine out with a higher lustre, so grace increases in brightness from the efforts which nature makes to darken it. "The Lord, my God, will enlighten my darkness"—"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the midst of obscurity"—"At evening-tide it shall be light."

In nature there is a principle of enmity against God; in grace there is the principle of love to God. The enmity of nature seems, at times, as if it were dormant, though really ceaseless in its activity. In like manner grace may be overborne, and the soul apparently left destitute of the love of God. But events occur which bring out the existence and strength of the enmity that is in nature; as, on the other hand, they serve to make plain the reality and power of divine love. The presence of the object to the mind is necessary to the exercise of any affection. Hence, if the Divine Being be brought before the natural heart in any attribute whatever, He is met by nothing but enmity. The ways in which this vile affection works are various; some calm, some tumultuous—in some cases, little else is felt than indifference. But indifference to infinite excellence can arise from no root other than aversion. A child indifferent to his parent shows that he is hostile to him: and so to be indifferent to the blessed God argues against him. In other cases, this affection appears in a disposition to throw off the thought of God. The soul finds it is an unwelcome visitor—it is by no means congenial to its tastes, nor favourable to its pursuits; and therefore the sooner it is got rid of the better. The language of such is, "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways." But the enmity of nature to God sometimes shows itself in undisguised aversion. The truth of God is denied, his grace rejected, his salvation despised, his authority set at nought, and the honour of his name disregarded. "The carnal mind is enmity against God"—"So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God."

In grace there is supreme love of God, and that primarily for what he is in himself. For, as nature hates God for what he is, not merely for the aspect of wrath which he wears to transgressors, so grace admires him chiefly for what he is in his being, and beauty, and perfection. He infinitely loves himself, he is worthy of the love, and this is his holiness. He is to be loved by his creatures, and is worthy of their love; and this constitutes their holiness. The very essence of grace lies in being partaker of a divine nature, and the nature apprehends and delights in God for his beauty's sake. Of this the Psalmist speaks: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." This noble affection may be weakened and obscured through the hostile influences which set in upon the heart. The subjects of it may lament the low state of their souls on this account, and may even conclude that it is altogether extinguished. But when its object manifests Himself anew to their souls, and by His grace restores them to the lively exercise of love, then are they set on fire with affection to Him and delight in Him. "How great is his goodness, how great is his beauty!"

The natural mind is opposed to the will of God—grace yields a willing obedience to it. Of course, where there is no understanding of divine things, and no love to God, there can be no obedience to his law. There may, indeed, be the profession of obedience; but it will be that of the son who said to his father, "I go, sir, but went not." There may be the semblance of obedience; but it will be like the Pharisees who made clean the outside of the cup and platter. There may be an obedience which will please men, and be advantageous to civil society, but most offensive in the sight of God: "The things that are lightly esteemed among men, are abomination in the sight of God." But grace unites the soul to Christ, and thus connects it with him who, as he is the only justifying righteousness of sinners, is the only spring of active obedience. It is, moreover, a holy principle, and productive of holy fruits: "That which is born of God doth not commit sin." It is true, here also it is not suffered to work without opposition from nature: "I find a law in my members warring against the law of my mind." But Christ dwelling in the soul by faith, there is that in grace whereby it prevails against this law: "With my mind I serve the law of God."

He that is under the power of nature is content with a portion in the creature—the child of grace rises to a portion in God himself. The natural man may find a portion in gross sensuality, or in the diligent prosecution of business, or in the accumulation of wealth and influence; or he may find it in the pursuit of literature and science, in the maintenance of a decent religious profession, or the lively play of what he deems a sanctified imagination. But in all these cases, the heart rests in something else than the blessed God. The subject of grace sees the vanity and hatefulness in all these things as a portion, and is taught to choose the good part, which shall never be taken away from him. "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and my cup"—"Many say, Who will show us good? Lord, lift thou on us the light of thy countenance."

The end which nature proposes is selfish and worldly—that of grace is that the name of Jehovah may be made great, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same. To nature it is of no consequence what becomes of the glory of God, if only its schemes succeed, and its desires be gratified. But grace cannot live, unless God be glorified in his character, and love, and salvation. And hence, grace never will reach its proper consummation till the anthem of grace be heard from all holy creatures: "Halleluia! Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God!"

THE CHARACTER OF INFIDELITY.

DAVID HUME.

NO. VI.

We must now hasten to notice the UNCERTAINTY AND VANITY OF HUME'S PHILOSOPHY, as well as ITS UNHAPPINESS; AND THE GENERAL INSUFFICIENCY AND DISAPPOINTMENT WHICH CROWNED HIS LITERARY CAREER. The young are apt to be misled into infidelity by thinking what a fine thing it must be to be like David Hume—what new paths of inquiry he opened up, what honour and fame tracked his footsteps, how happy he must have been in his fresh lights and discoveries, and what rich and satisfactory rewards philosophy and literature hold out to their disciples—rewards far more precious than religion can pretend to supply. We hope that we are as much alive as our neighbours to the pleasures and advantages of sound knowledge, embracing sound philosophy and sound literature. We trust we can, in some measure, appreciate them. But we must say that, in very proportion to our love for sound knowledge in all its branches, are we suspicious of the writings, and hostile to what is peculiar in mental or moral philosophy, to the teaching of Hume. No youthful mind could labour under a greater mistake than the mind which cherished the sentiments respecting him to which we have alluded.

What is the view which Hume gives of ancient and modern philosophy, and of his own state of mind in the midst of his philosophical inquiries, and after they were well-nigh over? In the outset of his career, when a young man of twenty-three, preparing for authorship, he addressed a "Letter to a Physician," now published for the first time; and which the biographer denominates "a piece of full and candid self-examination." Here we may be supposed to have the genuine sentiments and feelings of Hume. Let the reader then judge of these "Confessions." "Every one," says he, "who is acquainted either with the philosophers or critics, knows that there is nothing yet established in either of these two sciences (works of reasoning and philosophy, and works of polite literature, embracing the great mass of all knowledge), and that they contain little *more than endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles.*" It would seem, then, according to Hume's own showing, that religion is not the only uncertain knowledge, and that theologians are not the only disputants; and that, after a lapse of six thousand years, philosophers are at war upon the most fundamental articles—a fact surely holding out little prospect that he or his disciples should, by the discovery of truth, terminate all controversy. Again: "I found that the moral philosophy transmitted to us by antiquity, laboured under the same inconvenience that has been found in their natural philosophy—of being entirely hypothetical, and depending more upon invention than experience; every one consulted his fancy in erecting schemes of virtue and of happiness, without regarding human nature, upon which every moral conclusion must depend." Here is another confession of Hume to the utter insufficiency of philosophy to guide, regenerate, or bless the great mass of mankind; and yet the ancient classical writers were the gods of his idolatry, to the neglect of the one book of Heaven! What is the natural inference from such acknowledgments, but the absolute need of divine revelation? How unlikely is it that the philosophers of the future, on questions of mind or of morals, shall prove wiser and more useful than their predecessors in the past? The first step to usefulness is, that the philosophy be stable and sure; but where the signs or even the chances of certainty? "The observation of human blindness and weakness," says Hume himself, "is the result of all philosophy, and meets us at every turn, in spite of our endeavours to elude or to avoid it." Let young men who would be philosophers by becoming infidels ponder this saying, and consider whether, such being the state of human nature when left to itself, they are likely to be able to do successfully without a revelation from heaven.

But let us pass from general confessions to Hume's own *personal experience.* He wrote his Treatise on Human Nature while yet a young man. Afterwards he regretted the boldness of its tone, but he never retracted its leading principles or views. And what is the account of it given by his biographer? "He exposes," says he, "to poor human nature her own weakness and nakedness, and supplies her with no extrinsic support or protection." And this came from a man, not when seared with age and disappointment, but at a period of life "when our sympathies with the world are strongest and our anticipations brightest." We ask, then, was this kind or cruel? Was this a great improvement on the old philosophy which had gone before, or was it of the same character; as uncertain, and therefore weak and helpless, though more unmerciful? What is Hume's own account of its tendency?

"I am lost and confounded with that forlorn solitude in which I am placed in my philosophy, and fancy myself some strange uncouth monster, who, not being able to mingle and unite in society, has been expelled all human commerce, and left utterly abandoned and disconsolate. Fain would I run into the crowd for shelter and warmth, but cannot prevail with myself to mix with such deformity. I call upon others to join me, in order to make a company apart, but no one will hearken to me. Every one keeps at a distance, and dreads that storm which beats upon me from every side. I have exposed myself to the enmity of all metaphysicians, logicians, mathematicians, and even theologians; and can I wonder at the insults I must suffer? I have declared my disapprobation of their systems, and can I be surprised if they should express a hatred of mine, and of my person? When I look abroad, I foresee on every side dispute, contradiction, anger, calumny, and detraction. When I turn my eye inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. All the world conspires to oppose and contradict me, though such is my weakness, that I feel all my opinions loosen and fall of themselves, when unsupported by the approbation of others. Every step I take is with hesitation, and every new reflection makes me dread an error and absurdity in my reasoning. For with what confidence can I venture upon such bold enterprises, when, besides those numberless infirmities peculiar to myself, I find so many which are common to human nature? Can I be sure that, in leaving all established opinions, I am following truth? and by what criterion shall I distinguish her, even if fortune should at last guide me on her footsteps? After the most accurate and exact examination of my reasonings, I can give no reason why I should assent to it, and feel nothing but a *strong* propensity to consider objects *strongly* in that view under which they appear to me. . . . . .

"The *intense* view of these manifold contradictions and imperfections in human reason, has so wrought upon me and heated my brain, that I am ready to reject all belief and reasoning, and can look upon no opinion even as more probable or likely than another. Where am I, or what? From what causes do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return? Whose favour shall I court? and whose anger must I dread? What beings surround me? and on whom have I any influence, or who have any influence on me? I am confounded with all these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness, and utterly deprived of the use of every member and faculty."

After reading this gloomy passage, we may well ask, was Hume happy? He may have forgotten his speculations, and other influences may have come in and given him the ordinary share of human enjoyment, but did his philosophy make him happy? Would the belief of it, or the pursuit of kindred theories, make others happy? Shortly before he wrote his work, he lets us into the state of his mind—he tells us of his mental depression, and of the means to which he resorted for relief. The confession is contained in the letter from which we have already quoted, and few can be more melancholy. "There was another particular," says he, "which contributed more than anything to waste my spirits, and bring on me this distemper, which was, that having read many books of morality, such as Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, and being smit with their beautiful representations of virtue and philosophy, I undertook the improvement of my temper and will, along with my reason and understanding. I was continually fortifying myself with reflections against death, and poverty, and shame, and pain, and all the other calamities of life."

He then goes on to say, that however useful such reflections may be in health, in solitude they serve to little other purpose than to waste the spirits; that this he learned by experience, not however till his health was ruined. Poor man! he found the morality of Paganism too much for him, beyond his self-righteous reach; and rejecting, meanwhile, the only Book which points out the remedy, as well as the disease, which unfolds the source of strength to fallen creatures, as well as their weakness and depravity, he was miserable. This is no matter of wonder. His mind, powerful as it was, could not open a new way of relief. Farther on in the record of his experience, he says, "To keep myself from living melancholy on so dismal a prospect (as not recovering his health), my *only* security was in peevish reflections on the vanity of the world and of all human glory, which, however just sentiments they may be esteemed, *I have found can never be sincere*, except in those who are possessed of them. Being sensible that *all my philosophy would never make me contented* in my present situation, I began to rouse up myself," &c. He then proceeds to say, that he turned to business as his remedy: "I am just now hastening to Bristol, with a resolution to forget myself and everything that is past, to engage myself as far as is possible in mercantile life, and to toss about the world, from the one pole to the other, till I leave this distemper behind me."

It appears, then, that for mental disquietude, and depression so severe as to affect the bodily health, Hume's cure was not philosophy, whether his own or that of other men, not "the reading of the most celebrated books in Latin, French, and English, and acquiring Italian." All these failed him. His resort was the coarse, and, in his view, vulgar one of engaging with a Bristol trader; and even this lasted but a few months. What a proclamation is here of the vanity and helplessness of philosophy—its insufficiency to deliver from evil, or to rejoice with happiness! Well may the youthful aspirant after fame pause before committing himself to the course of Hume. How blessed a thing would it have been for our author, had he, when weary and depressed in spirit, instead of betaking himself to Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, betaken himself to the Word of God, and exchanged the uncertainties and miseries of ancient Paganism for the certain and the glorious verities of Evangelical Christianity! He would not, in that case, have been left to make such melancholy, but withal most important confessions, on which we have been commenting.

But we must not limit ourselves to the inherently unhappy character of Hume's philosophy—to its proved inability, from his own case, to sustain in time of need—and to his testimony to the unsatisfactory nature of *all* the philosophy which preceded, and we may now add which has followed, except so far as, in mind and morals, it has been connected with the revelation of God. We must appeal to evidence still more practical—to evidence which many will still better appreciate; and which we trust, therefore, will operate as the stronger warning to the young and the sanguine.

What was Hume's experience of life as a philosopher, and the philosoper of Infidelity? We have seen that vanity was his ruling passion, and that for the gratification of vanity he sacrificed everything like truth and steady principle. Was his course then easy and prosperous? He may have expected this. He may, like many young aspirants, have imagined that his talents would carry the world before him. Instead of this, he was deeply mortified, and so punished through his very vanity. The first twenty years of his authorship might be said to be a failure; one effort after another was unsuccessful. His works either provoked no notice or keen opposition. Early in his history, he was so hurt and wounded that he resolved to abandon his native country—reside in France—change his name, and never return. When, from the progress of Infidelity in Britain and other causes, his works excited notice, and he became, comparatively speaking, a successful author, vanity still pursued him, and the same desire of celebrity which was wounded by failure at first, was wounded now because the success was not so great as vain glory, ever greedy, would have desired. At a more advanced period of life, he became connected as secretary with public men, and passed two years in his favourite France, recommended by its Infidelity and patronage of letters. Surely he would be happy now. He seems to have reached the height of his ambition. He is idolized as a demi-god. Flattery, so grateful to vanity, is offered to him as incense. Now he has a compensation for his years of unrepaid labour, but is he happy? Let the reader judge. "During the two last years in particular," says he, "that I have been at Fountainebleau, I have *suffered* (the expression is not improper) as much flattery as almost any man has ever done in the same time, but *there are few days in my life that I would not rather pass over again.*" Again: "I am convinced that Louis XIV. never in any three weeks of his life suffered so much flattery; I say suffered, for it really confounds and embarrasses me, and makes me look sheepish." And then he tells us of a masquerade, where both sexes in masques saluted him with the warmest compliments; in short, he was almost as cordially hailed with popular incense as Voltaire, when for twenty minutes consecutively the theatre rang with his worship. Yet with all this was he happy? Hear his answer to the inquiry in a letter to Dr. Blair. "You ask me if they (such instances of attention) were not very agreeable? I answer No—*neither in expectation, possession, nor recollection.* I left that fire-side where you probably sit at present with the greatest reluctance. After I came to London, my uneasiness, as I heard more of the prepossessions of the French nation in my favour, increased, and nothing would have given me greater joy than any accident that would have broke off my engagement." Such is the vanity of human glory, even when fully attained. It cannot satisfy.

Nor is this all—it does not last. Were Hume now to rise from the dead, what would he find? would he find his writings in universal honour? would he find posterity, as he imagined, doing justice to his high claims? Far from it. He would find that his day was already over—that his moral philosophy was disowned—that a most searching and withering exposure of his Historical Works was going forward from day to day—that the divine Revelation which he set at nought had vastly risen in its power—that it numbered in its ranks some of the most influential minds of the day—that new and Christian historians, like M'Crie and D'Aubigné, had arisen, and triumphantly vindicated the Reformers and Reformation from the calumnies which he had propagated, and even that the very doctrine of cause and effect, which he had taught with Atheistic views and leanings, had been turned by the friends of revelation into an argument for the being and providence of God.

Striking as the picture which Hume may furnish of the vanity of infidel philosophy and literature, he does not stand alone. The school with which he was associated in France, and in which he rejoiced, supply, if possible, a still more impressive illustration. We do not refer to Rousseau, at one time his much-admired friend, at another his hated enemy—at once the slave and victim of vanity. Few cases can better describe the folly of literary and infidel France. The whole kingdom rung with his praises. His writings exercised an immense impression on all ranks; but ere long, though he settled, says Hume, within a league of Paris, "nobody inquired after him—nobody visits him—nobody talks of him. Every one has agreed to neglect and disregard him—a more sudden revolution of fortune than almost ever happened to any man, at least to any man of letters." Who does not see in this the vanity of literary glory?—the mortifying but righteous punishment which awaits upon infidel vanity. Let the young, tempted to scepticism, consider this.

But we take in a wider range. The literary society of France was never more brilliant, and at the sametime, more ungodly, infidel, and atheistic, than in the days of Hume. Philosophy was the order of the day. "In the circle of toys," says Hume, "seized and discarded by a giddy fashionable crowd, philosophy will have its turn, as well as poodles, parrots, tulips, cafés, and black pages. It had been so a century earlier, when the most abstruse works of Des Cartes had been the ornament of every fashionable lady's toilette; and now the wheel had revolved, and philosophy was again in vogue." What this philosophy involved may be gathered from the following sentence of a letter to Dr. Blair:—"You seem to wish that I should give you some general accounts of this country. Shall I begin with the points in which it most differs from England, viz., the general regard paid to genius and learning; the universal and professed, though decent gallantry to the fair sex; or the almost universal contempt of all religion among both sexes and among all ranks of men?" The biographer states, that even Hume disliked the scornful infidelity—the almost intolerance of earnest belief—so often exhibited both in speech and conduct. None need to be informed what these statements imply—the union of literature and talent with universal licentiousness and shocking infidelity.

And were the parties then happy? It is utterly impossible. The letters of more than one of the party—such as a Madame Du Deffand, Mdlle. Le Espinasse, Baron de Grimm—have been published, and what is the revelation which they make of themselves and of others? One of the most fearful which can well be imagined. They discover throughout in connection with talent and wit, and taste, unspeakable selfishness, jealousy of others, heartlessness, ennui, bitter and implacable factions; and there is not a trace of domestic comfort. The *Edinburgh Review* (Feb. 1811), speaking of Mad. de Deffand, whose house was for fifty years the resort of all that was most brilliant in Paris, states that she was consumed with that ennui which she regarded as the greatest of curses, and which her life was one unbroken effort to prevent—that she was ever complaining of life as an irremediable evil, and yet acknowledging her repugnance to quit it. She confessed, that being born was the greatest misfortune, and yet could procure no sympathy under the distress of her ennui. The great moral lesson which the writer draws from the whole is a just one—that the applause of friends, the flattery of wits, and the homage of the world, are unavailing to the real comfort and happiness of life; and that all talent, accomplishment, and glory, when disconnected from feelings of kindness, are utterly worthless. It may be added, as a remarkable illustration of the heartlessness of infidelity, that this poor lady died in the midst of a game of cards, and as the game was interesting, the party of friends continued it, and settled their accounts by the dead body before leaving the room!

Such was infidelity in its most brilliant forms—such the French companions of Hume. Can anything more impressively teach the vanity and wretchedness of unbelief? Here are talent, wit, accomplishment, philosophy, literature, bearing a complete triumph over British prejudices—the most unfettered freedom of inquiry; and yet what do these all secure for their possessors? in what do they all issue? No wonder that Hume was the advocate of suicide. It was essential to the toleration and completeness of his infidel system. Professedly believing in no futurity, and exposed to such misery, how could he hesitate about self-murder? It is the only, the easy, and appropriate remedy. But what sort of philosophy must that be, how unsatisfying and full of woe, which needs the weapons of suicide? which is only tolerable when men are informed that it is a lawful and proper thing—always within their reach, as soon as they weary of life, to put an end to it with their own hand!

The reader might be reminded that the misery of infidel philosophy was not confined to the brilliant literary circle; that soon it spread to general society, and involved all France, and many other nations, in its horrors. The philosophers sowed the wind, their countrymen through all ranks reaped the whirlwind; but it is unnecessary to enter on the proof of what is so familiar. Surely there is one general lesson deducible from our present contemplation, and that is, that no one need grudge infidel philosophers their philosophy, nor long for their fame. How uncertain, how unsatisfying and vain, yea, how miserable, personally and socially, has experience proved it to be? What did Infidelity accomplish for Hume or his French associates, with all their acknowledged talent and acquirement?—what is it likely to do for others less eminent? What has it done for France or Europe? Has it not, so far as its influence reached, only tended to restore ancient Paganism, with its weariness, licentiousness, suicide, and thousand kindred miseries and crimes?

BAPTISM OF AN INFANT AT ITS MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Whence is that trembling of a father's hand,
Who to the man of God doth bring his babe,
Asking the seal of Christ? Why doth the voice
That uttereth o'er its brow the triune name
Falter with sympathy? And most of all,
Why is yon coffin-lid a pedestal
For the baptismal font?

Again I asked—
But all the answer was those gushing tears
Which stricken hearts do weep.

For there she lay—
The fair young mother in that coffin bed,
Mourned by the funeral train. The heart that beat,
With trembling tenderness at every touch
Of love or pity, flushed the cheek no more.
Tears were thy baptism, thou unconscious one,
And sorrow took thee at the gate of life
Into her cradle. Thou may'st never know
The welcome of a nursing mother's kiss,
When, in her wondering ecstasy, she marks
A thrilling growth of new affections spread
Fresh greenness o'er the soul.

Thou may'st not share
Her hallowed teachings, nor suffuse her eye
With joy, as the first gems of infant thought
Unfold, in lisping sound.

Yet may'st thou walk
Even as she walked, breathing on all around
The warmth of high affections, purified
And sublimated, by that Spirit's power
Which makes the soul fit temple for its God.
So shalt thou, in a brighter world, behold
That countenance, which the cold grave did veil
Thus early from thy sight, and the first tone
That bears a mother's greeting to thine ear
Be wafted from this minstrelsy of heaven.

THE DEATH OF THE SAILOR.

There is only one class of men whose lives are more shortened by the nature of their occupation than the sailor's, and those men do not work above ground. They labour in mines, and amid foul exhalations and noxious vapours, dig out for others the treasures of the earth. With their exception, the sailor's life is shorter than that of any operative. And why? Because the treacherous element upon which he sails, and the capricious winds to which he trusts, oblige him to take his rest by snatches. Because he wanders through all climes, from the equator to the poles—now scorching with heat, then freezing with cold. Because he works in all weathers, and because the worse the weather the harder he must work. In the rain storm, when it descends in torrents, and continues so long as not to leave him a change of clothing in his chest—in the sleet, in the snow, in the frost, when the rigging becomes like jagging steel, and the sails like sheets of iron—in the tempest, when the winds rage and the seas roar, and the good ship struggles as it were for life—now plunging, as though in despair, into the depths below, and then rising, as if with exultation, on the towering wave. Then must the sailor work; and it is these hardships, this severe toil, this constant exposure, that shortens his life.

But, alas! it may be fearfully shortened by other causes than the wear and tear of his calling. How often, in the discharge of some perilous duty aloft, is he precipitated into the deep, and swallowed up by the devouring waters? How often cast away! How often the victim of the malignant diseases of foreign climes! How many sailors have met with an untimely death from the club of the savage, the sword of the foe, or the desperate charge of the wounded whale! But there would be no end of particularizing in this way the perils and hardships of a seaman's life. We must appeal to the hurricane and the battle, to the ocean with its dark caverns, and to the foreign shores with their unburied dead. We must call upon the thousands who have gone down with the waves for their winding sheet, and who await in their deep sepulchres the resurrection of the dead, to bear witness what toils, what dangers, and what sufferings are the sailor's lot.

We may observe, however, that sailors commonly die at sea. Death, bitter at any time, must have its bitterness exceedingly increased under such circumstances. A ship is no hospital. None but able-bodied men are rated on her books; and if sickness befal them, they must take their chance. The medicine chest perhaps is the only proof on board that such a calamity was ever thought of.

Where does the sailor die? In a cheerful room? On a couch of feathers and a pillow of down? Waited on by an attentive nurse? Watched over by an anxious friend? Surrounded by sobbing and weeping relatives! Far different. In that wretched hole, where a suspended lantern just gives light enough to show the seamen's chests by which it is encumbered. In that rude hammock swinging from the beam. There is no minister of Christ there to listen to his wailings over an ill-spent life, or to awaken him to a sense of his sin and danger. There is no messenger of love there, to speak of Jesus, and point him to that anchor of the soul, sure and stedfast. No herald of that salvation which, like the ocean itself, rises above high-water mark, overtops the mountains of sin, and washes away the guilt of every penitent transgressor. He dies without comfort in this world, and too often without hope in another.

But suppose the dying sailor to have enjoyed in former years the fostering care of a Bethel Flag Society, how different might be his end! Then he would have in his possession the Word of God; then he might call to mind, as he lay in his loneliness, many a solemn truth—many an earnest prayer—many a kind exhortation—many an encouraging promise which he had heard from the mouth of its missionary. Then perhaps his danger would strike him like a thunderbolt—his heart might be smitten, he might shed the tear of penitence, and cry out with believing earnestness, "Lord, save me, or I perish."

Too little is done for the poor sailor. Seated in our comfortable quiet dwellings, and enjoying all the blessings and privileges of a home on shore, we reck not of his privations and trials. How few ever subscribe to the funds of a Sailor's Evangelistic Society—how few even remember in prayer those who are on the waters! How much might not be done in supplying vessels with Bibles and religious libraries, and of circulating tracts, and establishing Bethel Flag prayer-meetings! Nay, how much might be done in the way of attending to the families of the sailors when they are far away! A Christian wife, a converted child, might send the heavenly arrow into a husband's or a parent's heart with tenfold and resistless power, at a time when that heart bounds with affection to its object, after a long and weary separation. And how might not converted sailors, in their turn, become as missionaries at every port at which they touched, and more extensively than all the missionaries of our many societies, "teach all nations!"

STORMY SABBATHS.

An American minister, Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, Connecticut, recently preached a sermon to his people on the "Uses and Duties of Stormy Sabbaths," from the text, "Fire and hail; snow and vapours; stormy wind fulfilling his word." From this text he lectured them very plainly on the evil habit of staying away from worship on stormy Sabbaths. After alluding to the fact that every created thing, pleasant and terrible, including "the flying artillery of the weather," were invoked to praise the Lord, he turned to his "fair weather hearers," for whose special benefit he had prepared the discourse, and chosen a fair and genial day on which to deliver it, and told them in the outset that he *meant them*, by introducing his subject after the following strain:—

"There is a class among you who visibly enough cannot sympathize with all the sentiments of this glowing and lofty psalm. The principal significance of the weather, or at least of all foul weather, appears in their estimation to be, that it excuses them from worship. The snows, and vapours, and stormy wind, do not so much fulfil the word of Jehovah, as call them away from his word and the worship of his house. Their seat is sure to be vacant every stormy Sabbath, and too often when there is only a slight promise of rain, or of any other kind of unpleasant weather. If the wind blows, or the walks are wet, or covered with a little snow; if the cold is uncomfortable, or the heat a little too intense; if a fog damps the air, or an east wind chills it, they take out an indulgence from the weather, and consider the worship of God as relieved by a dispensation."

The preacher then went on to prove that stormy Sabbaths are not only very harmless to all persons but invalids, but that they really have a high religious purpose. It is very desirable, according to his doctrine, to have stormy Sabbaths, and we ought to improve them as opportunities of special blessing in attending on the public worship of God. Toward the close he applied his subject in this strain:—

"I hope that all my fair weather hearers are present, and, being present, that they will receive the salutary lesson I give them. I have not said, and did not mean to say, all that could relate to a subject so unpleasant. I have not rebuked your self-indulgence as I might have done. I have not spoken of the chill our worship often suffers by the thinness of the assembly, and the many empty seats displayed; for I was not willing to ask your attention here as patrons of the place. I have not dwelt on your excuses, and removed them; the plea that you had better sometimes spend the day of God by yourselves—for you know that you spend it in no such exercise as worship, or preparation for a better world; the plea often present to the giddy heart of vanity, that a stormy day is no fit occasion for the display of your person—a plea that you cannot yourselves utter, because of its conscious want of dignity, but which, nevertheless, has power with many; the plea that it will injure your health to encounter the rough weather—for you all expect me to be here in every storm that blows, and you can as well be here as I; and if in thirteen years' attendance on my duties here, without any consideration of the weather, in its wildest storms and fiercest cold, I have never suffered the least injury, there is not much reason to fear for you—certainly not for any who are in equally sound health. To invalids I will make allowance, though even they would commonly suffer by no exposure incident to their attendance. There is no such poison in wet and cold, as many love to suppose; and if we were not so self-indulgent, so ready to shrink from the rough moods of nature, we should have clearer minds and stronger bodies. The worst and most dangerous poison is confinement, and the pent air that simmers all the day in heated rooms, unchanged."

THE YOUNGEST.

"I rocked her in her cradle,
And laid her in her tomb;
She was the youngest—oh! what fireside circle
Hath never felt the charm of that sweet word—
The youngest ne'er grow old?"

It was twilight, and I sat watching the decaying embers, when my attention was arrested by the sound of voices in the adjoining apartment. I heard nothing except, "Ah! you are the youngest!" in a tone of mingled reproach and fondness. The youngest! what an echo has it awakened!

I lately heard those words connected with a touching tale of truth, which I shall not soon forget. I was riding along the bank of a lake, when I suddenly came upon a farm-house, with nothing in its first appearance to distinguish it from an ordinary dwelling. But as I drew nearer, I saw that the hand of taste had been there. The most delicate wild flowers of the surrounding hills and forests had been transplanted to the garden, which sloped gradually from the house to the water's edge. The colours and shades were arranged with a painter's taste, and the effect was surpassingly beautiful. By the doors and windows of the humble mansion, the sweet brier and the pure white rose mingled their delicate blossoms with wild creeping plants, which had been trained up the sides of the house. My curiosity was strongly excited. The day was warm and sultry, and I ventured to claim a stranger's privilege—rest and a glass of water. An elderly female was the only occupant. I ventured to remark, in an inquiring tone, on the beauty and arrangement of the flowers; but for a while tears were my only answer. "Oh," said she at last, "it is the work of my daughter who sleeps by the side of her two sisters under the shade of those old elms. *She was my youngest*, and so good and gentle that it was hard parting with her. Her elder sisters had drooped and wasted just as they arrived at womanhood. I thought perhaps they had worked too hard, for we have always earned our bread by the sweat of our brow, and never knew what it was to be idle. Janet was the last, so we put no tasks upon her, but suffered her to work or play, just as she pleased. Our boys were all well to do in the world, and had good farms of their own, except John, who must needs go to college. He talked so well, and coaxed so much, and told how much good he would do when he became a minister, that we at last consented. John came home in vacation, and brought several heaps of books. Her chief happiness seemed to be in reading the books he brought, and tending the flowers he had planted. After some time, I saw with many a heart-ache that her forehead and ears grew pale, very pale, while the red on her cheeks grew deeper and brighter. She began to have a slight cough, and her clear voice became faint and low; but, oh! how sweet it sounded when she took some of the last flowers of autumn, and told me how they spoke of a heavenly Father's love, and that he who thus cared for the flowers would surely care for us. 'See, dear mother,' she would say, 'how carefully the little flower is protected by its clasping leaves, so that it has braved the storm, as tender and delicate as it looks. God has taken care of it, and he will take care of you,' and her voice faltered when she added, 'even if you were left alone.' It was the first time she had spoken of what I feared, yet dared not whisper even to myself. I wept bitterly, and told her, selfish that I was, for I saw that this dark world was as a prison to her, that she must not die. And then she put her arms around my neck, and talked to me of heaven, and how sweet it would be to be there with Agnes and Mary and her little brother, and how soon I, too, should be there with them, till I wept no more, and only longed to go with my blessed child.

"We still thought she might live many months, and she talked cheerfully of the happiness she would enjoy when John came home in his winter's vacation. But all at once she grew very sick; and the doctor said she could not live three days. I told her the heavy tidings, for her poor father was broken down with this last trouble, and could not speak of it. 'So soon!' said she; but after a moment's pause, she added, clasping her thin hands, and looking upwards, '"Thy will be done!" But, John—you must send for him.' I told her he was so far off it would be more than a week before we could get him here. 'No matter for that; dear, dear mother, do send for him.' We sent, and every day she grew weaker and her breath grew fainter. But how sweetly even then did she talk of heaven and of a Saviour's love! Almost every hour she would ask, 'Has John come yet?' At length the seventh day came. It was the Sabbath, and one of the brightest of early winter mornings. She roused from a deep lethargy, which we had thought would prove her last sleep, and asked me to give her a rose-bud from the bush which stands there in that window. Just then we heard the sound of a horse's hoofs; he had come! But I cannot tell you of their meeting. My eyes were too blinded with tears to see it, and my heart too full to remember much. I only remember that in a few moments she showed him the rose-bud, and told him her lot was like that of the flower. But he told her no; the flower perished, but she would bloom again in heaven, where nothing is ever blighted or withered more. She thanked him fervently, and in the clear musical voice of her brightest days, for all his love to her—for his patient teaching—for instructing her to see a Father's hand in the trees and flowers, in the sunshine and the storm. 'And more than all, my brother, I bless you for pointing me to a Saviour's love—for leading my wandering, exiled soul to Calvary. I shall now soon be with him. Kneel, my brother, and commend my departing soul to him.' We all knelt by the bed-side, and my poor boy, with her thin, wasted hand clasped in his, in a few broken petitions implored the blessed Saviour to be with her where the love of earthly friends could avail nothing—in her passage through the dark valley. When we rose, her eyes were closed, and a sweet smile played upon her lips. We thought she slept, but it was the sleep of death. She had gone to heaven!"—*Christian Parlour Magazine.*

THE BOY'S LAST BEQUEST.

HALF RAISED upon the dying couch, his hand
Drooped on his mother's bosom, like a bud
Which, broken from its parent stalk, adheres
By some attenuated fibre. His thin hand
From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book,
And slowly pressed it to his bloodless lips:
"Mother, dear mother, see your birth-day gift,
Fresh and unsoiled. Yet have I kept your word,
And ere I slept each night, and every morn,
Did read its pages, with my simple prayer,
Until this sickness came."

He paused, for breath
Came scantily, and with toilsome strife.
"Brother or sister have I none, or else
I'd lay this Bible on their heart, and say,
Come read it on my grave, among the flowers.
So you who gave must take it back again,
And love it for my sake."

"My son! My son!"
Whispered the mourner in that tender tone
Which woman in her sternest agony
Commands, to soothe the pang of those she loves.
"The soul! the soul! to whose charge yield you that?"
"To God who gave it." So that gentle soul,
With a slight shudder, and a seraph smile,
Left the pale clay for its Creator's arm.

S. S. M.

GOOD FRIDAY IN PERU.

THE dramatic representations of scenes in the life of Christ, introduced by the Spanish monks who accompanied Pizarro, with a view to the easier conversion of the aborigines, have long been discontinued in the larger Peruvian cities. But in the Sierra they are still kept up, and all the efforts of enlightened priests to suppress them have been frustrated by the tenacity and threats of the Indians. Dr. Tschudi gives an extraordinary description of the celebration of Good Friday. "From an early dawn," he says, "the church is crammed with Indians, who pass the morning in fasting and prayer. At two in the afternoon a large image of the Saviour is brought out of the sacristy and laid down near the altar, which is veiled. No sooner does this occur than the whole congregation rush forward and strive to touch the wounds with scraps of cotton, and then ensues a screaming, crowding, fighting, only to be equalled by the uproar at an ill-conducted fair, until the priests at last succeed in restoring order. The figure of the Saviour is now attached to the cross with three very large silver nails, and a rich silver crown is placed upon its head; on either side are the crosses of the two thieves. The Indians gaze their fill and leave the church, but return thither at eight in the evening. The edifice is then brilliantly illuminated, and at the foot of the cross stand, wrapped in white robes, four priests, the *santos varones*, or holy men, whose office is to take down the body of the Saviour. A short distance off, upon a stage or scaffolding, stands the Virgin Mary, in deep mourning, and with a white cloth around her head. In a long discourse a priest explains the scene to the congregation, and, at the close of his sermon, turning to the *santos varones*, he says, 'Ye holy men, mount the ladders of the cross, and bring down the body of the dead Saviour!' Two of the priests ascend with hammers, and the preacher continues, 'Thou holy man on the right side of the Saviour, strike the first blow upon the nail in the hand, and take it out!' The hammer falls, and the sound of the blow is the signal for the cry of *Misericordia! Misericordia!* repeated by thousands of voices in tones of anguish so heart-rending, as to produce a strangely painful impression upon the hearer. The nail is handed to a priest at the foot of the cross, to be taken to the Virgin Mary, still standing upon her scaffold. To her the preacher now addressed himself with the words, 'Thou afflicted mother, approach and receive the nail that pierced the right hand of thy blessed Son!' And as the priest drew near to the image of the Virgin, the latter, moved by a secret mechanism, advances to meet him, receives the nail in both hands, places it in a silver bowl, dries its eyes, and returns to its place. These movements are repeated when the two other nails and the crown are brought down. The whole scene has for accompaniment the unintermitting howling and sobbing of the Indians, which redoubled at each stroke of the hammer, and reaches its apogee when the body is delivered to the Virgin, who then again begins to weep violently. The image of Christ is then laid in a coffin adorned with flowers, and is carried by torch-light through every street in the town. Whilst the procession makes its circuit, the Indians erect twelve arches of flowers in front of the church door, placing between each two of them a carpet of the like materials, the simplest and most beautiful that it is possible to see. Each carpet is manufactured by two Indians, neither of whom seems to trouble himself about the proceedings of his comrade; but yet, with incredible rapidity, and a wonderful harmony of operation, the most tasteful designs grow under their hands in rich variety of colours. Arabesques, landscapes, and animals appear as if by magic. It was highly interesting to me to observe in Tarma, upon one of these carpets, an exact representation of the Austrian double eagle, as the Indians had seen it on the quicksilver jars from Idra. When the procession returns, the Virgin Mary is carried back into the

WORDS FOR MINISTERS.

Make up your minds deliberately, if you mean to be faithful, to lead a life wherein hardy and venturous faith will be daily tested by calls to unflinching self-denial. Your *one* work is to *win souls to Christ;* not to produce a certain general decency and amendment in the face of society around you, but as God's instrument, and through the power of Christ's name, to work in living souls the mighty marvel of their true conversion. How painfully soever be the thoughts which it excites, never lose sight of this truth, that *your ministry has failed* as to every soul entrusted to you, who is not under it converted to the Lord, or built up in his holy faith. And such a work must be full of toil and self-denial. The strong man armed will not allow you to spoil his house, and be free the while from molestation. And he is ever ready with his assaults and craft; unless you slumber he will not seem to sleep. *Reckon,* then, first *on opposition.* And then, secondly, remember that in all this you will have a real work to do. Let this thought be always with you. Go out to visit in your parish, not because you ought to spend so much time in visiting your people, but *because they have souls;* and you have committed to you (feeble as you are) the task of seeking to save them, in Christ's strength, from everlasting burnings. Be real with them, strike as one that would make a dent upon their shield of hardness, yea, and smite through it to their heart of hearts. When you preach *be real.* Set your people before you in their numbers, their wants, their dangers, their capacities; choose a subject, not to show yourself off, but to benefit them; and then speak straight to them, as you would beg your life, or counsel your son, or call your dearest friend from a burning house—in plain, strong, earnest words.

I am tormented with the desire of preaching better than I can. But I have no wish to make fine, pretty sermons. Prettiness is well enough when prettiness is in its place. I like to see a pretty child, a pretty flower; but in a sermon, prettiness is out of place. To my ear it would be any thing but commendation, should it be said to me, "You have given us a pretty sermon." If I were upon trial for my life, and my advocate should amuse the jury with his tropes and figures, burying his argument beneath a profusion of the flowers of rhetoric, I would say to him,—"Tut, man, you care more for your vanity than for my hanging. Put yourself in my place—speak in view of the gallows, and you will tell your story plainly and earnestly." I have no objection to a lady's winding a sword with ribands, and studding it with roses, when she presents it to her hero lover; but in the day of battle he will tear away the ornaments, and use a naked edge to the enemy.—*Robert Hall.*

There was a husbandman that always sowed good seed, but never had good corn. At last a neighbour came to him and said, "I will tell you what probably may be the cause of it. It may be," said he, "you do not *steep* your seed!" "No, truly," replied the other; "nor did I ever hear that seed must be steeped." "Yes, surely," said his neighbour, "and I will tell you how: it must be *steeped in prayer.*" When the party heard this, he thanked him for his counsel, reformed his fault, and had as good corn as other persons.

May not this little anecdote afford a useful hint to those whose office it is to sow the good seed of the divine word! Too frequently it is found that but very little good fruit is produced within the limits of their exertions. What can be the cause? Alas! the seed which they sow, although of the best quality, even of heavenly origin, is not steeped in prayer. To the want of scrupulously attending to this practice, may be traced that barrenness of our favoured land. Let, then, the spiritual husbandman in future be more diligent in his attention to that important duty, and then may he hope to see the vineyard committed to his care abounding in all the fruits of righteousness. —*Flavel's Husbandry.*

DAVID, THE MAN AFTER GOD'S OWN HEART.

A few remarks may be useful upon the character of David, especially upon that expression used respecting him, that he was "a man after God's own heart." (1 Sam. xiii. 14.) These words may be considered as describing his character and conduct, in opposition to that of Saul; as one who should act wisely, and obey the commandments of God delivered to him by his prophets; whom, therefore, God would so far approve and continue to favour. Thus the expression is interpreted by Paul in Acts xiii. 22: "I have found David, the son of Jesse, a man after mine own heart, *which shall execute all my will.*" By faithfully executing God's orders, and bringing to pass those great events which he was raised up to be the instrument of accomplishing, he thus far acted according to the heart, that is, the purpose and will of God; thereby in this respect he was well pleasing to him. The particular purposes for which God advanced David to the throne, appear to have been—1. That, by his steady adherence to the one true God and the religion which the Lord established by Moses, David might be an illustrious example to all who should reign after him. 2. To save the people out of the hands of the Philistines, and of all their enemies, and to render them a flourishing and happy nation, by the wisdom and justice of his government. All the pleasure of God in these great instances he faithfully performed. He was therefore "a man after God's own heart," in the proper original sense of the expression.

But a more enlarged view may be taken. When we consider the depth of his contrition, the strength of his faith, the fervour of his love, the activity of his obedience, we cannot doubt that in this sense he found favour with God, and was "a man after his own heart."

David's whole character and conduct, with the sad exception which he himself bemoaned with the deepest and most penitential sorrow, is one in which the mind dwells with the highest admiration. The piety of his youth; the nobleness of his spirit; the loftiness and variety of his genius; his valour, conspicuous in an age of great warriors; his kindness of heart and domestic tenderness; his justice as a ruler; his appropriate magnificence as a king; above all, his inflexible adherence to the true worship of God;—all these characteristics are strikingly developed. His latter days were clouded and troubled; which shows the impartiality of God, and his hatred of sin, and the punishment of it in believers. Though David's sin was forgiven as to its eternal consequences, it was followed with most severe chastisements in this life.

With reference to the lamentable fall of David, there are several points worthy of observation—his deep sorrow and anguish of heart on account of his sin; his unreserved confession of his guilt; his deep humiliation before God and man; his respect for his reprover, whom he continued to honour and confide in as long as he lived; and the resignation of his after life under all the painful chastisements of the Almighty.

Millions have fallen as David did; but how few have ever repented like him! Revolve his whole life before the matter of Uriah, and it is almost one train of wise, generous, pious, and noble conduct. Revolve his whole life from the hour of his guilt, it is little else than one train of humiliation and repentance before God, and this, too, after receiving assurances of pardon from God himself by his prophet; or, if he varied his conduct, it was only from penitence to praise; to turn all his thoughts and attention, to employ his whole heart and soul, to the glory of God, and in the service of God—of that God who pardoned all his sins, and crowned him with mercy and loving-kindness. No wicked person can derive encouragement to sin from the history of David.*

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE SABBATH;

OR,

REASONS FOR THE STOPPAGE OF WORK, AND RAILWAY AND OTHER TRAFFIC, ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK.

I. *Because*, If one day in seven be thus observed, the services of an assistant or workman cannot be secured, without giving as much for *six* days' work as will afford support for *seven* days.

Because, Already, the hours of business and labour on the other six days of the week, have, in many instances, been unreasonably extended—so as to produce great oppression and mental and moral degradation; and it is, therefore, the more indispensable to keep the *only* remaining day entirely free from *all* encroachment.

Because, The yoke of labour on the day of rest has recently been laid upon many public servants and others in various trades; and to relieve them, great efforts have been made, with some success, and with good hopes of more. But all such efforts would be at once arrested and swept away by the introduction of a general system of Sabbath traffic on Railways.

THEREFORE, The right way to afford proper time to the industrious classes, for Recreation, and for mental and moral culture, is—*first, and above all*, to protect the first day of the week from *all* needless work; and, *second*, to shorten the times of business and labour on other days, particularly on Saturday afternoon and Monday forenoon, as our ancestors did.

II. *Because*, The industrious classes in the days of our ancestors, though poorly paid, firmly demanded the full protection of the Day of Rest to all—as security for the common good; and in this way, preserved their independence, and raised themselves to a very high state in morals and temporal comfort.

Because, Had they consented to a system promoting work on the Day of Rest, the drudgery of unremitting toil would, long ere now, have been spread through the whole industrious classes; and would have brought them down—through want and competition—to *seven* days' labour instead of *six*, for their daily bread.

THEREFORE, It is our duty to transmit these liberties and privileges UNIMPAIRED to the generations following.

III. *Because*, After numerous cross and connecting Railways are completed, passengers, arriving at any one point, will need to be carried forward (at whatever hour), by succeeding trains and other conveyances, as on other days of the week; in the same manner as Passengers were formerly carried forward from the mail-coach in post-chaises and otherwise—but *to one thousand fold greater extent*.

Because, No work creates so much other work or attendance, or tempts so much to other work and attendance, as Passenger traffic—In the first instance, to Railway servants and officers, Public porters, Hack vehicles, and at Hotels, Inns, Taverns, Public-houses, Tea-gardens, &c., &c., &c.; and this leads to the opening of not a few descriptions of Shops and Public Offices—and, thereafter, any tradesman, shopkeeper, manufacturer, or contractor, in any business, who begins to serve the public, by having work done on the Day of Rest, compels others to do the same in self-defence: So that there is *no end* to the evil, when once begun, as has been lamentably proved by experience in various places in England.

Because, REST to all on the first day of the week is attainable; but RECREATION to all in this way is utterly unattainable; the attempt being inevitably attended with a vast and ever spreading amount of drudgery, imposed upon thousands and tens of thousands on the Day of Rest.

THEREFORE, A general system of Railway travelling on what is now the Day of Rest, would in time compel the Industrious Classes to add that day to their days of toil; and enable the rich to add it to their six days of money-making and pleasure-seeking.

IV. *Because*, The effect of the extension of the hours of work, but especially the introduction of hours of work on the Day of Rest, is *to lower the rate of all kinds of wages;* the adding of one-seventh to the working *time*, being, in this respect, precisely equivalent to the adding of one-seventh to the working *hands*. This would make greater *cheapness* in the labour market; which greater cheapness would be a clear gain to all who do *not* work for their bread, but would not be a clear gain to those who *do* work for their bread—the cheapness being produced by the sacrifices of the latter *alone*—that is to say, by giving them less wages for seven days' work than they before got for six days' work.

THEREFORE, However imperceptibly the change might go on, the *effect* of working on the Day of Rest would be—that the RICH would become RICHER, and the POOR would become POORER, and more oppressed and degraded.

V. *Because*, Though all masters know, that in the case of quarriers and others who do very heavy work, more work is done in the other six days, by allowing them the Day of Rest; yet this is not the case in lighter work, or in mere attendance of any kind—Because, then the sinking of the health, spirits, mind, and morals, is gradual; and persons who break down are dismissed, and replaced by fresh hands.

Because, Though workmen are at liberty to refuse to work on the Day of Rest, yet thousands and tens of thousands of the poor, in all large cities in this country, live from hand to mouth. Many of these *would* accept the terms that masters offered them; and if masters are *permitted* to employ *any* on the Day of Rest, the evil must spread, and these poor or dissipated people, in the midst of the universal and eager competition both of masters and servants, will drag down others to the same level as themselves; and thus, by the yielding of a few, a whole people may be defrauded of their best privileges.

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* From the Paragraph Bible, published by the Religious Tract Society.

THEREFORE, To make the liberties of all secure, *all* must be kept free on the Day of Rest; and all should set their faces like a flint against the enslaving of *any*. AND THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE is—That the commandment "Thou shalt do no manner of work" one day in seven, CONFERS A RIGHT ON THE WORKING MAN, which is as essential to his prosperity and independence, as the right conferred by the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal" is to the security and prosperity of the rich. THIS GREAT RIGHT OF THE WORKING CLASSES *ought to be protected by all the efforts, and by all the safeguards, which protect the right of property itself, and the very first encroachment upon it should be most resolutely repelled.*

In a dense and industrious population, the rest of the first day of the week is the grand foundation of individual and family comfort, as well as of civil and religious liberty. The commandment was, indeed, given ere the world was so densely peopled;—But so it is in all things,—the precepts of Revelation are fitted to every stage of society.

FAMILY ORDER.

THE following account is given by Milner, of the family order observed by Eleazar, Count of Arian, in the fourteenth century:—

"I cannot," said the Count, "allow blasphemy in my house, nor anything, in word or deed, which offends the laws of decorum. Dice, and all games of hazard, are prohibited. Let all persons in my house divert themselves at proper times, but not in a sinful manner. In the morning reading and prayer must be attended to. Let there be constant peace in my family, otherwise two armies are formed under my roof, and the master is devoured by them both. If any difference arise, let not the sun go down on your wrath. We must bear with something if we have to live among mankind. Every evening all the family shall be assembled at a godly conference, in which they shall hear something of God and salvation. Let none be absent on pretence of attending to my affairs. I have no affairs so interesting to me as the salvation of my household. I seriously forbid all injustice which may cloak itself under colour of serving me."

"I WILL MOCK WHEN YOUR FEAR COMETH."

IN his work on the unspeakable loss of the soul, Bunyan writes the following solemn dialogue between God and the lost sinner. After recounting the conduct of the sinner, and his treatment of the great offers of salvation, Bunyan says:—

Of all these things God takes notice, writes them down, and seals them up for the time to come, and will bring them out, and spread them before them, saying, I have called, and you have refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; I have exercised patience, and gentleness, and long-suffering towards you, and in all that time you despised me, and cast me behind your back; and now the time, and the exercise of my patience, when I waited upon you, and suffered your manners, and did bear your contempts and scorns, is at an end; wherefore I will now arise, and come forth to the judgment that I have appointed.

But, Lord, saith the sinner, we turn now.

But now, saith God, turning is out of season; the day of my patience is ended.

But, Lord, says the sinner, behold our cries.

But you did not, says God, behold nor regard my cries.

But, Lord, saith the sinner, let our beseeching find place in thy compassions.

But, saith God, I also beseeched, and I was not heard.

But, Lord, says the sinner, our sins lie hard upon us.

But I offered you pardon when time was, says God, and then you did utterly reject it.

But, Lord, says the sinner, let us therefore have it now.

But now the door is shut, saith God.

And what then? Why, then, by way of retaliation, God will serve them as they have served him; and so the winding up of the whole will be this—they shall have like for like. Time was when they would have none of him, and now will God have none of them. Time was when they cast God behind their back, and now he will cast away their soul. Time was when they would not heed his calls, and now he will not heed their cries.

A MINISTER'S TIME.

HAVING some business to transact with a gentleman in the city, I called one day at his counting-house. He begged I would call again, as I had so much more time to spare than he had, who was a man of business. "An hour is nothing to you," said he. "An hour nothing to a clergyman!" said I; "you seem little to understand the nature of our profession. One hour of a clergyman's time, rightly employed, sir, is worth more to him than all the gains of your merchandise."—*Cecil.*

A GUINEA A-YEAR.

A RICH old gentleman was some years ago called upon by the members of a society which had for its object the spread of the Gospel, and was asked to subscribe to it; he replied, he had been thinking about it, but would first wish to become acquainted with their plans, and wished them to call again. Some time after they did so; and he told them he had made up his mind to subscribe a guinea a-year, and immediately began to count out upon the table a number of guineas. When he had got to twenty-one, the gentlemen stopped him, and said as their time was rather precious, they should feel obliged if he would give his subscription, that they might go. The old gentleman still continuing to count the guineas out upon the table, they interrupted him a second time, when he simply said, he hoped the gentlemen would suffer him to go on, and on he went till he had counted down eighty guineas. "There, gentlemen," cried the old man, "I promised you a subscription of a guinea a-year; I am eighty years old, and there are the eighty guineas."—*Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.*

THE BELIEVER'S AFFLICTIONS; HIS PROSPECTS; THE INFLUENCE OF THE ONE UPON THE OTHER; AND THE STATE OF MIND REQUISITE TO THE EFFICACY OF THAT INFLUENCE.

BY RALPH WARDLAW, D.D., GLASGOW.

Continued from page 509, and concluded.

THERE was one point, which, had space admitted of it, should have been noticed at the close of last paper, namely, the reason assigned for the believer's preference in judgment, and in desire, of "the things that are unseen" to the "things which are seen." It is contained in the words—"For the things which are seen ARE TEMPORAL; but the things which are not seen ARE ETERNAL." And is not the reason conclusive? Is not the ground of preference rational and satisfactory? "*The things that are seen are temporal.*" The expression may be understood in two senses. It may refer to the duration of the world itself; or it may refer to the duration of each individual life. The world shall have an end. Its days are numbered. Its last is fixed. "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise; and the elements shall melt with fervent heat: the earth also, and the things that are therein, shall be burned up." (2 Pet. iii. 10.) But that day may be distant. There is to each of us a nearer day, and a shorter period. "*The things which are seen are temporal.*" How long soever the world may continue to exist after we have left it—when we do leave it, we have done with it. The time of our stay in it can, even at the longest, be but short. And, short as it is, it is every moment uncertain. The present moment is no security for the next. And when the last moment comes, when the latest breath is drawn, the world *to us* is at an end. We return to it no more. Nothing remains to us but the results of our character and conduct while in it. All that it has yielded to us of enjoyment, of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, is over—finally and for ever. How strikingly and touchingly simple, yet how irresistibly conclusive, are all the representations of the divine word on such subjects! "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." No. Men may talk of dying rich. Who dies rich? Death strips all. The richest man dies as poor as the poorest. "When he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him." Even of the cost and splendour of his funeral obsequies he, poor man, is all unconscious. What are they to him? They attract and fix the admiring eyes of survivors; but he, borne along, shrouded, and coffined, cold and insensible, knows nothing of it. All that he had, he has no longer. It is no more his. It has passed to others. "The things that are seen are temporal." They all end with life.—"*But the things which are not seen are eternal.*" All that pertains to the unseen world—the world beyond the grave—has divinely impressed upon it the stamp of perpetuity. Nothing there is temporal. All, whether of enjoyment or of suffering, of blessing or of curses, on the light or on the dark side of the impassable gulf, is to last for ever. It is to the light side that the passage under review directs our attentions. The blessings of that invisible world to which, by the eye of faith, believers "look," are blessings which are to be coeval with their own future being; and that being is destined, by Him who has given it, to be coeval with his own. It is *everlasting;* not, indeed, like his own, by any necessity of existence, but (which, in point of certainty, is the same thing) by the determinate counsel of his will; by his sovereign appointment, whose will and whose power there is nothing in the universe to control. He wills the eternity of our being, and the eternity of the world in which it is to be passed; and that ensures both. "ETERNAL!" O how utterly beyond the grasp of our most enlarged conceptions the duration expressed by that word! Had we a proper impression even of what we *can* take in of its unlimited meaning, how little, how trivial, how unworthy of the eager pursuit with which we are prone to seek them, of the trembling solicitude with which we retain them, and of the poignant regrets with which we part with them, would all things that are merely temporal appear! In God's estimate of the happiness of an immortal creature, the estimate formed by infinite wisdom, the whole extent of that creature's existence is necessarily taken into account. It is impossible to imagine it otherwise. So, then, ought it to be in ours. If it is not, our very admission that in that of infinite wisdom it is and must be, is an admission of our own folly. Yet thus foolish we all were, before we were taught of God: and thus foolish are the multitude of our fellow-men around us. Alas! for the wretched infatuation! "What will they do in the end thereof?" If, to them, time comes to a close before they have any provision made for eternity: if, having "looked at the things which are seen," they have nothing else and nothing more in possession when they come to die, and when, at death, possession must end; no blessings remaining which they can carry with them; nothing the property of the deathless soul, to be borne away by it in its flight from earth! O how "poor, and miserable, and wretched, and blind, and naked," will they feel themselves, when

"The world recedes and disappears!"

And when, instead of feeling themselves delightfully free of all its bonds, in a cheering anticipation of a "hope that maketh not ashamed," they strive in vain to keep their hold of it, and, clenching it with their latest grasp, the convulsive grasp of death itself, are torn away from it by the resistless power of the "king of terrors." "O that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end;" and "choose the good part that shall never be taken away from them!"

But we must now notice very briefly—

3. *The necessity of the state of mind described to the salutary influence of the believer's afflictions.* This seems evidently expressed by the connection of the 18th verse with what precedes. The "light afflictions" are represented as "working for us the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, WHILE WE LOOK not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." The afflictions have no such natural tendency and necessary effect *in themselves*. There is a "sorrow of the world," of which our apostle elsewhere speaks as "working death." True, in the connection in which that expression stands, it refers more immediately to that description of sorrow *for sin* in which there is nothing truly spiritual or gracious, but which is inspired solely by the thought of the penal consequences which sin draws after it; a sorrow which would instantly vanish and leave the sinful indulgence to be persisted in with all possible avidity, could the assurance but be given that there was no hell: yet may the words, in their full emphasis, be applied to that worldly sorrow for the ills of life which arises entirely from the ills themselves; in which there is no concern for sin as their cause, nor for the divine displeasure indicated by them; and whose only effect is that of dissatisfaction with the divine procedure, "fretting against the Lord," the spirit of insubordination and rebellion; and which thus "works death," by augmenting guilt and aggravating condemnation. Our afflictions have the effect which the text ascribes to them, "*while we look* not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen;" that is, they have it, when the mind is in a duly spiritual frame, spiritually impressed, spiritually exercised. If the mind is "looking at the things which are seen," if it is fixing its thoughts and its desires upon the world and the things of the world, then these afflictions, which take away the objects doted upon, and overwhelm the spirit with the feeling of irreparable loss of a blank which nothing else can supply—might have no other effect than that of drawing forth the discontented and irritated complaint of Micah, "They have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" or the fretful sullenness of Jonah, when he lost his gourd, and said, even to God himself, "I do well to be angry." The lesson is, that it requires the exercise of a spiritual frame of mind, duly to profit by afflictions, to derive from them their full measure of intended benefits. I am very far from meaning to say that afflictions may not, by the Spirit of God, be made the instrument of re-producing this very frame, when there has been a yielding to worldly influences, and it has become low, languishing, and dead. Many a time has affliction had this resuscitating influence. But what I mean is, that, in order to the full efficacy of the afflictive discipline, this spiritual frame of mind requires to be in exercise.

First of all, "looking" heightens estimation, and quickens desire. The objects are so inexhaustible, that it is not by any hasty glance we can appreciate their value; and such is their surpassing excellence and glory, that the desire after them can never be excessive. Now we are all sensible from experience, that it is when we gaze in fondness on the object of our heart's love, that the fondness grows in tenderness and intensity. And so it is with the contemplation of heavenly things. It elevates admiration, and draws forth desire. The more we "look" at them, the more are our "affections set" upon them; and the more our affections are set upon them, the more earnest and persevering becomes our pursuit of them. We "count all things but loss" for them. Then, further, the "looking," the contemplation, has an assimilating effect upon the mind. Alluding to the lustre of the face of Moses, when he came down from Sinai, after his secret communings with the God of Israel, when it had caught the radiance of the glorious symbols of the divine presence, the apostle says: "We all, with open (unveiled) face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." And just as by dwelling mentally on the moral beauties—the glorious perfections—of the divine character, we grow in likeness to Him whom we contemplate, receiving and reflecting the light of God; so by our "looking at the things which are unseen and eternal," by contemplating them in the fixedness of mental vision, and spiritual meditation, we lose our earthliness—we become more spiritually-minded and heavenly—we draw down the spirit of heaven into our souls—we become increasingly "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." And lastly, the apostle here teaches us, that such is, in a special manner, the case, when we are so engaged *in seasons of affliction*. In such seasons, we have the lesson before our eyes, and we have it impressed upon our minds by deep-felt experience, of the precarious, changeful, unsatisfactory character of all earthly things: and this is brought into contrast with the substantiality, the preciousness, the security, the permanence of the unseen, the heavenly, the eternal. The contrast deepens the impression, and thus gives the greater efficacy to the transforming influence. There arises in the soul a longing desire after the future blessedness, and after the "living fountains" from which it is to flow. And this hope and longing desire necessarily produce a corresponding and proportionate eagerness after those fountains, as far as they are accessible, in the present life; so that from that which we expect to be the spring of our perfected happiness above, we look for our true, though still imperfect, happiness below. If we anticipate perfect happiness to spring from perfect holiness hereafter, the sincerity of that anticipation cannot fail to evince itself in our seeking our happiness from holiness now. Such is the lesson taught us by John, when he says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is: and every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure." (1 John iii. 2, 3.) The vanity of the world, when rightly felt (and it is one of the designs and effects of affliction to awaken and deepen the feeling), makes us seek the more earnestly the blessings of the "kingdom which cannot be moved:" and the nature of those blessings, and the character of that kingdom, duly impressed upon our minds, must necessarily incite us to seek now the qualifications for the enjoyment of them, so far as they are now attainable.

In all this, what a motive to stedfast, unflinching perseverance? And such is the use which is here made of it: "*for which cause we faint not.*" Elsewhere he says, "We are saved by hope." The hope sustains, animates, invigorates us. Under its influence, we bear up, and we press on. When our afflictions abound, our consolations abound. Our afflictions themselves, though in their own nature "not joyous, but grievous," are yet, by their salutary influence, converted into blessings. The love of God is in them. And for the full and eternal enjoyment of that love they contribute to prepare us. In that they shall all end. In that they shall all be swallowed up and forgotten. Surely, both now and hereafter, "blessed are the people that are in such a case; yea, blessed that people whose God is the Lord."

My space is already filled. I cannot, however, close these papers, without, for a few moments, pressing upon fellow-believers the inquiry, whether, in their general deportment, the distinctive feature of the Christian character here specified, and associated with the happy influence of affliction, be sufficiently marked and apparent—"looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen?" Is the line of demarcation between believers and the world sufficiently broad and manifest? There ought to be no difficulty in knowing a Christian from a man of the world. Is it so? Is there any such evident difference, in the keenness and the solicitude with which "the things that are seen" are pursued, in the use that is made of them when acquired, and in the regrets experienced and expressed for them when they are lost, as to make it apparent, in regard to the Christian, that they are not his portion—not the objects at which he "looks," which in his mind he prefers, and which in his heart he supremely desires? Is there, among professors of the faith, a sufficient amount of that lofty spirituality of mind, that "deadness to the world," that "crucifying of the flesh," that "setting of the affections on things above," that "laying up for themselves of treasures in heaven," and, because the treasure is there, "having the heart there also," of which the Bible ever speaks as being essential to the character of the child of God and the heir of heaven? Do Christians bear, in sufficient prominence and distinctness, the impress of heaven? Do they appear before the world, as "strangers and pilgrims on the earth," who "have here no continuing city, but are seeking one to come?" who are regarding and anticipating, as their inheritance, "the better country?" Is the difference such that the world can be at no loss to see it? Is it manifest to them, my fellow-Christians, that you do not, like them, consider the present world as *your* world, but the world to come? Is this quite apparent, as it ought to be, in your whole general bearing? Is the spirit of "*godliness*" so thoroughly infused into all your domestic arrangements; all your mercantile transactions, your company, your conversation, your entertainments; the objects about which you take an interest, and which, by your generous liberality and zealous activity, you seek to promote; as that those with whom you intermingle in life "take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus?" that you have learned his lessons and imbibed his spirit? Or is there, on the contrary, such a general assimilation of your conduct to that of worldly men; such an absorption of your thoughts and anxieties, your time, your talk, your plans, your aims, your efforts, your pleasure when you succeed, and your disappointment, dulness, regret, and grief, when you fail, as that the men of the world must be at a loss to discern the distinction between you and themselves, and would smile in sarcastic surprise, were they to hear you making use of those strong Bible terms in which the preference of things spiritual and eternal is breathed, with such fulness and fervour of heart, by the writers themselves, or the class whom they represent? if they were to hear you, for example, speak of "counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ your Lord," of this world "not being your rest," of "the Lord being the portion of your inheritance and cup?" if they were to hear you use the words of the Psalmist: "*From men of the world* deliver me, *who have their portion in this life*: as for me, I shall behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness?" if they heard you praying earnestly in the morning, that "the world might be crucified to you, and you to the world;" and then, in following you in your course through the day, should see the prayer answered in the entire immersion of your whole soul in the world, and nothing but the world? and day after day the same—amassing just as they do; and, as the hoard accumulates, pushing still the more eagerly, just as they do; spending as they do, and saving and grudging as they do; giving to self and family, to house and establishment, to a name for wealth, and for all that wealth can command, the first place; and, while expending largely for such objects, contributing stintedly, and by solicitation, for purposes of benevolence, and even for those spiritual and eternal interests which are connected with the kingdom of Christ, the salvation of men, the glory of God? pouring out floods for the one, while scanty driblets are, with difficulty, drawn off for the other? Fellow-believers, there is need, on this subject, for great searchings of heart; if we really are of those who "look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen,"—*let us show it*:—let it appear that this world is not that on which our hearts are set; but that we have higher aims, to which all that we can acquire of it is subordinate and subservient. Let us be consistent. Let us not profess one thing and do the contrary. Let us beware of making ourselves at once a laughing-stock and a stone of stumbling to the men of the world, by giving them reason to say, "What do ye more than others?" and putting into their lips the taunting proverb, "Physician heal thyself!"

NO TIME TO THINK.

"Can you spare five minutes—only five?"

"Well, what is it, Mr. H——?"

"I am desirous to say a word to you on business of some interest."

"*Business*, Mr. H——! why, I have business enough on hand for a dozen men, with twenty pair of hands."

"I know you have, Mr. A——, and always have had ever since I knew you. Have you made your will?"

"*My will*, Mr. H——! are you serious?"

"Never more so. You are yet in the prime of life, to be sure, but men die every day; and as there is no prospect of your ever having any leisure in this world, it would not be amiss to *keep* 'your house in order.' You look surprised, Mr. A——; but listen a moment. The last time I spoke with you (some six weeks since), you admitted that you had *some* doubt of your being a child of God—it was your duty, you allowed, to have full assurance of a saving interest in Christ, but, 'though you had been a professed follower of Jesus some twenty years, you had not that evidence of being a child of God, which you knew you ought to have, and which you thought some did possess.' Permit me to ask, have you taken any decided measures to remove all doubts in the matter of such immense importance? I anticipate your answer. 'You have been incessantly occupied, night and day, ever since we parted, harassed with *conflicting duties*—no time to think, or for reading, but on the *Sabbath*. The daily papers you are *obliged* to con, but as for new books and common periodicals, you take them all for the benefit of your family, but don't pretend to read them. You must confess, things don't go on just right with your *children*; you have some misgivings whenever the question arises, whether you are bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; but then you can't get time to look at these matters.' Now, Mr. A——, what shall be the end of these things? By-and-by, you *must* find time to die; and when you come to lie upon your death-bed, and I come in to pray with you, I shall pray, to be sure, that God would put beneath you his everlasting arm, and that

"Jesus would make your dying bed
As soft as downy pillows are;"

but shall say to myself all the while, it's almost impossible, for he is *resting* on thorns. His reflections can only be such as these: 'Death!—heaven!—what are they? I have had no time to think. What will become of my wife and children? I have had no time to think. Are my children Christians? I have had no time to think. Some of them are professors—*I hope* my wife is a Christian. Have I done all I could for them! Why, yes—no, not exactly; I am a poor miserable creature to have had the care of immortal souls; but then, *I might have taken time*, and studied their wants; 'where there is a will there is a way.'"

But enough. Reader, "*time* is the warp of life, O weave it well." Possibly you are erring from the narrow way. Look well to your misgivings. Examine well your hopes of heaven. —*Monitor.*

THE THEFT AND THE LIE.

GEORGE was only a little younger than his eldest brother. He was a well-behaved child, and generally obedient to his parents. But George had one fault—he was cunning. Some boys think this shows smartness, but it is very hard to be cunning and truthful at the same time. George could not see this; his parents tried in vain to convince him that the little tricks, by which he outwitted his companions, were all founded on deceit, and partook of a lie. So it came to pass, that though the school-boys all thought George very smart, they called him a slippery fellow. True, there is great probability that the character a boy has at school will go with him as long as he lives. Pray, then, children, that you may begin right.

When George was almost nine years of age, he was sent to a neighbouring shop for some thread, which was wanted in the family. When he went in there, he found two or three persons who were to be served before him. As he was looking about, he saw a nice, double-bladed knife on the shelf. It was just what he wanted; he had been wishing for such a knife a long time, and the price was only twenty-five cents. He had exactly that sum in his hand. His brother John would have been likely to have bought the knife without thinking, and then run home to tell all about it; but George never did things in John's way. He did not forget that he had been sent for two hanks of thread, but he looked at the handsome knife, till he could not see anything else. You know that we can think very quick; it was but a little while that he stood by the counter, but many thoughts passed through his mind.

First, he thought, I do want that knife; then conscience said, You must not buy it with this money, for it is not yours; then an evil thought came, I can tell mother something; said conscience, That will be lying as well as stealing, wait and save your spending-money. George was almost persuaded by this last thought, and was turning away, when his heart suggested to him, perhaps the knife would be gone before he could get money enough, so he asked the clerk to let him see it. Conscience is a faithful friend, but if we *will* do wrong, it will stop warning us. George bought the knife; but after he had put it in his pocket it felt as heavy as lead. Oh how he wished it was in the shop again! Why, said he to himself, why do people hang things up to tempt us?—if only I had never seen it! Many a one has asked this question before George. But we must be tried; how else shall we know what we are? If this boy had remembered God's holy commandment, and prayed to him for help to keep it, the desire of having the knife would have gone out of his mind.

"My son, you have stayed long," said his mother; "why, what is the matter?" for George was pale, and trembled.

"Oh, mama, you know the old shed at the corner of the fence—as I was going past, a drunken man came out, and ran after me, and made me fall down, and the money dropped in the sand, so I lost it."

"Oh," said the servant girl, little thinking that she was helping George out with his lie, "that must be the same man that I saw asleep under the fence this morning."

George felt relieved; but so far was he from enjoying his dear-bought knife, that he put it away in the bottom of his box, whence he might not see it. He could not help thinking of it, however.

The Bible says, "A lying lip is but for a moment;" and again, "Be sure your sin will find you out." So it fared with our cunning boy. To make his story more sure, he had said to his father that Mr. Benton, a neighbour, had seen the drunken man, and made him go away. One lie, you know, makes twenty. Mr. Benton was not in the habit of coming to the house of George's parents, but it happened that his cart broke down near their gate, and he stopped in for assistance. George's father said to Mr. Benton, "I thank you, neighbour, for helping my little boy the other day." As you may suppose, the good man knew nothing about the affair, and thus George's sinful conduct was all exposed. Was he punished? Yes, severely; but who can tell how grieved his parents were? They shed bitter tears over *his sin*. Do you ask if he repented? In one sense he did; he sincerely regretted that he had behaved wrong, and made himself liable to punishment, but whether that was the right sort of repentance, I leave you to determine. Soon after this, George lost his father. What a loss is a pious father, especially to a boy who needed so much guidance and control as did this one!

As you sail up one of our southern rivers, away off to the right, rises a gloomy building; it is the State Penitentiary. Among its miserable inmates is a youth of respectable appearance, sad, pale, and degraded; it is poor George. —*New York Observer*.

A VICTORY.

THE joy-bells peal a merry tune
Along the evening air;
The crackling bonfires turn the sky
All crimson with their glare;
Bold music fills the startled streets
With mirth-inspiring sound;
The gaping cannon's reddening breath
Wakes thunder shouts around;
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a victory!"

A little girl stood at the door,
And with her kitten played;
Less wild and frolicsome than she,
That rosy prattling maid.
Sudden her cheek turns ghastly white;
Her eye with fear is filled,
And rushing in-of-doors, she screams,
"My brother Willie's killed!
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a victory!"

A mother sat in thoughtful ease,
A-knitting by the fire,
Plying the needle's thrifty task
With hands that never tire.
She tore her few grey hairs, and shrieked,
"My joy on earth is done!
O! who will lay me in my grave?
O God! my son, my son!"
And a thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a victory!"

A youthful wife the threshold crossed,
With matron's treasure blessed;
A smiling infant nestling lay
In slumber at her breast.
She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,
The widow's tale to tell;
But, like a corpse, all white and stiff,
Upon the earth-floor fell;
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a victory!"

An old weak man, with head of snow,
And years threescore and ten,
Looked in upon his cabin home,
And anguish seized him then.
He help'd not wife, nor helpless babe,
Matron, nor little maid;
One scalding tear, one choking sob—
He knelt him down and prayed;
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a victory!"

NOT INVITED.

A FEW weeks since a superb party was to be given in Bourbon Street; the *elite* of the city was there, and many high dignitaries of the State honoured the *soiree* with their presence. As may be supposed, there was a great fluttering among the fashionables, and a terrible demand existed for "invitations." Divers young ladies were in great trepidation lest they should not be bidden, and staid "mamas" lost much of their matronly dignity in trying to ensure due attention to their children. I am not able to say how many were chosen out of the mass to make up the blaze of a fashionable saloon! Nor do I know the number of aching heads and hearts which involuntarily testified next morning that all was "vanity and vexation of spirit," though they would not own it either to themselves or others; but I *do* know of one beautiful creature, whose heart was and still is in a vexed and humiliated state, *because she was not invited!*

How much she lost! Lost temper, self-respect, and charitable feelings. These *are* a great loss, but think you she missed *these?* Not at all. She missed only the glare of the ball-room—the crashing music—the noisy chattering crowd — the dance — the talk, and the supper. She was overlooked—she was not invited—she was not permitted to be at Mrs. ——'s ball.

Let us see the other side of this picture. Sabbath last was the occasion of administering the communion of the Lord's supper. A solemn time it was (and this *I* say who am a *sinner*), and one which impressed me to tears even with *my* hardened heart.

The followers of Christ separated from the followers of the world, and, with beating hearts and swelling bosoms, prepared in prayer and silence to partake of the body and blood of their "departed Lord." It was, or should have been, to an impenitent sinner an awful scene, only to be surpassed by the *judgment*, when, in like manner, the goats shall be separated from the sheep.

This young lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion, blooming in health, and buoyant with gaiety, was at church. Again there was a rich entertainment—a noble company—a *lordly* host—a delicious banquet, and music which entered the soul; and still *she was not invited!* She received no "call"—she was neglected! Was she troubled, vexed, humiliated this time? Oh no! She arranged her veil, smiled sweetly, left the church, *and was glad to get away!* May God change her heart!—*N. O. Protestant.*

"A CERTAIN POOR WIDOW."

We have not so much as her name to call her by. But we have what is better—her deed. She was poor. How poor? Was she one of that class of paupers who have money in bank, money for market and shop, money for concerts and journeys, but nothing in the world for charity? Was she one of those who are impoverished by the "so many calls"—who are drained by the mere appeal to give, though they give next to nothing—who have "nothing at present?" Did she belong to one of those congregations who are too poor to pay for their place of worship, or to sustain the means of worship creditably, though they dwell in well-furnished and high-rented houses?

But how poor was the widow? We have the appraisement of all the living that she had. The sum was precisely two mites—or to speak of it in the largest terms it admits of, one farthing.

There was a treasury for the receipt of contributions to the Lord's house in Jerusalem. A constant income was necessary to repair the buildings and maintain the worship. Did the poor woman pass by the treasury and shake her head, saying she had nothing to give? or that what she had was too trifling to offer—too small to be entered on the subscription book? Or did she say, Let the rich throw in much—they can afford it—my gift would be worth nothing?

No. The certain poor widow gave nobody the trouble of calling on her, or of listening to her polite apologies. She took her farthing in her hand, and went up to the great temple, and when she saw some of the rich throwing in their handfuls of shekels, or their minas, she was glad she had two pieces to add to the collection, and the brass mites were as cheerfully dropped as any gold or silver that went into the treasury that day.

Yes, and they were as cheerfully received. For the Lord of the temple was sitting over against the treasury at the time, and declared that inasmuch as she had, in the fulness of her heart, bestowed *all* that she possessed, she had done more than all others.

And the same Lord has his eye upon every disciple who has now the privilege of contributing to his cause. He knows who gives and who withholds; he discerns the cheerful and the grudging giver; he estimates the gift, not by its intrinsic amount, but by the proportion it bears to the means of the donor. A farthing may represent more in his view, and be more abundantly recompensed, than the thousands or tens of thousands which men emblazon when they are given, though they scarcely diminish the heap from which they are taken.—*Presbyterian.*

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

Young mother, he is gone!
His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast;
No more the music tone
Float from his lips to thine all fondly prest;
His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee—
Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning hour;
And he hath passed in beauty from the day,
A bud, not yet a flower—
Torn, in its sweetness, from the parent spray;
The death-wind swept him to his soft repose,
As frost in spring-time blights the early rose.

Never on earth again
Will his rich accents charm thy listening ear,
Like some Æolian strain,
Breathing at even-tide serene and clear;
His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes
The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from thy yearning heart,
Whose inmost core was warm with love for him,
A gladness must depart,
And those kind eyes with many tears be dim—
While lonely memories, an unceasing train,
Will turn the raptures of the past to pain.

Yet, mourner! while the day
Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by,
And hope forbids one ray
To stream athwart the grief-discoloured sky;
There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom,
A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.

'Tis from the better land!
There, bathed in radiance that around them springs,
Thy loved one's wings expand;
As with the choiring cherubim, he sings;
And all the glory of that God can see,
Who said on earth to children—"Come to me."

Mother, thy child is blest;
And though his presence may be lost to thee,
And vacant leave thy breast,
And missed a sweet load from thy parent knee;
Though tones familiar from thine ear have passed,
Thou'lt meet thy first-born, with his Lord, at last.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF INFIDELITY.

THE DEATH-BED OF HUME.

Having endeavoured to exhibit the leading features in the character of Hume as these respect himself—his fellow-men—his Maker; having also shown some of his leading inconsistencies and self-contradictions; also, the uncertainty, vanity, and misery of his infidel philosophy; we might here well draw our observations to a close; but his disciples and admirers might complain of us if we made no reference to his death. They make a boast of the calmness and cheerfulness of his dissolution. They say, "Judge of the man's character and system by his death. See how superior he is, in point of patience and tranquillity, to many professed Christians. Surely Infidelity cannot be so fatal a thing as you represent, when it sustains in comfort through a long and lingering illness, and enables the sufferer to look at death with ease and satisfaction, and even desire." It is necessary, therefore, that we consider and form some estimate of the closing scene of this celebrated Infidel.

There can be no question that the friends and followers of Hume make use of his death as an argument in behalf of the harmlessness, if not the advantage, of unbelief. Dr. Cullen, the well-known physician, giving an account of it a fortnight after the event, says: "It was truly an example of great men dying with cheerfulness; and to me, who have been so often shocked with the horror of the superstitious on such occasions, the reflection on such a death is truly agreeable." Dr. Adam Smith deemed the event so important, that he published a full account of it shortly after, and concluded with the eulogium, "I have always considered Mr. Hume, both in his lifetime, and *since his death*, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a *perfectly wise* and *virtuous man* as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit." Bishop Horne was so impressed with the progress of Infidelity, shortly after Hume's death, and with the mischievous influence of his reported death, as well as writings, that he addressed an anonymous letter to Dr. Smith, signed by "One of the People called Christians;" in which, says the editor of his "Letters on Infidelity," he "endeavoured to undeceive the world with respect to the pretended cheerfulness and tranquillity of the last moments of the unbelieving philosopher; and overthrows the artificial account given in Mr. Hume's Life, by allusions to certain well-founded anecdotes concerning him, which are totally inconsistent with it." This at least shows that Infidelity made use of the character of Hume's death as an argument in its favour; and that, in the belief of intelligent Christians, it was of service to it. Hence the propriety of neutralizing this unhappy influence, which may be revived by the picture presented in the elaborate "Life and Correspondence" now published. Besides, admitting the death-bed of Hume to have been all that his friends describe, there are important lessons which Christians may draw from it. It is desirable to see Infidelity from first to last, through its entire course. It is possible that Providence may have so ordered events in the case of Hume, as to show forth Infidelity in its very best form, living and dying, that His people might be the more thoroughly guarded against its snares, and not be tempted by inferior cases. Professed Christians, too, are apt to entertain mistakes in regard to death-beds in general, as to what they teach, as well as other things; and hence need counsel, if not caution. On these different grounds we propose to make a few remarks on the DEATH-BED OF HUME.

We need scarcely remind the reader, that the nature of a death-bed, whether dark and gloomy, or bright and cheerful, cannot affect the truth of a moral and religious system; that truth stands upon ground altogether independent. Death-beds may prove the tendency of systems, and the sincerity of the parties, unless strongly tempted to support a character and deviate from truth—but this is all. They are no infallible standard of truth. With regard to the death of Hume, if we are to receive the statements of his friends, and such of his own as have been published, few men could have died in greater tranquillity or unconcern about futurity. He spoke of the death of friends, and frequently and familiarly of his own, with perfect calmness, and in full possession of all his faculties. There was time, too, for consideration, as his sickness stretched over the greater part of eighteen months, though it was only in the latter three that suffering was decided. Four months before his death, he recorded in his autobiography the following account of the state and prospects of his health: "I now reckon on a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder; and what is more strange, have, notwithstanding the great decline of my person, never suffered a moment's abatement of my spirits, insomuch, that were I to name the period of my life which I would most choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this latter period. I possess the same ardour as ever in study, and the same gaiety in company. I consider, besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities: and though I see many symptoms of my literary reputation breaking out at last with additional lustre, I know that I could have but few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present."—There is no trace here of any idea of futurity. As a matter of course, it is taken for granted that, at sixty-five, death only cuts off a few years of infirmities. It is never imagined that it may possibly conduct to an experience far more serious than ten thousand bodily infirmities.

The record of an excursion to Bath, a few months before his death, in company with Mr. John Home, the dramatist, who had once been a professed minister of Christ, has been preserved, in which the nephew says: "His spirits are astonishing. He talks of his illness, of his death, as matters of no moment, and gives an account of what passed between him and his physicians since his illness began, with his usual wit, or with more wit than usual." On one occasion, speaking of his burial-place, his nephew desired him to change the discourse. He adds, he did so, "but seemed surprised at my uneasiness; which, he said, was very nonsensical." Looking back upon the same excursion, Hume himself says: "Never was there a more friendly action, nor better planned; for what between conversation and gaming, not to mention sometimes squabbling, I did not pass a languid moment." Gaming! strange occupation for a dying man, with one who had once been a minister. Dr. Adam Smith, describing the scene still nearer its close, says: "His cheerfulness was so great, and his conversation and amusements ran so much in their usual strain, that, notwithstanding all bad symptoms, many people could not believe he was dying." In illustration of this, he busied himself in reading Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, and indulged in a fanciful conversation between himself and Charon, the one stating, and the other repelling, reasons in Hume's case for continued life; the result of which is, that the philosopher had no reason for prolonged existence, and did not wish for it. Five days before his death, he wrote to the Countess de Boufflers, "I see death approach gradually without any anxiety or regret. I salute you with great affection and regard for the last time." Dr. Black, the day after the event, decribing it, says: "He never dropped the smallest expression of impatience; but when he had occasion to speak to the people about him, always did it with affection and tenderness. He died in such a happy composure of mind, that nothing could exceed it." On opening his will, a codicil was found, written three weeks before, in which he makes some jocular bequests.

There can be little question, then, of Hume's tranquillity and even cheerfulness in death, and as little that he retained his Infidelity to the last. In his will he made provision for the publication of his Dialogues on Natural Religion. This was done after retaining the work by him for thirty years, out of deference to what he would call the prejudices of friends. So injurious did *they* account the work, that one after another to whom he had spoken on the subject previously to his death, refused to have any hand in giving it to the public. Apprehensive that this book might be doomed to silence, he took effectual steps for the publication. Nothing can better proclaim his determined Infidelity, and that to the very end.

And now what is the reader's judgment of the death-bed of Hume? Is he disposed to regard it as a strong recommendation of Infidelity; and to contrast it with the gloom and apprehension which sometimes cloud the last moments of the Christian? If any such sentiments be ready to arise in his heart, let it be remembered that this is not the ordinary experience of Infidelity, as the death-beds of Voltaire, and Paine, and many other leading unbelievers, can testify. Then let it be remembered that this is the death-bed of the very prince of sceptics—of a man naturally of uncommon coolness and pleasantry. Let it be remembered farther that Hume had committed himself in his writings, again and again, to the nothingness of death—that he had a character to support in dying—that the vanity of a name among men clung to him to the last. Moreover, let it be remembered, that if Hume really believed (and there is no reason to doubt his sincerity) that this world is the whole of man, and that he perishes for ever in the grave, there is nothing wonderful in his peace and calmness; that the matter of amazement is how he should have brought himself to this belief; not that, having once reached it, he should be tranquil and at ease. It is not strange, as Dr. Cullen seems to think, that men should be alarmed at the approach of death. Holding the faith of a futurity, and uncertain about its issues, or doubtful whether there be a futurity at all—perhaps thinking, with the sceptic poet, that there *may be* dreams in Death's sleep—it is not superstitious, it is perfectly natural that there should be concern

Taking the most favourable view of Hume's case—with no disposition to make the unhappy man worse than he was—it must be admitted by every thoughtful and candid mind that his closing scene was deeply melancholy. Apart altogether from Christianity, this must be his judgment. Here is a most powerful mind—at the moment of its greatest maturity and vigour—in opposition to the convictions of the greatest minds of all ages, deliberately believing, and rejoicing in the belief, that itself now perishes, and perishes for ever with the beasts. Here is a mind which sports and amuses itself with foolish Pagan Dialogues at a moment when it is about to solve a tremendous mystery—a mystery which, however confident its anticipation of nothingness and annihilation, *may* (it is impossible to *prove* the reverse) turn out to be an awful reality on the wrong side. In such circumstances as these, is it philosophical or natural to be sportive? There may be calm thoughtfulness; but are amusement and wit becoming when engaged in parting with friends for ever, and when there is no absolute certainty but that there may be unwelcome life and eternity beyond the grave? No one can say that this is natural or reasonable. It is the reverse. Hence the forced and artificial air which overhangs Hume's death-bed, and which has led many to believe that he was acting a part, or that his friends and biographers, while giving a part, have not given the whole truth. On his own principles, it was an unsuitable and unworthy close to the life of a philosopher of the eighteenth century. To be going back upon the dialogues of a poor Pagan, instead of calmly stating grounds of reason and conviction!

We have no desire to make out this particular Infidel's death-bed to have been worse than his biographers describe. It does not affect our estimate of his philosophy, what was its precise character. The Word of God nowhere declares that the death of unbelievers shall always be miserable. On the contrary, it teaches us, as a general experience, that "the wicked"—wicked in the sense of Scripture—the irreligious and ungodly—"have no bands in their death." But it is no more than just to state a current report given in detail by the *London Christian Observer* (vol. xxxi. p. 660), that while Hume was so calm and cheerful in the presence of his literary friends, he was in his latter days very uneasy and disturbed when left alone with his domestics. The statement is alleged to rest on the authority of the nurse who attended him—a nurse who was so much distressed with the spectacle which she witnessed, that she declared her resolution never to watch over the death-bed of another Infidel. It might be possible to harmonize the two statements. Certainly the latter would be more consistent with real philosophy and nature than the former; but, as we have already said, we have no desire to make out that Hume's death-bed was a miserable one. Its mirth and jocularity are sufficiently melancholy. Let the reader peruse the following note, written by Colonel Edmonstone to Hume within a few days of his death, and say whether there be aught in the closing scenes of Infidel philosophy to recommend it to the acceptance of man's sympathy and heart. We kindness and warm friendship. He was certainly a contrast to the French Infidel school, in whose society he rejoiced. They could not bear the thought of death, and hence the moment that a friend died there was immediate, and studious, and perpetual oblivion. Sometimes, the better to obliterate the thought, there was a gay party of pleasure on the day of the death, or of the funeral! It was not so with Hume. He was concerned to hear of the death of friends. There were tears at parting; but see how Infidelity, instead of soothing, aggravated the stroke. The more amiable the infidel, the greater his wretchedness. The last interview always terminated with an "eternal adieu"—reminding us of "the eternal sleep" of the bloody Revolution which followed.

"My dear, dear David,—My heart is very full. I could not see you this morning; I thought it was better for us both. You can't die; you must live in the memory of all your friends and acquaintances, and your works will render you immortal. I could never conceive that it was possible for any one to dislike you or hate you. He must be more than savage who could be an enemy to a man of the best head and heart, and of the most amiable manners."

The note closes with a few French verses, which a friend of poetic taste and talent has thus translated, keeping strictly to the original.

"Oh, thou! the dear half of my soul!
  Thou in whom, in rare union, I find
Woman's delicate love in the heart's hidden scroll,
  With the strength of man's friendship combin'd.
Yes, David—soon, soon cruel fate
  Cometh, sternly asunder to tear
Bonds the sweetest of mortal estate,
  Relentless to grief's idle prayer.
And despite of our cries, and our wishes so vain,
An ABSENCE ETERNAL must seal up our pain:
Fare-thee-well, then, for ever!—WE MEET NOT AGAIN."

What can be more melancholy? Cultivated minds warmly attached, in the hour of their greatest strength and attachment, take an eternal farewell of each other, believing that they perish as the brutes at their feet—that there is no substantial difference between them and the meanest and most loathsome reptile! What a poor attainment is Infidelity! How little does it bestow upon its votaries! Rather, what a bitter thing is sin, which drives men from God, and encourages them to take refuge in such hopelessness and degradation! Any thing is better than the face of an angry God. What a contrast to the prospects which revelation opens up in the Old Testament as well as the New! How different the happiness of the devout disciples of the word! Instead of "eternal adieus," there is everlasting union and friendship in the presence of God and of the Lamb. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day on the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another"—"The Lord is my shepherd— . . . . . . though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, and thy rod and staff they comfort me"—"*We know* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also who love His appearing."

Has Infidelity, then, any ground of boasting? Is there anything in the death of Hume, though calm and cheerful, really to attract? To be sportive when all men, whatever their creed, should be serious—to be amusing amid eternal separations from much loved friends—is this amiable? does this recommend unbelief? What would have been thought or said of Christianity had this been its character?

THE GLACIER.

"Poets and philosophers have delighted to compare the course of human life to that of a river; perhaps a still apter simile might be found in the history of a glacier. Heaven-descended in its origin, it yet takes its mould and conformation from the hidden womb of the mountain which brought it forth. At first soft and ductile, it acquires a character and firmness of its own, as an inevitable destiny urges it on its onward career. Jostled and constrained by the crosses and inequalities of its prescribed path, hedged in by impassable barriers which fix limits to its movements, it yields groaning to its fate, and still travels forward, seamed with the scars of many a conflict with opposing obstacles. All this while, although wasting, it is renewed by an unseen power—it evaporates, but is not consumed. On its surface it bears the spoils which, during the progress of its existence, it has made its own; often weighty burdens devoid of beauty or value—at times precious masses sparkling with gems or with ore. Having at length attained its greatest width and extension, commanding admiration by its beauty and power, waste predominates over supply, the vital springs begin to fail; it stoops into an attitude of decrepitude; it drops the burdens one by one which it had borne so proudly aloft—its dissolution is inevitable. But as it is resolved into its elements, it takes all at once a new, and livelier, and disembarrassed form; from the wreck of its members it rises 'another yet the same'—a noble, full-bodied, arrowy stream, which leaps rejoicing over the obstacles which before had stayed its progress, and hastens through fertile valleys towards a freer existence, and a final union in the ocean with the boundless and the infinite."—*Professor Forbes.*

This is an exquisite passage both in conception and in expression. But has not the author omitted one point worthy of being noticed in the comparison which he has instituted? Is it not to be remembered that alike over the law-bound progress of the glacier, and the freer and still more mysterious movements of the human life-stream, there presides the agency of that mighty Being who sits behind the machinery of the universe, and controls its every change? What saith the Book? "He giveth snow like wool; He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes; He casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold? He sendeth out his word and melteth them; He causeth his wind to blow and the waters flow; He showeth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel. Praise ye the Lord."

"Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,

And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!"

—*Alexander's Switzerland.*

THE CHURCH NOT CONSUMED.

The long existence of the Christian Church would be pronounced, upon common principles of reasoning, impossible. She finds in every man a natural and inveterate enemy. To encounter and overcome the unanimous hostility of the world, she boasts no political stratagem, no disciplined legions, no outward coercion of any kind. Yet her expectation is that she will live for ever. To mock this hope, and to blot out her memorial from under heaven, the most furious efforts of fanaticism, the most ingenious arts of statesmen, the concentrated strength of empires, have been frequently and perseveringly applied. The blood of her sons and her daughters has streamed like water; the smoke of the scaffold and the stake, where they wore the crown of martyrdom in the cause of Jesus, has ascended in thick volumes to the skies. The tribes of persecutors have sported over her woes, and erected monuments, as they imagined, of her perpetual ruin. But where are her tyrants, and where their empires? The tyrants have long since gone to their own place; their names have descended upon the roll of infamy; their empires have passed, like shadows over the rock; they have successively disappeared, and left not a trace behind!

But what became of the Church? She rose from her ashes fresh in beauty and might; celestial glory beamed around her; she dashed down the monumental marble of her foes, and they who hated her fled before her. She has celebrated the funeral of kings and kingdoms that plotted her destruction; and, with the inscriptions of their pride, has transmitted to posterity the records of their shame. How shall this phenomenon be explained? We are, at the present moment, witnesses of the fact; but who can unfold the mystery? The book of truth and life has made our wonder to cease. "*The Lord her God in the midst of her is mighty.*" He has betrothed her, in eternal covenant, to himself. Her living Head, in whom she lives, is above, and his quickening Spirit shall never depart from her. Armed with divine virtue, his Gospel, secret, silent, unobserved, enters the hearts of men, and sets up an everlasting kingdom. It eludes all the vigilance, and baffles all the power, of the adversary. Bars, and bolts, and dungeons, are no obstacles to its approach; bonds, and tortures, and death, cannot extinguish its influence. Let no man's heart tremble, then, because of fear. Let no man despair (in these days of rebuke and blasphemy) of the Christian cause. The ark is launched, indeed, upon the floods; the tempest sweeps along the deep; the billows break over her on every side. But Jehovah-Jesus has promised to conduct her in safety to the haven of *peace.* She *cannot* be lost unless the pilot perish.—*Dr. Mason.*

PRAYER-MEETING ON HORSEBACK.

During the heat of last summer, the seminary among the Nestorians, in which are about forty young men in a course of education, was removed from the valley of Ooroomiah to the heights of Mount Seir. The students, who had before found it difficult to find places of retirement for the performance of their private devotions, were often discovered, at their new place of residence, communing with God in secret among the rocks and the hills of Mount Seir. On a previous occasion, as some of the Nestorian converts were travelling from village to village, *they held a prayer-meeting on their horses*—a novel, but not uninteresting mode of social worship; showing that when religion takes hold of the heart, times, and places, and circumstances, are made to contribute, with wonderful facility, to promote the work of God in the soul.

RELIGION AT ROME.

WHAT IS PENANCE?

Some friends informed us that a ceremony of no small interest was to be witnessed every night at a particular church which they described to me. We mentioned the subject to our valet-de-place, and requested him to conduct us to the spot. He gave that peculiar shrug of the shoulders, which to be understood must be seen, and which none but an Italian, I believe, can fully enact, and said he was there once, and never wished to go again. It seems that some of the professedly self-inflicted penance had been misdirected, and had fallen upon Luigi, the bare recollection of which made him cringe. However, he consented to conduct us to the door, and wait for us there till the fearful devotion was over.

When we arrived we found one single light glimmering near the altar; the church itself seemed badly kept, compared with most Roman churches, and the worshippers appeared coarse and squalid. None but men were admitted, for a very good reason, as the reader will presently see. Everything around looked suspicious, and if some of our countrymen had not been there before us and described the scene, we might have supposed ourselves in dangerous circumstances. For myself I passed back of some broken forms that lay near the wall, behind which I entrenched myself at a little distance from the theatre of action. The door was then bolted. The single candle was then carried to a small temporary platform, beside which stood a crucifix, and a palmer-like gloomy ecclesiastic ascended and commenced an impassioned harangue, the tenor and burden of which were the sufferings of Christ, and an exhortation to the people to be willing to suffer with him; that as Christ was chastised and suffered for their sins, much more should they be willing to chastise themselves for their manifold transgressions. The solitary light was removed, and in the midst of Egyptian darkness the tragedy commenced. It was as though you had suddenly been ushered into one of the chambers of Pandemonium. The first thing we heard after the extinguishing of the light was the cracking of whips or thongs, and the sound of scores of simultaneous lashes well laid [illegible] the most bitter groans and wailings, as from miserable wretches writhing under the torture. The sounds became commingled—the strokes fell thick as hail—and groans and howlings filled the temple. It was an awful scene! After it had continued for several minutes there was a pause, and the same voice resumed the exhortations to the assembly. It was perfect darkness still, and the sharp voice of the preacher, keyed up almost to a falsetto, rung through the invisible arches of the church, and died away in the distance. He paused, and again the flagellations and howlings were resumed. At the second pause the light was restored—a person went round and collected the thongs or ropes, to preserve them, I suppose, for future penance, and the assembly broke up. Whether they lashed themselves, or each other, or the floor, I cannot say. I had intended, when the flogging commenced, to have put myself in a situation to have received some of the blows, being willing to run some risk of a lash or two to determine for myself whether the blows were laid on with effect or otherwise. But the light was extinguished unexpectedly, and I had made no arrangements that would have enabled me, situated as I was, to make the experiment satisfactorily. I can only say there were blows enough, and they were sufficiently loud to have done good execution; and they were accompanied by enough of wailing and of woe, to have indicated an indescribable amount of suffering—and this is religious worship! in a Christian assembly, and at the very seat of the infallible Church!—*Dr. Fisk.*

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

The expectation of loving my friends in heaven, principally kindles my love to them on earth. If I thought I should never know them, and consequently never love them, after this life is ended, I should number them with temporal things, and only love them as such. But I now delightfully converse with my godly friends, in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them for ever; and I take comfort in those that are dead or absent, as believing I shall shortly meet them in heaven; and I love them with a heavenly love, as the heirs of heaven, even with a love that shall there be perfected, and for ever exercised.—*Baxter.*

THE TOMB OF WHITEFIELD.

In a late journey through New England, I stopped at Newburyport to see the tomb of Whitefield. The visit will always be memorable to me. It suggested reflections impressive and profitable.

His remains are deposited in a vault under the Federal Street Church—a church in which he has often preached, and in sight of the house in which he expired. As we passed near the altar our attention was arrested by a massive marble cenotaph, erected by the town.

The sexton having lighted his lantern, led us into a little vestry behind the pulpit, in the floor of which is a small trap door. This he opened and we descended into a dark apartment, much like a common cellar. On one side of this apartment is a door opening into the vault, which extends under the pulpit. The faint light of our lantern gave a solemn gloom to this dark but hallowed resting-place of the great modern evangelist. Three coffins lay before us, two containing the remains of ancient pastors of the church.

The lid of each was open sufficiently to show the head and chest, and the skeleton faces stared us in the countenance with ghastly expressions as we held over them the dim light. Our footsteps and our subdued voices called forth a faint and trembling echo, and even this tomb of glorified saints seemed filled with the gloom and dread of death, reminding us of the doom of the fall.

A slight depth of black mould covered the bottom of Whitefield's coffin, and on this lay the bare bones. I took his skull into my hands and examined it with intense interest. What thoughts of grandeur and power had emanated from that abode of the mind, and stirred with emotions the souls of hundreds of thousands—emotions which will quicken their immortality! I held it in silence, but my mind ran over the history of the "seraphic man," and started and endeavoured to solve a thousand queries respecting the attributes of his character and the means of his wonderful power.—*Zion's Herald.*

NEVER BE HAUGHTY.

A humming bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawling dolt."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice; never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors.

USES OF ADVERSITY.

Sweet are the uses of adversity! In God's hand indeed they are; when he puts his children into the furnace of affliction, it is that he may thoroughly purge away all their dross. A great writer has spoken with great beauty of the resources which God has placed within us for bringing good out of evil, or at least for greatly alleviating our trials in the cases of sickness and misfortune. "The cutting and irritating grain of sand," he says, "which by accident or incaution has got within the shell, incites the living inmate to secrete from its own resources the means of coating the intrusive substance. And is it not, or may it not be, even so with the irregularities and unevenness of health and fortune in our own case? We, too, may turn diseases into pearls." But how much more wonderful are the wisdom and mercy of God in making the spiritual temptations and distresses of his people their necessary discipline for their highest good, the means for the greatest perfection and stability of their characters! This, indeed, is a wonderful transmutation. "God," says the holy Leighton, "hath many sharp cutting instruments and rough files for the polishing of his jewels; and those he especially esteems, and means to make the most resplendent, he hath oftenest his tools upon."—*Cheever.*

CONSIDERATIONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN POOR.*

1. "The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich." (1 Sam. ii. 7.) God measures out to every person his proportion of these things. He makes what dividend and gives what allowance he pleases to every man in the world. Is this considered? I wish we could see it, in the calmness of their minds who are under a low estate. The father divides his estate among his children, giving to every one of them his share, more or less, as he thinks meet; and this being his act and will, they all submit and acquiesce therein. And shall your heavenly Father's allotting to you what he thinks meet, signify nothing to the making of you contentedly to rest in his will? May not this great Dispenser of blessings do with his own what he pleaseth?

2. None so poor but they have more than what they deserve. Who can claim or challenge anything at God's hands? Surely he that merits nothing must not murmur because he hath but little. (Matt. xx. 15.) Thy apparel is very mean, thy diet is very coarse, thy habitation very uncomfortable: be it so, yet even in these there is mercy; it is from the wisdom of God that thou hast no better—from the mercy of God that thou hast so good.

3. As low as you are in these things, hitherto the Lord hath provided for you and yours; and assuredly, you being his people, walking in his fear, trusting in him, he will still provide. You have in the promise what you want in the visible estate. Discontent is in part founded in distrust; take but this out of the heart, and the other vanisheth. Now, why should God's poor (I speak only of such) distrust his provision? What abundant assurance hath he given thereof! Read Ps. lxxiii. 3, xxxvii. 25, cxi. 5, cxxxii. 15; Matt. vi. 25, to the end of the chapter; Rom. viii. 32; Heb. xiii. 5; with many other Scriptures.

4. A little with God's blessing will go very far, and do very well. "I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread." (Ps. cxxxii. 15.) "Ye shall serve the Lord your God, and he shall bless thy bread and thy water." (Exod. xxiii. 25.) Daniel and his companions fed upon nothing but pulse and water; and yet "their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat of the portion of the king's meat." (Dan. i. 12, 15.) The widow was reduced to a low ebb: there was left but a little oil in the cruse and a little meal in the barrel; yet these held out, and the more she spent of them the more they increased. (1 Kings xvii. 12.) What strange things are done with small pittances, where the blessing of God is!

5. The saint's little is better than the sinner's all. "Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure, and trouble therewith." (Prov. xv. 16.) "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked." (Ps. xxxvii. 16.)

6. No man can judge of God's love or hatred by these things. (Eccles. ix. 1.) For he often "gives riches to those whom he hates, and denies them to those whom he loves." It is very usual for those who have most of his love to have least of worldly things. Joseph and Mary themselves could bring but "a pair of turtle-doves"—the poor man's offering. (Luke ii. 24.) Nay, how poor was our Lord himself! "The foxes have holes," &c. (Matt. viii. 20; 2 Cor. viii. 9.)

7. God keeps you low in earthly possessions, but how is it with you in higher and better things? You are poor without; are you not rich within? "There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches." (Prov. xiii. 7.) "I know thy poverty, but thou art rich." (Rev. ii. 9.) No riches like to soul-riches. To be "rich in faith" (James ii. 5), "in good works" (1 Tim. vi. 18), "towards God" (Luke xii. 21)—this is to be rich indeed. Mountains of gold are nothing to one drachm of true grace in the soul.

8. You think God is strait-handed toward you in temporal, but is he not abundantly gracious in spiritual and eternal, blessings? He denies the pebble, but gives you the pearl; withholds shadows and trifles, but gives you what is solid and substantial. You have not worldly wealth, but you have the pardon of sin, the love of God, adoption, union with Christ, &c. You [illegible] inheritance here, but you are "he[illegible] (James ii. 5); the [illegible]

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* From sermon, by Dr. Jacombe, in the Morning Exercises.

"inheritance" that is "incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away" (1 Pet. i. 4), is yours; you have little in the stream, but all in the fountain. God is yours, and in him all is yours.

O are these things true? Certainly; then you have no reason to complain or to be discontented because of your poverty. Pray, under heart-risings because of this, turn your thoughts upon what hath been hinted, work these and such like considerations home upon your hearts, be intent upon them, weigh them thoroughly; and I hope this will very much settle and quiet your spirits under the lowness of your estates.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF INFIDELITY.

GENERAL LESSONS.

We conclude with a few general lessons suggested by the biography of Hume, and the parties with whom he was associated.

1. One may see how vain and absurd is the plea on which many, under the Gospel dispensation, rest their hope of forgiveness and heaven. They say they expect salvation, because they are free from gross vices, and have always been kind and friendly. What does the case of Hume show? That even Infidels can often plead the same. We have no reason to doubt that Hume was correct in his private morals; and though there were strange and bitter quarrels between him and several of his friends, such as Blacklock, Oswald, Rousseau, yet we have no cause to question the statements of his biographers, that he was very friendly and much liked—that he was inoffensive, obliging, instructive. Now, is it to be imagined that professed Christians are saved on grounds altogether independent of Christianity, which are equally valid and good, whether such a revelation as Christianity had been vouchsafed? Is it to be imagined that scoffing Infidels, denying God's providence and existence as well as his word, and rejoicing in death as the annihilation of their being, are equally safe as the most devout, and holy, and useful believers, simply because they did not happen to be immoral, and were amiable and friendly in the intercourse of social life? Does this not disparage Christianity, and exalt Infidelity in a way which would make most professed Christians tremble? And yet, do not multitudes rest their hopes for eternity substantially upon this ground? Surely that cannot be the way of salvation which is equally good for Christians and for Infidels—which makes no distinction in creed—which treats those who believe in God and those who deny him as the same, equally acceptable.

2. We are reminded of the danger of indulging vanity and sceptical speculation. There can be little question that vain-glory was the root of Hume's system of universal doubt and flagrant Infidelity. He may not have intended at first to become an Infidel bordering on Atheism; but, to gratify his vanity by attracting attention, and awakening the surprise, astonishment, and talk of his cotemporaries and posterity, he yielded to speculations which carried him from step to step, till he was landed in universal scepticism; while the same vanity forbade him, after he was once committed, to retract any of his statements, however untenable. This is no more than what Scripture would have led us to expect. The desire of the glory of men is numbered by the Saviour among the causes of Infidelity among the educated men of his day; and the apostles guard against false philosophy and vain speculations, as tending to unbelief and apostasy. The late excellent Dr. Martin, minister of Kirkaldy, a man of no common acuteness, relates, in a record of his experience during a severe and protracted sickness, that for a season he was visited with the most painful darkness and universal doubt. He explains it by stating that when a young man, and long before he had ever heard of David Hume, or read any of his writings, he had indulged in the same sceptical speculations; so that in reading Hume, he found himself familiar with the thoughts and arguments. Like a devout and penitent believer, he explained his mental darkness and dubiety long after, as a chastisement for the indulgence of scepticism in youth. While this is fitted to deprive Hume's admirers of their boasting, inasmuch as it shows that others, and persons of much less pretension, could hit upon the same thoughts (and the same might be added of many young Hindus on the banks of the Ganges, in regard to Hume's speculations on miracles), it is fitted to warn good men, and especially the young, against indulging a spirit which the Scripture condemns.' Harmless as their speculations may often seem, the unhappy effect may appear in seasons of weakness and suffering. The great adversary of man's peace may strike in, and feather his darts with what was once a mere speculation, and had been almost forgotten. Such was the judgment of good Dr. Martin, founded on experience; and though he was happily, ere long, released, the result may be more serious with others. Hence the need of caution. Those who are at once metaphysical in their taste, and vain-glorious in their temperament, require to be specially guarded. Youthful vanity and thoughtlessness may lay the foundation for serious conflicts at a season when the soul would most desire tranquillity.

3. Another suggested lesson is the insufficiency of mere knowledge—literary, historical, philosophical—to prevent crime, or to secure stable happiness. It is well known how confident many men are in regard to the reverse of the proposition. They think ignorance the great source of all evil, and general knowledge the sure and universal remedy for its ills. But what is the testimony of experience? Were Hume or his French Infidel friends happy, in the best sense of the term? or were they armed against sinful temptation? We have already made full allowance for the advantages of natural temperament and social position, of which Hume could boast. After all, we have seen that his happiness was very limited and qualified—that he was the advocate of sin and crime;

while in regard to his French friends it is notorious, amid all their gaiety and wit, there was a vast amount of real misery, combined with gross immorality and corruption. Yet who can question that these parties were familiar with varied knowledge—far more knowledge than the mass of society, by all schemes of mere secular education, can ever hope to reach? and how vain, then, is it to expect that mere knowledge, distinct from divine knowledge, will regenerate and rejoice society? If it has failed in the hands of Hume and of his friends, is it likely to be more successful with others? Nay, may it not be feared that much at least of *their knowledge*, instead of contributing either to the purity or happiness of man, will, and must, have the very opposite effect? Who can question that the tendency of Hume's moral philosophy is to the relaxation of moral ties? and who can doubt, with the example of the French literati of Hume's days and of subsequent revolutionary times before them, that knowledge, disjoined from divine revelation, is not only weak as a restraint against evil, but may prove an encouragement to sin? Let none, then, deceive themselves and society with vain hopes. Where the Scriptures of truth are unknown, general knowledge may be rendered subservient, by Divine Providence, to moral restraint and usefulness; but where God's revelation is despised and rejected, he is almost pledged to show the vanity of any substitute of man's devizing, by allowing even philosophers to fall into moral degradation.

4. Our last remark respects the responsibility of the Christian Church for the Infidelity of the world. We apprehend that Hume stood so much upon independent ground of his own—was so much under the influence of vain-glorious selfishness, in his scepticism, that scarcely any condition of the Christian Church would have made much difference on the state of his personal convictions, or brought him nearer to true religion; but we are strongly persuaded that the state of Christianity in his day, and his own experience of professed ministers of Christianity, were well fitted to deepen and perpetuate his personal Infidelity, and to give it strength and currency, through his works, on society. The footing on which Hume stood with Robertson, Blair, Jardine, Carlile, Home, and other ministers—their consenting to be silent on religion—the warmth of their friendship, though he was busily subverting the foundations of all religion, natural and revealed—their sneers at the more serious and godly part of the brethren in the ministry—the freedom which they allowed him to use in his correspondence with them, and the service which they expected and received from him, in connection with the distribution of Church patronage—must all have given him a very unfavourable impression of the reality of their belief, or of religious principle at all. What could Hume have thought of Christianity, when a minister of Christ could write him in such terms as: "The society at Paris," says Dr. Blair, "to one who has all your advantages for enjoying it in its perfection, is, I am fully convinced, from all that I have heard, the most agreeable in the whole world." The ungodly, infidel, immoral society of Paris, with which Hume was surrounded, is pronounced by a professed minister of the Gospel, the *most* agreeable in the *whole* world! Another (Jardine), writes him: "The enemy had kindled such a flame, that the old *burning bush* was like to have been consumed altogether. I know it will give *you* pleasure to hear that my endeavours to preserve her have been crowned with success." What could an Infidel think of such sentiments and language from a minister of Christ, who perfectly knew his character and views?

Such notices in the Correspondence, and others could be given, indicate, to say the least, a miserably low religious tone—a blending of Christianity and Infidelity which could have no other result than to harden the sceptic and the scoffer. What effectual remonstrance could either Blair or Jardine, or any clergyman of similar spirit, present to the progress of Infidelity? Their greatest strength must have been very weakness. Accordingly, there is a visible growth of Infidelity in society through the lifetime of Hume. At his starting, there was the greatest resistance; as he advanced it lessened. In 1744, when aiming after a professorship of moral philosophy, Hume says: "The accusation of heresy, deism, scepticism, atheism, &c., &c., was started against me, but never took, being borne down by the contrary authority of all the good company in town." Eight years after, in 1752, when appointed, after a contest, librarian of the Advocates' Library, he says: "What is more extraordinary, the cry about religion could not hinder the *ladies* from being violently my partisans. I owe my success in a great measure to their solicitations." Twelve years after, 1764, Blair writes: "The taste for French literature grows more and more amongst us." No one can question that such Infidel literature as the French literature of that day could not increase in its popularity apart from the previous and simultaneous spread of Infidelity; while the popular interest and homage discovered at the Infidel's interment, and connected with the sepulchre, where, "on a *Sunday evening*, the company from a public walk in the neighbourhood flocked in such crowds to the grave, that Mr. Hume's brother actually became apprehensive upon the unusual concourse, and ordered the grave to be railed in with all expedition," bespoke the same unhappy progress.

There can be little question that the degeneracy of the Church, or rather the Churches of Christ—for, with slight exceptions, the decay was general—had an important share in the creation and dissemination of the Infidelity of the age. Had the Church been evangelical and her ministry faithful and consistent, humanly speaking, the tone of society could never have sunk so low. It is a melancholy fact, that the only man who seems to have written to Hume on his death-bed, on the subject of religion—and the letter, considering the party to whom it was addressed, was well fitted to awaken serious thought—was not a minister, but a layman at a distance, Mr. Strachan, the London bookseller. The letter was probably too late to reach the dying man; but the fact, that it seems to have been the only effort which was made to recall his mind to the idea of an unseen world, and *that* upon his own principles, is solemn in itself, and peculiarly so as indicative of the prevalence of irreligion and Infidelity. Where now were all his clerical friends? The whole is well calculated to show the connection between Irreligion in the Church and Infidelity in society; and, therefore, the responsibility of the Church for the Infidelity of the land. We do not say that there may not, or that there has not been, decided Infidelity in the midst of the purest Christianity; the very success of the work of the Spirit of God may call up the zeal of the spirit of darkness, but certainly the tendency of Irreligion is towards Infidelity, and the colder and more corrupt the Church, the arguments in behalf of Infidelity are always the stronger and the more popular. It is well for the Church of Christ to feel that her labour ought not to be limited to the irreligious making a profession of the Christian name—that the avowed Infidel has strong claims upon her—that a serious part of the responsibility of his unbelief, it may be, belongs to her.

We have detained our Christian readers long with these successive papers on Infidelity illustrated by facts. We are afraid that we may have wearied some; but many important lessons are taught by the lives and the deaths of Infidels. Christians should not think that they are so far a-head of such scenes that they have nothing to learn from them. In one sense this is happily true, but much instruction may at the same time be gathered from contrasts. As the occasional study of Paganism, and Mohammedanism, and Judaism, and Popery is useful, these acting as a foil, the better to bring out the right spirit and character of Evangelical Truth; so is the occasional and serious contemplation of Infidelity fitted to read the Christian various and valuable lessons—lessons of boundless gratitude to God for divine revelation, with all its incomparable blessings, especially for Christ and his great salvation, with all the happiness, purity, and hope which these imply—lessons of humility, when Christians think that they can claim nothing of God, that it is he who makes them to differ from Infidels, and that their inconsistency and unfruitfulness may have had a hand in making or in hardening the sceptic, and also when they compare their own defects, in particular points, with the attainments of some unbelievers—lessons of deep sympathy for those involved in the temptations and snares of unbelief, whilst their Infidelity is condemned as criminal—lessons of duty—as earnest desires and efforts to deliver. In short, the survey of Infidelity, in contrast to Gospel Christianity, is well fitted to lead Christians to prize their distinguishing privileges more highly, to hold fast by them in the face of all hostility, and to use means to extend the experimental knowledge of them to others, even the most hardened and hopeless. We feel that, if possible, our own conviction of the truth and excellency of Evangelical Christianity has been strengthened by reading the biography of Hume, and drawing up these papers as the result of our meditations. We have seen how little Infidelity could do for its advocate, even at its best estate—how defective and miserable its attainments, even in the most unexceptionable cases—how the powerful intellect of the greatest of Infidel philosophers, with all the lights and advantages of ancient and modern times, could not penetrate its way to the *certain proof* of immortality without revelation; or rather, arrived at the opposite conclusion of settled materialism. Instructed by the darkness—the moral and religious doubts—the misery of the Bible rejecter—we grasp the Scriptures of truth with a firmer hand, more satisfied than ever of the necessity of divine revelation; and we pray more earnestly that neither the character, the life, nor the death of Hume, with all its worldly glory, may be ours, or that of our children.

THINGS SEEN, TEMPORAL; THINGS UNSEEN, ETERNAL.

How insecure our state! anon
What we now enjoyed is gone!
Come, and I will tell to thee
What things likest to it be.

A noble bark afloat I saw;
She many wondering eyes did draw,
To admire her wondrous state,
Whereon tides and winds did wait.
Songs of gladness rose from her
As she gallantly did steer
Through the churmed deep. With a frown
The black whirlwind stoopeth down.
Its fierce wrath an hour did last;
But when it was gone and past,
On the waters I did note
Some few wretched wrecks afloat—
The fair ship no more was seen.
Such our mortal state, I ween;
A few days of brightest gladness,
A few dreams of highest hope;
Then, beneath the storm of sadness,
Into death's abyss we drop.

A fair forest I beheld,
And right pleasant 'twas to be
In its shadow, there to mark
The good estate of every tree.
Some were budding, some were clad
With their blossoms white and red;
Some with their full foliage made
In the noon a twilight shade.
The living brooks that here and there
Strayed, like happy spirits, were
Singing in the land of bliss
Strains, all day, of happiness.
Glad was echo to prolong
In her rocky haunts that song.
In the bowers and branches high
There was endless minstrelsy
Of pairing birds, a thousand notes
Piping through music-lined throats.
The golden age! it has not gone,
We, my love, have lit upon
That joyful time; our life-tent here
Shall stand in peace for many a year!

Scarce had I spoken, when a blight
On the sylvan realm did light,
Sudden, noiseless, and unseen—
Came it from yon sky serene?
For the sky was sapphire bright,
And genial with the warm sunlight.
Sickly grew the leaves, and pale,
Now fiercely bit a frozen gale.
All the forest's beauty fled—
All was rotten, withered, dead!

Like goodly trees our hopes do grow,
And we live their shade below,
Longing for the fruit; beneath
A worm doth gnaw—that worm is death.

On the river bank did dwell
A small happy family.
How often did I mark full well
That they lived right happily!
Working, toiling, making shift,
By godly ways and honest drift,
To live in peace; and in their cell
Peace, in sooth, did long time dwell.
It was a sweet and pleasant nook
That home of theirs beside the brook,
With its plot of garden ground,
And small, well-cultured croft around.
Many a time the passer by
Turned that way his curious eye,
To admire; and welcome cheer
Oft found the homeless stranger here.

One autumn night, in deluge vast,
The murky sky its showers down cast;
Swift the river rose and rose,
Higher, higher every hour—
All its banks are buried deep;
Like a sea without a shore
It rages. When the river fell
Within its banks you scarce could tell
Where the happy dwelling stood;
Sunk beneath the slime and mud,
To a heap of ruin gone!—
So Time's flood doth strike upon
Our well-founded hopes: they perish
Those we did most fondly cherish.
When we lean upon them, they
By the waves are swept away,
And with them we fall, and lie
Buried in calamity!

My journey led one summer day
Through a lovely region, gay
With a thousand fairest flowers,
Star-like, clustering in its bowers.
Of them all, the fairest, sweetest,
Iris from its hues might borrow.
A nosegay for my love the meetest
I will gather on the morrow
As I homeward pass, I said:
On the morrow it was dead.
So Time withers, like the frost,
What on earth we valued most.
When we come to gather, they,
Like the flower, have passed away!

Brother! cheer thee, there is hope,
Though all earthly pleasures drop;
Though all thou built and leant upon,
Like a morning dream has flown.
Hope there is that ne'er shall perish;
Hope, that thou may'st daily cherish;
Hope, that ever surer grows,
Ever stronger towards the close;
Brightest in the darkest hour,
In the saddest, steadiest
Change: nor death, nor aught has power
To displace it from the breast!
If thou wouldst have it, thou must look
Unto Him who for us took
The cup of woe, that He might bring
Us peace through His own suffering.
With the travail of His soul
Bought He it; and, brother, He
(For He has a loving heart)
Freely offers it to thee!
With it, no longer shall it grieve thee
Earthly joys so quickly leave thee;
Rather thou old Time wilt chide
That not swift and swifter glide
The years; for thou wouldst straightway where
Thy unfading treasures are!

ROMANISM AND HINDUISM COMPARED.

A Brahman, for the purpose of showing the folly of rejecting Hinduism and embracing the Roman Catholic religion, instituted the following comparison between the two systems:—"Has the Feringhi cheap pardons? So have we. Can the Romanist by the mass rescue his ancestors from purgatory? We, by ceremonies at Gaya, can do the same for ours. Can the priest change the bread and wine into flesh and blood? Our muntras can impart divine attributes to images. Who are the Romish monks, but the counterparts of our Sunyasees? Do the Catholics count their beads? So do we our malas. Do they pray to mother Mary? So do we to Ganga-mai. Do their priests eschew marriages? So do our Gosalies. Have they nuns? So have we our nach-girls, dedicated to the service of the temple. Do they boast their antiquity? Compare eighteen hundred years, the period they claim as the age of their Church, with the four jugs of Hinduism.

RICHARD BAXTER TO ROMISH PRIESTS.

One of your dissimulations which increaseth my dissatisfaction is, your pretending to the ignorant people that you are all of a mind, and there are no divisions among you, and making our divisions the great argument to raise an odium against our doctrine, calling us schismatics, heretics, and the like. When, indeed, no one thing doth so much turn away my heart from you as your abominable schism. Do we not know of the multitudes of opinions among you, mentioned by Bellarmine and other of your writers? If you call me out to any more of this work, I mean the next time to present to the world a catalogue of your divisions among yourselves, that it may appear how notable your unity is! If the Jesuits are to be believed, what a silly sottish generation are your secular priests! If your priests are to be believed, [illegible], cheating pack are the

Jesuits! I speak not the words of your Protestant adversaries, but of those of your own Church. Do I not know what Guliel. de Santo Amore and many others say of your own Church? Do you think I never read Watson's Quodlibets, and the many pretty stories of the Jesuit exploits there mentioned by him? I do not think that you suffer many of your own followers to read these books that are written against one another by yourselves. But the great division among you, that quite overthrows your cause in my esteem, is that between the French and Italian, in the very foundation which all your faith is resolved into. You have no belief of Scripture, nor in Christ, no hope of heaven; you differ not from Turks and Infidels, but only upon the credit and authority of your Church; and this Church must be infallible, or else your faith is fallible—at least it must be of sovereign authority. And when it comes to the upshot, you are not agreed what this Church is? One saith it is the pope with a general council; and another saith it is a general council, though the pope dissent. One saith the pope is fallible, and the other saith a council is fallible. One saith, a pope is above the council, and another saith the council is above the pope. And now, what is become of your religion? Nay, is it not undeniable that you are of two Churches specifically different? Certainly a body politic is specified from the *summa potestas*. And therefore, if the French make a council, the *summa potestas*, the sovereign power, and the Italians make the pope the sovereign, and a third party make the pope and council conjunct only, the sovereign, are not here undeniably several Churches specifically different?

And then you have another deceit for the salving of all this, that increaseth my disaffection. You glory in your present judge of controversies, and tell us it is no wonder if we be all in pieces that have no such judge. And what the better are you for your judge, when he cannot or dare not decide your controversies? No; he dare not determine this fundamental controversy, whether himself or a council be the sovereign power, for fear of losing the French and those that join with them. So that it must remain but *dogma theologicum* and no *point de fide*, what is the *summa protestas;* and yet all that is *de fide;* even our Christianity and salvation, must be resolved into it? And doth not this directly tend to Infidelity? Would you have serious Christians deliver up themselves to such a maze as this for the obtaining of unity? What the better are you for a judge of controversy, in all those hundreds of differences that are among yourselves, when your judge either cannot or will not determine them? Are not we as well without him as you are with him? Plain things that are past controversy have no need of your judge! It is no controversy with us whether Christ be the Messiah; whether he rose, ascended, and will judge the world; and if we go to darker points, your own judge will say nothing or worse. Why do you cry out so much against expounding the Scripture otherwise than according to the sense of the Church, when your Church will give you no interpretation of them? Do not your expositors differ about many hundred texts of Scripture, and neither pope nor council will decide the controversies? These are, therefore, mere delusions of the world, with the empty name of a judge of controversies. And, indeed, you sometimes show yourselves that you have no such high conceit of your pope (whatever you would make the world believe) as to trust his judgment.

But yet I have not come to that point of your schism which above all things in the world doth alienate my mind from your profession; and that is your separation from all other Christians in the world! I find in myself so great an inclination to unity, and the title catholic is so honourable, in my esteem, to them that deserve it, that if I had found you to have the unity and catholic religion and Church which you boast of, it would have much inclined me to your Church and way. But when I find you, like the Donatists, confining the Church to your party, and making yourselves a sect and faction, and unchurching and damning the far greatest part of the Christians in the world, this left me assured that you are most notorious schismatics. When I saw so much knowledge and holiness comparatively among the Reformed Catholics, and so much ignorance and wickedness among the Papists (even here where are but a remnant that adhere to their religion against the course of the nation), and when I read so many plain promises in Scripture, "That whoever believeth in Christ shall not perish, and that if by the Spirit we mortify the deeds of the body we shall live, and that if we repent our sins shall be forgiven, yea that godliness hath the promise of this life and that to come;" and then when I find that the Papists, for all these certain promises, do unchurch and damn us all, because we believe not in the pope of Rome as well as in Christ, this satisfied me as fully that you are most audacious schismatics, as I am satisfied that you are Papists. What! must I be a Papist on such grounds as these? Must I believe because you tell me so, that all the most conscionable heavenly Christians that I am intimately acquainted with are unsanctified, ungodly, and in a state of damnation? When I am a witness of the earnest breathings of their souls after more communion with God—when they would not live in one of those sins that you call venial, for all the world; when they mortified the flesh, and live in the Spirit, and wait for Christ's appearance: and yet that such as the Papist shall be saved that are so far below them, because they believe in the pope of Rome? Why, you may almost as well persuade me to become a Papist, by telling me that you have eyes in your heads, and noses on your faces, and the rest of the world have none. Doth Christ say, "He that believeth and repenteth shall be saved;" and must I believe that all Protestants shall be damned, let them believe and repent never so much? This is to bid me cease to believe Christ that I may believe the pope—cease to be a Christian that I may become a Papist. I am confident that I shall never be Papist, if it may not be done but by believing that all the godly that I am acquainted with are ungodly, and in the way to hell.

And (to speak of the quantity as well as the quality) I feel a kind of universal charity within me, extending to a Christian as a Christian, and, therefore, to all the Christians in the world, which will not give me leave to believe if a hundred popes should swear it, that the far greatest part of Christians shall be damned, because they are not subjects to the pope! The Papists are but a handful of the Christians in the world, at least the smaller part by far! The most of them never acknowledged the sovereignty of your pope. And a few ages ago, before Mohammedanism and Heathenism diminished the number of Christians in Asia and Africa, the Papists were but a small proportion. There are but lately taken off from the Christian religion, it is probable, twice as many as all the Papists in the whole world: if it were but the kingdoms of Nubia and Tenduc, how far would they go on this account? A bishop of your own, and legate of the popes that dwelt in those countries, saith, that the Christians in the easterly part of Asia alone exceeded in multitude the Christians both of the Greek and Latin Churches. And which is more, the whole Church, for many hundred years after Christ, were far from being the subjects of the pope of

Rome! And, indeed, had Christ no Church till the Pope became universal monarch! Must Paul be damned because he was not one of Peter's subjects? Do not your consciences know that swearing obedience to the pope of Rome was a thing unknown for many hundred years, yea, that it is a novelty in the world? Must Christ lose for ever the most of his Church, even those that never heard of Rome, because they believe not in the pope? Never shall I be Papist while I breathe, if I must be engaged to send the most of the Christians on earth to the devil, and that upon such an account as this. These things are so uncatholic, so unchristian, so inhumane, that I wonder, and wonder a hundred times, how any learned, sober men among you are able to believe them. For my part I am a resolved Catholic, that own the universal Church of Christ, and cannot limit my charity to a corner or a faction, especially so gross a one as yours. I own not the errors or other sins of any of the Churches, so far as I can discover them; but if I must make them heretics, and unchurch them for these (yea, even those that go under the name of Nestorians and Eutichians), I must needs put you in among them, who I think do err more grossly then they.

NO GOD.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"*The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.*"

"No God! No God!" the simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound;
"No God!" astonished echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies,
Reproves the Atheist lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
Th' Almighty to proclaim;
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to praise his name;
High sweeps the deep and vengeful sea,
Along its billowy track;
And red Vesuvius opens its mouth,
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm tree, with its princely crest—
The cocoa's leafy shade—
The bread-fruit, bending to its lord,
In yon far island glade—
The winged seeds, borne by the winds,
The roving sparrows feed—
The melon on the desert sands—
Confute the scorner's creed.

"No God!" with indignation high
The fervent sun is stirred,
And the pale moon turns paler still
At such an impious word!
And, from their burning thrones, the stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
ETERNAL MAJESTY!

AN EXPERIENCE.

HAVING entered a cottage to visit an old woman, for many years suffering from an incurable disease, I found sitting by her a young female, whose appearance bespoke that she also had been long tried by bodily affliction. Her form was wasted to a shadow, and as she sat, seemed somewhat deformed. Her face bore the aspect of intense endurance, and there was coupled with it an expression of discontent, that gave to features naturally plain an almost repulsive appearance. I did not feel inclined to address her; but the thought that her bodily condition might be but a type of her diseased soul, and the hope that a word spoken in season might do good, overcame my reluctance, and I inquired kindly as to the state of her health. She replied with a cold, uncivil air, that had almost turned me aside from my purpose; but again the thought of how much she must need consolation impelled me, and I addressed to her some sentences regarding the compassionate tenderness of that God who afflicts not willingly, nor grieves the children of men. All that was evil seemed now stirred within her; she looked indignant, and rudely replied, that she knew this as well as I did, but what was she the better for it? It seemed that God did not design by me to convey to her any lesson, and I ceased, lest I should provoke her further to sin against him. Her hostess, to whom I discovered she was distantly related, expressed much regret at her conduct, and she soon left the room. I talked and prayed, as I was wont, with the old woman, not forgetting before God her poor visitor. On rising to depart, she said, "Ye maun forgie poor Jean; she has a queer temper, but she has muckle need of your counsel, and perhaps you'll be back and speak to her again."

Strange as it may seem, she had deeply excited my interest. I had not met with an instance of enmity of heart against God so openly expressed. "Surely," I said, "Satan is striving hard for the mastery; shall no effort be made to rescue the prey from his grasp!"

Days passed on, and the unhappy expression of the poor creature still rose before me; and as soon as I could again spare time for so long a walk, I took my way to the widow's home. In the same seat, with the same look of discontent, sat her young friend. She moved not when I entered, and to my inquiry as to how she now was, she scarcely replied.

I determined not again to address her, but sought, in conversing with her hostess, to utter such things as she needed to hear; and in supplicating before God, I made mention of her as one for whom I desired the healing and cleansing influence of his Spirit. As I left the cottage, she followed me with an excited air, and asked who had told me anything about her. "No one has spoken to me of you," I said; "I do not even know whence you came; but the sentence you uttered in my hearing, the only time I ever saw you, convinced me that you were without God and without hope in the world; and compassionating your misery, I have not ceased ever since to pray that you might yet, by the enlightening influence of the Spirit, be brought to see *that* which would enable you to say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'" It was evident she had purposed to say more, but some inward feeling checked her, and she suddenly left me, and re-entered the cottage. I repeated at intervals, as I had long been accustomed to do, my visits to this abode of suffering, and continued to act to this unhappy young woman as I had hitherto done. At times I thought her look somewhat changed, but again the dark scowl sat on her brow. She replied in monosyllables to my inquiry regarding her health, and I addressed to her no other observation; but latterly she rose on my entering—a mark, at least, of increased civility. One day I found her evidently prepared for a journey; and after I had sat some time, the widow said: "Jean's going to leave us to-day." "And where," I inquired, "do you go?" "To ——, a village on the opposite side of the river," she replied; then hesitating, and looking down, as if afraid to meet my eye," she added: "You are sometimes there, and maybe I'll see you." "I would gladly visit you," I replied, "could I be of any use to you; but I have for long abstained from speaking to you, because you seemed to resist all counsel." "Indeed I did," was her only answer. I felt this was a call which I should not overlook, and only a few days had passed when I sought out her dwelling. She seemed surprised, and also glad to see me. "I doubted," she said, "if you would ever come to see me; I am sure I little deserve it." "Were any of us dealt with according to what we deserve," I replied, "we must, long ere this, have been where there is no hope; but we are spared by the mercy of God, and it is the desire that his long-suffering may yet lead you to repentance, that has brought me to tell you of this mercy to-day." She now listened attentively to all I said, but she never spoke; and it seemed to me that the remembrance of the past was continually rising before her, and checking the utterance of what she now felt. Before leaving her, I asked if she wished me to pray with her, and what she felt she especially needed of God. "A heart to acknowledge his goodness," she replied. On bidding her farewell, she grasped my hand, and said eagerly, "Oh, will you come back again?" "Yes," I replied, "if God spare me, and prolong your life." She seemed amazed, and said, "Do you think I am dying?" "We are all dying," I answered, "and you are labouring under disease, which is an especial call to you to be ready."

For a considerable time subsequent to this interview, I was too much engaged at home to think of crossing again to Jean's abode, nor had I for more than a fortnight visited her aged relation; but entering one day a cottage much nearer my own residence, where I went to inquire after a sick child, I was astonished to find Jean seated by the fire. "Jean," I said, "how came you here?" "I was so much the better of crossing the water before," she said, "and so very ill since I saw you, that I was anxious to try it again, and my cousin here said, I might come to her for a little to see how I would be. But I am no better, and I see now that I came to be a burden to her, that has plenty ado without me." Her good-natured cousin immediately said very cheerfully, "Oh! ye're no taken ony burden on ye, and ye maun just hae patience a wee, and maybe it will do you good yet;" "but," she added, turning to me, "I am ay telling her she'll near be better unless she keeps her mind easier; she does nathing but mourn night and day." "I am sorry to hear that," I replied; "but the Bible tells us that they who mourn shall be comforted, and if Jean's mourning be of that kind to which this promise is made, it may bring her something infinitely better than mere bodily health." "I am sure I wish it may," she said kindly, but evidently not understanding what I meant, and then pursuing the business with which she was occupied when I entered, she left the room.

When alone, I inquired of Jean as to the cause of her disquietude. "O," she said, "what is to come of me? I am getting worse everyday, I am not able to work for my daily bread, and I have none to look to me." "God's tender mercies," I said, "are over all his works, and if you put your trust in him, he will provide all that you need." "Aye," she answered, "it is easy to say *that* when we are not in need, but it is not so easy to be content with want staring us in the face." "What you say is very true," I replied, "and you are right in supposing that I speak of what I have not experienced, for I never was tried in this way; but I have seen the grace of God triumph in circumstances more trying if possible than yours." "What!" she said, in a tone I might almost say of indignant surprise; "did you ever see anybody without a penny in the world, and unable to earn one, content!" "Yes," I said; "more than content. I have seen a person in a state of perfect destitution, and continued bodily suffering, rejoicing, because God had so ordered her lot, since it enabled her more entirely to realize his continual care in providing for her daily wants. She felt, she used to say, any morsel she ate coming as directly from the hand of God, as if the ravens had been commissioned to feed her as they did Elijah."

"Well," she said, "I cannot understand that at all." "I know you cannot, Jean," I replied, "because I fear you have never understood that which would enable you to look with child-like confidence to God as your heavenly Father, and perhaps this is the very reason why he is so dealing with you, that he may humble you, and do you good." "Maybe," she said, in a tone that revealed the rising of her unsubdued spirit, while it was evident from her expression that she was struggling to suppress it; seeing this, I felt it was best not to go further, and having prayed with her, I departed, promising soon to return. The cottage being close to the road which I had continually to pass, I saw her frequently, and endeavoured always to press home on her such lessons as I saw she needed; but I marked little change, except that I often found her engaged with her Bible, and always willing to listen to my instruction. I was very glad, however, to hear the testimony of her relation, that she was more contented and easier in her temper.

One morning I had seen her looking feverish and uneasy, and she thought "one of her bad turns," as she called them, "was coming on." Late in the evening, the man in whose house she was came to tell me that she had become alarmingly ill, and was very desirous of seeing me. I went immediately out with him, and by the way made some inquiry concerning her; she seemed in great distress, he said; but he thought her mind was worse than her body, for she supposed herself dying, and did nothing but cry about her sins and the fear of hell; "and indeed," he added, "I am at a loss to think what it can be that troubles her. Nae doubt, she had an ill temper, and was a wee revengeful in her way, but for anything else, I never saw much ill about her."

As he entered the house, I heard her crying out most piteously, "Oh me! what will become of me?—what will become of me?" The moment she saw me, she said, "Oh pray for me—I am dying—I am dying—I am a poor sinful creature—I cannot stand before my God. Oh me! oh me!" She went on for some time in the same strain. I saw she was not in a condition to listen calmly to anything I might address to her, and remained silent until she had somewhat exhausted herself and become quiet. I then said, "I can do nothing for you, Jean, but commend you to the mercy of God, and therefore we shall pray."

She continued pretty calm while I was so engaged; and when I had concluded and uttered in her hearing some passages of Scripture fitted to convey comfort to her troubled mind, I left her. Next day I returned; the bodily suffering still continued, but the mental excitement seemed to have passed away, and she scarcely spoke at all.

This attack gradually removed as many others had done, and left her in a more than usually feeble state. There was no prospect whatever of her being removed, and I felt it needful to make some arrangements to assist the poor woman, who treated her with great tenderness, to bear the burden of her maintenance. She seemed herself exceedingly relieved by hearing of this, and I felt thankful to have it in my power to remove out of her way one continual temptation to worldly anxiety.

It was now evident that she regarded herself as a dying person, and also that her mind was awakened to a true sense of her condition in the sight of God. But she seldom expressed much of what she felt; sometimes, when asked if there was any passage of Scripture on which her mind could rest, she would mention a text that had given her some comfort; but she always added that it was but for a time, and she feared she had no right to it. I continued for months to see her frequently, and found her growing at least in knowledge of God's Word, and in a thankful sense of his goodness to him in temporal things; but there never seemed any clear recognition of his forgiving mercy in Christ. Her bodily strength was again considerably increased, and being much occupied otherwise, I now saw her but seldom—nor had I heard of her being at all worse; when going to church one day I was amazed to hear the prayers of the congregation requested for her as seemingly near death. As soon as the service was over, I proceeded to her lodging; the clergyman had also done the same, and I stood aside that he might speak with her. "O sir," she said as soon as he entered, "your prayers have indeed been heard for me this day. I am wonderfully relieved in body, and what is far better, I have found rest to my soul. Long, long I resisted the grace of God, and would not take the free salvation he offered, but now he has made me willing in the day of his power; he has laid me low at the foot of the cross, and made willing first to lie there."

The clergyman having spoken and prayed with her, she seemed exhausted, and I did not think it wise to remain. As we left the cottage, "What a mournful deliverance at the very gates of death," he remarked. "It is indeed," I replied; "but do you think she is dying?" "It is quite evident," he said, "that she is sinking very fast."

The next day I returned. She seemed asleep, and I was unwilling to disturb her. "O she had a pleasant night," said her cousin; "she is so content with anything now, and not the least afraid to die."

When I returned the day following, she could only answer by a monosyllable any question I asked; but she looked calm and happy. I saw her only once more, and then she lay in a peaceful sleep from which she never awoke.

TO MASTERS.

Take heed of neglecting your servants' souls.—Their souls as well as their bodies are your charge; and you must be accountable shortly for them. O how few consider seriously of this! Are not the souls of servants slighted, as if they were little better than the souls of brutes? Sirs, is that which Christ thought worth his blood, not worth your care? The neglect of most masters in this thing is horrible. How seldom do they speak a word of God to their servants! How great a rarity is it for them to pray with them, and read the Scriptures before them, and to call upon them to mind what they read! Who endeavours to convince their servants of the corruption of their nature, and that they are born slaves of sin and Satan? Who commends Christ as the best Master, and commands his servants to obey him? Where is the master to be found that is frequently and importunately endeavouring to convince all under his charge of the necessity of faith in Christ, repentance, and a holy life? How little are masters concerned for God's honour and service! Nay, are there not some that are so far from minding the souls of their servants, that if once they perceive a poor servant begins to set his face toward heaven, how are they set against him! What scoffs and jeers shall he then have, and scarce live a quiet life after it! And there are others that put their servants upon sin, that keep them up to work so unreasonably late on Saturday nights, that they lose half the Lord's-day with sleeping? (2 Kings xxi. 11; Isa. xxxvii. 24.) How many that put their servants upon work, and serving of goods, upon the Lord's-day! How many do we see keeping their stalls open to sell fruit! O where are our Nehemiahs? Who reproves his servants for neglecting God's service more than for neglecting of his own? Who observes what company they keep—how the Sabbath is spent? Who reproves them for lying and cheating for their profit? Are there not too many that put them upon telling lies to cover their own neglect? Do such masters as these deserve the name of Christians? Do they look like God's servants.—*Janeway*.

A DYING MOTHER'S LOVE.

The plague broke out in a little Italian village. In one house the children were taken first; the parents watched over them, but only caught the disease they could not cure. The whole family died. On the opposite side of the way lived the family of a poor labourer, who was absent during the whole week; only coming on Saturday nights to bring his scanty earnings. His wife felt herself attacked by the fever in the night; in the morning she was much worse, and before night the plague spot showed itself. She thought of the terrible fate of her neighbours. She knew she *must* die; but as she looked upon her dear little boys, she resolved not to communicate death to them. She therefore locked the children into the room, and snatched her bed-clothes, lest they should keep the contagion behind her, and left the house. She even denied herself the sad pleasure of a last embrace.

Think of the heroism that enabled her to conquer her feelings, and leave home, and all she loved, to die! Her eldest child saw her from the window. "Good bye, mother," said he, with his tenderest tone, for he wondered why his mother left him so strangely. "Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little hand out of the window. The mother pauses; her heart was drawn towards her children, and she was on the point of returning back; she struggled hard, while the tears rolled down her cheeks at the sight of her helpless babes. At length she turned from them. The children continued to cry, "Good bye, mother." The sounds sent a thrill of anguish to her heart; but she pressed on to the house of those who were to bury her. In two days she died.

Oh, that mothers were as careful to save their children from the worse contagion of sin!

CONVERTED INDIAN CHIEFS.

Colonel M'Kenney, in his work on the Indians, gives the following illustrations of the power of divine grace over the hearts of savages, apparently of the most hopeless class. The first is the case of the celebrated chief Skenandoah:—

Who has not heard of the famous Oneida chief Skenandoah? He, whose pathway for sixty years had been marked with blood; whose war-whoop had resounded through many a terrified settlement, and until the regions of the Mohawk rang with it; and who was in all respects, the *cruel*, the *indomitable* savage. One would suppose that habits, stiffened by so long a period of indulgence, could not be easily, if at all, softened and remoulded; that the spirit of the warrior, having been so long indulged in the practices so congenial to the feelings of the savage, could not be subdued, and made to conform to all that is gentle, and peaceful, and pious. But all this was effected in the person of this chief. He was awakened under the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Kirkland; and became a convert to the faith of the Christian. The tomahawk, the war-club, and the scalping-knife fell from his grasp; the desolations which he had produced he mourned over; he saw, in his mythology, nothing but chimeras; he was penitent, and was forgiven. Nor did he ever abandon the faith he had adopted, but continued a peaceful, faithful, devoted Christian, until his death, which occurred when he was over a hundred years old.

A while previous to his death, a friend calling to see him, and inquiring after his health, received this answer (which most of you, doubtless, have heard)—"I am an aged hemlock. The winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top (referring to his blindness). Why I yet live, the great, good Spirit only knows. When I am dead, bury me by the side of my minister and friend (meaning Mr. Kirkland)—that I may go up with him at the great resurrection!" He was accordingly so buried, and I have seen his tomb.

Another case was that of Kusick, chief of the Tuscaroras. He was also an Indian, and had served under Lafayette, in the army of the Revolution. It was usual for him, in company of a few of his leading men, to visit, once in every two or three years, the State of North Carolina, whence his tribe originally came, to see after some claims they had on the State. In passing through Washington, the old chief would call at my office, for the purpose of submitting his papers, and of counselling with me. On one of these occasions, he made a call before breakfast, at my residence, accompanied by his companions. A neighbour had stepped in to see me, on his way to his office, and our conversation turned on Lady Morgau's France, which had been just then published, and was lying on my table. We spoke of Lafayette. The moment his name was mentioned, Kusick turned quick upon me his fine black eyes, and asked with great earnestness,

"Is he yet alive? The same Lafayette that was in the Revolutionary war?"

"Yes, Kusick," I answered, "he is alive; and he is the same Lafayette who was in that war. That book speaks of him as being not only alive, but looking well and hearty."

He said, with deep emphasis, "I am glad to hear it."

"Then you know Lafayette, Kusick?"

"O, yes," he answered, "I knew him well; and many a time in the battle I threw myself between him and the bullets; for I loved him."

"Were you in commission?"

"O, yes," he replied, "I was a lieutenant. General Washington gave me a commission."

My friend and myself agreed to examine the records, and see if the old chief was not entitled to a pension. We (or rather he) did so. All was found to be as Kusick had reported it, when he was put on the pension list.

Some years after, in 1827, when passing through the Tuscarora reserve, on my way to the wilderness, I stopped opposite his log cabin, and walked up to see the old chief. I found him engaged drying fish. After the usual greeting, I asked if he continued to receive his pension.

"No," said the old chief, "no; Congress passed a law making it necessary for me to swear I cannot live without it. Now, hear is my little log cabin, and it's my own; here's my patch, where I can raise corn, and beans, and bumpkins; and there's Lake Oneida, where I can catch fish. With these I can make out to live without the pension; and to say I could not, would be to lie to the great Spirit!

Here was principle and piety; and a lesson for many whose advantages had far exceeded those of this poor Indian. In connection with this, I will add another anecdote. He breakfasted with me on the morning to which I have referred; and knowing him to be a teacher of the Christian religion among his people, and an interpreter for those who occasionally preached to them, I requested him to ask a blessing. He did so, and in a manner so impressive, as to make me feel that he was deeply imbued with the proper spirit. He employed in the ceremony his native Tuscarora. I asked him why, as he spoke very good English, he had asked the blessing in his native tongue? He said, "When I speak English, I am often at a loss for a word. When, therefore, I speak to the great Spirit, I do not like to be perplexed, or have my mind distracted to look after a word. When I use my own language, it is like my breath; I am composed." Kusick died an honest man and a Christian; and has doubtless entered into his rest.

HE MISTOOK THE LIGHT!

And what was the consequence? Why, the largest steam-ship in the world, with a rich cargo, and a company of three hundred souls on board, was wrecked, in a dark and stormy night, on the most dangerous part of the coast of Ireland! The noble ship, which cost upwards of £200,000, left her port that very afternoon in fine trim, and with every prospect of a safe and speedy voyage, and at nine o'clock she was thumping upon the rocks—the sea breaking over her with terrific violence, and threatening to send people, ship, and cargo, to instant destruction!

But how could they mistake the light? Were the captain and his officers on the look-out? Yes. Was the chart (or map of the coast) closely examined? Yes. Was the compass all right? Yes. And were the common precautions taken to keep the ship on her proper course? Yes; all this was done.

How then could she have met such a sad disaster? Why, because a light appeared which was not noted on the chart, and the captain was deceived by it! He mistook it for another light that was on the chart, and so, when he supposed he was running out to sea, he was really running in upon the breakers! How great a mistake, and how terrible the consequences!

Every reader of these lines is sailing on a more hazardous voyage than the *Great Britain* attempted, and has the command of a nobler vessel and a richer freight than hers; yes, richer than all the treasures of the world! Thousands of plans are laid to mislead and divert him from his course. False lights are purposely held out to betray him, and tides and currents, of almost resistless power, set against him from every point of the compass. Will he steer clear of them all? Shall we see him push out into the broad sea, with a bright sky, a fair wind, and sails all set for the desired haven? Will he accomplish the voyage, and his fears and perils be all exchanged for the tranquillity and joy of a happy home?

It will depend on two things.—1. Whether he has the true chart, and takes good heed to it. It is known as the Holy Scriptures, and it lays down the position of every light on the voyage; and he may be sure that any light that is not found on that chart is to be shunned. 2. Whether he commits himself and the whole direction of the voyage to Him whose footsteps are on the sea, and who rides upon the wings of the wind. No one ever put his trust in him and was confounded.

Farewell, then, young voyager! Be sober—be vigilant—keep your chart always spread before you, and daily ask Him, to whose direction you have committed the voyage, what course he would have you, this day, to steer.—*Y. P. Gazette.*

AIM HIGH.

Look into your Bible, and see how Christians ought to live. See how the Bible says those who are Christians must live; and then if you find your Christian friends living in a different way, instead of having cause for feeling that you may do so too, you have only cause to fear that they are deceiving themselves with the belief that they are Christians, when they are not. Remember that the farther your Christian friends depart from the standard of Christian character laid down in the Bible, the less reason have you to hope that they are Christians. And do not hesitate on this subject, because you find many professed Christians, who are indifferent, lax in their practice and example. Remember that Christ has said, "Many shall say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord;" thus claiming to be his disciples, to whom he will say, "I never knew you."—*Dr. Bedell.*

SARDIS.

"As the gloom of evening came on," says Dr. Durbin, "and rendered still more impressive the solitude and desolation which reigned around me, I read the Epistle which Jesus sent by his servant John to the 'Church at Sardis,' and felt the force of the words: 'Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead.' This is remarkably true both of the city and of the Church. It was sad to think, that of the 'few names even in Sardis, which had not defiled their garments,' not even one was left. Nowhere is the impression of total abandonment, of profound and unbroken solitude—the stillness of death—so deeply made upon the mind of the wanderer through the ruins of the ancient cities in Asia Minor, as at Sardis. An impression prevails among the Turks that the place is unwholesome: 'Every man,' say they, 'who builds a house in Sardis soon dies;' and, accordingly, they avoid it. A few wandering Turkomans dwell about the ruins, in little black tents, and these are all the human inhabitants of the once splendid metropolis of Lycia."

APPARENT HAPPINESS.

Single out any one of those thou accountest most happy in their outward enjoyments, and be sure thou art as thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances of his condition as thou art with thine own; and then sit down and seriously consider, Is this the person whose happiness thou admirest? View him inside and outside; and tell me, wouldst thou have his condition, and all the circumstances of it? It is true, he is great in the world; but wouldst thou have all his cares and fears? his restless nights and troublesome days? Wouldst thou have just his qualifications of mind? that half-wittedness that makes him ridiculous? his peevish humours, which make him a burden to himself and others? Wouldest thou have just his temper of body? to be always sickly, or conceited to be so? He cannot eat this, nor digest that, nor relish anything, as do meaner persons. Those relations that should be the greatest comfort of his life, hanker after his death; his children, upon one account or other, almost break his heart; his servants are vexatious; his business distracting, or his idleness wearisome. Whereas, perhaps, his next neighbour, that hath scarce bread to eat, hath a quieter frame of mind, a better temper of body, a better stomach, better health, more comfort in relations, and longer life to enjoy all these, than he whom thou countest the world's darling. Think of this before thou concludest for an earthly happiness. —*Annesley.*

THE AGED SINNER.

If ever my compassionate feelings are stirred within me, it is when attempting to converse with an aged person who has lived a life of impenitency. I once called upon a very advanced couple, who were evidently very near the grave. The man was shaking with the palsy, and the woman was bowed almost to the floor. I endeavoured to direct their thoughts upward, and they sought to drag mine downwards. I spoke of heavenly things, and they inquired about the earthly. Having exhausted my ingenuity in efforts to interest them in the one thing needful, I took my departure, and soon after heard that their earthly sojourn was ended.

Many a time had I conversed with an old revolutionary soldier respecting his soul; but his uniform reply was, he did not know why he should be cast away, and yet he was then in the habit of profaning the name of God. In the same insensible state he left the world.

Calling recently upon a woman of nearly ninety years, I inquired respecting her views of the future state, into which she must soon enter; her emphatic reply was, "O, I can't fix my thoughts on nothing! I wish I was as good as A—— was," referring to a grand-daughter, who had just died a peaceful death in the morning of life.—*New England Puritan.*

EGGS AND WAFERS.

The *Universe*, a Roman Catholic newspaper in Paris, publishes the following from their correspondent in Madrid:—

An English vessel imported lately into Gijon, a port in Asturias, a quantity of consecrated wafers, large and small, which were immediately offered cheap for sale to all the curates of the diocese. The Bishop of Oviedo having had some of these wafers analyzed, because they were manufactured by Protestant speculators, the chemists found them to contain a little wheat flour, some potato, chalk, and the whites of eggs, to give them consistence and glossiness. The presence of animal matter rendered these wafers improper for the holy sacrifice. The prelates complained to the magistrate; but when an officer came to seize this new contraband article, the whole was already sold. The bishop then sent a circular to all curates of his diocese, forbidding them, under pain of sacrilege, to use these wafers. He attributes this fraud less to the avarice of the perpetrators than to the hatred of Protestants against the mysteries of the Romish Church.

The *Archives of Christianity*, copying the above adds: "We wish the *Universe* would tell us why it is easier for priests to change into flesh and blood flour and water than the whites of eggs. Until he does, we may be permitted to regard the fact above related as a Romish *speculation* rather than a Protestant *trick.*"

ERRORS ON THE ASSURANCE OF FAITH.

RE are some that do not press on for assur- ; they will rather argue against it thus:—

"Assurance is not so necessary."

nswer. "So necessary!" What do you mean? t not commanded? is it not promised? is it purchased? is it not attained by the people od? Sure, it is necessary to the vigour of ce, and to the being of joy and comfort: e of good comfort; thy sins are pardoned."

. "Yea; but many do live, and die, and do ll, without it."

Ans. Who told you so? The Scripture saith, 'he Spirit itself beareth witness with our rit that we are the children of God." (Rom. i. 16.) "And we know and believe the love at God hath given us" (1 John iv. 16); with any, very many more texts to that purpose. tempted believer may bear false witness ainst himself. Sure such a position as this, ith mercy upon uncertainties, is not the way comfort him. The sure way were to advise im to see his sins more, and humble his soul ore for them, and to study Jesus Christ, and come to him more, with the like; and God ill return and speak peace: "They that sow in ars shall reap in joy."

3. "But this joy is not so necessary."

Ans. What do you mean again? "So necessary!" why?—1. It is frequently commanded. ake one text: "Rejoice in the Lord," that s, Christ, "alway: and again I say, Rejoice." Phil. iv. 4.) 2. It is frequently promised. 'I will make you joyful in my house of prayer." (Isa. lvi. 7.) "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." (John xvi. 22.) 3. It is practised frequently. "We rejoice in Christ Jesus." (Phil. iii. 3.) 4. It is often prayed for. "The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing." (Rom. xv. 13.) 5. It is Christ's office "to give the oil of gladness for the spirit of heaviness." (Isa. lxi. 3.) 6. It is the special work of the blessed Spirit,—who is therefore "the Comforter." Take the word in what notion you will, his work is either comforting or tending to comfort. 7. It is the privilege of the Gospel ordinances to feast the soul with marrow and fatness, and with wine well refined. That is, God hath not given us "the spirit of bondage to fear again," as formerly; [illegible]ut the Spirit of adoption, whereby," or rather, "by whom," that is, "by whose assistance," "we cry, Abba, Father." (Rom. viii. 15.) Surely joy and comfort is necessary for the measures of grace. If you had a child infirm, sickly, hard-favoured; and a friend should say, "This strength, quickness, and comeliness is not so necessary; your child is alive, is it not?" you would think this were hardly suitable, much less comfortable.

4. "A Christian that doth come to and rely on Christ for righteousness, may have comfort."

Ans. Yes; but then it must be by the way of a practical syllogism: "He that cometh to Christ shall never perish (John vi. 50–58); but I do so: therefore," &c. Here his coming, together with repentance and obedience, which are comitants, begets evidence, and from thence comfort.

5. "But many good people want this joy and comfort."

Ans. Confessed; but then it is our own fault: did we use the means, especially secret duties, meditation, prayer, which we neglect, it would be otherwise.

6. "But those that do these yet are in great darkness."

Ans. Yea, for some time. The Holy Spirit teacheth many lessons, excellent ones, in this school; chiefly th[illegible]e three—1. They learn what dismal creatures they must have been for ever without Jesus Christ. 2. They learn to give a guess, what were the unintelligible amazements and consternations that were upon the soul of Jesus Christ in their room. 3. The blessedness that comes by Jesus Christ. And when they have learned their lessons in this school out of the word by this ever-blessed tutor, God brings them out with silver, joy, and gold, and comfort.

Be not slothful in the business of faith. Remove away far from you a sluggish frame; stir up, blow up the coals, exercise thy faith, exert new acts of application of Jesus Christ to thee daily. We want comfort; and why? Jesus Christ is not in our serious thoughts all the day. We eat bread daily for life natural, and clothe ourselves daily to cover our nakedness before men: sure the soul hath as much need of food and raiment as the body. Jesus crucified is the only, the heavenly, food and raiment; stir up thine appetite, exert faith, put forth thine hand, put him on: repeated acts of recumbency and application will rise up into acquaintance and evidence, and will let in this precious joy and consolation. Believe it, sirs; it is a sin of a far greater nature than we are aware of—a sin of horrid unkindness, neglect, slighting of our best friends, namely, that we make sure of everything but Jesus Christ. A little land, a small tenement, a little money—there we cry, "Fast bind, and fast find;" but in the great concern of our souls, we are at uncertainties and hap-hazard; there the blind and lame is for sacrifice. What a noise is there about a civil property in mint and cumin: and what a silence and remissness about the soul's property in the Son of God! It is a prodigious and inexcusable indiscretion and folly, and an unspeakable mischief into the bargain.—*Fowler*.

OBJECTIONS TO SABBATH RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

1. *It is a gross invasion of the rights of the people.*—The people have a right to the *stillness* and *quiet* of the Sabbath. The rumbling and screaming, the tumult and bustle, noise and confusion of the rail cars, as they run through a village, and often in the time of public worship, is a gross and outrageous violation of that right.

2. *It is exceedingly injurious to the men who are employed in it.*—It tends to blunt their moral susceptibilities, to degrade them in their own eyes, and in the eyes of their fellow-men, and to debase their whole character. It tends to lessen their conviction of moral responsibility, to render them reckless, and thus to increase the danger of all who travel under their care. It tends also, [illegible] they have families, greatly to injure their children, and increase their exposure to evil, crime, and infamy.

3. *It tends to demoralize the public mind, to weaken the efficacy of law, and thus to endanger the purity and permanency of all our institutions;* while it keeps many away from the house of God, and thus lessens the efficacy of the means of grace. This no man, or body of men, for the sake of increasing the value of railroad stocks and dividends, aiding and abetting others in breaking the Sabbath, or for any other secular purpose, have a moral right to do. And while they do it, it is wholly without right, in opposition to the moral law, and in violation of one of the great principles by which every man in the community is bound to be governed.

4. *The Sabbath-day was not made for secular business, nor was it given to man for that purpose.*—Of course, it does not belong to them. If they take it, they take what is not theirs. That is not honest. Honesty is contentment with what belongs to a man. An honest man, who is acquainted with his rights, will not take what is not his. The Sabbath-day for secular business is not his. So to take it for that purpose is *not* honest.

5. *Property gained by the open violation of divine laws, is not apt to wear well.*—It does not seem to produce a good influence on the minds of the possessors. And if it goes down to their children, and they pursue a similar course, it seems to be followed with a curse downwards.

And should men wisely regard their own highest interests for this world, and the interests of their children, they would not consent to gain any more property, or retain it any longer than they could by obeying divine laws.—*Edwards*.

A VOICE FROM CHINA.

BY MRS. M. A. MILLER.

FROM China's clime, weak woman's voice
Is heard with wailing cry,
"Ye who in light and hope rejoice,
Behold us—lo, we die!

They tell us you have homes of peace,
With no stern master there;
And elegance and happy ease,
They say, 'tis yours to share.

And childhood's little bird-like tone,
And earnest, loving eye,
Are yours; and not the mournful groan,
Of infants doomed to die.

Sisters, on us red murder's hand,
With cruel grasp is laid;
While ignorance pervades our land,
And we its victims made.

Enslaved, oppressed, the aid we crave
God's word alone can give;
O send us o'er the dark blue wave
The light that bids us live!

For tears are ours, and woe and pain,
If spared an early tomb—
Our lives, alas! are worse than vain,
And all beyond is gloom.

No joy in life—in death no hope—
Unblest, we pass away;
Say, will ye heaven's bright portals ope,
And give us Gospel day?

The awful King who reigns on high,
Who all your blessings gave,
Will ask in thunder from the sky,
Why ye refused to save!

BELIEVERS.

1. *Their persons.*—Believers being united unto Christ, they are, they cannot but be, his Father's Jedidiahs, Beulahs, Hephzibahs, dearly "accepted in the Beloved." (Eph. i. 6.) They are also his own delight. (Prov. viii. 31.) He rejoiceth over them, as a bridegroom over his bride. They are to him as the "seal on his arm," as a signet on his right hand. (Cant. viii. 6.) He carries their names on his breast continually. (Exod. xxviii. 29.) And as for the Spirit of God, that, like Noah's dove, finds nowhere to rest the sole of his foot, but the soul of a sincere believer; of whom it says, "Here is my rest: here will I dwell for ever; for I have a delight herein." (Ps. cxxxii. 14.)

2. *Their graces.*—True believers' graces are [illegible] themselves very defective and imperfect; the eye of

their faith, like that of Leah, a blear-eye; the hand of their confidence, like that of Jeroboam, much withered and blasted; the fire of their love, like that of green wood, apt soon to expire; the anchor of their hope, very much cracked; shoulders of patience, sorely bruised; feet of obedience, like Mephibosheth, lame. Yet, because united unto Christ, all are accepted, all hold scale and weight in heaven, though not as to merit, yet as to acceptance. (1 Pet. ii. 5.) "There is much alloy in the metal: however, I see my Son's stamp and picture on the coin; and, therefore," saith God, "it shall pass for current in heaven."

3. *Their duties.*—O the defects of saints' duties! How often do they pray, as if afraid to be heard; hear, as if afraid to learn; learn, as if afraid to do; do, as if afraid to please! And yet, being united unto Christ, how acceptable are their persons and performances! Their weak prayers sound like melody; their broken sighs smell like incense; their very stammerings seem rhetorical. (Cant. ii. 14.) Not a good word falls from their lips, but it is recorded (Mal. iii. 16); not a tear drops from their eye, but it is taken up and bottled. (Ps. lvi. 8.) Mites are received as if they were talents; cups of cold water, rams' skins, goats' hair (Exod. xxv. 4. 5)—any thing; desires instead of performances; the will for the deed; grief for want of will for the will itself (2 Cor. viii. 12): and all, because from such as are united unto Christ, in whom the Lord is so "well pleased" (Matt. iii. 17) that he looks on the very smoke of his saints' performance, mixed with Christ's merits, as a sweet perfume.—*Lye.*

CRUCIFIXION.

Crucifixion is spoken of in Egyptian, Grecian, and Carthaginian, as well as in Roman history; but it was never employed as a Jewish punishment. The Romans executed slaves in this manner; and it was deemed so disgraceful, that Cicero, enlarging on the crimes of Verres, describes his ordering the crucifixion of a Roman citizen as the highest conceivable enormity, and declares that "no language is adequate to express the horror he feels at the infliction upon any such persons of this most shocking punishment." (*In Verrem*, lib. v. See also the Oration *pro Rabirio.*) It was the most cruel of punishments; and the Romans, when expressing the greatest degree of suffering, borrow from it the term, which we retain, excruciating. Upon the transverse beam the arms were extended back in an unnatural position, and the hands nailed to it, causing exquisite pain from their many nerves and tendons. Thus suspended, the sufferer occasionally hung some days, till he perished through agony and exhaustion. The Emperor Constantine abolished this punishment out of respect to the Saviour, and it has never been revived.—*Forster's Gospel Narrative.*

QUESTIONS TO BE PUT BEFORE RRAYER.

When thou art called to family-prayer, put some of these questions to thyself:—

1. *What am I?* A sinful sinner, dust, ashes, guilty. O how should a guilty person, going to the dust, pray for pardon!

2. *Where am I?* In whose presence do I kneel? Is it not before God? and doth he not know whether I trifle or am serious?

3. *Where might I now have been?* In hell, among devils and damned souls; and shall I not pray indeed with all my might, that I never may be cast into that place or company?

4. *Whither am I going?* To eternity. *Where shall I shortly be?* In eternity; and shall I trifle in my way?

5. *What am I come about?* What is now my business? About the highest matters that concern my soul.

7. *What, if this were to be my last prayer before I die?* Should I then fall asleep upon my knees?

7. *What, if my everlasting state should be determined according to my sincerity or hypocrisy in this duty I am now going to?* Should I dally then with God?

8. *What, if God should tell me if I trifle with his majesty, he would strike me sick, or dead, or blind, or deaf and dumb, upon my knees?* Should I not then watch my heart in prayer?

9. *What, if I were to speak to an earthly king, or were to see some glorious angel?* Should I not be filled with fear and reverence? and is God not infinitely above these?

10. *What, if I were to give an account to God immediately how I pray, and should appear at his bar as soon as I rise from off my knees?* Should I then be formal and lukewarm?—*Doolittle.*

INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

A man of subtle reasoning asked
A peasant, if he knew
Where was the internal evidence
That proved the Bible true?
The terms of disputative art
Had never reached his ear—
He laid his hand upon his heart,
And only answered—"*Here.*"

THE WORLD.

The flattery of worldly things prevails with many. The grandeur of the world—*that* pleaseth the eye; the esteem of the world—*that* pleaseth the fancy. Whereas, would but these persons consider, all things of the world appear better at a distance than we find them near at hand. I dare confidently make this offer, and, without imposing upon God anything indecent, peremptorily assure you, God will make it good, that if you can but give any one instance of any one person made happy, satisfyingly happy, by any worldly enjoyment, you shall be the second. I grant, many are through grace contented with a little pittance of the world; but where dwelt the man that was ever yet contented merely with the world? The wealth of the world promiseth satisfaction: "Money answereth all things" (Eccles. x. 19): but "he that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase." (Eccles. v. 10.) The pleasures of the world promise refreshment, to relieve us of all our cares: but instead of it, they are "all vanity and vexation of spirit." (Eccles. ii. 11.) The honours of the world promise quiet and contentment: but surely they are "set in slippery places," as upon a pinnacle, whence though they do not presently fall, yet they are "utterly consumed with terrors" of falling. (Ps. lxxiii. 18, 19.) In short: "Man that is in honour, and understandeth not" how to honour God with it, "is like the beasts that perish" (Ps. xlix. 20); degrades himself into a beast; and the time is at hand when he would count it a greater happiness than ever he shall obtain, if his soul and body might die together like a beast.—*Annesley.*

DO YOU PAY ANY RENT?

"The Lord has many fine farms here," said an aged Christian as he was passing through a fertile part of the country, "but I fear the Lord receives but very little rent for them." Who owns your farm, and what return does the owner receive from you? Remember that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, and forget not his claims upon you, as well as your landlord's.

BAXTER'S SAYINGS.

The True Church.—For one sect to say, "Ours is the true Church;" and another to say, "Nay, but ours is the true Church;" is as mad as to dispute whether your hall, or kitchen, or parlour, or coal-house is your house; and for one to say, "This is the house;" and another, "Nay, but that;" when a child can tell them that the best is but a part, and the house containeth them all.

Scrupulous Christians.—"If you send your servant on your message, you had rather he went on his way as well as he can, than stand scrupling every step whether he should set the right or left foot forward; and whether he should step *so* far, or *so* far at a time. Hindering scruples please not God.

Degeneracy.—We are no sooner warmed with the celestial flames, but natural corruption is inclining us to grow cold; like hot water, which loseth its heat by degrees, unless the fire be kept continually under it.

THE BIBLE SAYS SO.

Children should early be taught that the Bible is the great authority; and that, when it speaks upon any point, the question is settled for ever. They should be taught to go directly to the Scriptures, to find what is good and what is bad, what is true and what is false. Thus, with the blessing of God, they will acquire the habit of constantly subordinating their own notions and inclinations to the plain declarations of Scripture. It is a good sign to hear a child often use the expression "*The Bible says so.*"

Fragments.

"I have had six children," said Mr. Elliot, "and I bless God that they are all either with Christ, or in Christ, and my mind is now at rest concerning them. My desire was, that they should have served Christ on earth; but if God will choose to have them rather serve him in heaven, I HAVE NOTHING TO OBJECT TO IT."

Dr. Payson, when racked with pain and near to death, exclaimed, "Oh, what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will! Since I have lost my will, I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have NO DESIRES, but that God's will may be accomplished."

The Rev. John Newton, when his sight had become so dim that he was no longer able to read, hearing this Scripture repeated, "By the grace of God I am what I am," paused for some moments, and then uttered the following affecting soliloquy: "I am not what I OUGHT to be. Ah, how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I WISH to be. I abhor that which is evil, and I would cleave to what is good. I am not what I HOPE to be. Soon, soon, I shall put off mortality, and with mortality, all sin and imperfection. Yet though I am not what I ought to be, nor what I wish to be, nor what I hope to be, yet I can truly say I am not what I once was—a slave to sin and Satan; and I can heartily join with the apostle, and acknowledge 'By the grace of God I am what I am.'"

At a meeting of ministers, as the brethren were inquiring after each other's welfare, one said, "I feel that I have peculiar occasion for thankfulness that I am here, for my life was brought into great peril by an accident on the way." "And I," said another, "have surely still greater cause for thanksgiving, seeing that I was brought all the way hither WITHOUT ANY ACCIDENT AT ALL."

I was once called, says the excellent Jay, to attend the dying bed of a young female. In answer to my inquires she replied: "I have little to relate as to my own experience. I have been much tried and tempted, but this is my sheet-anchor—He hath said, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' I know I come to him, and I EXPECT HE WILL BE AS GOOD AS HIS WORD. Poor and unworthy as I am, he will not trifle with me nor deceive me. It would be beneath his greatness as well as his goodness."

"For an old Christian to say to a young one, 'Stand in my evidence,' is," says Newton, "like a man who has with difficulty climbed by a ladder or scaffolding to the top of the house, and cries to one at the bottom, 'This is the place for a prospect,—come up AT A STEP.'"

"Two things," says Pearce, "are matter of daily astonishment to me—the READINESS of Christ to come from heaven to earth for me; and my BACKWARDNESS to rise from earth to heaven with him."

Printed by J. Johnstone, 104, High Street, Edinburgh.

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